

THE CALL.

The nations had pledged their honour
That the lamb should not be shorn,
When a shot rang round a startled world,
And a scrap of paper was torn.

And Liège flamed up as a beacon,
A call for help in the night,
Where Belgium fought like a lion,
For Honour, God and Right.

Then roused Britannia proudly,
And her glance flashed o'er the sea,
"Sons I have loved and cherished,
Say, do ye stand with me.?"

"Will we show the Teuton bully
That the bond of the blood holds true,
Who toucheth the mother of lions,
Toucheth the lions too ?"