

Motherland, he dedicated his stirring war lyrics. The very cadence and flow of Ivry breathe the martial spirit. Perhaps no poem in the English language is so full of changes. Gaiety, horror, courage, despair, love, hatred, wailing, joy and triumph chase one another with the rapidity of kaleidoscopic views. Macaulay's admiration for Henry of Navarre must have been great indeed to justify the glorious tribute paid to his memory in those picturesque and thrilling lines:—

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant
crest.

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern
and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing
to wing,

Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our lord
and king".

"An' if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the
ranks of war,

And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah: the foes are moving . Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring
culverin.