From *Richard II* by William Shakespeare

(Act II, Scene 1)

This sceptred isle, this earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Feared by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home
For Christian service and true chivalry
As is the sepulcher, in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world’s ransom, blessed Mary’s son;
This land of such dear soul, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world [...] England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of wat’ry Neptune [...].