

Elizabethan days. It is unnecessary to discuss his identity, or raise questions that are foolishness to some, but pregnant to others. Shakespeare's *works* are ours, a priceless heritage of the Anglo-Saxon nation and of the world—for although the Shakespearean plays are written in English, they are confined to no country and to no era. Strictly speaking he cannot be said to have composed any war lyrics, but in his works are many passages breathing the patriotic spirit. One example must suffice. There are few passages more spirited in all martial literature than the speech of the hero of Agincourt before the gates of Harfleur:—

Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more
 Or close the wall up with our English dead * * *
 * * * * * On, on, you noblest English;
 Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war proof—
 Fathers, that like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn to even fought,
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
 Dishonour not your mothers * * * * *
 * * * * * And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear