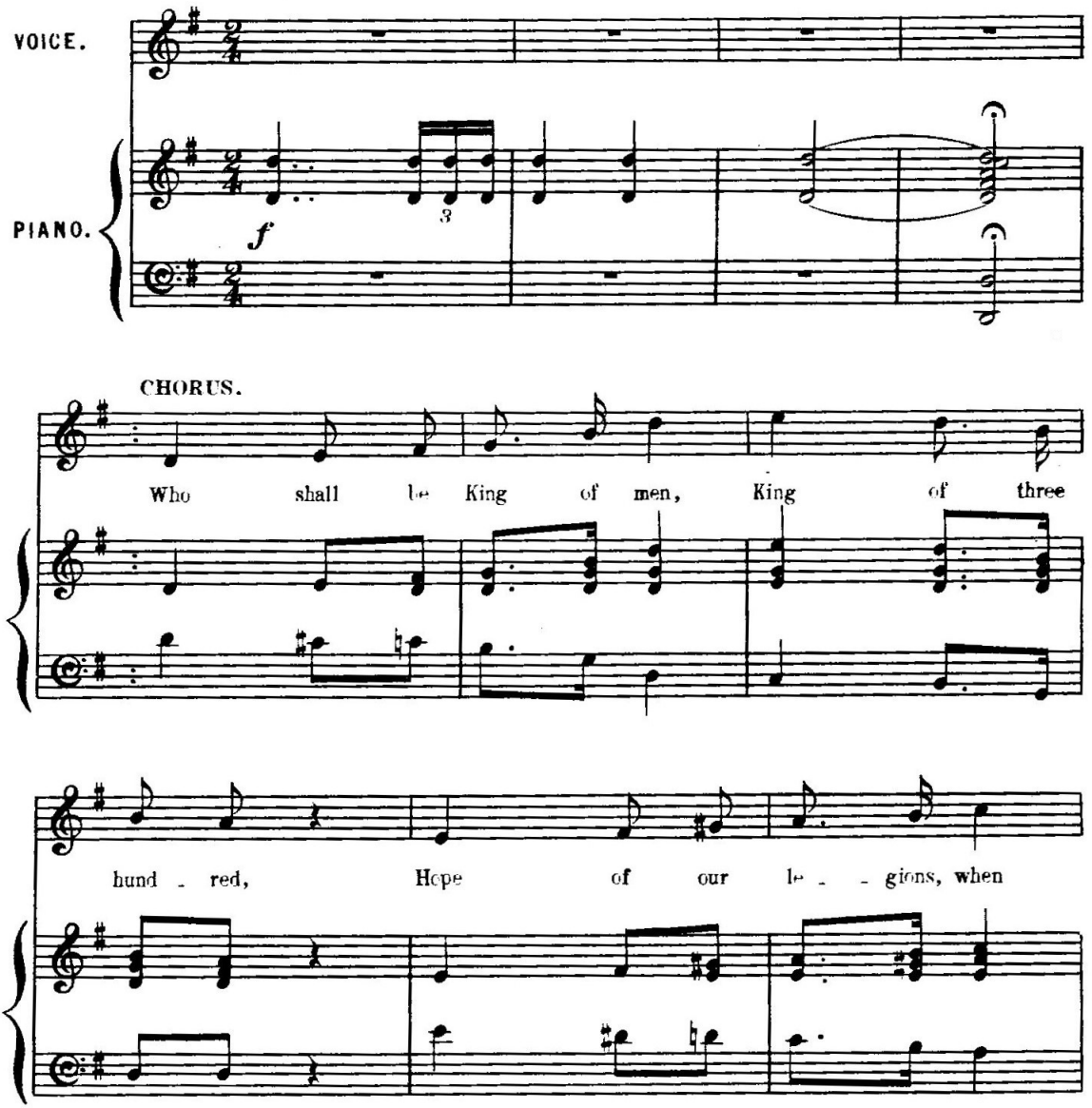
KINGS.

E. M. Y.

LOUIS N. PARKER.

Tempo di Marcia.



SEMI-CHORUS.
Bro - - - ken and sun - dered, Spur of the
lag - gard, and Curb of the law - - - less,
Stout of heart, strong of hand, Fear - - - less and
flaw - - - less? Own him, boys, crown him, boys,

When you have found him, King by the na - tion's voice!
CHORUS.
ff
Ral - - ly, boys. . . . . round him!
ff
Thun - - der it
out a - gain, Who shall be king of men,
King of three hund - - red!

KINGS

Who shall be King of men,
King of Three-hundred,
Hope of legions, when
Broken and surrendered,
Spur of the laggard, and
Curb of the lawless,
Stout of heart, strong of hand,
Fearless and flawless? –
Own him, boys, crown him, boys,
When you have found him,
King by the nation's voice;
Rally, boys, round him!

Thunder it out again,
Who shall be King of men,
King of Three-hundred?

Who shall be King of men,
Who be dictator,
Ruling us rarely, when
Fortune turns traitors?
He, in whose flannelled breast
Hope is the strongest,
Who, to revive the rest,
Stays in the longest:
Should the ball rasp his thumbs,
Finds it no fixer,
When the half-volley comes,
Make it a sixer!

Strong with the strength of ten,
He shall be King of men
King of Three-hundred!

Who shall be King of men,
Who be our hero,
Lifting a people, when
Hopes are at zero?
He, who, when rain and mud
Lure to the novel,
Fresh as an April-bud,
Hies to the grovel;
Struggles through slime and slush,
(Fancies it clover),
'Spite of the ugly rush,
Lifts it just over!

Sped with the speed of ten,
He shall be King of men,
King of Three-hundred!

Who shall be King of hearts,
Who be our crowned-head,
Winning by gracious arts
Homage unbounded?
He, to his promise, who
Keeps him the truest,
Rallies and sticks to you,
When friends are fewest,
He, who in storm and strife
Bears him the meekest,
He, who when wrongs are rife,
Strikes for the weakest!

Loving and loved again,
He shall be King of men,
King of Three-hundred!

Words by Edward Mallet Young (1839-1900).
Score by Louis Napoleon Parker (1852-1944).