

# WINDSOR ELECTION GRENFELL AND FREE TRADE!

YOU Electors all who dwell around,  
One moment pray attend,  
And I will sing to you a song,  
As true as e'er was pen'd ;  
Concerning the election  
Which to-morrow will take place,  
And which of the two candidates,  
Will take the vacant place.

Now Vansitt you may go home,  
And in the corner set,  
For the vacant seat in Parliament  
I am sure you'll never get.

In olden times these tories  
Have always had their sway,  
But that faction now is nearly dead,  
For they have had their day ;  
They'll find they have not strength left  
To stem the Free Trade tide,  
So politically they will meet their death  
By committing Susan-side.

The Conservatives I'll tell you plain,  
Are a set of greedy elves,  
They'll give the poor the bones to know  
And eat the meat themselves ;  
They can't abear those FreeTrade chaps  
It is true I do declare,  
Because they wish the rich and poor,  
Of grub to have their share.

Now the tories they are very kind,  
But it is to themselves I mean,  
But free traders they are loyal  
Both to their country and queen,  
Their acts are open, right, and just,  
As no one can dispute,  
For Dilly or Derby's they do not care,  
Nor Curry-powder Dukes.

The merit of this Vansitt  
I will not now discuss,  
Except that I will tell you all,  
He is not one of us,  
He might have done all very well  
In days that have gone by,  
But now his chance of getting in,  
I think is all my eye.

We do not want monopolists,  
So Grenfell is the man,  
And to insure his safe return,  
Let's do the best we can ;  
You'll prove your love of country,  
By placing him first upon the poll,  
For he will give us a big stunning loaf  
Instead of a skinny roll.

Now you voters all of Windsor,  
I hope that you will show  
That for the tory champion  
His chance it is no go ;  
For thanks to Cobden, Bright, and all,  
And one that is no more,  
The blessings of free trade we taste,  
Which we never smelt before.

Then rally round brave Grenfell,  
The friend of liberty.  
For the champion of a free trade loaf  
Is the best for you and me ;  
Be staunch unto your colour boys !  
Be firm to them like rocks,  
And sendd Vansitt, and the tory crew  
Away like scalded cocks.

Then shout huzza for Grenfell,  
Again with three times three,  
For in spite of all his enemies,  
He must gain the victory.

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