

Hymn Lyrics

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Men of England, who inherit

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Rights that cost your sires their blood!
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on field and flood,

By the foes you 've fought uncounted,
By the glorious deeds ye 've done,
Trophies captured, breaches mounted,
Navies conquer'd, kingdoms won.

Yet, remember, England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreathes of fame,
If the freedom of your fathers
Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,
Whence no public virtues bloom?
What avail in lands of slavery,
Trophied temples, arch and tomb?

Pageants!--Let the world revere us
For our people's rights and laws,
And the breasts of civic heroes,
Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
Sidney's matchless shade is yours,
Martyrs in heroic story,
Worth a hundred Agincourts!

We 're the sons of sires that baffled
Crown'd and mitred tyranny;
They defied the field and scaffold
For their birthrights--so will we!