

Now Thule may, I think have a Celtic affinity,  
And escape from the rules of your worship's latinity ;  
So if I should bow to Britannia's decision,  
I may very well be on the side of precision ;  
If her trident won't serve her to govern a word,  
Why as to the waves, it would be quite absurd.

\* *Alfara*

First Trumpet sounds again.

Though Britannia's command of the waves may be great,  
It is very well known that she don't rule them straight ;  
And her feminine subjects too often complain,  
That she puts them to somewhat unwarranted pain ;  
So now,—with a semi-barbarian Celt  
Who won't let their names be pronounced as they're spelt,  
She conspires many amiable ladies to tease,  
And by cruel curtailment deprive them of *Ee's*.  
And Thisbe and Hebe and Phœbe protest  
That the thought of her tyranny robs them of rest ;  
And Niobe vows, with abundance of tears,  
That Lethe can't make her forget it for years :  
They deny that you give any reason for that  
Which you say,—tho' they own your authority's—*Pat.*

\* *Alfara*

Second Trumpet replies.

*Second Knight loquitur—pro Britannia.*

It tries my patience sorely, to find that all this fuss is  
Made on behalf of a pack of Pagan huzzies,  
Who, you tell me are given up to tears and affliction,  
Because, forsooth, to suit them I won't mend my diction.—  
Your Hebes and Thisbes seem their *Ees* to fondly prize !  
They spelt them with an Eta (H), or the ancients have told lies.  
Then my waves are not straight !—If I ruled not as I do,  
Pray, my brave Britons,—what would become of you ?  
Your seas for protection would not be worth their *salt*,  
If my ways of ruling did not cause your foes to halt.  
But now I'll say no more than just to let you know,  
That when you speak of Thule I shall still cry, No ! No !...  
Things must have come to a pretty pass, truly,  
Before I consent to call Christmas Yuley !...

\* *Alfara*