

Hurrah for Sailor

CHARLEY.

Or Napier Southwark and Victory



Haste forward you heroes of Southwark so bold
To place the old Tar at the head of the po'l,
He, the shipmate of Nelson no danger does fear
For a gallent old Sai'or is Charley Napier.

CHORUS.

Elect him, elect him, the hnstings draw near
The Member for Southwark Old Charley Napier

Old Charley has fought on the salt briny wave
The storms and the tempest he boldly did brave
For a Scovell or shovel, a fig he don't care
Hurrah for old England and Charley Napier,

So when he's returned won't his enemies keen
I mean Jemmy Graham and old Aberdeen,
Something he will tell them will fill them with
fear,

They'd as soon see the devil as Charley Napier

The deeds of old Charley will cause you to smile
He has been at Trafalger and fought at the Nile
He faced danger with courage & never knew fear
For a regular old Nelson is Charley Napier,

If old Jemmy the Postman to him says a word
He will make them to sing like a Cumberland
bird.

Slap into the Baltic old Jemmy will steer.
Bawling Southwark for ever and Charley Napier

Oh Scovell, poor Scovell you seem quite alone
You may pull up your trousers and cut away
home,

For you are no use in Southwark, you are
beaten never fear,

You can't beat the sailor old Charley Napier.

There is some will endeavour in southwark no
doubt,

To do all they can to keep old Charley out,
But they'll all be mistaken, and feel rather queer
When their bones gets a shaking by Charley
Napier

Now all the old women round Bermondsey street
And all their fair daughters so charming and
sweet,

Are sbualling and hawling now everywhere
Old England for ever and Charley Napier.

The hatters and tanners together do jog,
To praise the old tar with a can full of grog
Away to the hustings so gloriously steer,
And elect in for Southwark old Charley Napier

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