


# Jerusalem


Text: William Blake  
Music: Sir Hubert Parry  
Arranged by J. Ashley Hall, 2014

Soprano



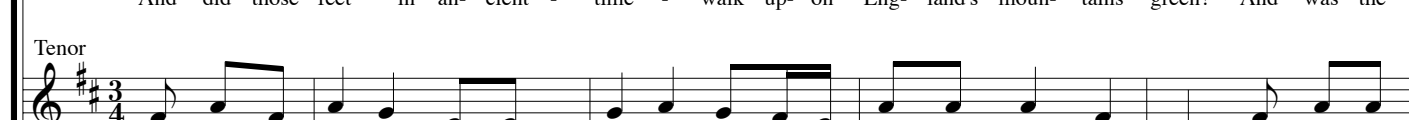
And did those feet in an-cient - time walk up-on Eng-land's moun-tains green? And was the

Alto




And did those feet in an-cient - time - walk up-on Eng-land's moun-tains green? And was the

Tenor




And did those feet in an-cient time - walk up-on Eng-land's moun-tains green? And was the


Bass




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 plea-sant pas-tures seen? And did the



Ho-ly Lamb of - God - on Eng-land's plea-sant pas-tures seen? - And did the



Ho - ly Lamb of God on Eng-land's plea-sant pas - tures seen? - And did the



Ho-ly Lamb of God on Eng-land's plea-sant pas - tures seen? And did the

coun- te- nance- di- vine shine forth up- on our cloud- ed hills? And was Je-  
 coun- te- nance- di- vine shine forth up- on our cloud- ed hills? And was Je-  
 coun- te- nance- di- vine shine forth up- on our cloud- ed hills? And was Je-  
 coun- te- nance- di- vine shine forth up- on our cloud- ed hills? And was Je-

ru- sa- lem build- ed here a- mong these dark sa- ta- nic mills? Bring me my bow of burn- ing -  
 ru- sa- lem build- ed here a- mong these dark sa- ta- nic mills? Bring me my bow of burn- ing -  
 ru- sa- lem build- ed here - - a- mong these dark sa- ta- nic mills? Bring me my bow of burn- ing  
 ru- sa- lem build- ed here - - a- mong these dark sa- ta- nic mills? Bring me my bow of burn- ing

gold! Bring me my ar- rows of de- sire! Bring me my spear! O clouds, un -

gold! - Bring me my ar- rows of de- sire! Bring me my spear! O clouds, un -

gold! - Bring me my ar- rows of de- sire! Bring me my spear! - O clouds, un

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

fold! - Bring me my char- i- ot of fire! - I will not cease from men- tal fight, nor shall my

fold! Bring me my char- i- ot - of fire! - I will not cease from men- tal fight, nor shall my

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

sword sleep in my hand, till we have built - Je- ru- sa- lem in Eng- land's green and plea- sant

sword sleep in my hand, till we have built - Je- ru- sa- lem - - in Eng- land's green and plea- sant

sword sleep in my hand, till we have built Je- ru- sa- lem - - in Eng- land's green and plea- sant

land, in Eng- land's green and plea- sant land.

land, in Eng- land's green and plea- sant land.

land, in Eng- land's green and plea- sant land.

land, in Eng- land's green and plea- sant land.