

## THE BRITISH LION AND HIS WHELPS.

The British Lion raised his head,  
And shook his tawny mane;  
Battle-light in his eyes shone red;  
Eagles threatened again.

He stood there in the morning breeze  
Watching the sky-line dark;  
And lashed his tail about his knees;  
He'd heard a war-dog bark.

Then suddenly his mighty roar  
Startled the peaceful dawn;  
Rumbling o'er land and sea, it tore  
To reach his brood of brawn.

Soon from that brood came back reply—  
“We've heard your call for aid;  
Faster than German eagles fly,  
We come to meet the raid.

For whosoever threatens thee,  
Must reckon with thy sons;  
We are unto the death with thee;  
Through us the same blood runs.

Proud to defend your sacred head,  
We'll fight till millions fall;  
Then millions more will replace our dead;  
Our strength scarce tapped at all.

For we are whelps of British breed,  
Free as air kissed by sun;  
We'll ne'er desert thee in thy need,  
Because we're free we come.”