

I'll give them heavy grief in time,  
 As true as I have writ this rhyme ;  
 I'm bound, you'll see to make them climb,  
 I'll be their snare.

SIR A. F. SMITH.

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ARISE YE SONS OF CANADA.

Arise, ye Grits, and let us bend  
 Close to the wark, and let us send  
 A hornet, with his business end,  
 To give a poke

To thievish Tories, who shall be  
 All topsy-turvy turned agee,  
 Losh maun, by gosh, we'll let them see  
 That we're no joke.

Away with all the tory band,  
 I say, by Gorden's own command,  
 They sud be sunken in the sand,  
 " Low i' the dust.

Away in some bit dirty hut,  
 Old boy, Sir John, he sud be put ;  
 He sud be skelpit on the back,  
 By a' that's just !

MACKENZIE.

