

ENGLAND.

“That pale, that white-faced shore
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's waving tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders.
* * * that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purpose.”

K. John: A. II, 1.

“That royal throne of kings, that scepter'd isle,
That earth of majesty, that seat of Mars,
That other Eden, demi-paradise,
That fortress built by nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
That happy breed of men, that little world,
That precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves in it the office of a wall,
Or as a mote defensive to a house
Against the envy of less happier lands;
That blessed plot, that earth, that realm, that England;
That nurse, that teeming womb of royal kings,
Feared by their brood and famous by their birth;
That land of such dear souls, that dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world.”

Rich. II: A. II, 1.