

THE APPROACHING CORONATION.

All you that's fond of fun and sport,
in every rank and nation,
A little chaff will make you laugh,
about the Coronation;
My ditty cannot fail to please,
the gay, the wise, and noodle,
It's about the twenty-eight of June,
the Queen and yanky doodle.

CHORUS.

To please you all both great and small,
in every rank and station,
I mean to give a little sketch,
about the Coronation.

Spoken.] You may depend upon it that the twenty-eight day of June will be a wonderful day, all the world will be in London, there is thirty-seven ship load of Turks arrived here this morning. The Dey of Algiers arrived here last night; there is all the bugs come again, and if the weather gets pretty hot and all the bugs gets in John Bull's shirt they will give him such a grip that they will make him dance.

Oh, such a lot of bugs and fleas,
the sovereigns relation,
Will come for to assist the Queen,
at her great Coronation;
If the weather should be very hot,
poor old John Bull will foodle,
For if they get upon his back,
they will bite his yanky doodle.

Spoken.] Such a blow out of snuff and tobacco will be given away at the Coronation, every old woman that can dance a hornpipe will have 2 gallons & a-half of gin, a german sausage, a fried cabbage, and a red herring, they tell me the Queen is to be kissed by every Peer of the realm, the Grand Signior, the Dutch Ambassador, and the king of the Canibal Islands, on her left cheek, if she wont have kissing enough for her little tender face it will be a wonder indeed.

Wont she have a lot of kisses sweet,
her tender face to smother,
By dukes, and lords, and baronets,
by this and that and 'tother;
If any one should hurt her cheek,
when kissing like a noodle,
She's to blame if she don't stick her teeth
into his yanky doodle.

Spoken.] There is a fair to be in Hyde-Park, Achilles is to run a race for a new pair of yellow breeches, and squire Mont Golfier is going up in a little balloon, about ten times as big as St. Paul's, filled with something, not gas or spirits, and as far as I can understand it is to be filled with hot pea-soup and cabbage plants.

Two old women talking of the fair,
said the youngest to the older,
To have a sight I will jump outright,
upon Achille's shoulders;
Said the other you get on his nose,
and me and Betsy Boodle,
Will have a treat and make a seat,
upon his yanky doodle.

Spoken.] It appears the Queen is to have presented to her to wear, three gold gilt silver wooden iron spurs, and it seems to puzzle a great many how Her Majesty is to wear three spurs, unless she has one on each heel, and the other on her nose, and if she should happen to have the spur on her nose when the kissing ceremony is going forward, some of them must be very careful they dont get scratched.

Her Majesty will look quite well,
and noble in her station,
For she has got to wear three spurs,
all at her Coronation;
One on each heel will be but two,
but then says Betsy Boodle,
You fool she is going to wear the third,
upon her yanky doodle.

Spoken.] It is expected that the Queen will very soon get married after the Coronation, they tell me that she is going to Ireland and Scotland in a very short time, and after she has been her journeys all round, she will come home again.

When our blooming little Queen is crown'd,
and all the business carried,
They tell me that she does intend,
to speedily get married;
To a husband buxom, young and gay,
she will not have a noodle,
But one that's able night and day,
to play her yanky doodle.

Spoken.] All the Queen's clothes is to be equally divided among the Peers, one is to have her shoes, another her stockings, another her stays, another her petticoats, another her bustle, and another her pocket-handkerchief, shoe-strings and nightcap.

Oh! wont it be a glorious day,
the Queen will make it all right,
And when the Crown is on her head,
she'll merrily dance a hornpipe;
One duke will have her bonnet and stays,
one her little lap-dog, poodle,
Some lord will have her bustle and gown,
and another her yanky doodle.

Spoken.] In the beginning of July she intends to hire Monsieur Mont Golfier's balloon, and go over to Germany after some sausages, to give all the old women in England over eighty years of age a good blow out of sausages and asparagus.

So to conclude and make an end,
with every rank and station,
There'll be a pretty piece of work,
all at the Coronation;
The bells shall ring and we will sing,
confusion to each noodle,
God save our blooming maiden Queen,
likewise her yanky doodle.

JOHN MORGAN.

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