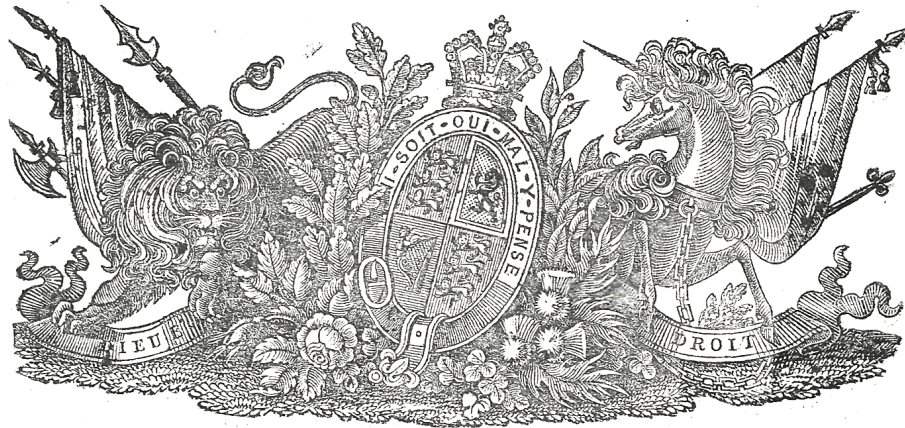


ROLT AND INDEPENDENCE.



YOU staunch men of Kent one moment
 pray attend,
 And a song to amuse you I'll sing,
 Concerning the election that shortly must
 take place,
 And the men who will strive to get in,

Then Electors all prepare,
 And bring your plumpers in,
 Send Admirals to sea, and Lawyers a way,
 For Rolt is the man who must win.

Now Rolt is a man that we all know well,
 And dwells in the sound of each voice,
 He is as sound as his timbers, it is now to
 you I'll tell,
 So he is the man for our choice.

He'll support every plan that is good for
 our land,
 He is loyal to our country and Queen,
 So if you want a staunch supporter, he
 must be your man,
 And prove that your minds are all serene:

Some parts of our town is falling to decay,
 With his timbers he will soon prop it up,
 And with his firm rafters he will shew you
 the way,
 Your enemies to give the upper cut.

We do not want lawyers, we have enough
 of them,
 And although I do not mean to be uncivil,
 But Peter is the man to parliament we'll
 send.

And pitch lawyers headlong to the d—,
 Sailors they are good to protect us at sea,
 But though they have ups and downs on
 the ocean,
 In parliament they are no use you must
 agree,

They don't understand a political motion.

So I'll tell you a plan what I think is best,
 Of all the lot, if the truth I must speak, sir,
 To do our work in the house, above all
 the rest,

Is Salomans the Jew, and brave Peter.

Disley, Printer, London.

