

Who would not, may he perish !  
 Give up his life as soon.  
 He is not fit to live,  
 Who 'd ever fear to die,  
 Or hesitate to give  
 His all for Liberty.

4  
 Some, loyalty who ape,  
 Swear they will melt us down,  
 And mould us into shape  
 And substance of their own.  
 For calvesheads, or for jolts,  
 They take us, without doubt,  
 Or pretty leaden dolts,  
 Or filthy rabble rout.

5  
 Canadians above all  
 Are most supremely blest,  
 If wrong'd, they've but to call  
 On George, and they're redress'd.  
 Wherefore they who'd alter  
 Their enviable lot,  
 Deserve a hempen halter :  
 Or else, may I be shot.

6  
 This Union's all a trick  
 Sure any man might swear,  
 Contrived by Old Nick,  
 Of whom let us beware ;  
 If not by Nick, his imps ;  
 Good folks pray have a care ;  
 The Devil, and his imps,  
 Preach Union to ensnare.

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#### A PATRIOTIC BALLAD ON THE UNION.

O, for a Pindar's muse to sing  
 The cause of *Anti-union*.  
 To shout aloud GOD SAVE THE KING,  
 God save us from this Union.

From factious men, men of deceit,  
 To all but interest blind,  
 Who would all other power defeat,  
 Whom honour's ties don't bind.

'Tis thus they talk ; of their descent,  
 They boast, and British birth ;