

Fellow friends and countrymen, thank you for gathering in such great numbers to join the fight for what is truly ours. Only together can we resist the threat facing our families and homes; only together can we keep this, the greatest of nations, in the hands of its true owners. We must stand united. We must stand strong.

We meet here at the dawn of change. Today we are tall and proud, Lords of the green fields of Albion, yet by nightfall we could be swallowed whole by the vicious greed of a bullying nation. Is it right that all we have worked for should be placed, without thought, into the hands of visitors? Should freedom be the price to pay for welcoming guests onto our lands?

Ours is a country of rolling hills and searing peaks, of fertile farm-land and crystal clear streams. It is a country of strong leadership, of caring communities and unbreakable family ties. Where we lack Roman wealth, we are rich in natural resources. Where the Romans value organisation, we value each other. Is the life of a slave a price worth paying for straight roads and strict rules?

In the blinkered eyes of the Roman invaders we are weak. Our land is theirs to take as they wish. Yet their shiny armour and sharp swords are no match for the sheer might of our army; their machinery and strategies wildly unsuited to our landscape. While they fight under strict and unbending command, we fight with a passion and belief in what we know is right.

Stand tall! Be strong! Let us put our trust in our gods, wear our tartan with pride and seek out our enemy with confidence. Together we will show these unwelcome invaders that we are, and always have been, the true owners of our fair isle. Today we fight for freedom. Tomorrow's sun will rise on an Albion that is again ours.