

## Britain's Dead

### I.

God of ages, who provided  
Men to rule the earth and sea;  
Picked them out, and so divided  
Bondmen, from the brave and free.  
From the days of Magna Charta,  
When she bravely raised her head;  
Men from every land and quarter,  
Praise Thee, God, for Britain's dead.

### II.

Children taught by patient mothers,  
Hear of how their fathers fell,  
And of how their older brothers  
Sacrificed their lives as well.  
How their little eyes would glisten,  
Pride would stop the tears that fled;  
They, without an intermission,  
Praise Thee, God, for Britain's dead.

### III.

Still her mission, truth and freedom,  
Offering up her best to die;  
Not one man within the Kingdom  
Will refuse his country's cry.  
O'er the plains of France and onward  
Flows a stream of bloody red;  
Those who live will have one watchword,  
Praise Thee, God, for Britain's dead.

### IV.

Justice, in thy name, they offer  
All that's best and dear in life,  
From the last cent in the coffer  
To death—in this most bloody strife.  
Take your map and glance it over,  
Note the various parts marked red;  
Keep the dust from off it's cover,  
Thank your God for Britain's dead.