

À L'ENTENTE CORDIALE.

BY

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Written on October 21st, 1914, (Trafalgar Day), and

Recited by the Author

AT WOLVERHAMPTON,

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ON THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT OF

QUATUOR CORONATI LODGE,

No. 2076.

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Of Britain's senior service we must think,
Of grey ships on a grey-green Northern sea;
To gallant British seamen let us drink,
Who hold our shores inviolate and free.

From those who this fair isle would spoil and mar
They day and night us constantly preserve;
God in His keeping hold the gallant tar,
Nor let him from the Nelson spirit swerve.

The men in khaki let us not forget,
Who left their homes for British honour's sake,
Who on the fields of France the foeman met,
And helped the gallant French his line to break.

In future ages will the tale be told
How nobly Tommy Atkins did his part;
And youths now fighting will, when they grow old,
The Aisne and Mons recall with uplift heart.

The agile airmen soar on pinion light,
Mounting and planing, circling in the sky;
The turbaned strangers yearning for the fight,
India with "Home" in loyalty to vie.

Men from the snows of Canada are here,
And men who nightly see the Southern Cross,
And France has brought her legions from Algier,
That her fair *campagne* shall endure no loss.

The men of the Reserve we bear in mind,
Who guard our British homes, our Nation's fate;
We know they fret because they're left behind,
They serve no less although they stand and wait.

Our one Ally's imperishable name,
Will rank with Greek on Marathonian shore;
Heroic little Belgium's deathless fame
Shall ring through all the ages evermore.

And noble France who oft our foe has been,
By English singer,* who both fought and wrote,
Was called "sweet enemy," in verse still green,
For that she ever struck a chivalrous note.

Now, side by side, Briton and Frenchman fight,
In victory, in defeat, comrades in arms,
To face the Hun in all his brutal might,
And rid the world of War and its dire harms.

And all the Russias with their teeming hordes,
All mindful of Slavonic ancestry,
Have grasped their muskets and unsheathed their swords,
Resolved to stand by Serbia's peasantry.

To one, to all, who in the giant struggle wage
Against the *Junkerschaft*† a bitter ceaseless strife,
With him, who, in his arrogance, flung down the iron gage,
Grant, God of Battles, glorious death or well-won
honoured life.

* Sir Philip Sidney.

† Junkerschaft—Party of despotism in Germany; upholders of arbitrary power; the authors of the present War.