

And well we understand,
Divided, weak they stand,
 Compared to us ;
Then can we condescend
To make their foes our friend,
And bring about this end,
 And make a muss.

But lord, there was a time
We wrote in prose and rhyme,
 Slavery was vile ;
But now we different cry,
The mote's in the other eye—
We'll let our honor's fly,
 Just for a while.

Bring down Democracy,—
Bless Aristocracy,
 Wherever found ;
Protect it 'neath thy care,
Prosper it everywhere ;
Hear Britain's royal prayer—
 Bring Lincoln down.

Prosper our loyalty
And neutrality,
 On our behalf ;
Speed on our privateer
In Jeff's and Sem's career,
Let them the ocean clear
 Of union craft.