

But think, ere thus you set at nought
 Your new-born privilege to vote,
 How those immortal heroes fought,
 Lang, hard, and true ;
 How great the price at which 'twas bought
 And given to you.

If you abuse it—idle were all
 The struggles of the noble Earl,
 High, freedom's standard to unfurl,
 And Britain join,
 Alas ! to win a shining pearl
 And throw to swine !

Your Wetherells, Wellingtons, and Peels,
 Carnarvons, Crokers—clever chieft—
 Showed they such horror at the bills,
 For no intent ?
 Or, did they think your votes were ill
 O' some extent ?

Their perseverance, plans, and plots
 Showed, so important were your votes
 That, tho' place-hunters—yet their coats
 Were slow to turn ;
 Long they preferred to live like outs,
 An' office spurn.

Was it for nought that, night for night,
 Both parties joined the ardent fight,
 An' fiercely fought till morning light ?
 Yet—all for nought ?—
 Ungrateful—yes ! 'Twas that they might
 Contend *your* vote.