

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  
shone forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was 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! 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.