

That could love, and that ever could,
 Do to my fellow man some good. 220
 How great the good that man may do,
 That I read of and never knew.
 Should he succeed in his great plan,
 A blessing 'twill confer on man,
 And upon none so much as thee,
 Proud England, Regent of the sea.
 Henson, thy æronautic car,
 May transport nations from afar,
 To Britain's now defenceless shore,
 Her navy can't avail her more. 230
 The Russ, high in the air above,
 Pounces, like a hawk on a dove,
 Upon the unprotected breast
 Of the queen island of the West.
 The Prussians, Austrians, the French,
 Now her long acquired treasures wrench.
 The Yankees propelled through the air,
 With eagle wing, souse swiftly there.
 Not calculating o'er the prey,
 The ladies fair they bear away. 240
 Then Ireland too in ærial car,
 Bright England, will thy beauty mar :
 With indignation she will come,
 And mercilessly kick thy bum.
 Those infidels, the Turkish dogs,
 Will take thy wives, but not thy hogs,
 They're for the Cossac, who alas,
 Wont leave in thee a blade of grass.
 The North and South, the West and East,
 Like birds of prey, speed to the feast. 250

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