

And now, my fair ones, Humbug 's done,  
This, his first race, is badly run;  
When he reflects within his breast  
That but a few months at the best  
Can pass before the navigation  
Hurries each corps far from its station,  
He feels that this may be the last  
Of all the happy days we've past  
Among the gallant military,  
Erin go bragh, Fidèle, and Airey,  
And that ere April 's gone we're left  
Of all that 's dear on earth bereft.

HUMBUG.