

Ah! may the bright-eyed laughing dames
(This is no Humbug, 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.