

A Prayer for Leadership

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There is a dark cloud o'er the realm that finds our sovereign lords bereft.
It threatens every hearth and home, till scarcely any hope is left.
So surely now the time has come, to call upon those heroes all,
Who saved our land in ages past, to rise and heed the battle call.

But where is St George? Where does he stand?
Lance and buckler in his hand.
Let him arise and lead us on
'till we deliver Albion.

The man who hesitates is lost, and yet our leaders falter still,
They choose a path that suits their aim, yet turn once shown they've chosen ill.
Too late for those who suffer yet, too late to slow the sacrifice.
Too late to save the ones who fall, to turn of card or roll of dice.

But where is King Arthur, brave and strong,
With all his knights from Avalon?
Let him arise and lead us on
'till we deliver Albion

It's said there's honour among thieves, a virtue those who lead us lack.
They talk about the common good, but mock at us behind our backs.
All trust has gone, the truth betrayed, our children's futures in the dust,
While those who lied claim their reward, and take no heed of our disgust.

But where is King Alfred, great and kind,
With wisdom and justice for our time ?
Let him arise and lead us on
'till we deliver Albion

Now dare we hope this call is heard, above the bluster and deceit,
That Alfred, Arthur and St George could snatch a victory from defeat.
So raise the banner, sound the horn, look to that happy shining morn,
When heroes rise to lead us on.... and so deliver Albion.