
SPIRIT OF ENGLAND

H. WASHINGTON TYLER

There was a light in England's darkest hour,
That like a beacon shone around the world,
There was an inward strength that would not cow'r,
Though all the devil's might were at her hurled.

There was a voice that sounded in the night,
Dire warnings that her people heeded not,
That told of her unseen declining might,
So she deserved the beating that she got.

Then they awoke, with those first strokes of shame,
And stood upright, and quested of their soul,
Are we betraying our fair country's name
By apathy—while enemies take toll?

Enough! the voice was heard—the light was born,
O not for them that true Churchillian scorn.