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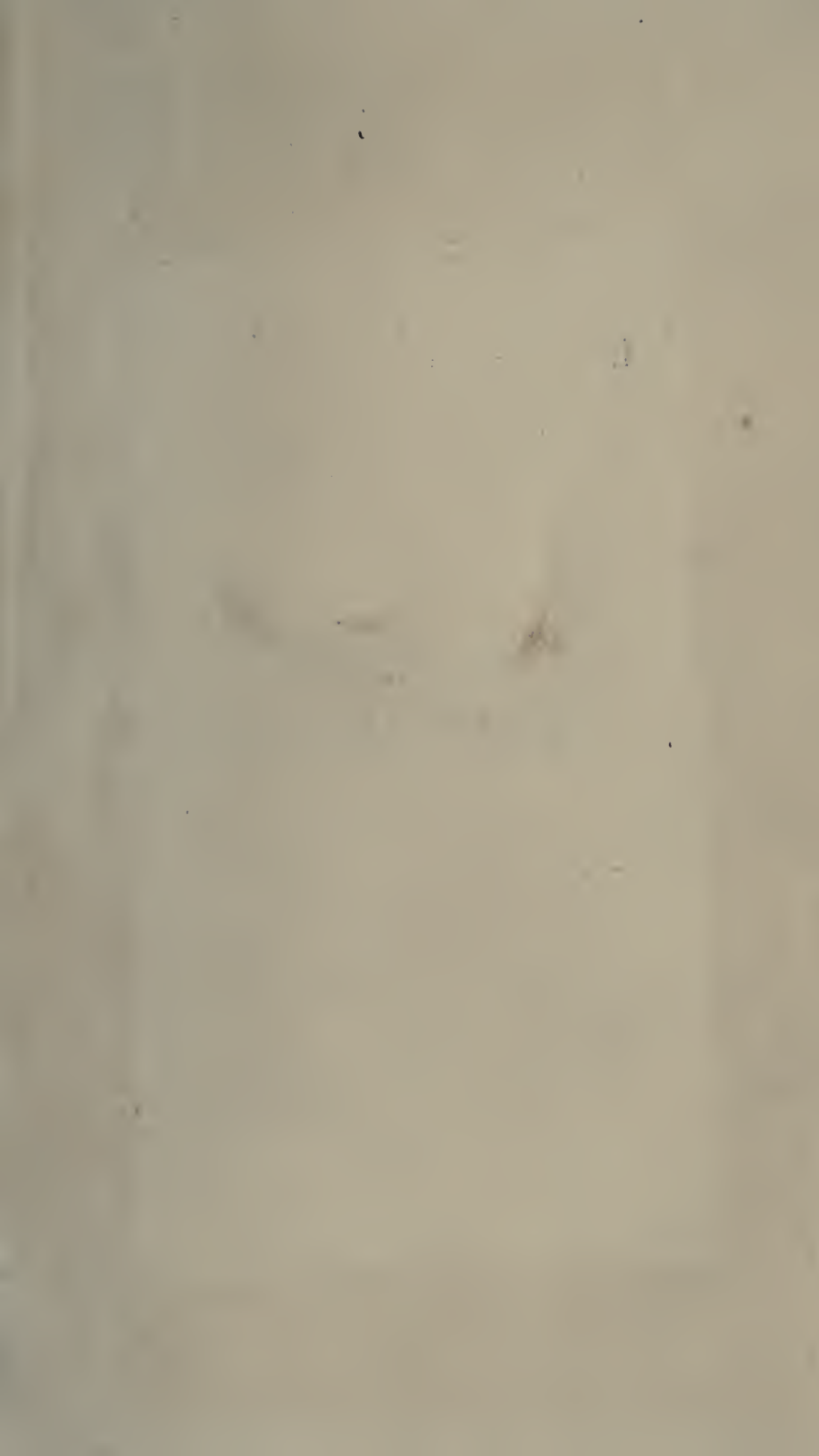
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The Golden Anthologies

Edited by *G. K. A. BELL*

POEMS OF
PATRIOTISM

The Golden Anthologies

POEMS OF LOVE

POEMS OF NATURE

POEMS OF LIFE AND DEATH

POEMS OF PATRIOTISM

POEMS OF MARRIAGE

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ

POEMS OF ROMANCE

Others in preparation

POEMS
OF
PATRIOTISM

EDITED

BY

G. K. A. BELL, B.A. (OXON.)



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GENERAL

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant Nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an Eagle muing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazl'd eyes at the full midday beam, purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heav'nly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amaz'd at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticat a year of sects and schisms.

JOHN MILTON.

PREFACE

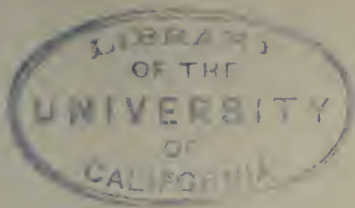
THIS volume presents a choice of the best patriotic poetry in the English language. It does not profess to be complete—fortunately there are too many good poems for that—but it aims at giving a fair and representative selection. At any rate, it is hoped that nothing has been included which is trivial or absurd. In order to secure this representative character it has been thought right to give a few poems where the patriotic feeling, within the bounds of the United Kingdom, is directed against England itself, for example, or Scotland, and also to record now and again even ‘the deed of an alien legion,’ when that deed is associated, however slightly, with the British name. The omission of some poems such as the Ballads of Lord Tennyson and the failure to include more than one poem by Rudyard Kipling is due to copyright restrictions, and has been a matter for the editor’s keenest regret.

The Muse of Patriotism is famously capricious. She is the cause of much good and very much bad verse. Occasionally she ascends ‘the brightest heaven of invention,’ but more often men use her ample wing, not to bear them on such lofty flights, but for shelter to their very earthy offspring. The common products of the lighter stage bear witness to the amount of absurd doggerel which she inspires, or at least allows, while,

on the other hand, we owe some of the finest ballads in the language to her prosperous aid. The contrast is sufficiently striking, but probably we may go further and say that not only is more bad verse tolerated in the name of patriotism than on any other pretext, but also that the fine results, when compared with those achieved under other influences, are remarkably rare. There is no wish to deny the very existence of great patriotic poems: this anthology and the famous names which it recalls will surely prove that. But those great poems are amazingly few, if we think of the large amount of really great verse made in honour of Love, for instance, or Nature. What is the reason? A man's love for his country must have been one of the earliest impelling motives to poetry—is it superseded? Are the English 'ill at these numbers,' because they are, as a nation, unpatriotic? The answer is yes and no. Englishmen are patriotic, but their patriotism is less a love for their country in the abstract than a specialized enthusiasm for eminent persons in it. The English are almost unable to personify: very few of them can look on their country as a splendidly magnetic individual, very few can 'feel for her as a lover or a child.' In the same way, great causes isolated from their promoters will never move them; but meet the personal demand, identify the cause with the cause's representative and the attractive power is enormous. The person absolutely transfigures the cause. 'Produce great men,' it has been said, 'the rest follows.' So the country must live in its great men: men's imaginations must be fired, their hearts must be touched by an appeal to heroic examples and personal enterprises, and not in war alone.

Surely it is true that if ever wars were to be directed mainly by mechanical means, if ever the conspicuous power in action should be not a man but a machine, very soon, from sheer lack of pride or even interest in such very impersonal agencies, in England, at least, the call to arms would be disregarded and the battle-cry cease for ever. It is not wonderful, then, that very little of our patriotic verse celebrates the country itself, and that almost all the best poetry in its honour is a record of brave men's achievements and noble exploits on the battle-field itself, while it is less in bulk perhaps because war is after all a rarer thing than Love and, on the whole, not so close an intimate as Nature.

Thanks are due to the following for their kind help in permitting the use of copyright poems: to Lady Leighton Warren for a poem by Lord de Tabley, the Rev. and Hon. W. E. Bowen for a poem by Edward E. Bowen, Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, Mr. Austin Dobson, Sir Everard Hastings Doyle for six poems by Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, Sir Alfred Lyall, Mr. Henry Newbolt for four poems from *The Island Race*, Sir Rennell Rodd, Mr. George Allen for two poems from William Cory's *Ionica*, Mr. Alfred Nutt for three poems by W. E. Henley, Mr. Elkin Mathews for a poem by Lionel Johnson, Messrs. Methuen & Co. for Mr. Rudyard Kipling's *Recessional*, Messrs. Ellis & Elvey for a sonnet by D. G. Rossetti, Messrs. Macmillan & Co. for a sonnet by Charles Tennyson Turner, Mr. John Lane for a poem from William Watson's *Poems*.



POEMS OF PATRIOTISM

1

BREATHES THERE THE MAN

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

‘This is my own, my native land !’

Whose heart hath ne’er within him burn’d
As home his footsteps he hath turn’d

From wandering on a foreign strand ?

If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;

For him no Minstrel raptures swell ;

High though his titles, proud his name,

Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,

The wretch, concentred all in self,

Living, shall forfeit fair renown,

And, doubly dying, shall go down

To the vile dust from whence he sprung,

Unwept, unhonour’d, and unsung.

Sir Walter Scott.

2

AND DID THOSE FEET IN ANCIENT
TIME

AND did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green ?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen ?

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills ?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills ?

Bring me my bow of burning gold !
Bring me my arrows of desire !
Bring me my spear ! O clouds, unfold !
Bring me my chariot of fire !

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

William Blake.

3

LOVE THOU THY LAND

Love thou thy land with love far-brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time by power of thought.

True love turn'd round on fixed poles
Love, that endures not sordid ends,
For English natures, freemen, friends,
Thy brothers and immortal souls.

But pamper not a hasty time,
Nor feed with crude imaginings
The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings,
That every sophister can lime.

Deliver not the tasks of might
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those, not blind, who wait for day,
Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.

Make knowledge circle with the winds ;
But let her herald, Reverence, fly
Before her to whatever sky
Bear seed of men and growth of minds.

Watch what main-currents draw the years :
Cut Prejudice against the grain :
But gentle words are always gain :
Regard the weakness of thy peers :

Nor toil for title, place, or touch
 Of pension, neither count on praise :
 It grows to guerdon after-days :
 Nor deal in watch-words overmuch ;

Not clinging to some ancient saw ;
 Not master'd by some modern term ;
 Not swift nor slow to change, but firm :
 And in its season bring the law ;

That from Discussion's lip my fall
 With Life, that, working strongly, binds—
 Set in all lights by many minds,
 To close the interests of all.

For Nature also, cold and warm,
 And moist and dry, devising long,
 Thro' many agents making strong,
 Matures the individual form.

Meet is it changes should control
 Our being, lest we rust in ease.
 We all are changed by still degrees,
 All but the basis of the soul.

So let the change which comes be free
 To ingroove itself with that, which flies,
 And work, a joint of state, that plies
 Its office, moved with sympathy.

A saying, hard to shape in act ;
 For all the past of Time reveals
 A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,
 Wherever Thought hath wedded Fact.

Even now we hear with inward strife
A motion toiling in the gloom—
The Spirit of the years to come
Yearning to mix himself with Life.

A slow-develop'd strength awaits
Completion in a painful school ;
Phantoms of other forms of rule,
New Majesties of mighty States—

The warders of the growing hour,
But vague in vapour, hard to mark ;
And round them sea and air are dark
With great contrivances of Power.

Of many changes, aptly join'd,
Is bodied forth the second whole.
Regard gradation, lest the soul
Of Discord race the rising wind ;

A wind to puff your idol-fires,
And heap their ashes on the head ;
To shame the boast so often made,
That we are wiser than our sires.

Oh yet, if Nature's evil star
Drive men in manhood, as in youth,
To follow flying steps of Truth
Across the brazen bridge of war—

If New and Old, disastrous feud,
Must ever shock, like armed foes,
And this be true, till Time shall close
That Principles are rain'd in blood ;

Not yet the wise of heart would cease
To hold his hope thro' shame and guilt,
But with his hand against the hilt,
Would pace the troubled land, like Peace ;

Not less, tho' dogs of Faction bay,
Would serve his kind in deed and word,
Certain, if knowledge bring the sword,
That knowledge takes the sword away—

Would love the gleams of good that broke
From either side, nor veil his eyes :
And if some dreadful need should rise
Would strike, and firmly, and one stroke :

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,
As we bear blossom of the dead ;
Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed
Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

4

ENGLAND

I

THIS royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise ;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war ;
This happy breed of men, this little world ;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands :
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
(For Christian service, and true chivalry,)
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son :
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world . . .
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune.

II

THIS England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.

Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them : Naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

William Shakespeare.

5

BOADICEA

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rod
Sought with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath a spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief :

'Princess ! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

'Rome shall perish,—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt :
Perish hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

'Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states ;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground,—
Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates.

'Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name.
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize
Harmony the path to fame.

‘Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

‘Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.’

Such the bard’s prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch’s pride
Felt them in her bosom glow,
Rushed to battle, fought and died,
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

‘Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due ;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you !’

William Cowper.

6

RULE BRITANNIA

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang the strain :
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves ;
 Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,
 Must, in their turn, to tyrants fall ;
Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all :
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves ;
 Britons never will be slaves.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
 Serves but to root thy native oak :
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves ;
 Britons never will be slaves.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
 All their attempts to hurl thee down
Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,
 And work their woe—but thy renown :
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves ;
 Britons never will be slaves.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine :
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore encircle thine :
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves
 Britons never will be slaves.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
Blest isle ! with matchless beauty crowned
And manly hearts to guard the fair :
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves ;
 Britons never will be slaves.

James Thomson.

7

O SONS OF TROJAN BRUTUS

O SONS of Trojan Brutus clothed in war,
Whose voices are the thunder of the field,
Rolling dark clouds o'er France, muffling the sun
In sickly darkness, like a dim eclipse,
Threatening as the red brow of storms, as fire
Burning up nations in your wrath and fury !

Your ancestors came from the fires of Troy
(Like lions roused by lightning from their dens,
Whose eyes do glare against the stormy fires),
Heated with war, filled with the blood of Greeks,
With helmets hewn, and shields covered with gore.
In navies black, broken with wind and tide :

They landed in firm array upon the rocks
Of Albion ; they kissed the rocky shore ;
' Be thou our mother and our nurse,' they said ;
' Our children's mother, and thou shalt be our grave,
The sepulchre of ancient Troy, from whence
Shall rise cities, and thrones, and arms, and awful
powers.'

Our fathers swarm from the ships. `Giant voices
Are heard from the hills, the enormous sons
Of Ocean run from rocks and caves ; wild men,
Naked and roaring like lions, hurling rocks,
And wielding knotty clubs, like oaks entangled
Thick as a forest, ready for the axe.

Our fathers move in firm array to battle ;
 The savage monsters rush like roaring fire ;
 Like as a forest roars with crackling flames,
 When the red lightning, borne by furious storms,
 Lights on some woody shore ; the parchèd heavens
 Rain fire into the molten raging sea.

The smoking trees are strewn upon the shore,
 Spoiled of their verdure. Oh how oft have they
 Defied the storm that howlèd o'er their heads !
 Our fathers, sweating, lean on their spears, and view
 The mighty dead : giant bodies streaming blood,
 Dread visages frowning in silent death.

Then Brutus spoke, inspired ; our fathers sit
 Attentive on the melancholy shore :
 Hear ye the voice of Brutus—'The flowing waves
 Of time come rolling o'er my breast,' he said ;
 'And my heart labours with futurity.
 Our sons shall rule the empire of the sea.

'Their mighty wings shall stretch from East to West.
 Their nest is in the sea, but they shall roam
 Like eagles for the prey ; nor shall the young
 Crave to be heard ; for plenty shall bring forth,
 Cities shall sing, and vales in rich array
 Shall laugh, whose fruitful laps bend down with fulness.

'Our sons shall rise from thrones in joy,
 Each one buckling on his armour ; Morning
 Shall be prevented by their swords gleaming,
 And Evening hear their song of victory :
 Their towers shall be built upon the rocks,
 Their daughters shall sing, surrounded with shining
 spears.

'Liberty shall stand upon the cliffs of Albion,
Casting her blue eyes over the green ocean ;
Or tow'ring stand upon the roaring waves.
Stretching her mighty spear o'er distant lands ;
While with her eagle wings she covereth
Fair Albion's shore, and all her families.'

William Blake.

8

FOR SOLDIERS

YE buds of Brutus' land, courageous youths, now play
your parts ;

Unto your tackle stand, abide the brunt with valiant
hearts.

For news is carried to and fro, that we must forth to
warfare go :

Men muster now in every place, and soldiers are pusht
forth apace—

Faint not, spend blood, to do your Queen and country
good :

Fair words, good pay, will make men cast all care away.

The time of war is come, prepare your corslet, spear,
and shield ;

Methinks I hear the drum strike doleful marches to
the field ;

Tantara, tantara, ye trumpets sound, which makes our
hearts with joy abound,

The roaring guns are heard afar, and everything de-
nounceth war.

Serve God ; stand stout ; bold courage brings this
gear about ;

Fear not ; fate runs ; faint heart fair lady never won.

Ye curious carpet-knights, that spend the time in sport
and play ;

Abroad and see new sights, your country's cause calls
you away ;

Do not to make your ladies' game, bring blemish to
your worthy name,
Away to field and win renown, with courage beat your
enemies down,
Stout hearts gain praise, when dastards sail in Slander's
seas ;
Hap what hap shall, we sure shall die but once for all.

Alarm methinks they cry. Be packing, mates ; begone
with speed ;
Our foes are very nigh ; shame have that man that
shrinks at need.
Unto it boldly let us stand, God will give Right the
upper hand,
Our cause is good, we need not doubt ; in sign of coming
give a shout.
March forth, be strong, good hap will come ere it be
long,
Shrink not, fight well, for lusty lads must bear the bell.

All you that will shun evil, must dwell in warfare
every day ;
The world, the flesh, and devil, always do seek our soul's
decay,
Strive with these foes with all your might, so shall you
fight a worthy fight.
That conquest doth deserve most praise, where vice do
yield to virtue's ways.
Beat down foul sin, a worthy crown then shall ye win ;
If you live well, in heaven with Christ our souls shall
dwell.

Humphry Gifford.

9

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

YE Mariners of England
That guard our native seas !
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze !
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe ;
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow !
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave :
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow !
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.

With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow !
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow !
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

Thomas Campbell.

10

SONG AND CHORUS OF SAILORS

OLD England to thyself be true,
Firm as this rock thy fame shall stand :
The sword that Eliott, Curtis drew,
Be never wanted through the land.
Join then this prayer, our foes shall rue,
Let England to herself be true.

