

"Let favors and benisons fall  
On friends and supporters all—  
Who help us the weak to enthrall.  
Accurst be the critic who draws  
Mankind's ken to the broken laws  
With his preachments and pious saws.

"Ent'roned in diaphanous calms,  
We yield King Tobacco the palm,  
And crown him with laurel and psalm.  
He sweepeth his circles afar,  
Provoking least protest and jar,  
But leaving on nations his scar.

"The world to him sacrifice brings,  
From the pauper he tribute wrings,  
From conquered commanders and kings.  
To our deputies then be thanks,  
Confusion and worse to the cranks,  
Who aim at impairing our ranks. Amen."