

## 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