



THE
Triumph of Election,
OR
WOOD,

The Choice of the People.

TUNE.—“THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND,
BY J. THOMPSON.

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COME listen awhile I'll not keep you long.
The City Lord Mayor is the theme of my song
Hark ! how his praises resound from the throng
Huzza for the Mayor of the City,

Huzza for the City Lord Mayor
His judgement in Office so well he display'd ;
He studied his duties, not show or parade,
Then how could a better Election be made.,

Then the present Lord Mayor of the City,
Huzza for the City Lord Mayor.—
His duties extend beyond limits of day,
And often at night thro' the City he'll stray,
And Night-mares will frighten, I've heard people say.

So will the Mayor of the City,
Huzza for the City Lord Mayor.

The time being come for the choice of Lord Mayor
The City Electors to Guildhall repair ;
Determin'd were they, tho' a circumstance rare,
To re-elect Wood for the City,
Huzza for the City Lord Mayor.

Their efforts were crown'd with success in the
end

By electing again the City's best friend,
And long may he live their rights to defend.

The present Lord Mayor of the City,
Huzza for the City Lord Mayor.

In preserving the lives of three poor Irishmen,
His name will be echo'd again and again
Then what friend to justice can ever refrain,
From praising the Mayor of the City.

Huzza for the City Lord Mayor

To Butchers and Bakers, he next turns his eye,
Who have long fleec'd the poor they cannot deny
By charging a price which he proves is too high.

Thanks to the Mayor of the City,
Huzza for the City Lord Mayor,

His name will be handed by history's page ;
His actions a model in ev'ry age.

And like him may all, who in future engage,
Deserve the best thanks of the City,

Huzza for the City Lord Mayor.

Then Alderman Wood must sure rule the roast,
Of all the Lord Mayors that e'er grac'd the post ;
So now to conclude I will give you a toast.

Here's a health to the Mayor of the City,
Huzza for the City Lord Mayor.

