

" And though no right I have to preach,  
 " I privileged am to make a speech.  
 " Come list, as I repeat once more,  
 " Heroic deeds yo've done of yore.  
 " But landlord pass your brandy sling,  
 " 'Twill clear our heads ere we begin.  
 " You landlords can, by gin and toddy,  
 " Assist me more than any body.

His audience by these words excited,  
 Cheer'd him, and clapp'd their hands delighted,  
 " 'Tis well to have you ruling o'er us,  
 " *Bedad* your just the speaker for us!

Then Satan—for indeed 'twas he—  
 Encouraged, rose deliberately:  
 Said " Children, boon companions dear,  
 " Attentive lend to me an ear:

Nothing gives me more delight,  
 Than to address you here to-night,  
 Since sixteen ninety, I myself  
 Have never seen a **GLORIOUS TWELFTH**,  
 Or holiday of any kind,  
 Spent more accordiug to my mind.  
 Ere rose the sun, this blessed morn,  
 I left my brimstone cell forlorn;  
 The worst of fears my bosom swell'd,  
 When I these preachers' schemes beheld;  
 Their boldest thought and public aim,  
 Were in this place to stop my reign.  
 But after all, the day's been glorious,  
 We stand above our foes victorious.

When I in retrospect look back  
 Upon old Time's illustrious track,  
 The deeds of Orangemen stand bright,  
 As Luna in the arch of night.  
 My brave Canadian Orange wights  
 Have heroes been in many fights;  
 But more especially have they done  
 Great things for me in Chareleston—  
 How at town meetings and elections,  
 When Radicals, from all directions,  
 Came quietly round the poles to vote,  
 You ruthless took them by the throat,  
 Or with a cudgel, stave, or stick,  
 Performed a part that pleases *Nick*.