

Long may they condescend
The poor man's pounds to spend,
For to this glorious end
Are Princes made.

Bless them with happiness,
Ne'er may they know distress,
Such as our poor ;
May all our dupes and slaves
Toil hard o'er land and waves,*
For our nobles, lords and knaves,
While days endure.

Long may America
Their contributions pay
To us alone,
While we their rebels aid,
And run their long blockade,
With contraband our trade,
To help them on.

Thou canst the causes see,
All, all is jealousy,
Under disguise ;
They were our rivalry
On land and on sea,
More in prosperity,
In nation's eyes.

* Beside Niagara's awful wave,
He stood a ransomed Irish slave."—D'ARCY MCGEE.