

*Fitzgibbon*

No foreign land is now so free,  
And this, some think, you owe to me.

~~Mackenzie:~~

Were there no taxes, votes or rates  
In your far-famed United States?  
That boasted land you quickly sought  
When forced to face the troops I brought.  
Your friends all said you'd ne'er return,  
That Britain's pardon you would spurn;  
While foes declared that negro laws  
Had won your love and loud applause.

Mackenzie:

Although a Compact ruled the land,  
And much they did was hard to stand,  
Though men were taxed and forced to pay  
And then ignored in every way;  
I'll own my fault, I went too far  
When I engaged in civil war.  
But much I've seen and learned since then  
Of foreign laws and public men.  
Your chosen chief is now dismissed  
When more than half your folks insist,  
He therefore feels more checks and fears  
Than one secure for four long years.  
Your British plan o'er all seems best  
So here at last my bones shall rest.