Though foes on foes contending throng,
And dreadful havock threaten round,
Thy flaming bolts shall whirl along,
Throughout the world thy thunders sound :
Nought then on earth shall make us rue,
Let England to herself be true.

What though no grand alliance share
Each warlike, envied deed of thine ;
'Tis doubly glorious thus to dare,
Against the world in arms to shine.
Nought then shall make Britannia rue,
Let Britons to themselves be true.

Anonymous.



11

MEN OF ENGLAND

MEN of England ! who inherit
Rights that cost your sires their blood !
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on land and flood.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
Sydney's matchless shade is yours,—
Martyrs in heroic story,
Worth a thousand Agincourts !

We're the sons of sires that baffled
Crowned and mitred tyranny :
They defied the field and scaffold,
For their birthright—so will we.

Thomas Campbell.

12

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE

SONS of Shannon, Tamar, Trent,
Men of the Lothians, men of Kent,
Essex, Wessex, shore and shire,
Mates of the net, the mine, the fire,
Lads of desk and wheel and loom,
Noble and trader, squire and groom,
Come where the bugles of England play,
Over the hills and far away!

Southern Cross and Polar Star—
Here are the Britons bred afar ;
Serry, O serry them, fierce and keen,
Under the flag of the Empress-Queen ;
Shoulder to shoulder, down the track,
Where, to the unretreating Jack,
The victor bugles of England play
Over the hills and far away!

What if the best of our wages be
An empty sleeve, a stiff-set knee,
A crutch for the rest of life—who cares,
So long as the One Flag floats and dares ?
So long as the One Race dares and grows ?
Death—what is death but God's own rose ?
Let but the bugles of England play
Over the hills and far away!

William Ernest Henley.

13

THE BLUE BELL OF SCOTLAND

Oh where, and oh where, is your Highland laddie
gone ?

He's gone to fight the French for King George upon
the throne ;

And it's oh, in my heart, how I wish him safe at home !

Oh where, and oh where, does your Highland laddie
dwell ?

He dwells in merry Scotland, at the sign of the Blue
Bell ;

And it's oh, in my heart, that I love my laddie well.

In what clothes, in what clothes is your Highland
laddie clad ?

His bonnet's of the Saxon green, his waistcoat's of the
plaid ;

And it's oh, in my heart, that I love my Highland lad.

Suppose, oh, suppose that your Highland lad should
die ?

The bagpipes shall play over him, and I'll lay me down
and cry ;

And it's oh, in my heart, I wish he may not die.

Anonymous.

14

THE MINSTREL-BOY

THE Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him ;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.—
'Land of song !' said the warrior-bard,
'Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee !'

The Minstrel fell !—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under ;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its cords asunder ;
And said ' No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery !
Thy songs were made for the brave and free,
They shall never sound in slavery !'

Thomas Moore.

15

PIBROCH

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons !
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen and
From mountain so rocky,
The warpipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky.
Come every hill-plaid and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter ;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar ;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges :
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come when
Forests are rended.
Come as the waves come when
Navies are stranded :
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;
See how they gather !
Wide waves the eagle plume
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set !
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset !

Sir Walter Scott.

16

A VOW TO MARS

STORE of courage to me grant,
Now I'm turn'd a combatant ;
Help me, so that I my shield,
Fighting, lose not in the field.
That's the greatest shame of all
That in warfare can befall.
Do but this, and there shall be
Offer'd up a wolf to thee.

Robert Herrick.

17

THE CAVALIER'S SONG

A STEED ! a steed of matchlesse speed,
 A sword of metal keene !
 All else to noble heartes is drosse,
 All else on earth is meane.
 The neighyng of the war-horse prowde,
 The rowlinge of the drum,
 The clangor of the trumpet lowde,
 Be soundes from heaven that come ;
 And O ! the thundering presse of knightes
 Whenas their war cryes swell,
 May tole from heaven an angel brighte,
 And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte ! then mounte, brave gallants, all,
 And don your helmes amaine :
 Deathe's couriers, Fame and Honour, call
 Us to the field againe.
 No shrewish teares shall fill our eye
 When the sword-hilt's in our hand,—
 Heart whole we'll part, and no whit sighe
 For the fayrest of the land !
 Let piping swaine, and craven wight,
 Thus weepe and puling crye,
 Our business is like men to fight,
 And hero-like to die !

William Motherwell.

18

WAR SONG OF THE ROYAL EDIN-
BURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS

To horse ! to horse ! the standard flies,
The bugles sound the call ;
The Gallic navy stems the seas,
The voice of battle's on the breeze,—
Arouse ye, one and all !

From high Dunedin's towers we come,
A band of brothers true ;
Our casques the Leopard's spoils surround
With Scotland's hardy thistle crowned ;
We boast the red and blue.

Though tamely crowd to Gallic's prow
Dull Holland's tardy train ;
Their vanished toys, though Romans mourn,
Though gallant Switzers vainly spurn
And, foaming, gnaw the chain ;

O ! had they marked the avenging call
Their brethren's murder gave,
Disunion ne'er their ranks had mown,
Nor patriot valour, desperate grown,
Sought freedom in the grave !

Shall we, too, bend the stubborn head,
In Freedom's temple born,
Dress our pale cheek in fervid smile,
To hail a master in our isle,
Or brook a victor's scorn ?

No ! though destruction o'er the land
Come pouring as a flood,
The sun, that sees our falling day,
Shall mark our sabres' deadly sway,
And set that night in blood.

For gold let Gallic's legions fight,
Or plunder's bloody gain :
Unbribed, unbought, our swords we draw,
To guard our King, to fence our Law,
Nor shall their edge be vain.

If ever breath of British gale
Shall fan the tricolor,
Or footsteps of invader rude,
With rapine foul, and red with blood,
Pollute our happy shore,—

Then farewell home ! and farewell friends !
Adieu each tender tie !
Resolved we mingle in the tide,
Where charging squadrons furious ride,
To conquer, or to die.

To horse ! to horse ! the sabres gleam ;
High sounds our bugle call ;
Combined by honor's sacred tie ;
Our word is *Laws and Liberty* !
March forward, one and all !

Sir Walter Scott.

19

BATTLE SONG

DAY, like our souls, is fiercely dark ;
 What then ? 'Tis day !
We sleep no more ; the cock crows—hark !
 To arms ! away !
They come ! they come ! the knell is rung
 Of us or them ;
Wide o'er their march the pomp is flung
 Of gold and gem.
What collar'd hound of lawless sway,
 To famine dear—
What pension'd slave of Attila,
 Leads in the rear ?
Come they from Scythian wilds afar,
 Our blood to spill ?
Wear they the livery of the Czar ?
 They do his will.
Nor tasselled silk, nor epaulette,
 Nor plume, nor torse—
No splendour gilds, all sternly met,
 Our foot and horse.
But, dark and still, we inly glow
 Condensed in ire !
Strike, tawdry slaves, and ye shall know
 Our gloom is fire.
In vain your pomp, ye evil powers,
 Insults the land ;
Wrongs, vengeance, and *the cause* are ours,
 And God's right hand !

Madmen ! they trample into snakes
 The moving clod !
Like fire beneath their feet awakes
 The sword of God !
Behind, before, above, below,
 They rouse the brave ;
Where'er they go, they make a foe,
 Or find a grave.

Ebenezer Elliot.

20

A BATTLE-SONG

ARM, arm, arm, arm ! the scouts are all come in ;
 Keep your ranks close, and now your honours win.
 Behold from yonder hill the foe appears ;
 Bows, bills, glaives, arrows, shields, and spears !
 Like a dark wood he comes, or tempest pouring ;
 O view the wings of horse the meadows scouring !
 The vanguard marches bravely. Hark, the drums !
 Dub, dub !

They meet, they meet, and now the battle comes :
 See how the arrows fly
 That darken all the sky !
 Hark how the trumpets sound !
 Hark how the hills rebound—
 Tara, tara, tara, tara, tara !

Hark how the horses charge ! in, boys ! boys, in !
 The battle totters ; now the wounds begin :
 O how they cry !
 O how they die !

Room for the valiant Memnon, armed with thunder !
 See how he breaks the ranks asunder !
 They fly ! they fly ! Eumenes has the chase,
 And brave Polybius makes good his place :
 To the plains, to the woods,
 To the rocks, to the floods,
 They fly for succour. Follow, follow, follow !
 Hark how the soldiers hollow !
 Hey, hey !

POEMS OF PATRIOTISM

1922

Brave Diocles is dead,
And all his soldiers fled ;
The battle's won, and lost,
That many a life hath cost.

Anonymous.

21

SCHOOL FENCIBLES

WE come in arms, we stand ten score,
Embattled on the castle green ;
We grasp our firelocks tight, for war
Is threatening, and we see our Queen.
And 'will the churls last out till we
Have duly hardened bones and thews
For scouring leagues of swamp and sea
Of braggart mobs and corsair crews ?'
We ask ; we fear not scoff or smile
At meek attire of blue and grey,
For the proud wrath that thrills our isle
Gives faith and force to this array.
So great a charm is England's right,
That hearts enlarged together flow,
And each man rises up a knight
To work the evil-thinkers woe.
And, girt with ancient truth and grace,
We do our service and our suit,
And each can be, whate'er his race,
A Chandos or a Montacute.
Thou, Mistress, whom we serve to-day,
Bless the real swords that we shall wield,
Repeat the call we now obey
In sunset lands, on some fair field
Thy Flag shall make some Huron rock
As dear to us as Windsor's keep,
And arms thy Thames has nerved shall mock
The surgings of th' Ontarian deep.

The stately music of thy Guards,
Which times our march beneath thy ken,
Shall sound, with spells of sacred bards,
From heart to heart, when we are men.
And when we bleed on alien earth,
We'll call to mind how cheers of ours
Proclaimed a loud uncourtly mirth
Amongst thy glowing orange bowers.
And if for England's sake we fall,
So be it, so thy cross be won,
Fixed by kind hands on silvered pall,
And worn in death, for duty done.
Ah ! thus we fondle Death, the Soldier's mate,
Blending his image with the hopes of youth
To hallow all ; meanwhile the hidden fate
Chills not our fancies with the iron truth.
Death from afar we call, and Death is here,
To choose out him who wears the loftiest mien ;
And grief, the cruel lord who knows no peer,
Breaks through the shield of love to pierce our
Queen.

William Cory.

22

BANNOCKBURN

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led ;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
See the front o' battle lower,
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward ! chains and slaverie !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?
Traitor ! coward ! turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's King and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa' ?
Caledonian ! on wi' me !

By oppression's woes and pains !
By your sons in servile chains !
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall—they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !
Forward ! let us do, or die !

Robert Burns.

23

CHEVY CHACE

I

GOD prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all ;
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy Chace befall ;

To drive the deere with hound and horn
Erle Percy took his way ;
The child may rue that is unborn,
The hunting of that day.

The stout Erle of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take,

The chiefest harts in Chevy Chace
To kill and bear away.
These tydings to Erle Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay :

Who sent Erle Percy present word,
He wold prevent his sport,
The English Erle, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of neede
To ayme their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deere :
On Monday they began to hunt,
Ere daylight did appear ;

And long before high noon they had
An hundred fat buckes slaine ;
Then having dined, the drovyers went
To rouse the deere againe.

The bow-men mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure ;
Their backsides all with special care
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deere to take,
And with their cryes the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughtered deere ;
Quoth he, ' Erle Douglas promised
This day to meet me here,

But if I thought he wold not come
No longer wold I stay.'
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Erle did say :

‘Lo, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,
 His men in armour bright,
 Full twenty hundred Scottish speares
 All marching in our sight ;

All men of pleasant Tivy dale,
 Fast by the river Tweede.’

‘O, cease your sports,’ Erle Percy said,
 ‘And take your bowes with speede ;

And now with me, my countrymen,
 Your courage forth advance,
 For there was never champion yet,
 In Scotland or in France,

That ere did on horsebacke come,
 But if my hap it were,
 I durst encounter man for man,
 And with him break a speare.’

II

Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,
 Most like a baron bold,
 Rode foremost of his company,
 Whose armour shone like gold.

‘Shew me,’ said he, ‘whose men ye be,
 That hunt so boldly here,
 That, without my consent, do chase
 And kill my fallow-deere.’

The first man that did answer make,
 Was noble Percy he ;
 Who sayd, ‘We list not to declare,
 Nor shew what men we be,

Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest harts to slay.'
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And this in rage did say :

' Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall dye :
I know thee well, an erle thou art ;
Lord Percy, so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pittty it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of these our guiltlesse men,
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battell trye,
And set our men aside.'
' Accurst be he,' Erle Percy said,
' By whom this is denied.'

Then stept a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, ' I wold not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

That ere my captaine fought on foote,
And I stood looking on.
Ye be two erles,' said Witherington,
' And I a squire alone :

Ile do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand :
While I have power to wield my sword,
Ile fight with heart and hand.'

III

Our English archers bent their bowes,
Their hearts were good and true,
At the first flight of arrowes sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet bides Erle Douglas on the bent,
As Chieftain stout and good,
As valiant Captain, all unmoved
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As leader ware and try'd,
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bore down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound ;
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground,

And, throwing strait their bowes away,
They grasped their swords so bright,
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found,
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ it were a grief to see,
And likewise for to heare,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there !

At last these two stout erles did meet,
Like captaines of great might :
Like lions wode, they laid on lode,
And made a cruel fight :

They fought untill they both did sweat
With swords of tempered steele ;
Until the blood like drops of rain
They trickling downe did feele.

‘Yield thee, Lord Percy,’ Douglas said ;
‘In faith I will thee bringe,
Where thou shalt high avancèd be
By James our Scottish king ;

Thy ransome I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see.’

‘No, Douglas,’ quoth Erle Percy then,
‘Thy proffer I do scorne ;
I will not yield to any Scot,
That ever yet was borne.’

With that, there came an arrow keene
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Erle Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow :

Who never spake more words than these,
‘Fight on, my merry men all ;
For why, my life is at an end ;
Lord Percy sees my fall.’

Then leaving life, Erle Percy tooke
The dead man by the hand ;
And said, ' Erle Douglas, for thy life
Wold I had lost my land !

O Christ ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake,
For sure, a more redoubted knight
Mischance could never take.'

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw Erle Douglas dye,
Who straight in wroth did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percy.

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he called,
Who, with a speare most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight,

And past the English archers all,
Without or dread or feare,
And through Erle Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful speare.

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran throughe the other side
A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
Whose courage none could staine !
An English archer then perceived
The noble Erle was slaine :

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree ;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he ;

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye
So right the shaft he set,
The grey goose-winge that was thereon
In his heart's bloode was wet.

This fight did last from breake of day
Till setting of the sun ;
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battle scarce was done.

IV

With stout Erle Percy, there was slaine
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold baron :

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slaine,
Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wayle,
As one in doleful dumpes ;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumpes.

And with Erle Douglas, there was slaine.
Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
One foote would never flee ;

Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too,
 His sister's sonne was he ;
 Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
 Yet saved he could not be ;

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
 Did with Erle Douglas dye :
 Of twenty hundred Scottish speares,
 Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
 Went home but fifty-three :
 The rest were slain in Chevy Chace,
 Under the greene woode tree.

Next day did many widdowes come,
 Their husbands to bewayle ;
 They washt their wounds in brinish teares,
 But all wold not prevayle ;

Their bodyes, bathed in purple gore,
 They bore with them away ;
 They kist their dead a thousand times,
 Erst they were clad in clay.

v

The newes was brought to Eddenborrow,
 Where Scotland's king did reigne,
 That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye
 Was with an arrowe slaine :

'O dreary newes,' King James did say,
 'Scotland may witness be,
 I have not any captaine more
 Of such account as he.'

Like tydings to King Henry came,
 Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
 Was slaine in Chevy-Chace :

‘Now God be with him,’ said our king,
 ‘Sith it will no better be ;
I trust I have, within my realme,
 Five hundred good as he :

Yet shall not Scots nor Scotland say,
 But I will vengeance take :
I’ll be revengèd on them all,
 For brave Erle Percy’s sake.’

This vow full well the king performed
 After, at Humbledowne ;
In one day, fifty knights were slayne,
 With lords of great renowne.

And of the rest, of small account,
 Did many thousands dye.
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chace,
 Made by the Erle Percye.

God save our king, and bless this land
 With plentye, joy, and peace,
And grant henceforth that foule debate
 ’Twixt noblemen may cease.

Anonymous.

24

AGINCOURT

I

O FOR a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention !
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene !
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars ; and, at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirit, that hath dared,
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object : Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France ? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt ?
O, pardon ! since a crooked figure may
Attest, in little place, a million ;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work :
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts ;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance :
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them

Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth :
 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
 Carry them here and there ; jumping o'er times ;
 Turning the accomplishment of many years
 Into an hour-glass ; For the which supply,
 Admit me chorus to this history :
 Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. ...

II

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
 And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies ;
 Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man :
 They sell the pasture now to buy the horse ;
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
 With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
 For now sits Expectation in the air ;
 And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
 With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
 Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
 The French, advis'd by good intelligence
 Of this most dreadful preparation,
 Shake in their fear ; and with pale policy
 Seek to divert the English purposes.
 O England ! model to thy inward greatness,
 Like little body with a mighty heart,
 What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural !
 But see thy fault ! France hath in thee found out
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
 With treacherous crowns ; and three corrupted men,—
 One, Richard earl of Cambridge ; and the second,

Henry lord Scroop of Masham ; and the third,
 Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,—
 Have, for the guilt of France, (O guilt, indeed !)
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France ;
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
 If hell and treason hold their promises,
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
 Linger your patience on, and we'll digest
 The abuse of distance ; force a play.
 The sum is paid ; the traitors are agreed ;
 The king is set from London ; and the scene
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton :
 There is the playhouse now, there must you sit :
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
 To give you gentle pass ; for, if we may,
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
 But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.

III

Now entertain conjecture of a time,
 When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
 Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
 From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
 The hum of either army stilly sounds,
 That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch :
 Fire answers fire : and through their paly flames
 Each battle sees the other's umber'd face :
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
 Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents,
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,

With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice ;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminatè
The morning's danger ; and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head !
For forth he goes, and visits all his host ;
Bids them good-morrow, with a modest smile :
And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him ;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night :
But freshly looks, and overbears attainè
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty :
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks :
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all

Behold (as may unworthiness define)
A little touch of Harry in the night :
And so our scene must to the battle fly ;
Where, (O for pity !) we shall much disgrace—
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,—
The name of Agincourt : Yet, sit and see ;
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

William Shakespeare.

