

So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn, beneath his paws, the princely hunters lay.

Ho, strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight ! Ho, scatter flowers, fair maids !

Ho, gunners, fire a loud salute ! Ho, gallants, draw your blades.

Thou sun, shine on her joyously, ye breezes, waft her wide,

Our glorious SEMPER EADEM,¹ the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold !

The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold ;

Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,

Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,

That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day ;

¹ *Semper Eadem*. "Always the same."