No. 12.

England Arise!



2.

By your young children's eyes so red with weeping,
By their white faces aged with want and fear,
By the dark cities where your babes are creeping
Naked of joy and all that makes life dear;
From each wretched slum
Let the loud cry come;
Arise, O England, for the day is here!

3.

People of England! all your valleys call you,
High in the rising sun the lark sings clear,
Will you dream on, let shameful slumber thrall you?
Will you disown your native land so dear?
Shall it die unheard—
That sweet pleading word?
Arise, O England, for the day is here!

4.

Over your face a web of lies is woven,

Laws that are falsehoods pin you to the ground,

Labour is mocked, its just reward is stolen,

On its bent back sits Idleness encrowned.

How long, while you sleep,

Your harvest shall It reap?

Arise, O England, for the day is here!

5.

Forth, then, ye heroes, patriots, and lovers!

Comrades of danger, poverty, and scorn!

Mighty in faith of Freedom your great Mother!

Giants refreshed in Joy's new-rising morn!

Come and swell the song,

Silent now so long:

England is risen!—and the day is here.

England Arise – words and music by Edward Carpenter