25

AGINCOURT

FAIR stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry ;
But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train
 Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnish'd in warlike sort,
Marcheth tow'rds Agincourt
 In happy hour ;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopp'd his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
 With all his power.

Which, in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
 Unto him sending ;
Which he neglects the while
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
 Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
 Quoth our brave Henry then,
 'Though they to one be ten
 Be not amazed :
 Yet have we well begun ;
 Battles so bravely won
 Have ever to the sun
 By fame been raised.

‘ And for myself (quoth he)
 This my full rest shall be :
 England ne'er mourn for me
 Nor more esteem me :
 Victor I will remain
 Or on this earth lie slain,
 Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.

‘ Poitiers and Cressy tell,
 When most their pride did swell,
 Under our swords they fell :
 No less our skill is
 Than when our grandsire great,
 Claiming the regal seat,
 By many a warlike feat
 Lopp'd the French lilies.’

The Duke of York so dread
 The eager vaward led ;
 With the main Henry sped
 Among his henchmen.
 Excester had the rear,
 A braver man not there ;

O Lord, how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder ;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake :
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signal aim
To our hid forces !
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly
The English archery
Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather ;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbos drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy ;

Arms were from shoulders sent,
 Scalps to the teeth were rent,
 Down the French peasants went—
 Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
 His broadsword brandishing,
 Down the French host did ding
 As to o'erwhelm it ;
 And many a deep wound lent,
 His arms with blood besprent,
 And many a cruel dent
 Bruisèd his helmet.

Gloster, that duke so good,
 Next of the royal blood,
 For famous England stood
 With his brave brother ;
 Clarence, in steel so bright,
 Though but a maiden knight,
 Yet in that furious fight
 Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
 Oxford the foe invade,
 And cruel slaughter made
 Still as they ran up ;
 Suffolk his axe did ply,
 Beaumont and Willoughby
 Bare them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's Day
 Fought was this noble fray,
 Which fame did not delay
 To England to carry.

O when shall English men
With such acts fill a pen ?
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry ?

Michael Drayton.

26

SONG OF THE ENGLISH BOWMEN

AGINCOURT, Agincourt !
 Know ye not Agincourt,
 Where English slew and hurt
 All their French foemen ?
 With their pikes and bills brown,
 How the French were beat down,
 Shot by our Bowmen ?

Agincourt, Agincourt !
 Know ye not Agincourt,
 Never to be forgot,
 Or known to no men ?
 Where English cloth-yard arrows
 Killed the French like tame sparrows,
 Slain by our Bowmen ?

Agincourt, Agincourt !
 Know ye not Agincourt ?
 English of every sort,
 High men and low men,
 Fought that day wondrous well,
 All our old stories tell,
 Thanks to our Bowmen !

Agincourt, Agincourt !
 Know ye not Agincourt ?
 Where our fifth Harry taught
 Frenchmen to know men :

And, when the day was done,
Thousands there fell to one
 Good English Bowman !

Agincourt, Agincourt !
Know ye not Agincourt ?
Dear was the vict'ry bought
 By fifty yeomen.
Ask any English wench,
They were worth all the French,
 Rare English Bowmen !

Anonymous.

27

BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBY

THE fifteenth day of July,
With glistening spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders
Was foughten in the field ;
The most conspicuous officers
Were English captains three,
But the bravest man in battle
Was brave Lord Willoughby.

The next was Captain Norris,
A valiant man was he ;
The other, Captain Turner,
From field would never flee,
With fifteen hundred fighting men,
Alas ! there were no more,
They fought with forty thousand then
Upon the bloody shore.

‘Stand to it, noble pikemen,
And look you round about,
And shoot you right, you bowmen,
And we will keep them out :
You musquet and calliver men,
Do you prove true to me,
I’ll be the bravest man in fight,’
Says brave Lord Willoughby.

And then the bloody enemy
They fiercely did assail,
And fought it out most furiously,
Not doubting to prevail ;
The wounded men on both sides fell
Most piteous for to see,
But nothing could the courage quell
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

For seven hours to all men's view
This fight endured sore,
Until our men so feeble grew
That they could fight no more ;
And then upon dead horses
Full savourly did eat,
And drank the puddle water,
That could no better get.

When they had fed so freely,
They kneelèd on the ground,
And praisedè God devoutly
For the favour they had found ;
And bearing up their colours,
The fight they did renew,
And cutting tow'rds the Spaniards,
Five thousand more they slew.

The sharp steel-pointed arrows
And bullets thick did fly ;
Then did our valiant soldiers
Charge on most furiously :
Which made the Spaniards waver,
They thought it best to flee :
They feared the stout behaviour
Of brave Lord Willoughby.



Then quoth the Spanish general,
‘Come, let us march away,
I fear we shall be spoilèd all
If that we longer stay :
For yonder comes Lord Willoughby
With courage fierce and fell,
He will not give one inch of ground
For all the devils in hell.’

And when the fearful enemy
Was quickly put to flight,
Our men pursued courageously
To rout his forces quite ;
And at last they gave a shout
Which echoed through the sky :
‘God, and St. George for England !’
The conquerors did cry.

This news was brought to England
With all the speed might be,
And soon our gracious Queen was told
Of this same victory.
‘O ! this is brave Lord Willoughby,
My love that ever won :
Of all the lords of honour
’Tis he great deeds hath done !’

To the soldiers that were maimèd,
And wounded in the fray,
The queen allowed a pension
Of fifteen pence a day,
And from all costs and charges
She quit and set them free :
And this she did all for the sake
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then courage, noble Englishmen,
And never be dismayed !
If that we be but one to ten,
We will not be afraid
To fight with foreign enemies,
And set our country free.
And thus I end the bloody bout
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

Anonymous.

.28

FLODDEN

NEXT morn the Baron climbed the tower,
To view afar the Scottish power
 Encamped on Flodden edge :
The white pavilions made a show,
Like remnants of the winter snow,
 Along the dusky ridge.

Long Marmion looked : at length his eye
Unusual movement might descry

 Amid the shifting lines :

The Scottish host drawn out appears,
For flashing on the hedge of spears

 The eastern sunbeam shines.

Their front now deepening, now extending ;
Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,
Now drawing back, and now descending,
The skilful Marmion well could know,
They watched the motions of some foe
Who traversed on the plain below.

Even so it was. From Flodden ridge

 The Scots beheld the English host

 Leave Barmont-wood, their evening post,

 And heedful watched them as they crossed

The Till by Twisel bridge,

 High sight it is and haughty, while

 They dive into the deep defile ;

 Beneath the caverned cliff they fall,

 Beneath the castle's airy wall,

By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,
Troop after troop are disappearing ;
Troop after troop their banners rearing
Upon the eastern bank you see.
Still pouring down the rocky den,
Where flows the sullen Till,
And rising from the dim-wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,
In slow succession still,
And sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
And pressing on in ceaseless march
To gain the opposing hill.
That morn to many a trumpet clang,
Twisel ! thy rocks deep echo rang ;
And many a chief of birth and rank,
Saint Helen ! at thy fountain drank.
Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see
In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,
Had then from many an axe its doom,
To give the marching columns room.

And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden ! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while
And struggles through the deep defile ?
What checks the fiery soul of James ?
Why sits that champion of the dames
Inactive on his steed,
And sees between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
His host Lord Surrey lead !
What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand ?
O, Douglas, for thy leading wand !
Fierce Randolph, for thy speed !

O for one hour of Wallace wight,
 Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight,
 And cry 'Saint Andrew and our right !'
 Another sight had seen that morn,
 From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
 And Flodden had been Bannock burn !
 The precious hour has passed in vain,
 And England's host has gained the plain ;
 Wheeling their march, and circling still,
 Around the base of Flodden hill.

II

'But see ! look up—on Flodden bent
 The Scottish foe has fired his tent.'
 And sudden, as he spoke,
 From the sharp ridges of the hill,
 All downward to the banks of Till
 Was wreathed in sable smoke.
 Volumed and fast, and rolling far,
 The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
 As down the hill they broke ;
 Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone
 Announced their march : their tread alone,
 At times one warning trumpet blown,
 At times a stifled hum,
 Told England, from his mountain-throne
 King James did rushing come.
 Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
 Until at weapon-point they close.
 They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
 With sword-sway and with lance's thrust ;
 And such a yell was there
 Of sudden and portentous birth,
 As if men fought upon the earth

And fiends in upper air ;
O life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
 And triumph and despair.
Long looked their anxious squires : their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast :
And first the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears ;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumèd crests of chieftains brave
Floating like foam upon the wave ;
 But nought distinct they see :
Wide raged the battle on the plain ;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain ;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain :
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
 Wild and disorderly.

Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly :
And stainless Tunstall's banner white
And Edmund Howard's lion bright
Still bear them bravely in the fight :
 Although against them come
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,
And many a rugged Border clan,
 With Huntly and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
 Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle ;
 Through these the western mountaineer
 Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
 And flung the feeble targe aside,
 And with both hands the broadsword plied.
 'Twas vain : but Fortune, on the right,
 With fickle smile cheered Scotland's fight.
 Then fell that spotless banner white,
 Then Howard's lion fell ;
 Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
 With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
 Around the battle-yell.
 The Border slogan rent the sky !
 A Home ! a Gordon ! was the cry :
 Loud were the clanging blows ;
 Advanced, forced back, now low, now high,
 The pennon sank and rose ;
 As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
 When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
 It wavered 'mid the foes.

III

By this, though deep the evening fell,
 Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
 For still the Scots, around their king,
 Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
 Where's now their victor vaward wing,
 Where Huntly, and where Home ?
 O for a blast of that dread horn,
 On Fontarabian echoes borne,
 That to King Charles did come,
 When Roland brave, and Olivier,
 And every paladin and peer,

On Roncesvalles died !
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
 While yet on Flodden side
Afar the Royal Standard flies,
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies
 Our Caledonian pride.

But as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed ;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep
 That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
 Unbroken was the ring ;
The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
 The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight ;
Linked in the serried phalanx fight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
 As fearlessly and well ;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands ;
And from the charge they drew,

As mountain-waves from wasted lands
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know ;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field, as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band
Disordered through her convents dash,
To gain the Scottish land ;
To town and tower, to town and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong :
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and carnage drear
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield !

Sir Walter Scott.

29

THE SPANISH ARMADA

FROM mercilesse invaders,
From wicked men's device,
O God ! arise and helpe us,
To quel owre enemies.

Sinke deepe their potent navies,
Their strength and corage break,
O God ! arise and arm us,
For Jesus Christ, his sake.
Though cruel Spain and Parma
With heathen legions come,
O God ! arise and arm us,
We'll dye for owre home !

We will not change owre Credo
For Pope, nor boke, nor bell ;
And if the Devil come himself,
We'll hound him back to hell.

John Still.

30

THE SPANISH ARMADO

SOME years of late, in eighty-eight,
As I do well remember,
It was, some say, the middle of May,
And some say in September,
And some say in September.

The Spanish train launch'd forth amain,
With many a fine bravado,
Their (as they thought, but it prov'd not)
Invincible Armado,
Invincible Armado.

There was a man that dwelt in Spain
Who shot well with a gun a,
Don Pedro hight, black as a wight
As the Knight of the Sun a,
As the Knight of the Sun a.

King Philip made him Admiral,
And bid him not to stay a,
But to destroy both man and boy
And so to come away a,
And so to come away a.

Their navy was well victualled
With bisket, pease and bacon,
They brought two ships, well fraught with whips,
But I think they were mistaken,
But I think they were mistaken.

Their men were young, munition strong,
And to do us more harm a,
They thought it meet to joyn their fleet
All with the Prince of Parma,
All with the Prince of Parma.

They coasted round about our land,
And so came in by Dover :
ut we had men set on 'em then,
And threw the rascals over,
And threw the rascals over.

The Queen was then at Tilbury,
What could we more desire a ?
Sir Francis Drake for her sweet sake
Did set them all on fire a,
Did set them all on fire a.

Then straight they fled by sea and land,
That one man kill'd threescore a,
And had not they all run away,
In truth he had kill'd more a,
In truth he had kill'd more a.

Then let them neither bray nor boast,
But if they come again a,
Let them take heed they do not speed
As they did you know when a,
As they did you know when a.

Anonymous.

31

THE ARMADA

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's
praise :
I sing of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in
ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible, against her bore, in
vain,
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts in
Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer's day,
There came a gallant merchant ship full sail to Ply-
mouth bay ;
The crew had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurig-
ny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves, lie heaving many a
mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial
grace ;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in
chase.
Forthwith a guard, at every gun, was placed along the
wall ;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecombe's lofty
hall ;
Many a light fishing bark put out, to pry along the coast ;
And with loose rein, and bloody spur, rode inland
many a post.

With his white hair, unbounetted, the stout old
sheriff comes,
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound
the drums :
The yeomen, round the market cross, make clear and
ample space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of her
grace :
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the
bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies
down !
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed
Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle
shield :
So glared he when, at Agincourt, in wrath he turned
to bay,
And crushed and torn, beneath his claws, the princely
hunters lay.
Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, sir knight ! ho ! scatter
flowers, fair maids !
Ho, gunners ! fire a loud salute ! ho, gallants ! draw
your blades !
Thou, sun, shine on her joyously ! ye breezes, waft her
wide !
Our glorious *Semper Eadem!* the banner of our pride !

The fresh'ning breeze of eve unfurled that banner's
massy fold—
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty
scroll of gold :

Night sunk upon the dusky beach, and on the purple
sea ;
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor ne'er again
shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to
Milford bay,
That time of slumber was as bright, as busy as the
day ;
For swift to east, and swift to west, the warning
radiance spread—
High 'on St. Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on
Beachy Head :
Far o'er the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern
shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling
points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering
waves,
The rugged miners poured to war, from Mendip's
sunless caves ;
O'er Longleat's towers, or Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery
herald flew,
And roused the shepherds of Stonehenge—the rangers
of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells rang out all night
from Bristol town ;
And, ere the day, three hundred horse had met on
Clifton Down.

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into
the night,
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, that streak of
blood-red light :

The bugle's note, and cannon's roar, the death-like
silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city
woke ;
At once, on all her stately gates, arose the answering
fires ;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling
spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the
voice of fear,
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a
louder cheer :
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of
hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of flags and pikes dashed down
each rousing street :
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still
the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spur-
ring in ;
And eastward straight, for wild Blackheath, the war-
like errand went ;
And roused, in many an ancient hall, the gallant
squires of Kent :
Southward, for Surrey's pleasant hills, flew those
bright coursers forth ;
High on black Hampstead's swarthy moor, they started
for the north ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded
still ;
All night from tower to tower they sprang, all night
from hill to hill ;
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Derwent's
rocky dales ;

Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills
of Wales ;
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's
lonely height ;
Till streamed in crimson, on the wind, the Wrekin's
crest of light ;
Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth, on Ely's
stately fane,
And town and hamlet rose in arms, o'er all the bound-
less plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly towers the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er the wide vale of
Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burnt on Gaunt's em-
battled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of
Carlisle.

Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay.

32

A BALLAD OF THE ARMADA

KING PHILIP had vaunted his claims ;
 He had sworn for a spear he would sack us :
 With an army of heathenish names
 He was coming to fagot and stack us ;
 Like the thieves of the sea he would track us,
 And shatter our ships on the main ;
 But we had bold Neptune to back us—
 And where are the galleons of Spain ?

His carackes were christened of dames
 To the kirtles whereof he would tack us ;
 With his saints and his gilded stern-frames
 He had thought like an egg-shell to crack us ;
 Now Howard may get to his Flaccus,
 And Drake to his Devon again,
 And Hawkins bowl rubbers to Bacchus—
 For where are the galleons of Spain ?

Let his Majesty hang to St. James
 The axe that he whetted to hack us ;
 He must play at some lustier games
 Or at sea he can hope to out-thwack us ;
 To the mines of Peru he would pack us
 To tug at his bullet and chain :
 Alas ! that his Greatness should lack us !—
 But where are the galleons of Spain ?

ENVOY

GLORIANA!—the don may attack us
Whenever his stomach be fain ;
He must reach us before he can rack us, . . .
And where are the galleons of Spain ?

Austin Dobson.

33

THE WINNING OF CALES

LONG the proud Spaniards had vaunted to conquer us,
Threatning our country with fyre and sword ;
Often preparing their navy most sumptuous
With as great plenty as Spain could afford.
Dub a dub, dub a dub, thus strike their drums ;
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

To the seas presentlye went our lord admiral,
With knights couragious and captains full good ;
The brave Earl of Essex, a prosperous general,
With him prepared to pass the salt flood.

At Plymouth speedilye, took they ship valiantlye,
Braver ships never were seen under sayle,
With their fair colours spread, and streamers o'er their
head.

Now bragging Spaniards, take heed of your tayle.

Unto Cales cunninglye, came we most speedilye,
Where the kinges navy securelye did ryde ;
Being upon their backs, piercing their butts of sacks,
Ere any Spaniards our coming descryde.

Great was the crying, the running and ryding,
Which at that season was made in that place ;
The beacons were fyred, as need then required ;
To hyde their great treasure they had little space.

There you might see their ships, how they were fyred
 fast,
 And how their men drowned themselves in the sea ;
 There you might hear them cry, wayle and weep pite-
 ously,
 When they saw no shift to 'scape thence away.

The great St. Phillip, the pryde of the Spaniards,
 Was burnt to the bottom, and sunk in the sea ;
 But the St. Andrew, and eke the St. Matthew,
 Wee took in fight manfullye and brought away.

The Earl of Essex, most valiant and hardye,
 With horsemen and footmen march'd up to the town ;
 The Spanyards, which saw them, were greatly alarmed,
 Did fly for their savegard, and durst not come down.

Now, quoth the noble Earl, courage my soldiers all,
 Fight and be valiant, the spoil you shall have ;
 And be well rewarded all from the great to the small ;
 But look that the women and children you save.

The Spaniards at that sight, thinking it vain to fight,
 Hung upp flags of truce and yielded the towne ;
 Wee marched in presentlye, decking the walls on hye,
 With English colours which purchas'd renowne.

Entering the houses then, of the most richest men,
 For gold and treasure we searched eche day ;
 In some places we did find, pyes baking left behind,
 Meate at fire roasting, and folkes run away.

Full of rich merchandize, every shop catch'd our eyes,
 Damasks and sattens and velvets full fayre :
 Which soldiers mēasur'd out by the length of their
 swords ;
 Of all commodities eche had a share.

Thus Cales was taken, and our brave general
March'd to the market-place, where he did stand :
There many prisoners fell to our several shares,
Many crav'd mercye, and mercye they fannd.

