

## SONG.

*Talented to be sung by the supporters of George Duggan, Joiner, Doctor, Undertaker, and would be Member of Parliament.*

PRAY have you heard the news in York  
About Electioneering;  
I'll tell you just how matters work,  
So lend a patient hearing.

Bow, wow, wow,  
Fal, lal, de riddle, bow, wow, wow.

There's great alarm about the State;  
Old Cawthra's in a funk, Sir;  
O'Hara was a Candidate,  
But now he's gone dead—Drunk, Sir.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

We liked the last we chose, but still  
A Lawyer's not the thing, Sir—  
He's done some good, but may do ill;  
Besides, *he serves the King, Sir!*  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

We've found at last the very boy,  
George Duggan—sure you know him;  
If not my friend, I wish you joy,  
For then you do not owe him.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

There are some men who sneering cry,  
Supporting him's a whim, Sir,  
They say he trusts no man—then why  
Should any man trust *him*. Sir?  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

He keeps a shop—he kept an inn;  
Perhaps he's been a Sawyer;  
But what of that, he's never been  
Collector, or Crown Lawyer.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Some say he'll answer well enough,  
While others jest and carp, Sir,  
And say, "a *House* of such *green* stuff,  
Would be most sure to warp, Sir."  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Some say he cannot write, and then,  
Some say he'll never talk, Sir,  
But though he may not use the pen,  
I'm sure he writes with chalk, Sir.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Besides, all this is nonsense quite,  
He's ne'er the less your man, Sir;  
For, if he cannot speak or write,  
There'll be some there who can, Sir.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

He'll find enough to do, because  
He'll turn his hand to notions,  
Make Coffins for *expiring Laws*,  
And bury *all dead Motions*.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

He's hardly big enough, I own,  
I'm fearful, I must say, Sir,  
That when he's *up* they'll think he's *down*,  
And count him for a nay, Sir.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Some say he'll never take the floor,  
While others say that maugre  
His quiet looks, he'll *bow* and *bore*  
Like any *half-inch auger*.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

He's not the man to sell his vote,  
Or if he does, it's clear, Sir,  
From all we've had a chance to note,  
He'll sell it *plaguy dear*, Sir.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

He'll pay our debts, Sir, in a crack,  
Make turnpikes to the moon, Sir;  
And make Sir Francis Gore bring back  
His silver forks and spoons, Sir.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

He'll lay the *axe* hard to the root  
Of the Sedition Law, Sir,  
And if he finds the *axe* wont do't,  
Why, then he'll take the *saw*, Sir.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

There'll be a Union, Sir, I wist,  
And he's the man, I woen too  
To join us on, to Jean Baptiste,  
Just like a little lean to.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

No jaunts to England Sir I know,  
You need not apprehend him,  
Because, although he'd like to go,  
The deucc a bit *they'd send him*.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

If while the Session lasts, the bay—  
Takes fire (good heaven forbid it,)  
Blame who they may, they'll never say,  
*We* sent the man who did it.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Some folks may say, we're servile tools,  
Because we live in York, Sir;  
Let them send clever men—the fools,  
If that's the way they work, Sir.  
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

We'll let them see we dare be free,  
And have the face to lug in  
O'Hara—Cawthra—you, or me—  
Or—even Georgy Duggan!!!  
Bow, wow, wow,  
Fal, lal, de raddle, diddle, bow, wow, wow.