

ENGLAND, STAND FAST !

A Poem by

ALEISTER CROWLEY

England, stand fast! Stand fast against the foe!
They struck the first blow: we shall strike the last.
Peace at the price of Freedom ? We say No.
England, stand fast!

The earth hurls thunderbolts; the sea spurts death;
The skies drop murder; hell itself aghast!
Answer, with steady eye and easy breath;
England, stand fast!

England, the centuries have not sent thee shame,
Tamer of tyrants, from thy purple past
Thy heroes call thee, from their heaven of fame :
England, stand fast!

England, resistless as the gales that sweep
Thy seas, and free as their rejoicing blast,
Roll forth again defiance o'er the deep:
England, stand fast!

Wide-winged, see Victory flaming from the prow.
The colours nailed upon the plunging mast!
We have no cur or slave to falter now.
England, stand fast!