

"With *Pantaloons*, their leader bold,
 The greatest and the last,
 At least such is the name, I'm told,
 He gets in all Belfast.
 'Tis thus, my native country thou,
 With evil spirits are vex't,
 If thou could'st preach a sermon now,
 Would this not be thy text :
 "There was nigger old whom they
 "Call Uncle Jo, but he
 "Had not enough of wit to play
 "The Banjo right for
 "And my own darkie's chief also,
 "To make the matter worse,
 "Would now back up this old clown Jo,
 "And fix for aye my curse.
 "Then clear you out as I bid-bid,
 "And straight right off to grass,
 "For of you both I well were rid—
 "My Government and ass !!"

CANTO II.

O yes, 'tis thus grieved Isle, thy doom
 Hath hitherto been sealed,
 These Politicians dig thy tomb,
 But leave thy wounds unhealed.
 Thy vex'd Land questions, never can
 Be set to rights by them,
 Thy sons alone joined as one man,
 Thy tide of ills can stem.