

There were hearts that ached from envy's thorns,
And feet that twinged with trampled corns ;
There were joys proved empty, through and
 through,
And several purses empty, too ;
And some reeled homeward, muddled and late,
Who hadn't taken their glory straight ;
And some were fated to lodge, that night,
In the city lock-up, snug and tight ;
 And that was the way
 The deuce was to pay,
As it always is, at the close of the day,
That gave us—

Hurray ! Hurray ! Hurray !

(With some restrictions, the fault-finders say,
That which, please God, we will keep for aye—
 Our National Independence !