

THE BELLES OF QUEBEC TO THE OFFICERS OF THE 66TH
ON LEAVING THE CITY.

MAY, 1830.

“ Farewell now ! and if for ever ”

No tear will start at the farewell—
Slight force is needed us to sever—
Small good of you we have to tell.
Though blooming Spinsters first ye found us,
The self-same Spinsters we remain ;
No marriage tie with you hath bound us—
We never wish to meet again.

Ah, Sixty-Sixth ! ye shocking shy men,
But bold within your Mess-Room porch ;
O why amongst you black-ball Hymen,
Or in your bumpers drown his torch ?
Long three years’ flirting ye have cost us—
Soft looks, sweet smiles—a countless store ;
Alas, our labour has been lost us—
And now the silly farce is o’er.

Ye might be lions in the Battle,
We found you lambs when at the Ball ;
Ye may be great midst cannon’s rattle—
Midst *ours* ye have been mighty small.
Though numerous victories deck your banners,
No trophies here you e’er could win :
Go—hang yourselves ! or mend your manners—
We care not which a single pin.