

JERUSALEM

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 Englands green and pleasant land.

—William Blake

William Blake (1757-1827) was one of the great English poets and artists of the 18th and 19th centuries. His poem "Jerusalem," reprinted here, was virtually unknown for more than a century. It was set to music in the early 20th century by Sir Hubert Parry and has become a widely sung hymn and an unofficial British anthem.