

Driv'n by impulse of loyalty along,  
Press to the Senate House with eager feet,  
In rich array, prepared their lord to meet.  
Full many a waddling, new-made knight is there,  
Gallantly guarding his fat ladye faire ;  
Supreme Court judges make a dazzling show,  
In scarlet robes all seated in a row ;  
The sombre Senators set off the glare,  
And all made lovely by the radiant fair.  
And now, drawn on by fiery chargers prancing,  
The unwashed see our governor advancing,  
A gallant guard attend him as he goes,  
Fit to repel imaginary foes,  
That ever hanker after lives of kings,  
Princes and popes, and such like useless things.  
Now boom the cannon to the nineteenth gun,  
(For royalty 's reserved full twenty-one).  
The echoing thunders thro' the halls resound,  
The country members tremble at the sound.  
Now mouths gape wide, now heads are reared on high,  
Now expectation lightens every eye,  
Till in new splendour bursting on the sight,  
We gaze on majesty's reflected light.  
The commons summoned, then the speech is read,  
And all things done, and all things being said,  
He leaves the throne and goes the way he came,  
And all things notwithstanding seem the same,—  
But no, without yon mummery we see,  
Kings were unknown, and empires could not be !

First to the commons let us turn our eyes,  
But whew ! from thence what noisome odours rise !  
All know the smell, the cause none need to ask,  
Our statesmen warm at their congenial task.  
With party instinct, and with zeal of bee,  
With hoggish relish, and with tadpole's glee,  
Wherever dunghill with its grateful grime,