

But *Trayties* will be *Trayties*, and if ratified will hould
Like the *Madian* laws o' Persia, which in history we're
tould,

In the ancient Irish Provinces o' Babylon prevailed,
That'd stand for everlastin' once the documents were *sayled*,
But our neighbors o' the "Stars and Stripes," forgettin'
every rule

Of the *aitequette* o' nations, which they ought to learn at
school,

Come every Summer with their Fleet, as if to show how
brave

They can lape their limitations, never axin' "By yer lave."

So then Her Gracious Majesty—God bless Her every day—

As all true-hearted Irishmen will not forget to pray—

Being anxious for the welfare o' this celebrated Isle,

That bears Her Royal Father's name, sint word to Gin'ral
Doyle,

The Admiral of Halifax, to send out *min o' war*

Around our say-board here, and this is what she sint them
for,—

Lest other ALABAMA CLAIMS, cute Jonathan might find,

Or break the solemn *Trayty* strong her Grandfather had
signed!

So the *Valorous*, an' the *Plover*, an' the *Minstrel*, an' the *Dart*,

From the Admiral on duty had instructions to depart,

Under secret sailing orders every *man o' war* was sint,

To watch the Yankees here and there whichever way they
wint;

An' if they *would the Trayty break*, to run 'em into port,

An' bequathe 'em to the mercy o' the Admiralty Coort,—

And once they get 'em there, my boys, bedad! they make
'em spin,—

'Tis but little they'll bring out of it, whatever they fetch in!