When our brave general saw they delayed all,
And would not ransome their towne as they said,
With their fair wanscots, their presses and bedstedds,
Their joint-stools and tables a fire we made ;
And when the town burned all in a flame,
With tara, tantara, away we all came.

Anonymous.

34

HEARTS OF OAK

COME, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year,
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?
Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak are our men,
 We always are ready,
 Steady, boys, steady.
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
They never see us but they wish us away ;
If they run, why, we follow, and run them ashore,
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.
Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak are our men,
 We always are ready,
 Steady, boys, steady,
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

Still Britain shall triumph, her ships plough the sea,
Her standard be justice, her watchword 'Be free' ;
Then, cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, our king.
Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak are our men,
 We always are ready,
 Steady, boys, steady,
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

David Garrick.

When day is gane, and night is come,
 And a' folk bound to sleep ;
I think on him that's far awa,
 The lee-lang night and weep.
 my dear,
The lee-lang night, and weep.

Anonymous.

36

MARCHING ALONG

I

KENTISH Sir Byng stood for his King,
 Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing :
 And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
 And see the rogues flourish and honest folks droop,
 Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

II

God for King Charles. Pym and such carles
 To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles !
 Cavaliers, up ! Lips from the cup,
 Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup
 Till you're—

*Chorus.—Marching along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.*

III

Hampden to Hell, and his obsequies' knell
 Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well !
 England, good cheer ! Rupert is near !
 Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here

*Chorus.—Marching along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song ?*

IV

Then, God for King Charles ! Pym and his snarls
To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles !
Hold by the right, you double your might ;
So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,

*Chorus.—March we along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song !*

Robert Browning.

37

GIVE A ROUSE

KING CHARLES, and who'll do him right now?
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
 Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
 King Charles!

II

Who gave me the goods that went since?
 Who raised me the house that sank once?
 Who helped me to gold that I spent since?
 Who found me in wine you drank once?

*Chorus.—King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
 Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
 King Charles!*

III

To whom used my boy George-quaff else,
 By the old fool's side that begot him?
 For whom did he cheer and laugh else,
 While Noll's damned troopers shot him?

*Chorus.—King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
 Give a rouse: here's, in hell's despite now,
 King Charles!*

Robert Browning.

38

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS
INTENDED TO THE CITY

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or Knight in Arms

Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,

Guard them, and him within protect from harms.

He can requite thee ; for he knows the charms

That call fame on such gentle acts as these,

And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,

Whatever clime the Sun's bright circle warms.

Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower :

The great Emathian conqueror bid spare

The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower

Went to the ground ; and the repeated air

Of sad Electra's poet had the power

To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

John Milton.

39

AN HORATIAN ODE UPON
CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM
IRELAND

THE forward youth that would appear
Must now forsake his Muses dear,
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armour's rust,
Removing from the wall
The corslet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urgèd his active star :

And like the three-fork'd lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
Did thorough his own side
His fiery way divide :

For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous, or enemy ;
And with such, to enclose
Is more than to oppose.

Then burning through the air he went
 And palaces and temples rent ;
 And Cæsar's head at last
 Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
 The face of angry Heaven's flame ;
 And if we would speak true,
 Much to the man is due,

Who, from his private gardens, where
 He lived reservèd and austere
 (As if his highest plot
 To plant the bergamot),

Could by industrious valour climb
 To ruin the great work of time,
 And cast the Kingdoms old
 Into another mould ;

Though Justice against Fate complain,
 And plead the ancient rights in vain—
 But those do hold or break
 As men are strong or weak—

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
 Allows of penetration less,
 And therefore must make room
 Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war
 Where his were not the deepest scar ?
 And Hampton shows what part
 He had of wiser art ;

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
 That Charles himself might chase
 To Caresbrooke's narrow case ;

That thence the Royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn ;
 While round the armèd bands
 Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
 But with his keener eye
 The axe's edge did try ;

Nor call'd the gods, with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right ;
 But bow'd his comely head
 Down, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable hour
Which first assured the forcèd power :
 So when they did design
 The Capitol's first line,

A Bleeding Head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run ;
 And yet in that the State
 Foresaw its happy fate !

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed :
 So much one man can do
 That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest
How good he is, how just
And fit for highest trust.

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the republic's hand—
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey !

He to the Commons' feet presents
A Kingdom for his first year's rents,
And, what he may, forbears
His fame, to make it theirs :

And has his sword and spoils ungirt
To lay them at the public's skirt.
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having kill'd, no more doth search
But on the next green bough to perch ;
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our Isle presume
While victory his crest does plume ?
What may not others fear,
If thus he crowns each year ?

As Cæsar he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy an Hannibal,
And to all States not free
Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his particolour'd mind,
 But, from this valour, sad
 Shrink underneath the plaid ;

Happy, if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,
 Nor lay his hounds in near
 The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the war's and fortune's son,
March indefatigably on ;
 And for the last effect,
 Still keep the sword erect :

Besides the force it has to fright
The Spirits of the shady night,
 The same arts that did gain
 A power, must it maintain.

Andrew Marvell.

40

UPON THE DEATH OF KING
CHARLES I

GREAT, good, and just ! could I but rate
My griefs and thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to such a strain,
As it should deluge once again.
But since thy loud-tongued blood demands supplies
More from Briareus' hands than Argus' eyes,
I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds.

James Graham, Marquis of Montrose.

41

A JACOBITE'S EPITAPH

To my true king I offer'd free from stain
Courage and faith ; vain faith, and courage vain.
For him I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,
And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.
For him I languish'd in a foreign clime,
Grey-hair'd with sorrow in my manhood's prime ;
Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees ;
Beheld each night my home in fever'd sleep,
Each morning started from the dream to weep ;
Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
The resting place I ask'd, an early grave.
O thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
From that proud country which was once mine own,
By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language which I spake like thee,
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay.

42

A GARDEN

WRITTEN AFTER THE CIVIL WARS

SEE how the flowers, as at parade,
Under their colours stand display'd :
Each regiment in order grows,
That of the tulip, pink, and rose.
But when the vigilant patrol
Of stars walks round about the pole,
Their leaves, that to the stalks are curl'd,
Seem to their staves the ensigns furl'd.
Then in some flower's belovèd hut
Each bee, as sentinel, is shut,
And sleeps so too ; but if once stirr'd,
She runs you through, nor asks the word.
O thou, that dear and happy Isle,
The garden of the world erewhile,
Thou Paradise of the four seas
Which Heaven planted us to please,
But, to exclude the world, did guard
With wat'ry if not flaming sword ;
What luckless apple did we taste
To make us mortal and thee waste !
Unhappy ! shall we never more
That sweet militia restore,
When gardens only had their towers,
And all the garrisons were flowers ;
When roses only arms might bear,
And men did rosy garlands wear ?

Andrew Marvell.

43

BERMUDAS

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that row'd along
The listening winds received this song :
 ' What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own ?
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs,
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms' and prelates' rage :
He gave us this eternal Spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air :
He hangs in shades the orange bright
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows :
He makes the figs our mouths to meet
And throws the melons at our feet ;
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars chosen by His hand
From Lebanon He stores the land ;
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.

He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast ;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
O, let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which thence (perhaps) rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay !'

Thus sung they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note :
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

Andrew Marvell.

44

TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE

You brave heroic minds
Worthy your country's name,
That honour still pursue ;
Go and subdue !
Whilst loitering hinds
Lurk here at home with shame.

Britons, you stay too long :
Quickly aboard bestow you,
And with a merry gale
Swell your stretch'd sail
With vows as strong
As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steer,
West and by south forth keep !
Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals
When Eolus scowls
You need not fear ;
So absolute the deep.

And cheerfully at sea
Success you still entice
To get the pearl and gold,
And ours to hold
Virginia,
Earth's only paradise.

Where nature hath in store
 Fowl, venison, and fish,
 And the fruitfull'st soil
 Without your toil
 Three harvests more,
 All greater than your wish.

And the ambitious vine
 Crowns with his purple mass
 The cedar reaching high
 To kiss the sky,
 The cypress, pine,
 And useful sassafras.

To whom the Golden Age
 Still nature's laws doth give,
 No other cares attend,
 But them to defend
 From winter's rage,
 That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
 Of that delicious land
 Above the seas that flows
 The clear wind throws,
 Your hearts to swell
 Approaching the dear strand ;

In kenning of the shore
 (Thanks to God first given)
 O you the happiest men,
 Be frolic then !
 Let cannons roar,
 Frighting the wide heaven,

And in regions far,
Such heroes bring ye forth
As those from whom we came ;
And plant our name
Under that star
Not known unto our North.

And as there plenty grows
Of laurel everywhere—
Apollo's sacred tree—
You it may see
A poet's brows
To crown, that may sing there.

Thy *Voyages* attend
Industrious Hakluyt,
Whose reading shall inflame
Men to seek fame,
And much commend
To after times thy wit.

Michael Drayton.

45

THE CANADIAN BOAT-SONG

LISTEN to me, as when ye heard our father

Sing long ago the song of other shores—

Listen to me, and then in chorus gather

All your deep voices as ye pull your oars :

Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand ;

But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

From the lone shieling of the misty island

Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas—

Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,

And we in dreams behold the Hebrides :

Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand ;

But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,

Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the small clear
stream,

In arms around the patriarch banner rally,

Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam :

Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand ;

But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

When the bold kindred, in the time long vanish'd,

Conquer'd the soil and fortified the keep,—

No seer foretold the children would be banish'd,

That a degenerate Lord might boast his sheep :

Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand ;

But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

Come foreign rage—let Discord burst in slaughter !

O then for clansman true, and stern claymore—
The hearts that would have given their blood like
water,

Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar :

Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand ;

But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

Anonymous.

46

DARK ROSALEEN

O, MY Dark Rosaleen,
 Do not sigh, do not weep !
 The priests are on the ocean green,
 They march along the Deep.
 There's wine from the royal Pope,
 Upon the ocean green :
 And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
 My Dark Rosaleen !
 My own Rosaleen !
 Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
 Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
 My Dark Rosaleen !

Over hills, and through dales,
 Have I roamed for your sake ;
 All yesterday I sailed with sails
 On river and on lake.
 The Erne at its highest flood,
 I dashed across unseen,
 For there was lightning in my blood,
 My Dark Rosaleen !
 My own Rosaleen !
 Oh ! there was lightning in my blood,
 Red lightning lighten'd through my blood,
 My Dark Rosaleen !

All day long, in unrest,
To and fro, do I move,
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love !
The heart in my bosom faints
To think of you, my Queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen !

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon.
But yet will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen ;
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen !

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal :
Your holy delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,

You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My fond Rosaleen !
You'll think of me through daylight's hours
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen !

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer,
To heal your many ills !
And one beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My fond Rosaleen !
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My Dark Rosaleen !

O ! the Erne shall run red,
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our head,
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun-peal and slogan-cry
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My Dark Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My Dark Rosaleen !

James Clarence Mangan.

47

THE WEST'S ASLEEP

WHEN all around their vigil keep
The West's asleep, the West's asleep,
Alas ! and well may Erin weep
That Connaught lies in slumber deep.

For lake and plain smile fair and free
Mid rocks, their guardian chivalry ;
Sing oh ! let man learn liberty
From crashing wind and slashing sea.

For often in O'Connor's van
To triumph dashed each Connaught clan,
And fleet as deer the Normans ran
Through Curlew's pass and Ardrahan.

And later days saw deeds as brave
And glory guards Clanrickarde's grave :
Sing oh ! they died, their land to save
On Aughrim's slopes and Shannon's wave.

But if when all their vigil keep,
The West's asleep, the West's asleep,
Alas ! and well may Erin weep
That Connaught lies in slumber deep.

But hark ! a voice like thunder spake,
The West's awake, the West's awake !
We'll watch till death for Erin's sake—
The West's awake, let England quake !

Thomas Davis.

48

MY COUNTRY

WHEN I have borne in memory what has tamed
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
I had, my Country!—am I to be blamed?
But when I think of thee, and what thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
But dearly must we prize thee; we who find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;
And I by my affection was beguiled.
What wonder if a Poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

William Wordsworth.

49

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

I

IT was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done ;
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

II

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found ;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

III

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
'Tis some poor fellow's skull, said he,
Who fell in the great victory.

IV

I find them in the garden, for
 There's many here about,
And often when I go to plough,
 The ploughshare turns them out ;
For many thousand men, said he,
Were slain in the great victory.

V

Now tell us what 'twas all about,
 Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
 With wonder-waiting eyes ;
Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for.

VI

It was the English, Kaspar cried,
 That put the French to rout ;
But what they kill'd each other for,
 I could not well make out.
But everybody said, quoth he,
That 'twas a famous victory.

VII

My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by ;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly :
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

VIII

With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born infant, died.
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

IX

They say it was a shocking sight,
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

X

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene.—
Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !
Said little Wilhelmine.—
Nay—nay—my little girl, quoth he,
It was a famous victory.

XI

And everybody praised the Duke
Who such a fight did win.—
But what good came of it at last ?
Quoth little Peterkin.—
Why that I cannot tell, said he,
But 'twas a famous victory.

Robert Southey.

50

THE ISLAND OF THE SCOTS

THE Rhine is running deep and red,
The island lies before—

“Now is there one of all the host
Will dare to venture o’er ?

For not alone the river’s sweep
Might make a brave man quail :

They are on the farther side,
Their shot comes fast as hail.

God help us, if the middle isle
We may not hope to win !

Now is there any of the host
Will dare to venture in ?

The ford is deep, the banks are steep,
The island shore lies wide :

Nor man nor horse could stem its force,
Or reach the farther side.

See there ! amidst the willow-boughs
The serried bayonets gleam ;

They’ve flung their bridge—they’ve won the isle ;
The foe have crossed the stream !

Their volley flashes sharp and strong—
By all the Saints ! I trow

There never yet was soldier born
Could force that passage now !”

So spoke the bold French Mareschal
With him who led the van,
Whilst rough and red before their view
The turbid river ran.
Nor bridge nor boat had they to cross
The wild and swollen Rhine,
And thundering on the other bank
Far stretched the German line.
Hard by there stood a swarthy man
Was leaning on his sword,
And a saddened smile lit up his face
As he heard the Captain's word.
"I've seen a wilder stream ere now
Than that which rushes there ;
I've stemmed a heavier torrent yet,
And never thought to dare.
If German steel be sharp and keen,
Is ours not strong and true ?
There may be danger in the deed,
But there is honour too."

The old lord in his saddle turned,
And hastily he said—
"Hath bold Duguesclin's fiery heart
Awakened from the dead ?
Thou art a leader of the Scots—
Now well and sure I know,
That gentle blood in dangerous hour
Ne'er yet ran cold nor slow,
And I have seen ye in the fight
Do all that mortal may :
If honour is the boon ye seek,
It may be won this day—

The prize is in the middle isle,
There lies the adventurous way.
And armies twain are on the plain,
The daring deed to see—
Now ask the gallant company
If they will follow thee !”

Right gladsome looked the Captain then,
And nothing did he say,
But he turned him to his little band—
O few, I ween, were they !
The relics of the bravest force
That ever fought in fray.
No one of all that company
But bore a gentle name,
Not one whose fathers had not stood
In Scotland’s fields of fame.
All they had marched with great Dundee
To where he fought and fell,
And in the deadly battle-strife
Had venged their leader well ;
And they had bent the knee to earth
When every eye was dim,
As o’er their hero’s buried corpse
They sang the funeral hymn ;
And they had trod the Pass once more,
And stooped on either side
To pluck the heather from the spot
Where he had dropped and died ;
And they had bound it next their hearts,
And ta’en a last farewell
Of Scottish earth and Scottish sky,
Where Scotland’s glory fell.

Then went they forth to foreign lands
Like bent and broken men,
Who leave their dearest hope behind,
And may not turn again.
“The stream,” he said, “is broad and deep,
And stubborn is the foe—
Yon island-strength is guarded well—
Say, brothers, will ye go?
From home and kin for many a year
Our steps have wandered wide,
And never may our bones be laid
Our fathers’ graves beside.
No children have we to lament,
No wives to wail our fall;
The traitor’s and the spoiler’s hand
Have reft our hearths of all.
But we have hearts, and we have arms,
As strong to will and dare
As when our ancient banners flew
Within the northern air.
Come, brothers! let me name a spell
Shall rouse your souls again,
And send the old blood bounding free
Through pulse, and heart, and vein.
Call back the days of bygone years—
Be young and strong once more;
Think yonder stream so stark and red
Is one we’ve crossed before.
Rise, hill and glen! rise, crag and wood!
Rise up on either hand—
Again upon the Garry’s banks
On Scottish soil we stand!
Again I see the tartans wave,

Again the trumpets ring ;
 Again I hear our leader's call—
 ' Upon them for the King !'
 Stayed we behind that glorious day
 For roaring flood or linn ?
 The soul of Graeme is with us still—
 Now, brothers ! will ye in ?”

No stay—no pause. With one accord
 They grasped each other's hand,
 Then plunged into the angry flood,
 That bold and dauntless band.
 High flew the spray above their heads,
 Yet onward still they bore,
 Midst cheer, and shout, and answering yell,
 And shot, and cannon-roar—
 “ Now, by the Holy Cross ! I swear,
 Since earth and sea began,
 Was never such a daring deed
 Essayed by mortal man !”

Thick blew the smoke across the stream,
 And faster flashed the flame :
 The water plashed in hissing jets
 As ball and bullet came.
 Yet onwards pushed the Cavaliers
 All stern and undismayed,
 With thousand armèd foes before,
 And none behind to aid.
 Once, as they neared the middle stream,
 So strong the torrent swept,
 That scarce that long and living wall
 Their dangerous footing kept.

Then rose a warning cry behind,
A joyous shout before :
“The current’s strong—the way is long—
They’ll never reach the shore !
See, see ! they stagger in the midst,
They waver in their line !
Fire on the madmen ! break their ranks,
And whelm them in the Rhine !”

Have you seen the tall trees swaying
When the blast is sounding shrill,
And the whirlwind reels in fury
Down the gorges of the hill ;
How they toss their mighty branches,
Struggling with the tempest’s shock ;
How they keep their place of vantage,
Cleaving firmly to the rock ?
Even so the Scottish warriors
Held their own against the river ;
Though the water flashed around them,
Not an eye was seen to quiver ;
Though the shot flew sharp and deadly,
Not a man relaxed his hold :
For their hearts were big and thrilling
With the mighty thoughts of old.
One word was spoke among them,
And through the ranks it spread—
“Remember our dead Claverhouse !”
Was all the Captain said.
Then sternly bending forward,
They wrestled on awhile,
Until they cleared the heavy stream,
Then rushed towards the isle.

