

READING FOR GRADES VII AND VIII

BREATHES THERE THE MAN

From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"

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 burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,

 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, concentr'd 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.

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!