

A SONG

WRITTEN THE 1ST JANUARY, 1776, THE DAY AFTER THE ATTACK
OF QUEBEC BY THE REBELS (1). TUNE KILLYCRANKY

I

While (†) Whitehead sings each New-Year's Ode
 As stupid as the last, Sir,
Be mine the Talk to change the Mode
 And sing the Year that's past, Sir.
Inspir'd by (*) *Sack* still let him write,
 And court vile Adulation,
While I can scribble and can fight
 I envy not his Station.

II

Come then, my Muse, record the Day,
 A Day we'll aye remember,
Our Fears were banish'd far away
 'The last Day of December :
A Rebel Rout by Arnold led
 Thought to surprise our City,
But soon the dastard Scoundrel fled
 He fled—and more the Pity.

III

Yet blame we not what Fate ordains
 'Tis our's to pray and hope, Sir,
That Heav'n, in justice to his Sins,
 Reserves him for a Rope, Sir.

(1) From the *Quebec Gazette*, August 21, 1776.

(†) Paul Whitehead Esq ; Poet Laureat.

(*) A Butt of Sack in his yearly Perquisite.