

COCHRANE

FOR

WESTMINSTER.

A NEW SONG.—By AN ELECTOR.

TUNE—“*With a Helmet on his brow.*”

You Lib'ral's of Westminster,
Now listen to my song,
And give your Vote for Cochrane
I'm sure you can't do wrong ;
He will suppress the Poor-Laws,
The Window-Tax likewise,
And he will tax all Absentees,
To make up the supplies.

CHORUS.

Then with Cochrane we'll go my boys,
With Cochrane we will go ;
With Cochrane we will go my boys,
And face the coward foe !

His excellent Relation,
A noted man of Fame,
Battles fought for Westminster,
And gain'd a glorious name,
Now we possess bold Cochrane,
A chip of the old block,
United in Independence,
Around him all will flock.

Then with Cochrane we'll go my boys,
With Cochrane we will go, &c. &c.

He'll down with bad vexatious laws,
That have oppressed mankind,
By Counsellors who are the cause
Of harassing the mind ;
Then Cochrane is the man my boys
This duty to perform,
For he is staunch, without alloy,
He'll battle for Reform.

Then with Cochrane we'll go my boys,
With Cochrane we will go, &c. &c.

The famed tone'd bells of Westminster
Will ring a merry peal,
To welcome our bold Hero !
And face Sir Robert Peel.
He will suppress the Poor-Laws,
The Window-Tax likewise,
And he will tax all Absentees,
To make up the supplies.

Then with Cochrane we will go my boys,
With Cochrane we will go, &c. &c.

