

## 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