

The fiery duke is pricking fast across St. Andre's plain
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of
France,

Charge for the golden lilies, upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears
in rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-
white crest;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a
guiding star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Ho : maidens of Vienna ; ho : matrons of Lucerne ;
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never
shall return.

Ho, Philip, lend for charity thy Mexican pistoles.
That Antwerp monks may sing a Mass for thy poor
spearmen's souls.

Ho : gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms
be bright ;

Ho : burghers of St. Genevieve keep watch and ward
to-night,

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath
raised the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valour of
the brave.

glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are ;
glory to our Sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre.

To Englishmen, however, the "Armada"
must forever stand as the most powerful
of his war lyrics. It may not be as fin-
ished or as graceful as some of his wri-
tings, but the subject causes the bosom of