The German heart is stout and true,
The German arm is strong ;
The German foot goes seldom back
Where armèd foemen throng.
But never had they faced in field
So stern a charge before,
And never had they felt the sweep
Of Scotland's broad claymore.
Not fiercer pours the avalanche
Adown the steep incline,
That rises o'er the parent-springs
Of rough and rapid Rhine—
Scarce swifter shoots the bolt from heaven
Than came the Scottish band
Right up against the guarded trench,
And o'er it sword in hand.
In vain their leaders forward press—
They meet the deadly brand !

O lonely island of the Rhine—
Where seed was never sown,
What harvest lay upon thy sands,
By those strong reapers thrown ?
What saw the winter moon that night
As, struggling through the rain,
She poured a wan and fitful light
On marsh, and stream, and plain ?
A dreary spot with corpses strewn,
And bayonets glistening round ;
A broken bridge, a stranded boat,
A bare and battered mound ;
And one huge watch-fire's kindled pile

That sent its quivering glare
To tell the leaders of the host
The conquering Scots were there !

And did they twine the laurel-wreath
For those who fought so well ?
And did they honour those who lived,
And weep for those who fell ?
What meed of thanks was given to them
Let aged annals tell.
Why should they bring the laurel-wreath—
Why crown the cup with wine ?
It was not Frenchmen's blood that flowed
So freely on the Rhine—
A stranger band of beggared men
Had done the venturous deed :
The glory was to France alone,
The danger was their meed.
And what cared they for idle thanks
From foreign prince and peer ?
What virtue had such honied words
The exiled heart to cheer ?
What mattered it that men should vaunt,
And loud and fondly swear,
That higher feat of chivalry
Was never wrought elsewhere ?
They bore within their breasts the grief
That fame can never heal—
The deep, unutterable woe
Which none save exiles feel.
Their hearts were yearning for the land
They ne'er might see again—
For Scotland's high and heathered hills,

For mountain, loch, and glen—
For those who haply lay at rest
Beyond the distant sea,
Beneath the green and daisied turf
Where they would gladly be !
Long years went by. The lonely isle
In Rhine's impetuous flood
Has ta'en another name from those
Who bought it with their blood :
And, though the legend does not live—
For legends lightly die—
The peasant, as he sees the stream
In winter rolling by,
And foaming o'er its channel-bed
Between him and the spot
Won by the warriors of the sword,
Still calls that deep and dangerous ford
The Passage of the Scot.

William Edmonstone, Aytoun.

51

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS

LAST night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore ;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone,
A heart, with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame,
He only knows, that not through *him*
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,
Like dreams, to come and go ;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,
One sheet of living snow ;
The smoke, above his father's door,
In grey soft eddyings hung :
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doomed by himself, so young ?

Yes, honour calls!—with strength like steel
He put the vision by.
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel ;
An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unflinching on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed ;
Vain, those all-shattering guns ;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons.
So, let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his Soul was great.

Sir Francis Hastings Doyle.

52

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS

SOME talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these,
But of all the world's great heroes, there's none that
can compare,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, to the British
Grenadier !

Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon ball,
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal ;
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their
fears,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British
Grenadiers !

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fuses, and we with hand
grenades,
We throw them from the glacis, about the enemies' ears,
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, the British
Grenadiers !

And when the siege is over, we to the town repair,
The townsmen cry, 'Hurrah, boys, here comes a
Grenadier !
Here come the Grenadiers, my boys, who know no
doubts or fears !'
Then sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, the British
Grenadiers !

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the loupèd
clothes,
May they and their commanders live happy all their
years,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, for the British
Grenadiers !

Anonymous.

53

THE HONOUR OF BRISTOL

ATTEND you, and give ear awhile,
And you shall understand,
Of a battle fought upon the seas
By a ship of brave command.
The fight it was so glorious
Men's hearts it did fulfil,
And it made them cry, 'To sea, to sea,
With the *Angel Gabriel!*'

This lusty ship of Bristol
Sailed out adventurously
Against the foes of England,
Her strength with them to try :
Well victualled, rigged, and manned she was,
With good provision still,
Which made men cry, 'To sea, to sea,
With the *Angel Gabriel!*'

The Captain, famous Netherway
(That was his noble name) :
The Master—he was called John Mines—
A mariner of fame :
The gunner, Thomas Watson,
A man of perfect skill :
With many another valiant heart
In the *Angel Gabriel.*

They waving up and down the seas
Upon the ocean main,
'It is not long ago,' quoth they,
'That England fought with Spain :
O would the Spaniard we might meet
Our stomachs to fulfil !
We would play him fair a noble bout
With our *Angel Gabriel* !'

They had no sooner spoken
But straight appeared in sight
Three lusty Spanish vessels
Of warlike trim and might :
With bloody resolution
They thought our men to spill,
And they vowed that they would make a prize
Of our *Angel Gabriel*.

Our gallant ship had in her
Full forty fighting men :
With twenty piece of ordnance
We played about them then,
With powder, shot, and bullets
Right well we worked our will,
And hot and bloody grew the fight
With our *Angel Gabriel*.

Our Captain to our Master said,
'Take courage, Master bold !'
Our Master to the seamen said,
'Stand fast, my hearts of gold !'
Our gunner unto all the rest,
'Brave hearts, be valiant still !
Fight on, fight on in the defence
Of our *Angel Gabriel* !'

We gave them such a broadside,
It smote their mast asunder,
And tore the bowsprit off their ship,
Which made the Spaniards wonder,
And causèd them in fear to cry,
With voices loud and shrill,
'Help, help, or sunken we shall be
By the *Angel Gabriel!*'

So desperately they boarded us
For all our valiant shot,
Three score of their best fighting men
Upon our decks were got ;
And lo ! at their first entrances
Full thirty did we kill,
And thus we cleared with speed the deck
Of our *Angel Gabriel.*

With that their three ships boarded us
Again with might and main,
But still our noble Englishmen
Cried out, 'A fig for Spain !'
Though seven times they boarded us
At last we showed our skill,
And made them feel what men we were
On the *Angel Gabriel.*

Seven hours this fight continued :
So many men lay dead,
With Spanish blood for fathoms round
The sea was coloured red.
Five hundred of their fighting men
We there outright did kill,
And many more were hurt and maimed
By our *Angel Gabriel.*

Then, seeing of these bloody spoils,
The rest made haste away :
For why, they said it was no boot
The longer there to stay.
Then they fled into Calès,
Where lie they must and will
For fear lest they should meet again
With our *Angel Gabriel*.

We had within our English ship
But only three men slain,
And five men hurt, the which I hope
Will soon be well again.
At Bristol we were landed,
And let us praise God still,
That this hath blest our lusty hearts
And our *Angel Gabriel*.

Anonymous.

54

THE 'ARETHUSA'

COME, all ye jolly sailors bold,
 Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
 While English glory I unfold,
 Huzza for the *Arethusa* !
 She is a frigate tight and brave,
 As ever stemmed the dashing wave ;
 Her men are staunch
 To their fav'rite launch,
 And when the foe shall meet our fire,
 Sooner than strike, we'll all expire
 On board of the *Arethusa*.

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out
 The English Channel to cruise about,
 When four French sail, in show so stout,
 Bore down on the *Arethusa*.
 The famed *Belle Poule* straight ahead did lie,
 The *Arethusa* seemed to fly.
 Not a sheet, or a tack,
 Or a brace, did she slack ;
 Though the Frenchmen laughed and thought it stuff,
 But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,
 On board of the *Arethusa*.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
 The stoutest they could find in France ;
 We with two hundred did advance
 On board of the *Arethusa*.

Our captain hailed the Frenchman, 'Ho !'
The Frenchman then cries out 'Hallo !'
 ' Bear down, d'ye see,
 To our Admiral's lee !'
'No, no,' says the Frenchman, 'that can't be !'
Then I must lug you along with me,
 Says the saucy *Arethusa*.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land,
We forced them back upon their strand,
For we fought till not a stick could stand
 Of the gallant *Arethusa*.
And now we've driven the foe ashore
Never to fight with Britons more,
 Let each fill his glass
 To his fav'rite lass :
A health to our captain and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew
 On board of the *Arethusa*.

Prince Hoare.

55

THE OLD NAVY

THE captain stood on the carronade : 'First lieutenant,'
says he,
'Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list
to me ;
I haven't the gift of the gab, my sons—because I'm bred
to the sea ;
That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight
with we,
And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've
been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've gained the
victory !

'That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't take
she,
'Tis a thousand bullets to one, that she will capture *we* ;
I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys : so each man to
his gun ;
If she's not mine in half an hour, I'll flog each
mother's son.
For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've
been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the
victory !'

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman
had enough ;
'I little thought,' said he, 'that your men were of such
stuff' ;
Our captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow
made to *he* ;
'I haven't the gift of the gab, monsieur, but polite I
wish to be.
And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've
been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the
victory !'

Our captain sent for all of us : 'My merry men,' said he,
'I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I thank-
ful be :
You've done your duty handsomely, each man stood to
his gun ;
If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I'd have
flogged each mother's son.
For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as I'm
at sea,
I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I'll gain the
victory !'

Frederick Marryat.

56

SONG

WRITTEN AT SEA, IN THE FIRST DUTCH WAR (1665),
THE NIGHT BEFORE AN ENGAGEMENT

To all you ladies now on land,
We men at sea indite ;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write ;
The *Muses* now, and *Neptune* too,
We must implore to write to you.
With a fa, la, la—la—la.

For though the *Muses* should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain ;
Yet if rough *Neptune* rouse the wind,
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen and ink, and we
Roll up and down our ship at sea.
With a fa, la, la—la—la.

Then, if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind ;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchman or by wind :
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a day.
With a fa, la, la—la—la.

The King with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold ;
Because the tides will higher rise,
Than e'er they did of old ;

But let him know it is our tears
 Bring floods of grief to *Whitehall* stairs.
 With a fa, la, la—la—la.

Should foggy *Opdam* chance to know
 Our sad and dismal story ;
 The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe
 And quit their fort at *Goree*,
 For what resistance can they find
 From men who've left their hearts behind ?
 With a fa, la, la—la—la.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
 Be you to us but kind,
 Let *Dutchmen* vapour, *Spaniards* curse,
 No sorrows shall we find,
 'Tis then no matter how things go
 Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.
 With a fa, la, la—la—la.

To pass our tedious hours away,
 We throw a merry main ;
 Or else at serious ombre play.
 But why should we in vain
 Each other's ruin thus pursue ?
 We were undone when we left you.
 With a fa, la, la—la—la.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
 And cast our hopes away ;
 Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
 Sit careless at a play ;
 Perhaps, permit some happier man
 To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
 With a fa, la, la—la—la.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies at every note ;
As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
For being so remote ;
Think how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.
With a fa, la, la—la—la.

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness ;
All these designs are but to prove
Ourselves were worthy of your love.
With a fa, la, la—la—la.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity from your tears ;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa, la, la—la—la.

Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset.

57

THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN

A GOOD sword and a trusty hand !
A merry heart and true ;
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when ?
And shall Trelawny die ?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why !

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
A merry wight was he :
' If London Tower were Michael's hold,
We'll set Trelawny free !

' We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
The Severn is no stay,
With "one and all," and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us nay ?

' And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth ! come forth, ye cowards all,
Here's men as good as you !

' Trelawny he's in keep and hold,
Trelawny he may die :
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold,
Will know the reason why !'

Robert Stephen Hawker.

58

THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
—It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright:
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate:
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.

—'Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends ;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows :
—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means ; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire ;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state ;
Whom they must follow ; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all ;
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover ; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired ;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need ;
—He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans

To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;
Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart ; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve ;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love :—
'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won :
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;
Who, not content that former worth stands fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast ;
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause :
This is the happy Warrior ; this is he
That every man in arms should wish to be.

William Wordsworth.

59

INVOCATION: TO THE DWELLERS
ON PARNASSUS

REVELE to me the sacred nursery
Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,
Where it in silver bowre does hidden lie
From view of men, and wicked worlds disdain: :
Since it at first was by the gods with paine
Planted in earth, being derived at furst
From heavenly seedes of bounty soveraine,
And by them long with careful labour nurst,
Till it to ripeness grew, and forth to honour burst.

Amongst them all growes not a fayrer flowre
Then is the bloosme of comely courtesie ;
Which though it on a lowly stalke doe bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in brave nobilitie,
And speeds it selfe through all civilitie :
Of which though present age doe plenteous seeme,
Yet, being matcht with plaine Antiquitie,
Ye will with them all but fayned showes esteeme,
Which carry colours faire that feeble eyes misdeeme.

But in the trials of true courtesie
Its now so farre from that which then it was,
That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
Fashion'd to please the eies of them that pas,
Which see not perfect things but in a glas :

Yet is that glasse so gay, that it can blynd
The wisest sight to thinke gold that is bras ;
But vertues seat is deepe within the mynd,
And not in outward shows, but inward thoughts
defyned.

But where shall I in all Antiquitye
So faire a patterne finde, where may be seene
The goodly praise of Princely curtesie,
As in your selfe, O soveraine Lady Queene ?
In whose pure minde, as in a mirror sheene,
It showes, and with her brightness doth inflame
The eyes of all which thereon fixed beene,
But meriteth indeede an higher name :
Yet so from low to high uplifted is your fame.

Then pardon me, most dreaded Soveraine,
That from your selfe I doe this vertue bring,
And to your selfe doe it returne againe.
So from the Ocean all rivers spring,
And tribute backe repay as to their King :
Right so from you all goodly vertues well
Into the rest which round about you ring,
Faire Lords and Ladies which about you dwell,
And doe adorne your Court where courtesies excell.

Edmund Spenser.

60

TO HONOUR

BRIGHT and majestic Spirit ! faithful mate
Of all true Virtue, and that generous Fame
Which guards a spotless, seeks a glorious name
From Love not Pride ; but seeks content to wait,
And prompt to share it—Angel of the State !
Sanctioning Order with religious awe ;
Taking the harshness and the sting from Law,
Scorn from the lowly, envy from the great ;—
Come to this region of thine ancient sway !
With thine heroic and inspiring smile
Illume our perils and our fears beguile !
Was it not here that Alfred built his throne,
And high-souled Sydney waived a throne away ?—
The land is strong which thou hast made thine own.

Aubrey de Vere.

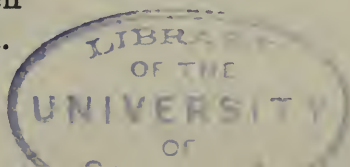
61

THE RED THREAD OF HONOUR

ELEVEN men of England
 A breastwork charged in vain ;
 Eleven men of England
 Lie stripped, and gashed, and slain.
 Slain ; but of foes that guarded
 Their rock-built fortress well,
 Some twenty had been mastered,
 When the last soldier fell.

Whilst Napier piloted his wondrous way
 Across the sand-waves of the desert sea,
 Then flashed at once, on each fierce clan, dismay,
 Lord of their wild Truckee.
 These missed the glen to which their steps were bent
 Mistook a mandate, from afar half heard,
 And, in that glorious error, calmly went
 To death without a word.

The robber-chief mused deeply
 Above those daring dead ;
 'Bring here,' at length he shouted,
 'Bring quick, the battle thread—
 Let Eblis blast for ever
 Their souls, if Allah will :
 But we must keep unbroken
 The old rules of the Hill.



Before the Ghiznee tiger
 Leapt forth to burn and slay ;
 Before the holy Prophet
 Taught our grim tribes to pray ;
 Before Secunder's lances
 Pierced through each Indian glen ;
 The mountain laws of honour
 Were framed for fearless men.

Still, when a chief dies bravely,
 We bind with green *one* wrist—
 Green for the brave, for heroes
ONE crimson thread we twist.

Say ye, O gallant hillmen,
 For these, whose life has fled,
 Which is the fitting colour,
 The green one or the red ?'

'Our brethren, laid in honoured graves, may wear
 Their green reward,' each noble savage said ;
 'To these, whom hawks and hungry wolves shall tear,
 Who dares deny the red ?'

Thus conquering hate, and steadfast to the right,
 Fresh from the heart their haughty verdict came ;
 Beneath a waning moon, each spectral height
 Rolled back its loud acclaim.

Once more the chief gazed keenly
 Down on those daring dead ;
 From his good sword their heart's blood
 Crept to that crimson thread.
 Once more he cried, 'The judgment,
 Good friends, is wise and true,
 But though the red *be* given,
 Have we not more to do ?

‘These were not stirred by anger,
Nor yet by lust made bold ;
Renown they thought above them,
Nor did they look for gold.
To them their leader’s signal
Was as the voice of God :
Unmoved, and uncomplaining,
The path it showed they trod.

‘As, without sound or struggle,
The stars unhurrying march,
Where Allah’s finger guides them,
Through yonder purple arch,
These Franks, sublimely silent,
Without a quickened breath,
Went in the strength of duty
Straight to their goal of death.

‘If I were now to ask you
To name our bravest man,
Ye all at once would answer,
They called him Mehrab Khan.
He sleeps among his fathers,
Dear to our native land,
With the bright mark he bled for
Firm round his faithful hand.

‘The songs they sing of Rustum
Fill all the past with light ;
If truth be in their music,
He was a noble knight.
But were those heroes living
And strong for battle still,
Would Mehrab Khan or Rustum
Have climbed, like these, the hill ?’

And they replied, 'Though Mehrab Khan was brave,
As chief, he chose himself what risks to run ;
Prince Rustum lied, his forfeit life to save,
Which these had never done.'

'Enough !' he shouted fiercely ;
'Doomed though they be to hell,
Bind fast the crimson trophy
Round BOTH wrists—bind it well.
Who knows but that great Allah
May grudge such matchless men,
With none so decked in heaven,
To the fiends' flaming den ?'

Then all those gallant robbers
Shouted a stern 'Amen !'
They raised the slaughtered sergeant,
They raised his mangled ten.
And when we found their bodies
Left bleaching in the wind,
Around BOTH wrists in glory
That crimson thread was twined.

The Napier's knightly heart, touched to the core,
Rung, like an echo, to that knightly deed,
He bade its memory live for evermore,
That those who run may read.

Sir Francis Hastings Doyle.

62

YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND

YE gentlemen of England
 That live at home at ease,
 Ah ! little do you think upon
 The dangers of the seas.
 Give ear unto the mariners,
 And they will plainly shew
 All the cares and the fears
 When the stormy winds do blow—
 When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us
 When England is at war
 With any foreign nation,
 We fear not wound or scar ;
 Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
 Our valour for to know,
 Whilst they reel on the keel,
 And the stormy winds do blow—
 And the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
 And never be dismay'd ;
 While we have bold adventurers,
 We ne'er shall want a trade :
 Our merchants will employ us
 To fetch them wealth, we know ;
 Then be bold—work for gold,
 When the stormy winds do blow—
 When the stormy winds do blow.

