

JERUSALEM

by

William Blake

(1804)

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And did those feet in ancient time,
Walk upon England's mountains green
And was the holy Lamb of God,
On England's pleasant pastures seen

And did the Countenance Divine,
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here,
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my Bow of burning gold;
Bring me my Arrows of desire:
Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold:
Bring me my Chariot of fire!

I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem,
In England's green & pleasant Land.

(William Blake)

End

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