

## Blake's Jerusalem

Billy Bragg

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 built here  
Amongst 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.