

THE CALL.

The nations had pledged their honour
That the lamb should not be shorn,
When a shot rang round a startled world,
And a scrap of paper was torn.

And Liege flamed up as a beacon,
A call for help in the night,
Where Belgians fought like a lion,
For Honour, God and Right.

Then roused Britannia wroldly,
And her glance flashed o'er the sea,
"Sons I have loved and cherished,
Say, do ye stand with me ?

"Will we show the Teuton bully
That the bond of the blood holds true,
Who touched the mother of lions,
Toucheth the lions too?"