

Shawls and other costly gear,
From the looms of famed Cashmere :—
All climes and countries shall conspire
To habit her in rich attire ;
And “ perfect in her beauty,” she
Another *Tyrus* yet shall be.
But, unlike that Queen of Pride,
Which the King of Kings defied,
Let us hope that she, alway,
May to Him her homage pay.
Then like our glorious parent State,
On whose breath the nations wait,
Her foundations made secure,
To future ages shall endure.
A thousand years of passing time
Shall only see her in her prime ;
And full of health, she'll bow her head
When the graves give up their dead.

