Charlotte Church, JerusalemMusic

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 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! Oh, 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!