
Kept winking their eyes and smacking their lips,
And passing the eatables into eclipse.

And that was the way
The grand array
Of victuals vanished on that day,
That gave us—

Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!

(With some starvation, the records say,)

Our well-fed Independence!

VII.

The people went home through the sultry night,
In a murky mood and a pitiful plight;
Not more had the rockets' sticks gone down,
Than the spirits of them who had "been to
town;"

Not more did the fire-balloon collapse,
Than the pride of them who had known mishaps.
There were feathers ruffled, and tempers roiled,
And several brand-new dresses spoiled;