

FREE TRADE IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

You Hertfordshire lads you know there does
Approach a grand election,
There is men called Whigs, with Radicals,
And members of Protection ;
But mind your eye, and nobly try
To send in the right sort, sir,
For a stunning loaf, a lump of beef,
And a good brown jug of porter.

Let voices sound the country round,
Free Trade! my boys, both far and near,
Freedom is the glorious wish,
Of every lad in Hertfordshire.

Never mind what farmers say,
They grumble just like monkeys,
Their wives and daughters very soon,
Shall ride on Jack donkeys ;
They long have kept the poor man down,
And laid him in the gutter,
Fed him on coarse bread so brown,
With neither cheese or butter.

But he will let the landlords see,
All at the next election,
In our county shall not be
One inch of their protection ;
Themselves they only do protect,
I think they are uncivil,
And they about the poor don't care
If they went to the d——.

Cheer up you lads of Hertfordshire,
Since they a yarn are pitching,
From Bushey all the way to Ware,
To Buntingford and Hitchin ;
Both day and night like bricks we'll fight,
And at the next election
We will put the coveys to the right
Who talk about protection.

When a poor man has his labour done,
Into a hole, says Pompey,
They'll throw him like a worn out horse,
And bury him like a donkey ;
To the Union House his family send,
To pine in sad reflection,
Then here's Free Trade, and hang the man
Who talks about Protection.

JOHNNY AND POLLY ; Or the last half inch.

Disley, Printer, Arthur-street, Oxford-street.

COME all you lasses gay where'er you be,
And I'll relate to you a spree,
By telling you what happened to me,
While rambling out one night—
One night I strol'd along, and I met my sweetheart John
Who said my pretty dear, I'm glad to meet you here.
Then come along with me and do not flinch,
And do not flinch, and do not flinch,
And I'll sing you the humours of the last half inch
And your mother shall not know.

I said dear John, if I come along,
To hear your song, to hear your song,
I am afraid my mother will think I am wrong,
And call me a forward jade ;
What can I to her say, if she should ask I pray,
That I went to hear John play the tune half inch so gay,

He said my dear, you need not fear,
You need not fear, you need not fear,
While you a merry tune shall hear,
I'll keep you from all harm ;
It is play'd by one and all, rich, poor, and great and small
From the beggar to the swell, the tune is liked full well.

I with him rambled to hear his song,
To hear his song, to hear his song,
He played so sweet and played so long,
He has gained my heart for ever ;
So loud his pipe d.d swell—I liked his music well,
He pleased me to the heart, I was loath with him to part

When he awhile his pipe d.d play,
His pipe did play, his pipe did play,
He said my dear I must away,
For my tune is now played out ;
She said the truth I'll tell, I like your music well,
So play it o'er again, I am sure it's all serene.

John tuned his pipe again, I'll tell you plain,
I'll tell you plain, I'll tell you plain,
That I longed to hear it o'er again,
For he had gained my heart for ever ;
But in less than nine months time to swell I did incline,
His music it did mew, and my mamma she did know,
Ehat he'd play'd with me, and I did not flinch, &c.

And now a little baby I have got,
I have got, I have got,
I must set down and the cradle rock,
It's the fruits of all my playing ;
I remember well the day, when we the last tune did play
Ehe tune half inch by name, I should like to hear again.

