

the consciousness of a right cause, cries to his followers, his voice half drowned in the roar of cannon, his sword held aloft flinging back through the smoke of battle the flames of the beleaguered city ;

“ And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture : Let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not,
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in his eyes,
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips
Straining upon the start ; the game’s afoot.
Follow your spirit and upon this charge
Cry—“ God for Harry, England, and St. George.”

I could have followed him on such a charge up to the very flaming breach of a forlorn hope. And never shall I forget the look of heroism and devotion, so full of melancholy, and the loneliness of greatness, when in the open field at Agincourt, on the eve of the battle, the king, left alone, lifts up his face to the dark sky and prays to the King of kings, in whose hands are the issues of life and death ;