

Montreol lost the favor from the crown
 Before the Parlimint howse woz birnt down
 Govirnment pepil to an othr town
 Men women and children in golden gown

Not comon to se twentieth of Ma
 Sno iz folin lice a colde wintirs da
 Grein leivs on the treis grein gras on the grownd
 Ive nothin to louze whair nothin is fownd

Cuein Victoria Twenti foreth of Ma
 Miti powrs meit Whot haz ben repeit
 Prouvin themselvs tru Loyol onirs du
 Wun tha'v nev'r sein wil bles Inglands cuein

The Unitid Staits administrashun
 Cold on pepil from evri creashun
 Said them selvs woz thair onli salvashun
 Swolowd the irth and starvd thair own nashun

Time haz cild the parents of libirti
 Tha promisd fredom to humaniti
 Such frends az them we'l nev'r find again
 Prospirin tirants hav thair childrn slain

The foreth of Juli Iz go in to di
 To it sum did pa Tribute az a da
 When tha lowd did cri For fredom or di
 Foulisblidid thinc The olde world woud sine

Pepil it deseivd Mani blesins theivd
 Maid men worc and toil To bi thair own soif
 Thincin it woz rite The olde world to fite
 With ol du respect Did them selvs protect