

Or do all look, with gaze intent, afar,
 To hail the appearing of the wished for star ?
 What use are stars if we've no coats to wear ?
 What use are garters if our legs are bare ?
 Why hang to England if our forms grow thin ?
 Loyalty dies when hunger gnaws within.

And even if, as Dufferin seem'd to see,
 Our land a glorious nation e'er should be,
 Why should we blend our lot with Albion's fate,
 And build our hopes on a tottering state ?
 The plant shall flourish and the plant decay,
 Creeds have their turn but creeds must pass away,
 Nations shall rise and nations have their fall,
 One common law controls the fate of all.
 E'en so with Albion, as the setting sun,
 A glorious course, her race is nearly run.
 She rose, and shed her glory o'er the earth,
 Quick with her light, new nations had their birth,
 But now she sinks, her far-extending sway,
 Saps as it grows, too soon she must decay ;
 The common doom seems written in fate's tome,
 Britain shall fall as fell Imperial Rome !
 But we are young, our glory if to be,
 Dawns with the future—if we would be free,
 Why let our land sink helpless in the thrall,
 Of leagues and wars that presage Albion's fall ?
 In vain, then, may we raise our feeble voice,
 Yes, we may speak, but ours is not the choice,
 Too late, our land in hopeless ruin hurled,
 Lost in a fall that must convulse the world !
 E'en now we feel the poor dependent's fate,
 Inheritors of Albion's jealous hate,
 At enmity where nature bids—unite ;
 Barred, though a nation, of a nation's right,
 Betrayed our welfare, to each selfish aim,