

## FROM THIS OUTPOST

This land of olden glory –  
What tongue can tell the story  
Of years both brave and gory  
Since first the war began?  
The sacrifice and slaughter  
By air and land and water  
To beat the foes who fought her  
And evil things to ban.

With honour duly plighted  
Her torch of freedom lighted  
A Europe sore affrighted  
By tyranny on earth;  
The great dominions waiting  
Their all for Britain staking  
No thought of e'er forsaking  
The land that gave them birth.

What wonders will be written  
Of mighty blows then smitten  
To save the soul of Britain  
From bondage to the Hun?  
Defying bomb and blasting  
With courage stern and lasting,  
Alone, yet still forcasting  
The triumph to be won.

A dauntless country willing,  
Her destiny fulfilling,  
Her life and treasure spilling  
Bound nations to release;  
She answered to their pleading  
With all her forces speeding  
The vanguard she is leading  
To paths that end in peace.

Tyler & Money  
(Mishukov Signal Station)