

*A Great Historic Peerage.*

The English archery  
 Stuck the French horses

“ With Spanish yew so strong,  
 Arrows a cloth-yard long,  
 That like to serpents stung,  
     Piercing the weather ;  
 None from his fellow starts,  
 But playing manly parts,  
 And like true English hearts,  
     Stuck close together.

“ When down their bows they threw,  
 And forth their bilbows drew,  
 And on the French they flew,  
     Not one was tardy ;  
 Arms were from shoulders sent,  
 Scalps to the teeth were rent,  
 Down the French peasants went ;  
     Our men were hardy.

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“ Upon Saint Crispin’s day  
 Fought was this noble fray,  
 Which fame did not delay  
     To England to carry.  
 Oh, when shall English men  
 With such acts fill a pen,  
 Or England breed again  
     Such a King HARRY!”