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Robert Livingston Stanton's Toast

I.
Here's a toast,
We all can boast,
She's mother, sister, "Aunty Lee."
She's raised us all,
In many a squall,
With the help of dear H.B.

II.
She raises Cake,
And bread and [sick]
From Jersey down to Maine,
But her favorite raise,
Is not from Maize,
'Tis whe she's raising cain!"

III.
Germany has Bismarck
England Gladstone forsooth;
Poland, Kosioscks[sic], Hungary, Kossuth;
America had her Washington;
Columbia, Bolivar;
But we have got the best of all,
Our darling, dear old Mar!

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II
IV
Then let us hope and always pray
That full many a year may pass,
Before we have a vacant chair,
Long side the apple-soss:
For search we may through tale and song,
We'll never find another,
With so many virtues all in one,
As are found in our sweet mother.

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Bob's Poem