

Then shall the carrying trade,
Be on our vessels laid,
 With it be bless'd ;
So may we hide our shame,
For honor have great fame,
Then shall we praise thy name,
 From east to west.

Then, then will Jonny Bull
" Have all his pockets full"
 Of Yankee dimes ;
Glorious then he shall reign,
Matchless on land and main ;
Hail, hail, all hail again
 Jeff and his times.

Lord bless the noble Poles,
Strengthen their arms and souls,
 Under thy care ;
May they as one arise,
With wrath that never dies,
For it will, in our eyes,
 Weaken the Bear.

And may they cut and slash
His soldiers, as if hash,
 Right back and forth ;
So that their hearts may feel
Their monarch's weak'ning steel—
And may his legions reel
 Back to the north.