

Witness our too much memorable shame  
 When Cressy battle fatally was struck,  
 And all our princes captived by the hand  
 Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of  
     Wales.

Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain  
     standing,

Up in the air, crowned with the golden sun,  
 Saw his victorious seed, and smiled to see him  
 Mangle the work of nature, and deface  
 The patterns that by God and by French fathers  
 Had twenty years been made. This is a stem  
 Of that victorious stock; and let us fear  
 The native mightiness and fate of him.

“*From Henry V.*”      WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

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*ENGLAND'S STRENGTH.*

This England never did, nor never shall,  
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
 But when it first did help to wound itself.  
 Now these her princes are come home again,  
 Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
 And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us  
     rue  
 If England to herself do rest but true.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.