

Says England, since union's de ting dat
you want,
By Jasus, I'll give you a belly full on't.
And if green is de colour you like, by de
mass,
You'll be pleas'd when all Dublin is
covered with *grass*.
But says Teague, now by union what is
it dey mane,
Sure 'tis bunding *three* nations all fast in
one chain.
'Tis a scheme which quite hoddors one's
brains fait' and troth,
For its worse for de *one*, yet its better for
both.
Is not Johny Fitzgibbon gone straight to
de K—g ?
O between 'em, how nately they'll settle
de ting.
He'll drive a rare job for us all, you may
swear,
And anoder as good for Lord Chancellor
Clare.
Arrah, since we've a parliament not to
our mind,
Sure to take it away, now, is wonderful
kind.
Would a minister wish for his jobs better
tools
Dan a cargo of knaves—when exported
by fools.
And, by Christ we'll not send him such
blundering elves,
Who will tink of der country, and not of
themselves.
Oh when Paddy in Westminster takes
his own sate
By my soul, he'll enliven the English de-
bate.
Should the spaker call order, he'll huff and
look big
Till he makes every har stand on end on
his wig.
Should a member presume 'on his speech
to remark,
Sure he'll beg just to meet him next day
in the park.
For a Park, like our Phoenix, in London
they've got,
By Jontlemen us'd for exchanging a shot.
Won't it be a vast himifit now for our
trade,
When all laws to promote it in England
are made.
You have seen, Teague, a cur to whose
draggl'd backside,
Butcher-boys have a broken old cannister
ty'd.
Now if England's de dog, whom French
butchers assail,

Will not we be de cannister tied to her
tail ?
Not a great while ago, sure, we heard a
vast dale
About renunciation, and simple repeal.
But this scheme now will strike every
orator mute
And the union will settle this simple dis-
pute.
And 'twill den to our fierce orange yeo-
men be known,
*Dat in cutting our froats deyve bee n cutting
dere own.*
Lillabullero Bulen al ha,
Lero lero, Lillabullero, lillabullero, bulen
al ha.

TO RESIGNATION.

COME meek-eyed maid,
Thou sweet resemblance of a dying
saint !
Who claims thy aid,
Shall ne'er on life's tumultuous voyage
fait ;
But cheerly on shall go ; for thou shalt
bring
Full draughts of comfort from the Elysian
spring.
Come, heaven-born maid,
Impetuous vice before thy power shall
fly,
Each passion laid,
The adoring penitent shall calmly die,
Whilst hope's fair tints, shall o'er his
features play,
And Heaven's bright sun shall gild his
parting day.
By thee sustain'd,
The captive pris'ner keeps a tranquil
heart,
Of nought arraign'd ;
Thou draw'st injustice' sting and heals't
the smart,
Nor shall he droop, supported still by
thee,
'Till better days shall give him liberty.
Taught by thy pow'r
We e'er shall shun the wretched lure of
pride,
And in that hour
When death shall strike, be thou our
lucent guide,
Our pilot still : then, steady we shall soar
To realms where guilty passions reign no
more. A PRISONER,

LA VERDURE.

C'EST la verdure
Qui nous annonce avec gaitè
Le doux reveil de la nature ;
Le trone de la volupte
C'est la verdure.