

The next was that bird called the Eagle,  
That raised such a scream in the land—  
Endeavoured Napoleon to inveigle,  
To aid against England's demand.  
Old Winfield failed in his mission :  
He got nothing on which to rely.  
When the Emperor heard the condition,  
'Twas impossible for him to comply.

The Fenians, the last upon earth,  
Had concocted a murderous scheme ;  
Far, far from the land of their birth,  
Had indulged in a fabulous dream.  
An Americanized rabble 'tis true  
Had attempted the lion to awe ;  
Before they could rightly go through,  
Were crushed by the weight of his paw.

King Solomon's wisdom was great,  
All who read the gospel can tell ;  
His glory had no equal to date—  
His proverbs had no parallel.  
Queen Sheba came there from the East,  
And wintered in Solomon's tent.  
It rests with tradition at least,  
From which Theodore counts his descent.

Should he deny his descent as a slave,  
He must be something still worse.  
The way lately he seemed to behave  
Drew down on his country a curse.  
The old lion went forth on his track,  
To scourge him for his barbarous law.  
All from Dan to Beersheba and back  
Dare free him from the grasp of his paw.