

# Les Fat, Jerusalem

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 these dark Satanic mills

Bring me my bow (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 (my) sword sleep in my hand  
'Til we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land  
'Til we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land  
England