



On the S O U T H W A R K ELECTION.
Written by a Lady, and Sung at the TOWN-HALL,
January 21st, 1761.

(Tune Miss Dawson's Hornpipe.)

I.

O F all the Men in our Town,
The grave, the gay, the fair, the brown,
That Court and Canvass up and down,
There's none like JOSEPH MAWBEY:
His easy Air, his Person neat,
He Bows, he Smiles, he looks so sweet,
His Conversation is compleat,
And worthy JOSEPH MAWBEY.

II.

He'll win your Hearts by sweet surprize;
With Joy and Pleasure in his Eyes,
To give Delight he always tries,
Then VOTE for JOSEPH MAWBEY:
His Friends are true, and justly say,
That if he meets with no foul Play,
A Bet of Fifty-Pounds they'll lay
All VOTE for JOSEPH MAWBEY.

III.

Let HUME or HAMMOND take the Run,
All Party Tricks I hate and shun,
And yet should think it charming Fun,
To VOTE for none but MAWBEY:
He thinks it very foolish stuff,
To Swear, and strut, and Bounce, and Puff,
Yet Vows they shall have Treats enough,
Who VOTES for JOSEPH MAWBEY.

IV.

His Heart is good, his Genius bright,
No Scandal on his Name can light,
He begs your Company To-Night,
To SUP with JOSEPH MAWBEY:
All Hands aloft, fill up each Glas,
What most we Wish, shall come to pass,
Who plays him False shall be an Ass,
Success to JOSEPH MAWBEY.



1761

