

AN EXCELLENT

NEW SONG,

TO THE TUNE OF

“ *Unfortunate Miss Bailey.* ”

A BARONET bold, as I've been told,
Whose promise there's no trusting,
Seduc'd a youth, who dish'd himself
On Convent Garden Hustings.
His roguish tricks had done him up,
He lost his Voters daily ;
He took to bribing half the Town,
But HOBHOUSE still look'd palely.

Oh ! John Hobhouse,
Unfortunate John Hobhouse,
Poor John Hobhouse,
You silly goose, John Hobhouse.

Each day he sallied forth to bribe
With Money and with Dinner ;
Says he, “ I preach about Reform,
But I'm the greatest sinner : ”
Yet still his Poll, at Four o'Clock,
Continued thin and scanty ;
And HOBHOUSE look'd as pale as death,
And lean as Rosinade.

Oh ! John Hobhouse,
Unfortunate John Hobhouse,
Poor John Hobhouse,
Come get you gone John Hobhouse.

“ Pluck up, my boy,” the Baronet cry'd,
“ Don't look so white and meally : ”
“ Alas ! Sir FRANK,” young HOB reply'd,
“ They've used me ungentleely !
The Election will go hard with me
'Cause I love BUONAPARTE ;
And JOHNNY BULL wont vote for me,
'Cause I'm a Frenchman hearty.”

Oh ! John Hobhouse,
Unfortunate John Hobhouse,
Poor John Hobhouse,
Poor Frenchified John Hobhouse.

“ Poor HOB,” says he, 'twixt you and I,
Your Poll I see will soon close,
For duce another One Pound Note,
Have I left in my small clothes,
To bribe the Voters for your sake ! ”
Poor HOB then vanished sadly ;
And cry'd, “ The De'il my friends may take,
I've figur'd here but badly ! ”

Oh ! John Hobhouse,
Unfortunate John Hobhouse,
Poor John Hobhouse,
Go sneak away John Hobhouse.

