

Jerusalem

Libera

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 those 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 chariots
of fire
I will not cease from mental fight, nor shall my sword
sleep in my hand
'til we have built Jerusalem in England's green and
pleasant land