

When Our England Died

Forefather

Wearily to the last battle they strode
Onward through day and through night
To death they did go but they let them know the power of angelic might

Together they walked and together they'd fall
Under the autumn sky
With victory song behind shield-wall strong
They slashed and they battered with pride

Over river and stream and through forest and field
They marched with fire in their eyes
Wiping the sweat from their brows
For miles they had fared and no effort was spared
On the day when our England died

Over river and stream and through forest and field
We'll march with fire in our eyes
Like the forefathers of old
For miles we shall fare and no effort we'll spare
Till the day when our England's revived