

1806 HEALTH TO LORD MELVILLE 221

'T is not us alone, boys — the Army and Navy
Have each got a slap 'mid their politic pranks ;
CORNWALLIS cashier'd, that watch'd winters to save ye,
And the Cape call'd a hauble, unworthy of thanks.

But vain is their taunt,
No soldier shall want
The thanks that his country to valor can give :
Come, boys,
Drink it off merrily, —
SIR DAVID and POPHAM, and long may they live !

And then our revenue — Lord knows how they view'd it
While each petty statesman talk'd lofty and big ;
But the beer-tax was weak, as if Whitbread had brew'd it,
And the pig-iron duty a shame to a pig.

In vain is their vaunting,
Too surely there 's wanting
What judgment, experience, and steadiness give ;
Come, boys,
Drink about merrily, —
Health to sage MELVILLE, and long may he live !

Our King, too — our Princess — I dare not say more, sir, —
May Providence watch them with mercy and might !
While there 's one Scottish hand that can wag a claymore, sir,
They shall ne'er want a friend to stand up for their right.

Be damn'd be that dare not, —
For my part, I 'll spare not
To beauty afflicted a tribute to give :
Fill it up steadily,
Drink it off readily —
Here 's to the Princess, and long may she live !

And since we must not set Auld Reikie in glory,
And make her brown visage as light as her heart ;¹
Till each man illumine his own upper story,
Nor law-book nor lawyer shall force us to part.

In GRENVILLE and SPENCER,
And some few good men, sir,
High talents we honor, slight difference forgive ;
But the Brewer we 'll hoax,
Tally-ho to the Fox,
And drink MELVILLE forever, as long as we live !

¹ The Magistrates of Edinburgh had rejected an application for illumination of the town, on the arrival of the news of Lord Melville's acquittal.