

Ah! how shall Russel, Althorp, Brougham,
 Grey, Jeffrey, Ebrington, or Hume,
 Their time and talents more consume

For such to cater
 As, on their noblest boon, presume
 To throw cold water.

Electors! Fly all false pretences;
 Disdain all sordid influences;
 The honest candidate's defence is
 His *well-known* fame;
 His creed, expressed in common sense, is
 Wi' yours the same.

The *open* foe of all abuse
 And all expenditure profuse,
 The *tried* friend of freedom, choose.
 Corn bill or not,
 On it, your steady, upright views
 Will rule his vote.

Ye Caledonians chief, whare blaws
 An' freeman stan's an' freeman fa's,
 Of late, procured ye such applause,
 We'll turn an' doubt ye,
 If ye look slack when Britain ca's
 Each to his duty.

Voters! Ye hold Britannia's fate;
 Her lion with eyes full on you set,
 For vilest breach of trust, not yet,
 Stern rampant roars;
 But mild, confiding, at your feet,
 Looks and implores.