



# JEM PAULL'S ADDRESS

TO HIS

## CONSTITUENTS;

OR,

*An Excellent New Song*

ON

## The Westminster Election.

TUNE---*The Storm.*

CEASE, Sir SAMUEL, gallant Sailor!  
Be thy Patriot voice unknown!  
*Tradesmen*, hear a *Brother Tailor*  
Speak of virtues all his own.---  
First I on the *shopboard* seated,  
Preach'd to *Journeymen* a score;  
In the COMMONS then repeated  
All the *Snips* had heard before!

In my youth I sail'd for India;  
Trade and wealth began to dawn,  
*Trowsers* there I made for SCINDEAH,  
*Cotton Draw'rs* for ALI KHAN!  
Fame I wish'd---content with riches---  
Soon that fell within my reach---  
As I *mended* once the *breeches*  
Of the man I now IMPEACH!

What, though some malignant railer,  
Ask with rage and eager hate,  
How a *journey-working Tailor*  
Knew the *Secrets of the State*?  
How that I, to stop their vapours,  
(Which I value not a LOUSE,)  
Pick'd the pockets of the Papers,  
I presented to the HOUSE?

What, tho' all my *humming, hawing*,  
Ne'er was understood by half,  
All my *chatt'ring*, all my *jawing*,  
Only made the COMMONS laugh,  
Since each Briton, stout and hearty,  
Treats me with neglect and scorn,  
Soon I join'd with BONAPARTE,  
BURDETT, JONES, and Parson HORNE.

Working on St. Stephen's benches.---  
Every Minister shall be,  
Who upon the Mob entrenches,  
Speedily *sewn up* by me!  
Then shall BONEY, my befriender,---  
(Well to him my worth is known)---  
High in state and regal splendour,  
Mount me *cross-legg'd* on the throne.

Thou who hast a fellow feeling---  
Thou who lov'st not to be free---  
Thou who liv'st by lies and stealing---  
If there be one---vote for me!  
Choose---it will be better for thee,  
Next yourself may stand and try;  
None so poor or so unworthy,  
But are just as fit as I.

