

## **318 318 318 318 318 318**

Cheer up, cheer up my gallent lads, And haste away my hearties,
To welcome this day with a loud huza Old brave John Frost the chartist,
To London town of high renown He comes, then gladly greet him,
For every man throughout the land,
So joyfully should meet him.

CHORUS.

So bold and brave he stem'd the wave Cheer up this day all parties, and welcome with a loud huza, John Frost the gallent chartist.

From Lancashire they do repair, And warwickshire to greet him,
So they roll along in thousands strong This glorious day to meet him;
Forget the day "I can't" says he, I oling to emreys fountoin,
When Jones and me and Williams 3, Went over Monmouth mountains. From far and near, from every shire, No matter what each trade is— Come w elcome Frost this glorious day And sing God bless the ladies whate'er his enimies say, Like Britons never heed e'm So welcome home with a lond huzza,

Old Johnny Frost and freedom.

Frost bas got foes we may be sure, Still he has friend<sup>8</sup> too plenty For though grey his hairs, advanced in years,

And past the age of seventy. See is hale and strong, may he live So unto glory lead em--And cut away by night and day,

For liberty and freedom.



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