Martyn Parker.

63

ADMIRALS ALL

EFFINGHAM, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
 Here's to the bold and free !
 Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
 Hail to the Kings of the Sea !
 Admirals all, for England's sake,
 Honour be yours and fame !
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,
 To Nelson's peerless name !

*Admirals all, for England's sake,
 Honour be yours and fame !
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,
 To Nelson's peerless name !*

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay
 With the galleons fair in sight ;
 Howard at last must give him his way,
 And the word was passed to fight.
 Never was schoolboy gayer than he,
 Since holidays first began :
 He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
 And under the guns he ran.

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,
 Their cities he put to the sack :
 He singed His Catholic Majesty's beard,
 And harried his ships to wrack.
 He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls
 When the great Armada came ;

But he said, 'They must wait their turn, good souls,'
And he stooped, and finished the game.

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,
Duncan he had but two ;
But he anchored them fast where the Texel shoaled
And his colours aloft he flew.

'I've taken the depth to a fathom,' he cried,
'And I'll sink with a right good will,
For I know when we're all of us under the tide
My flag will be fluttering still.'

Splinters were flying above, below,
When Nelson sailed the Sound :
'Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,'
Said he, 'for a thousand pound !'
The Admiral's signal bade him fly,
But he wickedly wagged his head,
He clapped the glass to his sightless eye
And 'I'm damned if I see it,' he said.

Admirals all, they said their say,
(The echoes are ringing still),
Admirals all, they went their way
To the haven under the hill ;
But they left us a kingdom none can take,
The realm of the circling sea,
To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake
And the Rodneys yet to be.

*Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours and fame !
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name !*

Henry Newbolt.

64

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

OF Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between :
'Hearts of oak !' our captains cried, when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then
As he hail'd them o'er the wave :
'Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save :—
So peace instead of death let us bring :
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.' . . .

Now joy, old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light !
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

Thomas Campbell.

65

HAWKE

IN seventeen hundred and fifty-nine,
When Hawke came swooping from the West,
The French King's Admiral with twenty of the line,
Was sailing forth, to sack us, out of Brest.
The ports of France were crowded, the quays of France
a-hum
With thirty thousand soldiers marching to the drum,
For bragging time was over and fighting time was come
When Hawke came swooping from the West.

'Twas long past noon of a wild November day
When Hawke came swooping from the West ;
He heard the breakers thundering in Quiberon Bay,
But he flew the flag for battle, line abreast.
Down upon the quicksands roaring out of sight
Fiercely beat the storm-wind, darkly fell the night,
But they took the foe for pilot and the cannon's glare
for light
When Hawke came swooping from the West.

The Frenchmen turned like a covey down the wind
When Hawke came swooping from the West ;
One he sank with all hands, one he caught and pinned,
And the shallows and the storm took the rest.

The guns that should have conquered us they rusted
on the shore,
The men that would have mastered us they drummed
and marched no more,
For England was England, and a mighty brood she bore
When Hawke came swooping from the West.

Henry Newbolt.

66

THE TWO CAPTAINS

WHEN George the Third was reigning a hundred years
ago,

He ordered Captain Farmer to chase the foreign foe.

'You're not afraid of shot,' said he, 'you're not afraid
of wreck,

So cruise about the west of France in the frigate
called *Quebec*.

'Quebec was once a Frenchman's town, but twenty
years ago

King George the Second sent a man called General
Wolfe, you know,

To clamber up a precipice and look into Quebec,

As you'd look down a hatchway when standing on the
deck.

'If Wolfe could beat the Frenchmen then so you can
beat them now.'

Before he got inside the town he died, I must allow,

But since the town was won for us it is a lucky name,

And you'll remember Wolfe's good work, and you shall
do the same.'

Then Farmer said, 'I'll try, sir,' and Farmer bowed so low

That George could see his pigtail tied in a velvet bow.

George gave him his commission, and that it might be
safer,

Signed 'King of Britain, King of France,' and sealed
it with a wafer.

Then proud was Captain Farmer in a frigate of his own,
And grander on his quarter-deck than George upon the
throne.

He'd two guns in his cabin, and on the spar-deck ten,
And twenty on the gun-deck, and more than ten score
men.

And as a huntsman scours the brakes with sixteen brace
of dogs,
With two-and-thirty cannon the ship explored the fogs.
From Cape la Hogue to Ushant, from Rochefort to
Belleisle,
She hunted game till reef and mud were rubbing on
her keel.

The fogs are dried, the frigate's side is bright with
melting tar,
The lad up in the foretop sees square white sails afar ;
The east wind drives three square-sailed masts from
out the Breton bay,
And 'Clear for action !' Farmer shouts, and reefers
yell 'Hooray !'

The Frenchmen's captain had a name I wish I could
pronounce ;
A Breton gentleman was he, and wholly free from
bounce,
One like those famous fellows who died by guillotine
For honour and the fleurs-de-lys and Antoinette the
Queen.

The Catholic for Louis, the Protestant for George,
Each Captain drew as bright a sword as saintly smiths
could forge ;

And both were simple seamen, but both could understand
How each was bound to win or die for flag and native land.

The French ship was *la Surveillante*, which means the watchful maid ;
She folded up her head-dress, and began to cannonade.
Her hull was clean, and ours was foul, we had to spread more sail.
On canvas, stays, and topsail yards her bullets came like hail.

Sore smitten were both Captains, and many lads beside,
And still to cut our rigging the foreign gunners tried.
A sail-clad spar came flapping down athwart a blazing gun ;
We could not quench the rushing flames, and so the Frenchman won.

Our quarter-deck was crowded, the waist was all aglow ;
Men hung upon the taffrail, half-scorched but loth to go ;
Our Captain sat where once he stood, and would not quit his chair.
He bade his comrades leap for life, and leave him bleeding there.

The guns were hushed on either side, the Frenchmen lowered boats,
They flung us planks and hencoops, and everything that floats ;
They risked their lives, good fellows ! to bring their rivals aid.
'Twas by the conflagration the peace was strangely made.

La Surveillante was like a sieve ; the victors had no rest.

They had to dodge the east wind to reach the port of Brest,

And where the waves leapt lower, and the riddled ship went slower,

In triumph, yet in funeral guise, came fisher-boats to tow her.

They dealt with us as brethren, they mourned for Farmer dead ;

And as the wounded captives passed each Breton bowed the head.

Then spoke the French Lieutenant, 'Twas fire that won, not we.

'You never struck your flag to us ; you'll go to England free.'

'Twas the sixth day of October, seventeen hundred seventy-nine,

A year when nations ventured against us to combine,
Quebec was burnt and Farmer slain, by us remembered not ;

But thanks be to the French book wherein they're not forgot.

Now you, if you've to fight the French, my youngster, bear in mind

Those seamen of King Louis so chivalrous and kind ;
Think of the Breton gentlemen who took our lads to Brest,

And treat some rescued Breton as a comrade and a guest.

William Cory.

67

THE FIGHTING TÊMÉRAIRE

It was eight bells ringing,
 For the morning watch was done,
 And the gunner's lads were singing
 As they polished every gun.
 It was eight bells ringing,
 And the gunner's lads were singing,
 For the ship she rode a-swinging,
 As they polished every gun.

*Oh ! to see the linstock lighting,
 Téméraire ! Téméraire !
 Oh ! to hear the round-shot biting,
 Téméraire ! Téméraire !
 Oh ! to see the linstock lighting,
 And to hear the round-shot biting,
 For we're all in love with fighting,
 On the Fighting Téméraire.*

It was noontide ringing,
 And the battle just begun,
 When the ship her way was winging,
 As they loaded every gun.
 It was noontide ringing
 When the ship her way was winging,
 And the gunner's lads were singing
 As they loaded every gun.

*There'll be many grim and gory,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
There'll be few to tell the story,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
There'll be many grim and gory,
There'll be few to tell the story,
But we'll all be one in glory
With the Fighting Téméraire.*

There's a far bell ringing
At the setting of the sun,
And a phantom voice is singing
Of the great days done.
There's a far bell ringing,
And a phantom voice is singing
Of renown for ever clinging
To the great days done.

*Now the sunset breezes shiver,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
And she's fading down the river,
Téméraire! Téméraire!
Now the sunset breezes shiver,
And she's fading down the river,
But in England's song for ever
She's the Fighting Téméraire.*

Henry Newbolt.

68

THE LAST BUCCANEER

THE winds were yelling, the waves were swelling,
The sky was black and drear,
When the crew with eyes of flame brought the ship
without a name
Alongside the last Buccaneer.

‘Whence flies your sloop full sail before so fierce a gale,
When all others drive bare on the seas?
Say, come ye from the shore of the holy Salvador,
Or the gulf of the rich Caribbees?’

‘From a shore no search hath found, from a gulf no
line can sound,
Without rudder or needle we steer;
Above, below, our bark dies the sea-fowl and the shark,
As we fly by the last Buccaneer.

‘To-night there shall be heard on the rocks of Cape
de Verde
A loud crash and a louder roar;
And to-morrow shall the deep with a heavy moaning
sweep
The corpses and wreck to the shore.’

The stately ship of Clyde securely now may ride
In the breadth of the citron shades;
And Severn’s towering mast securely now lies fast,
Through the seas of the balmy Trades.

From St. Jago's wealthy port, from Havannah's royal
fort,

The seaman goes forth without fear ;

For since that stormy night not a mortal hath had sight
Of the flag of the last Buccaneer.

Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay.

69

THE LAST THREE FROM
TRAFALGARAT THE ANNIVERSARY BANQUET,
21 OCTOBER, 187*.

IN grappled ships around the *Victory*,
Three boys did England's Duty with stout cheer,
While one dread truth was kept from every ear,
More dire than deafening fire that churned the sea :
For in the flagship's weltering cockpit, he
Who was the Battle's Heart without a peer,
He who had seen all fearful sights save Fear,
Was passing from all life save Victory.

And round the old memorial board to-day,
Three greybeards—each a warworn British Tar—
View through the mist of years that hour afar :
Who soon shall greet, 'mid memories of fierce fray,
The impassioned soul which on its radiant way
Soared through the fiery cloud of Trafalgar.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

70

TO THE MEN OF KENT,
OCTOBER, 1803

VANGUARD of liberty, ye men of Kent!

Ye children of a soil that doth advance

Its haughty brow against the coast of France,

Now is the time to prove your hardiment!

To France be words of invitation sent!

They from their fields can see the countenance

Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance,

And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.

Left single, in bold parley, ye, of yore,

Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath:

Confirm'd the charters that were yours before.

No parleying now! In Britain is one breath;

We all are with you now from shore to shore:

Ye men of Kent, 'tis victory or death!

William Wordsworth.

71

NAPOLEON AND THE SAILOR

I LOVE contemplating, apart
From all his homicidal glory,
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's story !

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
Arm'd in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffer'd him—I know not how—
Unprison'd on the shore to roam ;
And aye was bent his longing brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half-way over ;
With envy they could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banish'd sleep,
He saw one morning—dreaming—doating,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating ;

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
 The livelong day laborious ; lurking
 Until he launch'd a tiny boat
 By mighty working.

Heaven help us ! 'twas a thing beyond
 Description wretched : such a wherry
 Perhaps ne'er ventur'd on a pond,
 Or cross'd a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea-field,
 It would have made the boldest shudder ;
 Untarr'd, uncompass'd, and unkeel'd,
 No sail—no rudder.

From neighbouring woods he interlaced
 His sorry skiff with wattled willows ;
 And thus equipp'd he would have pass'd
 The foaming billows—

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
 His little Argo sorely jeering ;
 Till tidings of him chanced to reach
 Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
 Serene alike in peace and danger ;
 And in his wonted attitude,
 Address'd the stranger :—

'Rash man that wouldst yon channel pass
 On twigs and staves so rudely fashion'd ;
 Thy heart with some sweet British lass
 Must be impassion'd.'

'I have no sweetheart,' said the lad ;
 'But—absent long from one another—
Great was the longing that I had
 To see my mother !'

'And so thou shalt,' Napoleon said,
 'Ye've both my favour fairly won ;
A noble mother must have bred
 So brave a son.'

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
 And with a flag of truce commanded
He should be shipp'd to England Old,
 And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantly shift
 To find a dinner plain and hearty ;
But never changed the coin and gift
 Of Bonaparte.

Thomas Campbell.

72

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell, -
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising
 knell !

Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
 On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
 But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
 Arm ! arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear
 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear ;
 And when they smiled because he deemed it near,

His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell :
 He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated : who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise !

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips—'The foe ! They
 come ! they come !'

And wild and high the 'Cameron's gathering' rose,
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
 Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills
 Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and
 low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
 Battle's magnificently-stern array !
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent !

George Gordon, Lord Byron.

73

NAPOLEON THE GREAT
WATERLOO

THEN there rise upon my view
Those gray flats of Waterloo,
Where the red men met the blue
Like a wall ;

Legions flashing in the sun,
Sabre clash, and vollied gun,
Till the world our Wellesley won
From the Gaul.

Then the clarions gave their peal,
Then the wrestling squadrons reel,
Silent in their ranks of steel
Soldiers bled.

Then, as clouds of gathering night,
Blucher's morions massed the height,
And the tyrant at the sight
Turned and fled.

Over faces of the slain,
Through the cannon-cumbered plain,
Ah, he never turned again
To his dead !

All his retinue of kings
Melt on panic-stricken wings,
While his dying trooper sings
Marseillaise.

Mighty Captain, King of Rome,
Mourn thine eagles stamped in loam,
Rifled barn and ruined home,
Ricks ablaze.

Fly by sacked and burning farms,
Fly by riddled windmills' arms,
In the nightmare and alarms,
Of thy pride.

By the endless poplar lines,
By the trampled corn and vines,
In the crash of great designs
Let him ride.

John Leicester Warren, Lord de Tabley

74

A FRAGMENT

*'French disappointment, British glory,
Must be the subject of the story.'*

IBERIA, trembling from afar,
Renounces the confederate war ;
Her efforts and her arts o'ercome,
France calls her shattered navies home ;
Repenting Holland learns to mourn
The sacred treaties she has torn ;
Astonishment and awe profound
Are stamped upon the nations round ;
Without one friend, above all foes,
Britannia gives the world repose.

William Cowper.

75

A SOLDIER'S DREAM

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far, I had roamed on a desolate track :
'Twas Autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

'Stay, stay with us : rest, thou art weary and worn.'
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

Thomas Campbell.

76

BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS!

BEAT! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
 Through the windows—through doors—burst like a
 ruthless force,
 Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,
 Into the school where the scholar is studying;
 Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness now
 must he have with his bride.
 Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field
 or gathering his grain,
 So fierce you whirr and pound, you drums—so shrill
 you bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
 Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels
 in the streets;
 Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses?
 no sleepers must sleep in those beds,
 No bargainers bargain by day—no brokers or specu-
 lators—would they continue?
 Would the talkers be talking? would the singer
 attempt to sing?
 Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case
 before the judge?
 Then rattle quicker, heavier, drums—you bugles,
 wilder blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley—stop for no expostulation,
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper and prayer,
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's
entreaties,
Make even the trestles to shake the dead where they
lie awaiting the hearses,
So strong you thump you terrible drums—so loud you
bugles blow.

Walt Whitman.

77

THE SAVING OF THE COLOURS

'In their death they were not divided.'

'FOR victory ! no, all hope is gone ; for life !—let that
go too ;

But for the Colours still work on—the chance is left
with you.

I know to share our death with us ye both desire to
stay,

But these are my last orders—Mount ! and with them
force your way.'

On Coghill and on Melvill thus these last commands
were laid ;

They left the Colonel where he stood, and without
words obeyed.

In silence, then, that steadfast pair moved onward
side by side,

And lifting with its staff the Flag began their ghastly
ride.

Watched through that wild and whirling fight, through
wreaths of eddying smoke,

Their horses ridden hard and straight, on those bold
foemen broke ;

Amid the dark lines plunging deep, their blades flashed
back the light,

And then, like divers in the sea, they both are hid from
sight.

But now we know they died not there, for rising up
 once more,
 Through the rough battle-tide they beat, alive, though
 wounded sore ;
 The red drops fell like falling rain, but still their
 steeds were swift ;
 And hope is strong within them as they gallop for the
 drift.

O'er grinning boulders guided safe, forced through
 fierce tufts of thorn,
 Then dashing like a torrent down the path by torrents
 worn ;
 Well handled in that fearful race, and never slackening
 speed,
 The chargers struggle gallantly, nor fail them at their
 need.

In vain the dusky giants spread all over that rough
 ground ;
 With cruel eyes and glittering teeth, like panthers leap
 around ;
 Melvill's skilled bridle-hand is there, and Coghill's
 hovering sword ;
 A new escape each stride, but still, they foil that
 furious horde.

Till toiling, through the reed-beds dank, and up the
 wild ravine,
 They gain the open hill-top whence the longed-for
 Drift is seen.

Alas ! the rifles flash and ring—alas ! like billows roll
 Besieging masses to and fro between them and their
 goal.

The last frail chance they feel is gone, and turn at
once aside :

But turn without despairing, since not for themselves
they ride.

Beyond the flood, a furlong's breadth, the land is
English land,

And they must bear our Colours there, though in a
dying hand.

They plunge and swim, the stream runs on—runs dark
with priceless gore,

But that high purpose in the heart lends life, and
something more ;

For though their best blood mingle with the rain-swelled
river's foam,

Death has no power to stop them till they bring their
Colours home.

Death had not power to stop them. No! when through
spates rolling dim,

Melvill, half-drowned, cried out aloud to help the Flag
—not him,

When Coghill, crippled and outworn, retreading that
grim track,

A martyr in war's noble faith, to certain fate rode back—

They had, it might be thought, to die, leaving their
work half done,

But aids unseen rose up to end the task so well begun ;
It was as if the intense desire through earth, air, water
wrought,

Passed from them with their passing souls, and home
the Colours brought.

Those Colours, save for happier days, and armed with
 that desire,
 Shall feel the last breath of the dead thrill through
 their folds like fire ;
 And by the spirit-memories of that bold ride made
 strong,
 O'er many a battle-field in power shall yet be borne
 along.

But those who shielded them from shame, and through
 fierce thousands made
 A passage for them with their blood, are in one silence
 laid ;
 Silence between the strife and them, between them and
 the cheers
 That greet the Flag returning slow, the welcome and
 the tears.

