

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.

x *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.*

x *Alm*

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 !...

x