

Ah! may the bright-eyed laughing dames
 ('This is no Hambug, not a bit),
 Extinguish 'ere we go the flames
 That in our tender hearts they 've lit;

For else before our gallant barks
 Can bring us to our destination,
 The ocean breeze will fan the sparks
 Into an awful conflagration.

I see my English letters say,
 Our Sovereign Queen is very fond
 Of going out in Albert's sleigh
 On Royal Frogmore's frozen pond.

Although no royalty we boast,
 I think it now becomes my duty,
 To beg you all to join my toast,
 To our fair Queen of Love and Beauty.

LE FIDELE.