

## THE MAYOR.

(AIR :—COME TO THE BOWER.

I'm the *founder* of my fortune, Sir,  
 And tell me who would dare,  
 To say his fortune's *founder*, Sir,  
 Should not become a Mayor ;  
 And though not "oratarial," Sir,  
 I'm made of that stout stuff,  
 That every man is made of, Sir,  
 Who's always up to snuff.  
 Then I'm my fortune's *founder*, Sir,  
 And fearlessly declare,  
 That the man who *founds* his fortune,  
 Is the very man for Mayor.

Yet in the Corporation, Sir,  
 It's hard to get along,  
 For C-n-v-n is seldom right,  
 And B-x-t-r always wrong ;  
 And there is St-r-ch-n the grocer, Sir,  
 And I will bet a V.,  
 That in the City Council,  
 There's no *grosser* man than he.  
 But I'm my fortune's *founder*, Sir,  
 And therefore cannot bear,  
 That the man who *founds* his fortune,  
 Should be deemed unfit for Mayor.