
POETRY.

From the Liberty Minstrel.
THE POOR VOTER'S SONG.

Air—"Lucy Long."

They knew that I was poor,
And they thought that I was base;
They thought that I endured
To be covered with disgrace;
They thought me of their tribe,
Who on filthy lucre stoat,
So they offered me a bribe
For my vote, boys! my vote!
O shame upon my betters,
Who would my conscience buy!
But I'll not wear their fetters,
Not I, indeed, NOT I!

My vote? It is not mine
To do with as I will;
To cast, like pearls, to the wind,
To these wallowers in ill;
It is my country's due,
And I'll give it, while I can,
To the honest and the true,
Like a man, like a man!
O shame, &c.

No, no, I'll hold my vote,
As a treasure and a trust,
My dishonor none shall quote,
When I'm mingled with the dust;
And my children when I'm gone,
Shall be strengthened by the thought,
That their father was not one
To be bought, to be bought,
O shame, &c.