For now, forgetting that wild ride, forgetful of all pain.
 High amongst those who have not lived, who have not
 died in vain,
 By strange stars watched, they sleep afar, within some
 nameless glen,
 Beyond the tumult and the noise, beyond the praise of
 men.

But we who feel what wealth of hope for ever there
 was lost,
 What bitter sorrow burns for them, how dear those
 Colours cost,
 Can but recall the sad old truth, so often said and sung,
 That brightest lives fade first—that those whom the
 gods love die young.

Sir Francis Hastings Doyle.

78

AN EPISODE OF BALACLAVA

WHEN slow and faint from off the plain
Pale wrecks of sword and gun,
Torn limbs, and faces racked with pain,
Crept upwards, one by one ;
When, striving as the hopeless strive,
Ascared with shot and flame,
Few pallid riders came alive,
And marvelled as they came ;

Dared any, while with corpses rife
Red gleamed the ghastly track,
Ride, for the love of more than life,
Into the valley back ?
Pierce, where the bravest tarried not,
Stand, where the strongest fell,
Face once again the surge of shot,
The plunging hail of shell ?

He trod of old the hill we tread,
He played the games we play ;
The part of him that is not dead
Belongs to us to-day ;
When next the stranger scans the wall
Where carved our heroes are,
Wits—poets—statesmen—show them all,
And then, the one hussar.

He sought his chief—a dim reply
From waving hand was brought ;
' Passed on '—*to safety*, meant the cry ;
 Amid the guns, he thought ;
No question more ; in purpose clear
His soldier's creed was strong ;
Where rode, he knew, the brigadier,
 Must ride the aide-de-camp !

He tossed his horse's bridle round,
 Ere one could breathe a breath,
And fronted, as a practice ground,
 The nearest way to death.
In pride of manhood's ripest spring,
 Hopes high, and honour won,
He deemed his life a little thing,
 And rode, a soldier, on.

Up, slow, the homeward remnant flew,
 Staggered, and fell, and ran ;
Down moved, through flying and through dead,
 One hopeless, splendid man ;
Alone, unrocked in heat of fray,
 He stemmed the wave of flight,
And passed in smoke and flame away
 From safety and from sight.

So ends the story ; comrade none
 Saw where he wounded lay ;
No brother helped with cheering tone
 His stricken life away ;
Alone, the pain, the chill, the dread,
 Crept on him, limb by limb ;
The earth, which hides the nameless dead,
 Closed nameless over him.

O soldiers of a bloodless strife,
O friends in work and play,
Bear we not all a coward life
Some moment in the day?
So, lest a deed of gallant faith
Forgotten fade from view,
I take the tale of LOCKWOOD'S death,
And write it down for you.

Edward E. Bowen.

79

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT
BRIGADE

I

HALF a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
 'Forward, the Light Brigade !
 Charge for the guns !' he said :
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

II

'Forward, the Light Brigade !'
 Was there a man dismay'd ?
 Not tho' the soldier knew
 Some one had blunder'd :
 Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do and die :
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

III

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;

Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well,
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.

IV

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
 Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd :
 Plunged in the battery-smoke
 Right thro' the line they broke ;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
 Then they rode back, but not,
 Not the six hundred.

V

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came thro' the jaws of Death
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

VI

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
— All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

80

BALACLAVA

THIN glancing threads of English horse,
Why do your haughty trumpets wake ?
Through yon grey myriads, massed in force,
None but the mad could hope to break !

‘ Men may be mad, or men be wise,
But not with us the question lies ;
Although we guess not their intent,
This one thing well we know,
That, where the Light Brigade is sent,
The Light Brigade will go.’
What need to tell
Of splintering shell,
Of cannon-shot, and rifle-ball ?
The death-hail smites them, one and all,
Through smoke that wraps them like a pall,
As raindrops, each and each, they fall.
Horse rolls o’er horse,
Corse hideth corse,
The gaps grow wide, and wider,
Deep-wounded men
Crawl back agen ;
Steeds rush without a rider :
But still against the wondering foe,
In stubborn silence forward go
Unchecked, unslackening, undismayed,
The living of the Light Brigade,

Till that wild onset over-bears
The guns in front, one moment theirs.
Sudden and sharp the halt is made,
They seem, in mute reproach, to say,
'Your orders have been now obeyed,
As far as in us lay ;
Yours are these guns, with life-blood red.
But can ye hold them by the dead ?'
Meanwhile the cannon, from each hill,
Keep showering slaughter on them still,
All paths with death are lined ;
Dense columns bar their onward course,
And long blue streaks of Russian horse,
Like nets, are spread behind.
That shattered remnant pauses there,
Blown chargers, wounded men :
Oh ! they will break, like yielding air
And who shall blame them then
Not so—through that bewildered throng
Like fire the leaders glance along
From rank to rank ; too far to hear,
We seem to feel an English cheer ;
Whilst Fancy, from each blade waved high,
Each gesture fierce, and flashing eye,
Can proud words, such as these, supply :—
'Gather ye, gather ye, close up once more !
Swords red to the wristband, hearts steel to the core,
Lance, sabre, and carbine, dragoon and Cossack,
Are strong to the sight, but they dare not attack ;
No cutting, give point, were they twenty to one,
Men who wait to be charged, when we gallop, will run !'
They gather, they gather, they close up once more,
Swords red to the wristband, hearts steel to the core,

Though wide wounds may weaken, though horses may
 blow,
They have pace enough left for a dash at the foe ;
Then, as hawks might swoop down through the toils
 of a spider,
Right at the blue line goes each horse and his rider.
It is rent like a rag, burst like bubbles asunder,
Whilst down from each height roars redoubled the
 thunder ;
Still unstayed and unbroken, they cut their way
 through,
Past spears that outflank them, from swords that pursue.
With cannon and riflemen hot on their track,
Destroyed, but unconquered, we welcome them back :
Not a man in that death-charge his chief hath forsaken,
And the guns which ye flung them at—were they not
 taken ?

And though, beneath yon fatal hill,
 Their dead the valley strew,
Grimly, with cold hands, clutching still
 The broken swords they drew,
We will not call their lives ill spent,
 If to all time they show,
That where the Light Brigade was sent,
 The Light Brigade would go.

Sir Francis Hastings Doyle.

81

TO THE MEMORY OF
CAPTAIN ARTHUR WATKIN WILLIAMS
WYNN

Of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who fell
gloriously at Alma, 20th September, 1854

'There lay Colonel Chester, and four of his gallant officers, with
their faces to the sky.'—*Morning Paper*.

'He had gone right up to the gun.'—*Private letter*.

WHEN, from grim Alma's bloodstain'd height,
There came the sound of woe,
And in thy first and latest fight
That noble head was low :
As those who loved and trembled, knew
That all their darkest fears were true ;
Each fond heart, clinging to the dead,
Felt fiery thirst within it burn—
A restless throbbing hope to learn
How in those hours, each gloomy thread of waning life
was spun.

And yearnings from thine English home
Bounded across the ocean foam :—

'Where did ye find my son ?'

The answer, from that fatal ground,
Came pealing, with a trumpet sound,

'Close to the Russian gun,

With many a gallant friend around him,
In one proud death, 'twas thus we found him.

He lay, where dense the war-cloud hung,
 Where corpse on corpse was thickest flung—
 Just as a British soldier should ;

The sword he drew,

Still pointing true

To where the boldest foeman stood.

His look, though soft, was calm and high ;

His face was gazing on the sky,

As if he said, "Man cannot die,

Though all below be done."

Thus was it that we saw him lie,

Beneath the Russian gun.'

Right up the hill our columns sped,

No hurrying in their earnest tread ;

The iron thunder broke in storms,

Again, and yet again—

On their firm ranks, and stately forms

It did but break in vain ;

Though all untrained by war to bear

The battle's deadly brunt,

The ancient heart of Wales was there,

Still rushing to the front.

Their blood flowed fast along those steeps,

But the proud goal was won,

And the moon shone on silent heaps,

Beyond the Russian gun.

For there, with friends he loved around him,

Among the foremost dead—they found him.

Oh, there are bitter tears for thee,

Young sleeper by the Eastern sea,

Grief that thy glory cannot tame ;

It will not cease to ache,

And anguish beyond any name,
 In hearts that fain would break :
 Still, thy brave bearing on that day
 Sends to those mourners strength to say,
 'Thy will, O God, be done.
 We bow before Thy living throne,
 And thank Thee for the mercy shown,
 Even when Thy summons dread was thrown
 Forth from the Russian gun.'

No agony that gasps for breath
 Lengthened his hopeless hours of death,
 No quenchless longing woke in vain
 For those he ne'er could see again.
 By noble thoughts and hopes befriended,
 By Honour to the last attended,
 His haughty step the hill ascended ;
 At once—his hand and brain reposed,
 At once—his dauntless life was closed ;
 One mystic whirl of mighty change—
 One sea-like rush of blackness strange—
 And all the roaring tumult dim
 Was cold, and dark, and still, for him,
 Pain cannot rack, or fever parch,
 Now that his course is run,
 And ended that majestic march
 Up to the Russian gun ;
 For there, with friends he loved around him,
 Serene as sleep—they sought and found him.

And still for ever fresh and young,
 His honoured memory shall shine,
 A light that never sets, among
 The trophies of his ancient line.

Yea, though the sword may seem to kill,
Each noble name is living still,

A ray of Glory's sun.

And many a child, remembering well
How by sad Alma's stream he fell,
His tale with boyish pride shall tell,

'I bear the name of one

Who, in that first great fight of ours
Against the tyrant's servile powers,
Upon the red Crimean sod

Went down for liberty and God,

Close to the Russian gun ;

"For there, with friends he loved around him,
Among the free-born dead—they found him."

Sir Francis Hastings Doyle.

82

COMRADES

(TO MARMADUKE LANGDALE)

At least, it was a life of swords,
Our life ! nor lived in vain :
We fought the fight with mighty lords,
Nor dastards have we slain.

We stirred at morn, and through bright air
Swept to the trysting place :
Winds of the mountains in our hair,
And sunrise on each face.

No need to spur ! our horses knew
The joy, to which we went :
Over the brightening lands they flew
Forward, and were content.

On each man's lips, a happy smile ;
In each man's eyes, delight :
So, fired with foretaste, mile on mile,
We thundered to the fight.

Let death come now, and from the sun
Hide me away : what then ?
My days have seen more prowess done,
Than years of other men.

Oh, warriors of the rugged heights,
We, where the eagles nest :
They, courtly soldiers, gentle knights,
By kings and dames caressed.

Not theirs, the passion of the sword,
The fire of living blades !
Like men, they fought : and found reward
In dance and feast, like maids.

We, on the mountain lawns encamped,
Close under the great stars,
Turned, when the horses hard by stamped,
And dreamed again, of wars :

Or, if one woke, he saw the gleam
Of moonlight, on each face,
Touch its tumultuary dream
With moments of mild grace.

We hated no man ; but we fought
With all men : the fierce wind
Lashes the wide earth without thought ;
Our tempest scourged mankind.

They cursed us, living without laws !
They, in their pride of peace :
Who bared no blade, but in just cause ;
Nor grieved, that war should cease.

O spirit of the wild hill-side !
O spirit of the steel !
We answered nothing, when they cried,
But challenged with a peal.

And, when the battle blood had poured
To slake our souls' desire :
Oh, brave to hear, how torrents roared
Beside the pinewood fire !

My brothers, whom in warrior wise
The death of deaths hath stilled !
Ah, you would understand these eyes,
Although with strange tears filled !

Lionel Johnson.

83

THE RETURN OF THE GUARDS

YES, they return—but who return ?

The many or the few ?

Clothed with a name, in vain the same,

Face after face is new.

We know how beat the drum to muster,

We heard the cheers of late,

As that red storm, in haste to form,

Burst through each barrack gate.

The first proud mass of English manhood.

A very sea of life,

With strength untold, was eastward rolled,—

How ebbs it back from strife ?

The steps that scaled the Heights of Alma

Wake but faint echoes here ;

The flags we sent come back, though rent,

For other hands to rear.

Through shouts, that hail the shattered banner,

Home from proud onsets led,

Through the glad roar, which greets once more

Each bronzed and bearded head ;

Hushed voices, from the earth beneath us,

Thrill on the summer air,

And claim a part of England's heart

For those who are not there.

Not only these have marched to battle
 Into the realms of peace—
 A home attained—a haven gained,
 Where wars and tumults cease.

Whilst thick on Alma's blood-stained river
 The war-smoke lingered still,
 A long, low beat of unseen feet
 Rose from her shrouded hill.

By a swift change, to music, nobler
 Than e'er was heard by man,
 From those red banks, the gathered ranks
 That other march began.

On, on, through wild and wondrous regions,
 Echoed their iron tread,
 Whilst voices old before them rolled—
 'Make way for Alma's dead.'

Like mighty winds before them ever,
 Those ancient voices rolled ;
 Swept from their track, huge bars run back,
 And giant gates unfold ;

Till, to the inmost home of heroes
 They led that hero line,
 Where with a flame no years can tame
 The stars of honour shine.

As forward stepped each fearless soldier,
 So stately, firm, and tall,
 Wide, wide outflung, grim plaudits rung
 On through that endless hall.

Next, upon gloomy phantom chargers,
The self-devoted came,
Who rushed to die, without reply,
For duty, not for fame.

Then, from their place of ancient glory,
All sheathed in shining brass,
Three hundred men, of the Grecian glen,
Marched down to see them pass.

And the long-silent flutes of Sparta
Poured haughty welcome forth,
Stern hymns to crown, with just renown,
Her brethren of the North.

Yet louder at the solemn portal,
The trumpet floats and waits ;
And still more wide, in living pride,
Fly back the golden gates.

And those from Inkerman swarm onwards,
Who made the dark fight good—
One man to nine, till their thin line
Lay, where at first it stood.

But though cheered high by mailed millions
Their steps were faint and slow,
In each proud face the eye might trace
A sign of coming woe.

A coming woe which deepened ever,
As down that darkening road,
Our bravest, tossed to plague and frost,
In streams of ruin flowed.

All through that dim despairing winter,
 Too noble to complain,
 Bands hunger-worn, in raiment torn,
 Came, not by foemen slain.

And patient, from the sullen trenches
 Crowds sunk by toil and cold—
 Then murmurs slow, like thunders low,
 Wailed through the brave of old.

Wrath glided o'er the Hall of Heroes,
 Anguish, and shame, and scorn,
 As clouds that drift, breathe darkness swift
 O'er seas of shining corn.

Wrath glided o'er the Hall of Heroes,
 And veiled it like a pall,
 Whilst all felt fear, lest they should hear
 The Lion-banner fall.

And if unstained that ancient banner
 Keep yet its place of pride,
 Let none forget how vast the debt
 We owe to those who died.

Let none forget *The Others*, marching
 With steps we feel no more,
 Whose bodies sleep, by that grim deep
 Which shakes the Euxine shore.

Sir Francis Hastings Doyle.

84

THE GUIDES AT CABUL, 1879

Sons of the Island race, wherever ye dwell,
Who speak of your fathers' battles with lips that
burn,
The deed of an alien legion hear me tell,
And think not shame from the hearts ye tamed to
learn,
When succour shall fail and the tide for a season
turn
To fight with a joyful courage, a passionate pride,
To die at last as the Guides at Cabul died.

For a handful of seventy men in a barrack of mud,
Foodless, waterless, dwindling one by one,
Answered a thousand yelling for English blood
With stormy volleys that swept them gunner from
gun,
And charge on charge in the glare of the Afghan
sun,
Till the walls were shattered wherein they crouched at
bay,
And dead or dying half of the seventy lay.

Twice they had taken the cannon that wrecked their
hold,
Twice toiled in vain to drag it back,
Thrice they toiled, and alone, wary and bold,

Whirling a hurricane sword to scatter the rack,
 Hamilton, last of the English, covered their track.
 'Never give in !' he cried, and he heard them shout,
 And grappled with death as a man that knows not doubt.

And the Guides looked down from their smouldering
 barrack again,
 And behold, a banner of truce, and a voice that
 spoke :

'Come, for we know that the English all are slain,
 We keep no feud with men of a kindred folk ;
 Rejoice with us to be free of the conqueror's yoke.'
 Silence fell for a moment, then was heard
 A sound of laughter and scorn, and an answering word.

'Is it we or the lords we serve who have earned this
 wrong,
 That ye call us to flinch from the battle they bade
 us fight ?

We that live—do ye doubt that our hands are strong ?
 They that are fallen—ye know that their blood was
 bright !

Think ye the Guides will barter for lust of the light
 The pride of an ancient people in warfare bred,
 Honour of comrades living, and faith to the dead ?'

Then the joy that spurs the warrior's heart
 To the last thundering gallop and sheer leap
 Came on the men of the Guides : they flung apart
 The doors not all their valour could longer keep ;
 They dressed their slender line ; they breathed deep,
 And with never a foot lagging or head bent,
 To the clash and clamour and dust of death they went.

Henry Newbolt.

85

FREEDOM

It is not to be thought of that the flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flow'd, 'with pomp of waters, unwithstood,'—
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,—
That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
Should perish ; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old ;
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

William Wordsworth.

86

MILTON! THOU SHOULDST BE
LIVING AT THIS HOUR

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour :
 England hath need of thee : she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;
 O raise us up, return to us again,
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power !
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart ;
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea :
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

William Wordsworth.

87

A FAREWELL TO ARMS
(TO QUEEN ELIZABETH)

His golden locks Time hath to silver turn'd ;
 O Time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing !
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurn'd,
 But spurn'd in vain ; youth waneth by increasing :
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen ;
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees ;
 And, lovers' sonnets turn'd to holy psalms,
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
 And feed on prayers, which are Age his alms :
But though from court to cottage he depart
His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
 He'll teach his swains this carol for a song,—
'Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,
 Curst be the souls that think her any wrong.'
Goddess, allow this agèd man his right
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

George Peele.

88

THE BURIAL OF DRAKE

Hove to off Puerto Bello the Queen's Defiance lay,
The sun went down to Darien and crimsoned all the
bay.

Yet once more Dame Adventure, the witch that knows
no ruth,
Hath smiled from out the sunset world the siren smile
of youth.

But the merry main was silent now, no more in care-
less ease
The treasure transports plied unscarred through those
enchanted seas,

And fleets of war sailed to and fro between the island
ports,
The peaceful cities of the west were grim with battled
forts ;

For many a year had come and gone since Drake's
unconquered hand,
The magic of his name had changed the face of all
that land.

