

### INVOCATION.

Unsheathe thy swords great hearts of eld,  
Choice spirits of another day,  
Thy gallant deeds the strongest foes repelled,  
And held the world beneath thy sceptred sway.

Awake! Awake! Oh! let the clarion sound  
Through vaults of age-dimmed Westminster resound  
To arms! To arms! Oh! you who rest in fame!  
Awake! Awake! and save thy land from shame.

### EDITH CAVELL.

Dauntless and resolute she stood,  
A flower of English womanhood,  
With soul heroic, body frail,  
She fainted ere the leaden hail  
Blazoned for her a lasting name  
On the clear scroll of deathless fame.  
Now she is with the saintly train  
Of holy martyrs cruelly slain,  
A saint uncanonized she rests.  
Her death is all in vain  
Unless we force the vandal host  
From Belgium's crimson plain.  
O Britons! If thy hands are free,  
Avenge this wanton cruelty;  
Avenge the helpless basely slain,  
Rheims, and the ashes of Louvain.

### COMRADES, HEARKEN.

From North to South, from East to West  
Albion's sons pour forth their best,  
In blood and wealth's unstinted flow  
To stem the onrush of the foe.

Across brave Belgium's crimson plain.  
Strewn are the form of our heroes slain,  
Though Britain still keeps watch and ward,  
Holding at bay the Teuton horde.

Shall we of the hero breed stand by  
And idling see our comrades die,  
Shall we forget those steadfast ones  
Who dauntless faced the German guns?

Thousands sink to rise no more,  
Fighting bravely to the fore;  
With purpose set and aim full high.  
Thus do the sons of England die.