

THE WAY OF THE BRITISH

It isn't the way of the British,
In the fight for country and King,
On the fair, white field of their valor,
The shadow of shame to bring.
There isn't a lad in the army,
There isn't a lad on the sea,
Would dim the light of his honor
By a deed of infamy.

It isn't the way of Britain
To grasp with greedy hand,
And hold with a despot's power,
Domain in a friendly land.
But she fights for "a scrap of paper,"
She dies for "an old colored rag,"
When the one is her word of promise,
And the other her blood-stained flag.

It isn't the way of the British,
With ruthless hands of hate,
The priceless things of a nation
To plunder and desecrate.
Not 'gainst defenceless women
And children their guns are turned;
Not 'gainst the weak and fallen—
That isn't the way they've learned.