



## THE ENGLISHMAN.

There's a land that bears a world-known name,  
'Tho 'tis but a little spot;  
'Tis the first on the blazing scroll of fame.  
And who shall say it, is not ?  
Where the deathless ones who shine, and live  
In arms, in arts, in song ;  
The brightest the whole wide world can give,  
To this little land belong :  
'Tis the star of the earth : deny it who can,  
The island home of an Englishman.

There's a flag that waves o'er ev'ry sea,  
No matter when, or where :  
And to treat that flag as aught but the free,  
Is more than the strongest dare ;  
For the lion spirits that tread the deck  
Have carried the palm of the brave:  
And the flag may sink, with a shot-torn wreck,  
But never float o'er a slave.

It's honour is stainless, deny it who can !—  
The flag of a true-born Englishman.

The Briton may traverse the pole or zone,  
And boldly claim his right;  
For he calls such a vast domain his own,  
That the sun never sets on his might.

Let the haughty stranger seek to know  
The place of his home and birth.

And the flush will spread from cheek to brow,  
As he tells of his native earth.

'Tis a glorious charter deny it who can !

That's breath'd in the words "I'm an Englishman."



## KING STORM.

King Storm was seated  
On his dark mountain cloud,  
In his arm was strength,  
And his voice was loud ;  
When he spoke to the winds,  
They rush'd to his call,  
And woe to that land  
Where its echo might fall !

At his frown, the dark pine  
Bow'd his head to the ground,  
And the rivers rush'd wild  
O'er the bright flow'ret's mound ;  
When he laugh'd in his rage,  
Youth bent his form,  
"Ha, ha, ha, ha! do you know me ?"  
Cried bold King Storm.

The bark in his pride  
Sail'd o'er the dark main,  
Ah, when will they see  
Earth's bright valleys again ?  
King Storm from his throne  
Sends his voice o'er the deep,  
And the doom'd, fated  
Crew, eternally sleep.

Hark to me ! thousands  
Speed round my dark throne,  
The ocean's my element,  
Its sceptre's my own ;  
Earth I strike to the dust,  
The world bends his form,  
"Ha, ha, ha, ha ! I'm your master !"  
Cried bold King Storm.

WALKER, PRINTER, DURHAM.

