

Mackenzie he will come,
 Bless (?) his eyes !
 And Blake he will come too, and all the cussed
 And I don't know what to do, [crew,
 (*Trombone accompaniment.*) Bless (?) their eyes !
 (*Weeps noisily.*)

(Enter a number of Ministers who console their chief.)

Sir Francis.—Cheer up respected chief, don't pipe your eye;
 I know it's very hard, but pray don't cry.
 See all your faithful followers muster thick
 Around you, quite prepared by you to stick.
 Though you *are* licked you did the best you could
 And over your misfortune should not brood.
 Just look at me, a politician old
 After so many years out in the cold.
 Yet see how stiff an upper lip I keep;
 You never hear *me* whine, or see *me* weep.
 Losses we must expect as well as winnings,
 And you have had a pretty lengthy innings;
 And even now e'er many months elapse
 Our party may be in again perhaps.

(*Sir John shakes his head doubtfully.*)

Pooh ! Pooh ! I thought you made of tougher stuff !
 See here, I'll sing a song to cheer you up.

Song.—

Air.—"Captain Jinks."

I'm Francis Hineks from the Windward Isles,
 I'm full of playful tricks and wiles,
 And I'm trying now to move the smiles
 Of my Leader in the Parly *ment*.
 For it won't do to look glum, you know,
 Look glum, you know, look glum, you know,
 It won't do to look glum, you know,
 Because you are beat in the Parly *ment*.

(Air changes to the "Dogs Meat Man.")

For I used to be a nobby little Financier,
 A 'sinivatin' 'titivatin' Financier,
 And I managed the finances in a way that made it
 That nature did design me for a Financier. [clear

(Dances a wild dance between the verses.)

Still in the dumps ?—Oh dash it ! this won't do.
 Here. Lively Peter, try what *you* can do.