Middlesex Election.

You heroes of great Middlesex, Unto those lines give ear,
Soliciting your suffrages, A candidate appear,
To promise this, and promise that, And tell yon what they'll do,
Solyou must all greet him in, Lord Grosvenor—heigh ge wo. CHORUS.
So mind your eye Lord Grosvenor, And to parliament quick steer,
And jaw away until they lower, The bread and meat, and beer.

Yon all may vote for who you please But I say go complete, And vote for him who will strive to lower— The price of bread and mest, And when he goes to Parliament.

Tell him when he is there. You will turn him out unless he take The duty off the beer.

In Hounslow, Staines and Uxbridge There is such a jovial game, From Barnet down to Edmonton, And into Drury Lane, The butchers, subs, and tailors too Sang Grosvenor heigh gee wo, And a lady rode from Brentford butts On a donkey down to bow.

Lord Grosvenor says he will keep a shop,

So big I scarce can name, And sell yon all good wheaten bread

- A penny farthing a pound In Uxbridge a large butcher's shop
- He will open for relief,

To feed the poor on mution chops, Fried bacon and soiled beef,

He is going to have an oven made, So big I scarce can name,

But it is to reach from brentford bridge--

Right into Petticoat Lane, And he did swear a solemn oath, And sung God save the Queen.

He said he'd wop old Nosey Untill he made him dance, Knock little bob to ballyhack,

And Russell into Fance, He says he will some wonders do.

When the house he enters in, And Middlesex remember will,

Their poor old Georgy Byng,

but he is gone and we have got' Lord Grosvenor instead,

And now we want, I tell you what, A great big loaf of bread,

With lots of trade, and open ports, And plenty on the shelves,

God help the poor of Middlesex, The rich can help themselves. CHORUS.

So now Lord bob if you don't try, To ease the peoples pain,

We will kick you out and you shall not,

Go in the house again.

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