

It is not enough to <sup>be</sup> ~~be~~  
Time's movement, <sup>to say</sup>  
"Tomorrow <sup>will be</sup> the day."

It was not enough for  
you,  
Burbuss, nor for those slain  
on <sup>day</sup> ~~day~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~at~~ Therwopfal;

Let us say it <sup>to them</sup> again,  
Dear and more true you  
creep!

It is not enough for us.  
Let us do more!

Now we know as Francis  
Pruce, and Richard, both  
Smothered in Spanish soil

For

It is not enough to be proud  
and sin, shaking defiance.  
It is not enough to grow

The enemy's cunning,  
his blue  
weight of steel & mandarin  
of iron and chromium  
His breast-plates gleaming  
His bombers diving  
His metal raining, driving