

And did those feet in an-cient
time Walk up-on Eng-land's moun-tains green? And was the ho - ly Lamb of
God On Eng-land's pleas-ant pas-tures seen? And did the Coun - ten-ance Di-
vine Shine forth up - on our cloud-ed hills? And was Je - ru - sa-lem build-ed
here A-mong those dark sa-tan - ic mills?
Bring me my bow of burn-ing gold! Bring me my ar-rows of de -
sire! Bring me my spear! O clouds, un - fold! Bring me my char - i-ot of
fire! I will not cease from men-tal fight, Nor shall my sword sleep in my
hand, Till we have built Je - ru - sa - lem In Eng-land's green and plea-sant
land.