

## ESSEX AND VICTORY!

Come all you gallant Essex blades,  
On to the hustings roll,  
Bring up your wives and daughters too,  
And show them how to poll;  
Vote for the man whom you like best,  
And that will be your sort,  
And you shall have a penny loaf,  
As big as Tilbury Fort.

You Essex blades your duty do  
Upon this glorious day,  
B—— and —— are the men,  
Huzza! my boys, huzza!

Away from Writtle off they go,  
From Ingatestone they flock,  
There's Springfield Bet and Witham Poll,  
And bonny Jane from Stock,  
To give their votes so gay and free,  
And the farmers too all round,  
A penny an ounce gunpowder tea,  
And beef three halfpence per pound.

From every part of Essex  
Off go the country coves,  
There never was such times before,  
Strong beer and big peck loaves;  
A lady run to give her vote,  
To B—— off she goes,  
She ran against the Black Boy Inn,  
And there she broke her nose.

When those two gallant men are returned,  
They'll do the thing that's right,  
And for the poor man they will strive,  
And struggle day and night;  
The window tax they will knock down,  
Of food we'll get enough,  
And each old woman in Chelmsford town,  
Shall have an ounce of snuff.

Now is your time or never boys,  
Be quick, make no delay,  
Essex expects that you will do  
Your duty on this day;  
B—— and B—— is a-head,  
Their praises we will sing,  
No man on earth can them throw out,  
So they must both go in.

## The Election Race at Maldon.



Attend you blades of Maldon town,  
And twenty miles the country round,  
Your duty you have nobly done,  
And caused a deal of mirth and fun.

You Maldon boys so gay,  
Huzza! my boys, huzza!

Waddington and Lenard you've returned  
So gloriously triumphant.

You made the old man cut his stick,  
You frightened poor old Quintin Dick,  
In Maldon shortly will be seen,  
That everything shall go by steam.

Lennard and Waddington did say,  
And take an oath the other day,  
That a penny loaf in Maldon town,  
Should weigh just five and thirty pounds.

An act they'll pass as may be seen,  
To marry all the girls by steam,  
And they shall have some funny rigs,  
Fried sausages and guinea pigs.

Poor old Pope he could not run,  
He was worn out, completely done,  
Grand Locomotive flew so quick,  
He tumbled over poor Quintin Dick.

When Parliament does meet the Queen,  
From Maldon they will go by steam,  
Lennard and Waddington so grand,  
To gain the rights of every man.

They'll ease the Navigator's grief,  
And feed them on good bread and beef,  
With good strong beer, pea soup, and figs,  
And such a lot of guinea pigs.

Maldon is a funny place,  
To run a grand election race,  
You done your duty, well and quick,  
And frightened away old Quintin Dick.

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