

# William Blake

(1757-1827)

## **And Did Those Feet in Ancient Time**

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 and pleasant land.

## **The Voice of the Ancient Bard**

Youth of delight, come hither,  
And see the opening morn,  
Image of truth new born.  
Doubt is fled, & clouds of reason,  
Dark disputes & artful teasing.  
Folly is an endless maze,  
Tangled roots perplex her ways,  
How many have fallen there!  
They stumble all night over bones of the dead,  
And feel they know not what but care,  
And wish to lead others when they should be led.