

A NEW SONG.

Tune—*Vicar and Moses.*

Brother Freeman, as many address you in prose,
And insinuate this, that, and t'other,
I'll address you in verse,
And my wishes disclose,
Considering each Freeman my Brother.
Tol de rol, &c.

For nought but the welfare of all could induce me
To take up my pen at this time;
Having no inclination
To versification,
And but little talent for rhyme.

But I have what I boast of, a heart well dispos'd,
And a mind independent and free;
And ingratitude ne'er
Could in my face stare,
And say, I'm acquainted with thee.

Though my race is near run, I always lov'd fun,
And the truth, though I say it, than lies;
And when at these times
I have sung o'er the rhymes,
Says I, let's be merry and wise.

Now we have a good friend, as we very well know,
And whom we have ne'er fail'd to serve;
But had we not accepted
The one we elected,
Further favours we ne'er had deserv'd.

For wise reasons we chose him, for his worth we must love
And his mem'ry must ever revere; [him,
Then since BURTON will leave us,
Though much it doth grieve us,
We'll see who in his stead doth appear.

Why many there are who protest and declare
That to serve us they feel much inclin'd;
But I'm bold, though I'm old,
I'll not be bought or sold,
But I'll speak who's the man to my mind.

Why the one whom our worthy old Patron supports
We must chuse for our Member, my Boys;
He's not like the foolish
Young men of the day,
He's not fond of play things and toys.

He's of noble descent, and though *young* he is *wise*,
And of honour a high sense retains;
His principles, pure,
To the last will endure,
And, like BURTON, he has plenty of brains.

Then so rarely we find one so much to our mind,
For youth, for exertion's the season;
We'll of him make sure,
We him will secure,
And display both our wisdom and reason.

No stranger is he, for look ye, d'ye see,
At our *Varsity* he was brought up;
But minding his books
More than Tandem and Cooks,
He's not in your debt for *Bang-Up*.

Then sing O for the City, for Freedom, and Glory,
And EDEN and EDEN for ever;
For my Country, my King,
I only will sing,
To support them alone will endeavour.

Then EDEN we'll sing, so sweet is the sound,
For Paradise named was EDEN;
And when we run our round,
O may for us be found
A place in the Garden of EDEN.

Tol de rol, &c.

