

# A BALLAD.

ARISE Northumbrians, quickly rise !  
Your Beaumont needs your aid,  
Sound, sound his praises to the skies,  
And hoist the white Cockade.

Each man whose Independent mind,  
Warms in his country's cause,  
Will forward come, swift as the wind,  
And join in the applause.

Tho' Whig and Tory have combined,  
In hopes their point to gain,  
Yet to their cost they soon shall find,  
Their spiteful efforts vain.

Should they succeed to throw him out,  
Disgraced you'd ever be,  
All worthy men would on you flout,  
And join the cry with me.

The noble Duke with safety might,  
Us Rebels call again,  
No Beaumont there to set him right,  
And guard us from that stain.

Will Tindale men be thus out-braved ?  
A Patriotic band,  
No ! Vote for him who boldly saved,  
From martial law, our land.

Shall Independence thus be crush'd  
Nor freedom thought of more,  
And will your voices still be hush'd,  
Nor strive them to restore ?

Should any great man on you frown,  
Speak out, be not afraid,  
Tell him your votes they are your own,  
Then hoist the white Cockade.

And when at Alnwick you beset,  
The Hustings every where,  
No Whig or Tory will forget,  
The day he met them there.

Come from the dale, come from the hill,  
Come forward every Laird,  
And never stop the poll until,  
You see him fairly Chair'd.

Northumbrians then may boast the day,  
They were so well repaid,  
And proudly tell the time when they,  
Put on the white Cockade.

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