

THE ENGLISH TONGUE.

(Lines suggested through certain agitation for spelling reform.)

LANGUAGE sweet, whose rhythm flows
As gently as the water—
Like to the sturdy oak that grows,
Stand firm, Britannia's daughter!
The garbling ghouls, that fain would strip
And rob thee of thy beauty,
Deserve from cold Oblivion's lip
Her scorn for breach of duty.

Saxon bride, upreared with care,
Assert chaste womanhood;
Bid thy despoilers, "Halt—Beware!"
And cease their rapine rude.
Through all the centuries that have flown
Since Gael and Norseman met,
And set up Britain's world-wide throne—
Thou'rt pure, unravished yet.

The seers and bards of days long past
Shall rise up in their might,
And nail thy colors to the mast,
And for thine honor fight.
A Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, or Scott,
A Cowper, Spenser, Moore,
Designed thy garb with garlands fraught,
And filled thy heart with lore.