

PARTING ADDRESS.
— —

And now, to all who've read me through,
E're parting, I would say,
My moral's point I here pursue,
My purpose to betray.
If but one spark of patriot fire
This strikes where chill the heart,
'Twill well fulfil my heart's desire—
Well play its modest part.
The love of home to raise in land,
And love of land inspire—
For this my little work I planned,
May this the land's-all fire.
Hence, only in satiric song,
Strayed I on other wing,
Some boastful notes to swell as strong
As those, our neighbors sing—
Where, with a rhymer's license used,
Their land's exaggeration,
With which the truth, so oft abused,
By that bombastic nation.