

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 !