Say we give them abuse, and, to o'erthrow them quite,
  Say we treat them as aliens, poor tramps, or Chinese;
They go straight on their way, nor e'en answer our slight . . .
  (Are March HARES any madder than these?)

Thanks to shameless protection of laws most unfair,
  They e'en style themselves friends, and presume to dictate;
And, to rule us the better, they call us: "CHERS FRERES!" . . .
  (They are liars both early and late!)

And to shew you how far their audacity goes:
  In the conquerors' faces, they victory claim;
And they think they're all born of a race of heroes . . .
  (Let their ignorance bear all the blame!)

They have *their* scribblers, too, whose pretence is to write;
  Not contented with prose, even verses they make!
And in FRENCH! in big words! I'm at loss for speech quite! . . .
  (For queer whims, they sure capture the cake!)

They have powerful speakers, who budge not an inch
  When compared with our best, whilst the sly ones declare
Both their language and ours they can use at a pinch. . .
  (There's no limit to what they will dare!)

Under Rome's tyrant rod, and by priest lashed and laced,
  All heads lowly must bow, and all parties must kneel!
Yet not one has shed tears for his freedom effaced . . .
  (Nor his brutishness, strove to conceal!)

Then proclaiming they're subjects so loyal and true,
  Thy press on us all 'round, and our rights they dispute;
Nor will grant us the palm to us certainly due . . .
  (For each one is a bone-headed coot!)

Just like US, they must THEIR share of patronage take;
  And rank higher than sergeants, when time comes to drill.
Never ceasing their clamour for more pie and cake . . .
  (Such persistence as this makes me ill!)

And they still further go! wretches! from us they steal!
  Our plum puddings and roasts, are e'en on THEIR "Menu";
Such profaning of good things, I most deeply feel . . .
  (Can such LOW people be gourmands, too?)

Pretentious they are:—and I even suspect,
  (The greenhorns!), that they think quite our equals they are!
We who represent the Anglo-Saxon elect . . .
  (Their simplicity shines from afar!)