

Old England is mighty; Old England is free; She boasts that she ruleth the waves of the sea; (But between you and I, that's all fiddle-de-dee;) She cannot, O Cotton! she cannot rule thee. Lo! Manchester's lordling thy greatness shall own, And yield more to thee than he would to the Throne: For before thee shall bend his fat marrow-bone, And deaf be his car to the live chattel's groan.

Intered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Stimson &