



July 1865

A NEW SONG ON THE CITY OF DUBLIN
ELECTION IN PRAISE OF
JONATHAN, P.M.

You Freeman of the Citty, come join with heart and hand,
And vote then for a honest man that will protect our land,
I mean brave Mr Jonathau Pim that Hero stout & brave,
Who for your rights will struggle and will not you deceive,

CHORUS

Then Hurra my boys Hurra we'll elect him never fear,
And noble hearted Mr Pim wee'll place him in the chair,

The rights of poor old Erin he always did maintain
And for to gain the tenant leag I'm sure he will not fail,
we'll elect him with great honer and to London send him over,
He is a credit to his country the lovely Shamrock Shore,

This noble hearted gentleman I'm sure will gain applause,
And I will be elected by every man that loves an honest cause,
For conquest on his brow dose smile we'll cheer him up & down
He's respected by both rich & poor & the working-classes round

On the day of nomination we surely will rejoice
When we select that Hero our chief and only choice,
Our shouts will be reechoing in country and in town,
When we elect P'im my brave boys that man of high renown,

Now all should Vote for M. Pim that no one can denyy,
For hundreds of our Citizens he daily dose Employ
And the hight Church he wont support he thinks all should be free
And in the land that gave us bi th to live in Unity,

They Citty of Dublin my brve boys hurra was always firm & sound
And now we'll shew a parrable to Irland all round,
By electing that brave hero whose heart did never fail,
To free his native country that is poor old Granthwaile,

You Citizens of Dublin remember what I say,
Do not for Mr Vance to he will you betray,
For in the year of 40 our Country it was sold,
And brave O'Connell he lost his seat by bribery & gale,

Long live our Hero Jonathau Pim the pride of our Citty,
He loves his native country & would wish to see her free,
Long may he live in our sweet Land with honour & with fame
He admires an honest patriot and will maintain the same,

O Irishmen remember tho the time is gon by,
When poverty & want of trade it did us sore annoy,
That was the time that honest Pim he strove all to relieve,
And never made distinguish with either class or creed,

Our chieftain we'll crown with laurel for an honest man is he,
Replete wite truth and moral and noble gallantry,
His brave heart and soul is Irish he loves his native land,
And to guard it he will flourish with the Shamrock in his hand,

P. BRERETON, Printer, 2, Goodman's Lane, Off Patrick's
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