

ANOTHER PRESENT FOR OLD JOHN BULL.

ANOTHER Prince has come to town,
So handsome, gay, and clever,
A present fine for Farmer Bull,
Get him a hat and feather;
He was born upon the first of May,
Strike up the harp and fiddle.
Marked on the chin with a Jack in the
green,
And a scraper in the middle.

Britannia has another treat,
A Duke of Kent sing hey day,
For England's crown he came to town,
In splendour on a May day,

There was Earls and Squires, Dukes and
Lords,
Beefeaters, Lawyers, and Proctors,
Old Arthur run and broke his nose,
A running after the doctor!
The waiting maids were all surprised,
And in the stairs did dawdle,
And Albert burnt his breeches knees,
While making a dish of caudle!

The sweeps got round the Palace door,
As black as soot and cinders,
And the Prince to see the Jack in the green
Jumped through the kitchen windows;
He had never seen such sights before,
Oh dear! how he did caper,
He beat the drum and played the pipes,
And twirled about the scraper.

Now he will be the Duke of Kent,
Called after his Grandfather,
A Colonel in the Oxford blues,
And will Britannia serve, sit;
A clever soldier he will be,
He will say Johnny Russell,
To shoot away on the first of May,
And polish the ladies bustles!

Folks sing huzza! the first of May,
All round and over the water,
The Queen has got three noble sons,
And four blooming daughters;
The Foreign Princes, Kings and Queens,
So nobly will treat them,
And if she had as many more,
She has enough to keep them.

Free Trade has made bread very cheap,
Their bellies to be stuffing,
They can feed the Prince on savalloys,
Reef sausages and muffins;
And if he lives to be a man,
He will be possessed of riches,
He will never want a penny loaf,
A hat or pair of breeches.

God save the little charming Prince,
And Heaven bless his mother,
And we don't care in half a year,
If she should have another!
For they must be provided for,
With necessaries all right,
And I don't care, says, old John Bull,
If she had nine a fortnight.

Some say he'll be a master sweep,
By clairvoyance they perceive it,
Although he was born the first of May,
I really don't believe it!
I think he'll be a Duke of Kent,
A soldier of distinction,
Fire at a sack of soot, quick march!
Right face, attention!

The Queen has got another son,
Which makes John Bull to caper,
Marked with a soot bag and a broom,
A Jack in the Green and scraper.

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew
Street, Seven Dials

