

ENGLAND, STAND FAST !

A Poem

by

ALEISTER CROWLEY

An Ixiii Sol in Libra

September 23, 1939 e.v. 10.50 p.m.

Privately issued by the O.T.O.

BCM/ANKH

188 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C. 1

PRICE ONE PENNY



 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 !