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THE ENGLISHMAN.

There's a land that bears a well known name,
Tho 'tis but a little spot;
'Tis the first on the blazing scroll of fame,
And who shall aver it is not.
Of the deathless ones who shine and live
In arms, in art, in song,
The brightest the whole world can give,
To that little land belong.
'Tis the star of the earth, deny it who can,
The Island home of an Englishman;
'Tis the star of the earth, deny it who can,
The Island home of an Englishman.

There's a flag that waves o'er every sea,
No matter when or where,
And to treat that flag as aught but free
Is more than the strongest dare;
For the Lion spirits that tread the deck
Have carried the palm of the Brave,
And that flag may sink with a shot torn deck
But will never float o'er a slave.
It's honor is stainless, deny it who can,
The flag of a true born Englishman;
Its honor is stainless, deny it who can,
The flag of a true born Englishman.

The Briton may traverse the pole or the zone
And boldly claim his right,
For he calls such a vast domain his own,
That the sun never sets on his might.
Let the haughty stranger seek to know
The place of his home and birth,
And a flush will pour from cheek to brow
While he tells of his native earth.
'Tis a glorious charter, deny it who can,
That breathes in the words "I'm an Englishman."
'Tis a glorious charter, deny it who can,
That breathes in the words, "I'm an Englishman."