

Patrick Wolf

"Jerusalem"

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And did those feet in ancient times
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy lamb of God
On England's pleasant pasture's scene?

And did the countenance divine
Shined forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem built 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 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

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