

With Salt our glory-fund we use,  
Our Clothing, Sugar, Rum,  
Nor shall our children's children lose  
The boon for years to come.

*Bone of our bone shall glory be,*  
*A debt redeeming trophy :*  
Our *Ladies* sip it in their tea,  
And we, in Punch and Coffee.

'Till glory breed us valiant sons,  
And yet unbreathing Beauties ;  
The Tax Direct shall form their bones,  
Their *flesh*, the Impost duties.