

CANTO I.

'Tis true, that other climes may boast,
Much that thy soil ne'er grows,
Their sons despise thy frigid coast,
And style Thee—"Land of crows!"
'Tis true, thy low, flat, sandy plains,
Scarce loom above the sea,
While feckled gulls and long neck'd cranes,
Claim pristine right to Thee!
'Tis true, thy oft crop't eaten hills,
Are now so nigh run out,
That honest *spuds*, in furs or drills,
Will scarce upon them sprout!
'Tis true, thy *farmers*, every day,
With hanging heads complain,
That they can here no longer stay,
For want of hay and grain!
'Tis true, thy *merchants* seldom choose,
To heed this common dearth,
Or sell a pair of Yankee shoes,
For what they're really worth!
'Tis true, thy *statesmen* all are wise,
And no mistake about it,
That is to say—in *their own eyes*,
Tho' other people doubt it!