

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

Tune.—“Down Derry Down.”

Ye free-born electors attend to my ditty,
You're choosing a Member for Westminster's City;
And if rightly you act, sure and certain I am,
That the man of your choice is honest *George Lamb*.

Down down, down Tory down.

He's an Englishman true, by his face you may see,
Tis so fat and good-humoured—so jolly and free;
What he says you may trust, you'll find it no sham,
So come give your voices to honest *George Lamb*.

They talk about mutton and lamb just to tease him,
But the truth is the sance of your Votes does not please'em;
And that sauce with our Lamb will, if I'm not mistaken,
Make poor *Johnny Hobhouse* take care of his bacon.

Johnny once was a Whig as I've heard the folks say,
Till he took to the *Rump* on one fine summer's day;
Now he roars like a bull, and he tries to look big,
And swears he'd as soon see Old Nick as a Whig.

Johnny's plan of Reform is so clear and so wise,
That no man understands it, though every one tries;
But the object is plain, and that all of us see,
Tis to humbug the voters and make *John M. P.*

What “infamous falsehoods” each day brings to light !!
Lord bless us poor *Johnny* must be in a fright;
The Electors, good lack, must begin to see through him
And if once that takes place, it will surely undo him.

They will soon find him out if they only will look,
At poor little *Johnny's* unfortunate book;
Then *Sir Frank's* protégé, our political baby,
Will slink from the hustings, and look like a gaby.

Come vote for the man, who without hesitation,
Will be good to the poor by reducing Taxation;
Who will give us Reform that shall not be a sham,
He's the man for the people—tis honest **GEORGE LAMB**.

