

That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not.
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,
Cry:—God for Harry, England and St. George.

To write of war lyrics, or patriotic lays without referring in eulogistic terms to Thomas Campbell would be an omission inexcusable. It has been said of him that in his lyrics he ascended to the highest Heaven of song. His virile, spirited and forceful verse has fostered love of country in the breasts of succeeding generations. What the "Marseillaise" did for France, the "Mariners of England" has done for the Motherland. Both were the inspirations of youth and genius, and despite the passing of the decades and the shifting sands of time, both will continue to fan into flame the love of country inherent in the hearts of men worthy of the name. Just as the strains of our own "Rule Britannia"—delicious medley of harmony and chauvinism as it is—appeal to Britons everywhere, so the