

Blest courtly fashion, with its pampered train  
Of well-bred follies, that corrupt the brain,  
Whose fevered fancies, wanton thoughts inspire,  
And fan the gentle flame of soft desire.  
Long did our land in doubt and darkness grope,  
Of truth no glimmer, scarce a ray of hope.  
That even Littleton our shores should greet,  
To teach the manners of the true elite;  
But like the heathen, who with erring mind,  
Strive to do right but ne'er salvation find,  
None to direct, no Fanning for our guide,  
We blindly floundered mid the truths of pride,  
And royal pomp so miserably shammed,  
That to democracy we nigh were damned.  
In vain our capital reared its court  
Mid waving pines, the vulgar did resort,  
Low lucky tradesmen thronged, (the Lord knows why)  
Their daughters too, our ladies dressed too high,  
And blush! to dine none knew the order due,  
But like lost sheep we erred the courses thro'.

But lo! who braves the dark Atlantic's flood?  
A princess comes! a princess of the blood!  
Let the glad tidings ring throughout the land,  
Rejoice! the snobs millenium is at hand!  
Of a long line by venal laureates sung,  
From the rich loins of the great Georges sprung,  
Where royal blood and sinning flesh combine,  
An incarnation of the right divine!  
She comes, she comes, of mild and gentle mien!  
A princess comes, the daughter of our queen!  
A princess comes, with fitting reverence greet,  
Fall, lick the dust, and grovel at her feet!  
She comes, the grain from dust and chaff to glean,  
To purge our halls and make the foul lists clean;  
O'er the lost land she pours her purple flood,  
The court must own the cleansing power of blood.