

Libera **"Jerusalem"**

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And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountain 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 there
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
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land

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