

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon Englands mountains green
And was the holy Lamb of God
On Englands 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