Of five that sailed from Plymouth shall one see home
again,
For storm and death and sickness have fought the
fight for Spain.

The dauntless eyes had lost their mirth, the stricken
ranks grew less,
But till the end he hugged his dream and scoffed at
ill-success.

Defeat nor failure had not taught that stubborn will
to break,
But life-long toil and fever breath wore out the heart
of Drake.

So, grave and heavy-hearted, they watched the setting
sun,
His crews that leave untenanted the isles that he had
won.

The skies were red and angry, the heaving waves were
red,
And in his leaden coffin lay the great sea-captain dead.
Old friends stood ringed about him, and every head
was bowed,
St. George's red-cross banner lay over him for shroud.
The cradle of his childhood's dream rocked on an
English wave,
Here billows no more alien shall guard an English grave.
He ploughed the longest furrow that ever split the foam,
From sunset round to sunrise he brought the good
ship home.

His soul was wide as ocean, unfettered as the breeze,
He left us for inheritance the freedom of the seas.

The death-guns echoed landward, the last brief prayer
was said,
'Neath some great wave' they left him there, till the
sea gives up her dead.

Sir Rennell Rodd.

89

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

SIR DRAKE, whom well the world's end knew,
Which thou did compasse round,
And whom both poles of heaven once saw,
Which north and south do bound.

The starres above would make thee known,
If men here silent were ;
The sun himselfe cannot forget
His fellow-traveller.

Anonymous.

90

ON THE LOSS OF 'THE ROYAL
GEORGE'

TOLL for the brave !

The brave that are no more !
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side ;

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset ;
Down went *The Royal George*,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea fight is fought ;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak ;
She ran upon no rock :

His sword was in its sheath ;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full-charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone ;
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

William Cowper.

91

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE
AFTER CORUNNA

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lanthorn dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

Charles Wolfe.

92

SOLDIER, REST!

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking!
 Dream of battled fields no more,
 Days of danger, nights of waking.
 In our isle's enchanted hall,
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
 Fairy streams of music fall,
 Every sense in slumber dewing.
 Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Dream of fighting fields no more;
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.
 The fragments of an earlier world;
 A wildering forest feathered o'er
 His ruined sides and summit hoar,
 While on the earth, through middle air,
 Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

From the steep promontory gazed
 The stranger, raptured and amazed,
 And 'What a scene were here,' he cried,
 'For princely pomp or churchman's pride!
 On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
 In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
 On yonder meadow, far away,
 The turrets of a cloister grey;

How blithely might the bugle-horn
Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn !
How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute,
Chime, when the groves are still and mute !
And, when the midnight moon should lave
Her forehead in the silver wave,
How solemn on the ear would come
The holy matins' distant hum,
While the deep peal's commanding tone
Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
A sainted hermit from his cell,
To drop a bead with every knell—
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
Should each bewildered stranger call
To friendly feast and lighted hall.'

Sir Walter Scott.

93

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O CAPTAIN ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought
is won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
daring ;

But O heart ! heart ! heart !

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain ! my Captain ! rise up and hear the bells ;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle
trills,

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the
shores a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning ;

Here Captain ! dear father !

This arm beneath your head !

It is some dream that on the deck,
You're fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor
will.

The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
won :

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells !

But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

Walt Whitman.

94

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there !

William Collins.

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE

WHEN he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh ! say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned ?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree ;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love ;
Every thought of my reason was thine ;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh ! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see ;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

Thomas Moore.

96

LAST POST

THE day's high work is over and done,
And these no more will need the sun :
Blow, you bugles of England, blow !
These are gone whither all must go,
Mightily gone from the field they won.
So in the workaday wear of battle,
Touched to glory with God's own red,
Bear we our chosen to their bed !
Settle them lovingly where they fell,
In that good lap they loved so well ;
And, their deliveries to the dear Lord said,
And the last desperate volleys ranged and sped,
Blow, you bugles of England, blow,
Over the camps of her beaten foe—
Blow glory and pity to the victor Mother,
Sad, O sad in her sacrificial dead !

Labour, and love, and strife, and mirth,
They gave their part in this kindly earth—
Blow, you bugles of England, blow !—
That her Name as a sun among stars might glow,
Till the dusk of time, with honour and worth
That, stung by the lust and the pain of battle,
The One Race ever might starkly spread,
And the One Flag eagle it overhead !
In a rapture of wrath and faith and pride,
Thus they felt it, and thus they died ;

So to the Maker of homes, to the Giver of bread,
For whose dear sake their triumphing souls they shed,
Blow, you bugles of England, blow,
Though you break the heart of her beaten foe,
Glory and praise to the everlasting Mother,
Glory and peace to her lovely and faithful dead !

William Ernest Henley.

97

NELSON, PITT, FOX

To mute and to material things
 New life revolving summer brings ;
 The genial call dead Nature hears,
 And in her glory reappears.
 But oh, my Country's wintry state
 What second spring shall renovate ?
 What powerful call shall bid arise
 The buried warlike and the wise ;
 The mind that thought for Britain's weal,
 The hand that grasp'd the victor steel ?
 The vernal sun new life bestows
 Even on the meanest flower that blows ;
 But vainly, vainly may he shine
 Where glory weeps o'er NELSON'S shrine ;
 And vainly pierced the solemn gloom
 That shrouds, O PITT, thy hallow'd tomb !

Deep graved in every British heart,
 O never let those names depart !
 Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave,
 Who victor died on Gadite wave !
 To him, as to the burning levin,
 Short, bright, resistless course was given.
 Where'er his country's foes were found
 Was heard the fated thunder's sound,

Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,
Roll'd, blazed, destroy'd—and was no more.

Nor mourn ye less his perish'd worth,
Who bade the conqueror go forth,
And launch'd that thunderbolt of war
On Egypt, Hafnia, Trafalgar ;
Who, born to guide such high emprise,
For Britain's weal was early wise ;
Alas ! to whom the Almighty gave,
For Britain's sins an early grave !
—His worth, who in his mightiest hour
A bauble held the pride of power,
Spurn'd at the sordid lust of pelf,
And served his Albion for herself ;
Who, when the frantic crowd amain
Strain'd at subjection's bursting rein,
O'er their wild mood full conquest gain'd,
The pride he would not crush, restrain'd,
Show'd their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
And brought the freeman's arm to aid the freeman's laws.

Hadst thou but lived, though stripp'd of power,
A watchman on the lonely tower,
Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
When fraud or danger were at hand ;
By thee, as by the beacon-light,
Our pilots had kept course aright ;
As some proud column, though alone,
Thy strength had propp'd the tottering throne.
Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quench'd in smoke,
The trumpet's silver voice is still,
The warder silent on the hill !

O think, how to his latest day,
 When Death, just hovering, claim'd his prey,
 With Palinure's unalter'd mood
 Firm at his dangerous post he stood ;
 Each call for needful rest repell'd,
 With dying hand the rudder held,
 Till in his fall with fateful sway
 The steerage of the realm gave way.
 Then—while on Britain's thousand plains
 One unpolluted church remains,
 Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
 The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,
 But still upon the hallow'd day
 Convoke the swains to praise and pray ;
 While faith and civil peace are dear,
 Grace this cold marble with a tear :—
 He who preserved them, PITT, lies here !

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
 Because his rival slumbers nigh ;
 Nor be thy *Requiescat* dumb
 Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.
 For talents mourn, untimely lost,
 When best employ'd, and wanted most ;
 Mourn genius high, and lore profound,
 And wit that loved to play, not wound ;
 And all the reasoning powers divine
 To penetrate, resolve, combine ;
 And feelings keen, and fancy's glow—
 They sleep with him who sleeps below :
 And, if thou mourn'st they could not save
 From error him who owns this grave,
 Be every harsher thought suppress'd,
 And sacred be the last long rest.

Here, where the end of earthly things
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings ;
Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,
Of those who fought, and spoke, and sung ;
Here, where the fretted vaults prolong
The distant notes of holy song,
As if some angel spoke agen,
' All peace on earth, good-will to men ' ;
If ever from an English heart,
O, *here* let prejudice depart,
And, partial feeling cast aside,
Record that FOX a Briton died !
When Europe crouch'd to France's yoke,
And Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
And the firm Russian's purpose brave
Was barter'd by a timorous slave—
Even then dishonour's peace he spurn'd,
The sullied olive-branch return'd,
Stood for his country's glory fast,
And nail'd her colours to the mast !
Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave
A portion in this honour'd grave ;
And ne'er held marble in its trust
Of two such wondrous men the dust.

With more than mortal powers endow'd,
How high they soar'd above the crowd !
Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place ;
Like fabled gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar ;
Beneath each banner proud to stand,
Look'd up the noblest of the land,

Till through the British world were known
The names of PITT and FOX alone.
Spells of such force no wizard grave
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
Though his could drain the ocean dry,
And force the planets from the sky.
These spells are spent, and, spent with these,
The wine of life is on the lees.
Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
For ever tomb'd beneath the stone,
Where—taming thought to human pride!—
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon FOX's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;
O'er PITT's the mournful requiem sound,
And FOX's shall the notes rebound.
The solemn echo seems to cry,
'Here let their discord with them die.
Speak not for those a separate doom
Whom fate made Brothers in the tomb;
But search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like agen?'

Sir Walter Scott.

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-west
died away ;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz
Bay ;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar
lay ;
In the dimmest North-east distance dawn'd Gibraltar
grand and gray ;
'Here and here did England help me : how can I help
England ?'—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise
and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

Robert Browning.

99

GIBRALTAR

SEVEN weeks of sea, and twice seven days of storm
Upon the huge Atlantic, and once more
We ride into still water and the calm
Of a sweet evening, screen'd by either shore
Of Spain and Barbary. Our toils are o'er,
Our exile is accomplish'd. Once again
We look on Europe, mistress as of yore
Of the fair earth and of the hearts of men.

Ay, this is the famed rock which Hercules
And Goth and Moor bequeath'd us. At this door
England stands sentry. God ! to hear the shrill
Sweet treble of her fifes upon the breeze,
And at the summons of the rock gun's roar
To see her red coats marching from the hill !

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.

100

ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND

WHAT have I done for you,
England, my England ?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own ?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
As the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the world on your bugles blown !

Where shall the watchful sun,
England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
England, my own ?
When shall he rejoice agen
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Down the years on your bugles blown ?

Ever the faith endures,
England, my England :—
'Take and break us : we are yours,
England, my own !
Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky :

Death is death ; but we shall die
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
To the stars on your bugles blown !'

They call you proud and hard,
England, my England :
You with worlds to watch and ward,
England, my own !
You whose mail'd hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies,
You could know nor dread nor ease
Were the Song on your bugles blown,
England,
Round the Pit on your bugles blown !

Mother of Ships whose might,
England, my England,
Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
England, my own,
Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient Sword,
There's the menace of the Word
In the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Out of heaven on your bugles blown !

William Ernest Henley.

101

GREEN FIELDS OF ENGLAND

GREEN fields of England ! wheresoe'er
Across this watery waste we fare,
Your image at our hearts we bear,
Green fields of England, everywherē.

Sweet eyes in England, I must flee
Past where the waves' last confines be
Ere your loved smile I cease to see,
Sweet eyes in England, dear to me.

Dear home in England, safe and fast
If but in thee my lot lie cast,
The past shall seem a nothing past
To thee, dear home, if won at last ;
Dear home in England, won at last.

Arthur Hugh Clough.

102

LETTY'S GLOBE

WHEN Letty had scarce pass'd her third glad year,
And her young artless words began to flow,
One day we gave the child a colour'd sphere
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know,
By tint and outline, all its sea and land.
She patted all the world ; old empires peep'd
Between her baby fingers ; her soft hand
Was welcome at all frontiers. How she leap'd,
And laugh'd and prattled in her world-wide bliss ;
But when we turn'd her sweet unlearnèd eye
On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry—
'Oh ! yes, I see it, Letty's home is there !'
And while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

Charles Tennyson Turner.

103

EX OCCIDENTE VOX

MANY a year have my sons gone forth ;
Their bones are bleaching in field and flood ;
They have carried my name from the ancient North,
They have borne it high through water and blood.

While the mariner's strength, and his ship, might last
Steering straight for the Orient lands ;
Nor sweeping billow nor tearing blast
Could wrench the helm from his straining hands ;

And the onward march of my soldiers' line,
Where was it broken by sword or sun ?
The toil was theirs, and the prize was mine—
Thus was an empire lost and won.

Now my frontiers march on the Himalay snow,
And my landmarks stand on its loftiest crest ;
Where the winds blow soft on the pines below,
There shall my legions halt and rest ;

And the men of the cities in all the plain
From the silent hills to the sounding sea,
And a thousand tribes in the vast champaign,
They follow no leader or lord but me.

Sir Alfred Lyall.

104

ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES

SHE stands a thousand-wintered tree,
By countless morns impearled ;
Her broad roots coil beneath the sea,
Her branches sweep the world ;
Her seeds, by careless winds conveyed,
Clothe the remotest strand
With forests from her scatterings made
New nations fostered in her shade,
And linking land with land.

O ye by wandering tempest sown
'Neath every alien star,
Forget not whence your breath was blown
That wafted you afar !
For ye are still her ancient seed
On younger soil let fall—
Children of Britain's island-breed,
To whom the Mother in her need
Perchance may one day call.

William Watson.

105

GOD SAVE THE KING

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
 God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
 God save the King.

O Lord our God, arise !
Scatter his enemies,
 And make them fall !
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks ;
On Thee our hopes we fix—
 God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour,
 Long may he reign !
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing, with heart and voice,
 God save the King !

Henry Carey.

106

ON THE KING'S RECOVERY, 1789

OH, Queen of Albion, queen of isles !
Since all thy tears were changed to smiles,
The eyes, that never saw thee, shine
With joy not unallied to thine,
Transports not chargeable with art
Illume the land's remotest part,
And strangers to the air of courts
Both in their toils and at their sports,
The happiness of answered prayers,
That gilds thy features, show in theirs.

If they who on thy state attend,
Awe-struck, before thy presence bend,
'Tis but the natural effect
Of grandeur that ensures respect ;
But she is something more than Queen
Who is beloved where never seen.

William Cowper.

107

TO THE CHRISTIANS

ENGLAND ! awake ! awake ! awake !
Jerusalem thy sister calls !
Why wilt thou sleep the sleep of death,
And close her from thy ancient walls ?

Thy hills and valleys felt her feet
Gently upon their bosoms move :
Thy gates beheld sweet Zion's ways ;
Then was a time of joy and love.

And now the time returns again ;
Our souls exult, and London's towers
Receive the Lamb of God to dwell
In England's green and pleasant bowers.

William Blake.

108

RECESSIONAL

22 JUNE, 1897

GOD of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget !

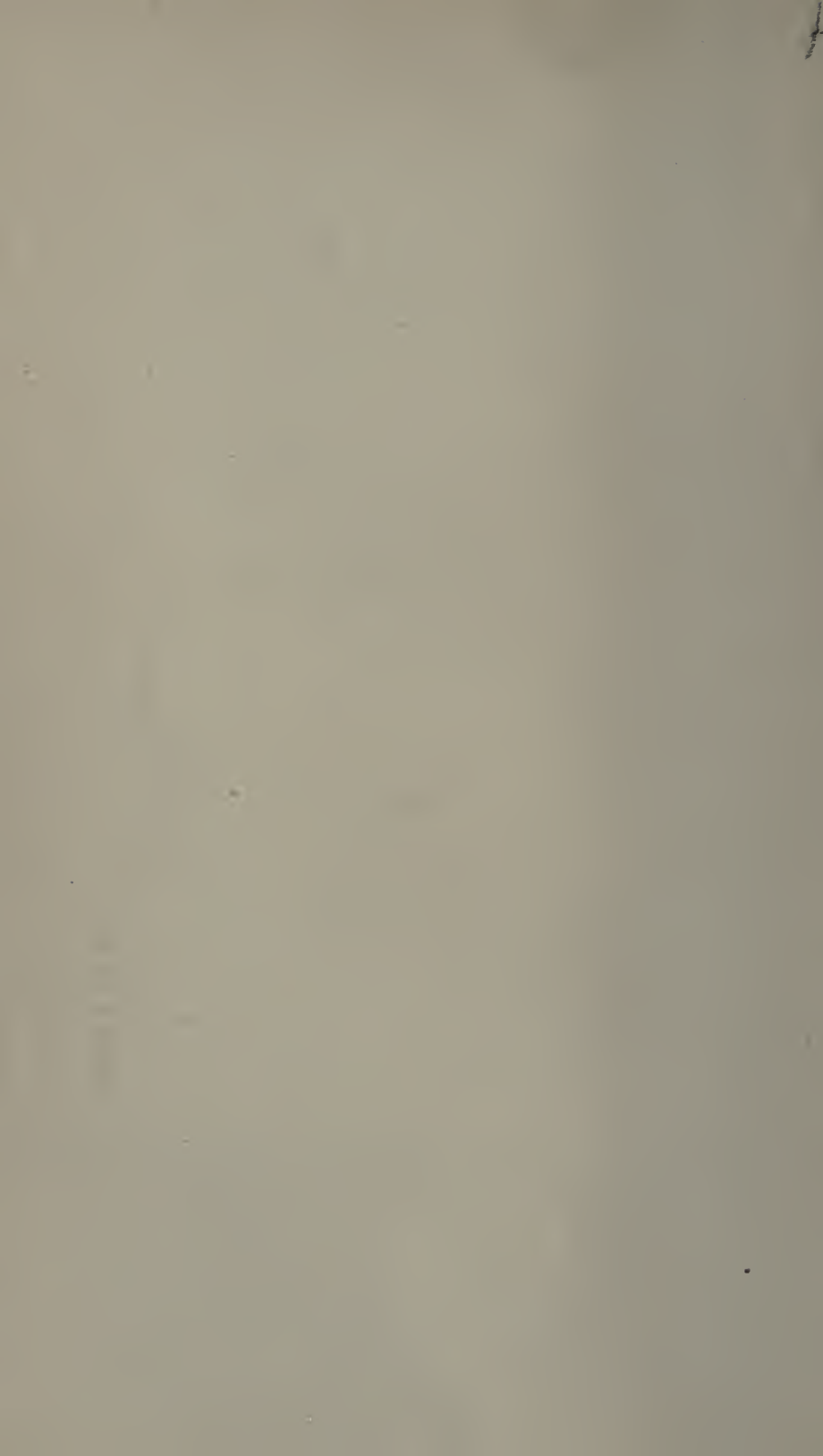
The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget !

Far-call'd our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget !

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget !

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord !

Rudyard Kipling.



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