

GREENWICH, WOOLWICH, DEPTFORD AND VICTORY.

COME all you sporting — blades.

That are eager for Protection,
Haste away without delay
Unto the grand Election ;
There's Mister Chambers in the field
Talking like a tailor,
And swears he'll conquer Boney, and
Old Admiral Stuart, the sailor.

Then here's success to — bold,

Let honest men protect him,
He nobly will our rights uphold,
So gallantly elect him.

I say, I know who will get in,
Says Missus Sally Bradford,
For he has twenty-seven votes,
At the Dog and Duck, and Deptford ;
At Woolwich nine, at the Prince of Wales,
And from the Crown & Sceptre must roll
And all the girls are going to vote
For — at the Dust Hole.

Some say that Chambers must get in,
For he has lots of riches,
And if he does, he'll give the girls
A pair of Bloomer breeches ;
Here's I, for Charabers, says a snob,
And I, says an old tailor,
Will venture five and twenty bob,
On Stuart, the jolly sailor.

Let every man do as he likes,

Here's — boys for me now,
He nobly will obtain our rights,
Then cheer him three times three now,
Rally round him just like bricks,
He never yet did saunter,
I say he never shall be licked,
And no one shall him conquer.

Ladies clap your breeches on,
And haste away so dandy,
Gather all the votes together,
At the glorious Marquis of Granby ;
Put them in a Bloomer hat.
And up to — take 'em,
Vote him in like Britons bold,
Now ladies don't forsake him.

Come fill a glass and let it pass,
To — boys, for ever !
Vote him in both quick and fast,
Here's — boys, for ever !
For he's the man will shew them sport,
By all he is respected,
And he's the man you understand
Must surely be elected.

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