

I'LL BE A TORY.

SONG.

BY STEPHEN RANDAL.

I am out at elbows and destitute of every thing but a stout heart,—a stiff upper lip, and a supreme contempt for all powers that be.

I therefore *will* to be a Tory, out of spite entirely.

I compose and publish the following SONG, intending it *for sale*—for the purpose of procuring for myself food and raiment and money enough to carry me in a Tory dress, that is to say, a black coat and clean shirt, *forever* out of the Province.

The *poetry* is worth two York shillings of any man's money that has it to spend or can borrow it of his neighbour.

Those who *please* may give *more* than two York shillings—the more the better.

The *music*, except that of the chorus, which is the same as that of the fashionable song "I'D BE A BUTTERFLY," can be learned by calling at the office of "the Government," where it is continually sung, in all the Departments.

STEPHEN RANDAL.

Toronto, 21st July, 1836.

SONG—I'll be a Tory.

Dedicated to Sir F.B. Head, without his permission.

CHORUS—I'll be a Tory—I'll be a Tory,
I'll be a Tory in Upper Canada,

Repeat—I'll be a Tory—I'll be a Tory,
I'll be a Tory in Upper Canada.

I'll be "RESPONSIBLE,"

I'll keep my *Council* dull,

All Reformers down I'll pull,

I'll fill the Province full

Of the Sons of Old John Bull,

I'll break each rebel skull,

That "dares to come" like Gin'ral Hull,

When old *Perceval* was made a fool.

CHORUS—I'll be a Tory—I'll be a Tory,
I'll be a Tory in Upper Canada.

I'll drown Mackenzie's types,

I'll cut him into tripes,

I'll put on the shoe that gripes,

I'll send out the *patent swipes*,

For this *Glencelg* my conscience wipes,

I'll treat to heavy swipes!!

I care not who rots or ripens—

I'll dance whoever pipes.

CHORUS—I'll be a Tory—I'll be a Tory,
I'll be a Tory in Upper Canada.

I've been on the *Pampa's* plain,

Where the *monks* are very *mane*,

And each *sun* has got a stain,

(If all's believed that I've been saying)—

There I learn'd to hold the rein,

And proud *Executives* restrain,

With speeches and addresses *vain*,—

Of which *my head* will never drain.

CHORUS—I'll be a Tory—I'll be a Tory,
I'll be a Tory in Upper Canada.

SIMCOE, FERRIE and SIR JOHN,

Lack'd *my* rule to go upon,

In spelling CON-STI-TU-TI-ON,—

They tho't the thing was *Burk'd* so strong,

Its *letter* must be acted on—

But I'll be HEAD upon the throne—

Deal "bread and butter"—"pick the bone"

I'll be, THE CON-STI-TU-TI-ON.

CHORUS—I'll be a Tory—I'll be a Tory,
I'll be a Tory in Upper Canada.

Repeat—I'll be a Tory—I'll be a Tory,
I'll be a Tory in Upper Canada.