

ENGLAND, STAND FAST !

A Poem

by

ALEISTER CROWLEY

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 *Baphomet*

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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 !

By thy strong soul of manhood firm and free,
 By thy high deeds of honour not surpassed,
By all the valours that are yet to be,
 England, stand fast!

England, stand fast! We made the brave man's choice.
 We staked our all upon the single cast.
Winning or dying, let the heart rejoice :
 England, stand fast!

England, one soul of steel, one heart of oak,
 One voice of silver, sound thy trumpet-blast!
Pass round the watchword through the battle-smoke ;
 England, stand fast!