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 built here Among these

dark, satanic mills? Bring me my bow of burning gold! Bring me my arrows of desire! Bring me my spear! O clouds unfolded! 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 this our

green and pleasant land!

Music: Charles H. H. Parry
Lyrics: William Blake.
*Original final line: In England's green and pleasant land. The present substitution was agreed to by Sir David Willcocks during a conversation with Dr. Warren at the Charlotte ACDA Southern Division Convention in 2002 in response to her question if such substitution would be acceptable in English choral circles.