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## In Westminster Abbey

Let me take this other glove off  
 As the vox humana swells,  
 And the beauteous fields of Eden  
 Bask beneath the Abbey bells.  
 Here, where England's statesmen lie,  
 Listen to a lady's cry.

Gracious Lord, oh bomb the Germans.  
 Spare their women for Thy Sake,  
 And if that is not too easy  
 We will pardon Thy Mistake.  
 But, gracious Lord, whate'er shall be,  
 Don't let anyone bomb me.

Keep our Empire undismembered  
 Guide our Forces by Thy Hand,  
 Gallant blacks from far Jamaica,  
 Honduras and Togoland;  
 Protect them Lord in all their fights,  
 And, even more, protect the whites.

Think of what our Nation stands for,  
 Books from Boots and country lanes,  
 Free speech, free passes, class distinction,  
 Democracy and proper drains.  
 Lord, put beneath Thy special care  
 One-eighty-nine Cadogan Square.

Although dear Lord I am a sinner,  
 I have done no major crime;

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Now I'll come to Evening Service  
Whensoever I have the time.  
So, Lord, reserve for me a crown.  
And do not let my shares go down.

I will labour for Thy Kingdom,  
Help our lads to win the war,  
Send white flowers to the cowards  
Join the Women's Army Corps,  
Then wash the Steps around Thy Throne  
In the Eternal Safety Zone.

Now I feel a little better,  
What a treat to hear Thy word,  
Where the bones of leading statesmen,  
Have so often been interr'd.  
And now, dear Lord, I cannot wait  
Because I have a luncheon date.

- by — [John Betjeman](#)
- [John Betjeman Poetry](#) at Amazon.com