

The Anvil

Forefather

England's on the anvil - hear the hammers ring
Clanging from the Severn to the Tyne
Never was a blacksmith like our Norman King
England's being hammered into line

England's on the anvil - heavy are the blows
Ordered by the tyrant bastard son
Destiny has cursed us with the maker of our woes
England's being hammered into one

Sorrow for the conquered, wretched is their doom
Marshalled from the mountains to the shore
Withered in the shadow of the ruthless victor horde
Toiling in the silent throes of war

England's in the furnace, tempered by the flames
Cast into a spiral of decline
Grievous is the pounding in this iron-fisted forge
England's being fashioned by design

'With bloody sword came he
Cold heart and bloody hand
Now rule the English land'
- Heimskringla

England's on the anvil - hear those hammers ring
Clanging from the Severn to the Tyne
Never was a blacksmith like our Norman King
England's being hammered, hammered into line

Glowing on the anvil, faithful sons awake
Banish this usurper from the throne
Furl his sacred standard tight fixed with dragon seal
And send it with our blessings back to Rome