

Stalwart Crispina

by [Walt Garlington](#) (October 2023)



Saint Crispina,
Before the Roman judge.
Saint Crispina,
From Christ her God
She would not budge.

Condemned to die,
Her God she blessed.
Condemned to die,
Before the blade
She stretched her neck.

New tyrants arise,

The Faith they threaten.
New tyrants arise,
Before the Science,
Their knees are bowin'.

Christian apostasy,
Their dearest gain.
Christian apostasy,
Spurn it, believer;
Up to Crispina today!

[Table of Contents](#)

Walt Garlington was born and raised in that part of Dixieland called Louisiana. A chemical engineer by training, he has spent the last several years writing full-time. He has written essays and poems for *The Hayride*, *New English Review*, *The Tenth Amendment Center*, *The Abbeville Institute*, *Reckonin'*, *Katehon*, *Geopolitica*, and *USA Really*. He writes regularly at his own web site, [Confiteri: A Southern Perspective](#).

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