

Night Fell Behind

Summoning

Then mounte! Then mounte, brave gallants, all,
And don your helmes amaine:
Deathes couriers, fame and honor, call
Us to the field again.

No shrewish tears shall fill our eye
When the sword hilts in our hand,
Heart-whole well part and no white sighe
For the fairest of the land;

Let piping swaine, and craven wight,
thus weepe and puling crye
Our business is like men to fight,
And hero like to die!