

They should unite, 'tis plain, as *one*,
 And send a joint appeal,
 Straight to Britannia's honored crown,
 Thy bleeding wounds to heal.
 E'en from pure policy, I ween,
 They should no longer strive,
 Their silly Government to screen
 And keep the *Thing* alive.
 For why?—Each Government at best,
 Is but a *Party thing*,
 While of its power to keep posses't
 Is its sole acting spring.
 And hence, how can the crown but view
 Each measure they have past,
 As worked by some sly party screw,
 To make *their Empire* last?
 But, if thy sons shall once unite,
 And send a joint Petition
 Straight to the Throne, they'll find all right
 Without a *Land Commission*.
 This is the sole remaining chance,
 For us so long oppres't,
 To send our enemies to France,
 And set our land at rest.
 'Tis true, thy Government sublime,
 Tho' by their own confession,
 They've sat already their full time,
 Demand *another session*.
 Then, let them sit, who cares how long,
 For any good they'll do,
 If it would not disturb my song,
 I'd throw them an *old shoe*!
 Yes, let them sit, their incubation
 Will surely hatch at last,
 Some wond'rous marvel for the nation,
 Some *Chick* of matchless cast!