

PORTSMOUTH TO SCARBOROUGH.

This, from the city of toil to the sorrowful city of ease :

“ Harken, my sister, and hope, and rouse thee
out of thy woe !

Mind thee of ancient days, when our coast-line
never knew peace,
And the old bluff cliffs of the Shire were fronting
for ever the foe.

Viking and Saxon and Dane drave like a pitiless
storm,
Sack'd and harried and slew ; came, but seldom
returned.

And the blood on our hearths lay cold, but the
blood in our hearts leapt warm ;
And the beacons blazed on the hills, and the
Cross o'er the border burned.

Would to all-powerful God, who tempers the wind
to the lamb,

The blow had been braver, and dealt unto those
who could answer in kind.

Not at the mare with her foal, not at the ewe, but
the ram,

Not at the weak and the sick, at the maimed
and the halt and the blind !

So these creatures of night stung, and then fled in
their fear,

And the sea-mist swallow'd them up, for their
keels yearned after their ports ;

Where a nation, that once knew fame, gave them
greeting with cheer upon cheer—

While we soothed our great grey guns that lie
leash'd in the Spithead forts.

Once, when the war-men of Herod (hast thou at
this time read ?)

Hew'd at the babe at the breast, to do as their
master bade.

Rachel in Ramah wept, and would not be
comfortéd ;

But Mary gat safe with her Child to the pitiful
Pyramid's shade.

So hast thou suffer'd ; and we mingle our might
with thy moans,

We that are wed unto war, that have suckl'd
an hundred Fleets ;

And we muse, as the rivets ring home, of the
innocents slain on thy stones,

And we hear, in the blast of the furnace, the
shriek of the shell in thy streets.

God in His time will dispose ; and now, until this
can be,

There's never a county in England but stands by
its chosen chance,

Thinking it scorn to be safe till the folk we
befriended are free,

Deeply content to defend the fair sea-cities
of France.