

1842

THE BIRTH OF A PRINCE OF WALES.

AIR.—“ King of the Canibal Islands.”

AROUSE, arouse, with heart and voice.
A Prince is born in England, rejoice !
Britannia now has got her choice,
A heir to the throne of England.
He came to town so fine and gay,
You are all aware on Lord Mayor's day,
He is a bouncing fellow plump and fat,
Marked on the nose with a great big sprat,
When he was born he turn'd about,
And his little sister gave a clout,
Hurrah ! hurrah ! John Bull did shout,
Here's a heir to the throne of England !

CHORUS.

God save the Queen, with a loud huzza,
She has brought to town so fine and gay,
A Prince of Wales, on Lord Mayor's day,
And a heir to the throne of England.

The nation all with joy was glad,
All hearts rejoiced, and none was sad,
And the Lord Mayor halloed, raving mad,
There's an heir to the throne of England
He gave three cheers with his cock'd hat,
Saying, I'll be knighted by this and that,
The Right Hon Sir Henry Peter Sprat,
As sure as Whittington had a cat.
Magog began to bawl and shout,
Mussels, and shrimps, and sour crout,
While Gog kept dancing round about,
Here's an heir to the throne of England

Prince Albert to banish grief and cares,
Like a bee flew up and down the stairs,
Singing drums, whistles & Bergami pears
Here's an heir to the throne of England.
In the palace the ladies began to sing,
One swallowed eleven drops of gin,
The guns did fire, the bells did ring,
And the nurses shouted we have a king.
Prince Albert the napkins ready got,
And bolted up with the coffee pot,
And sang, as he made the caudle hot.
Here's an heir to the throne of England

Prince Albert his two hands did clap,
And gave the table a thumping slap,
Then nimbly ran for the flannel & cap,
For the heir to the throne of England.
Prince Albert overcome with joy,
Nine times did kiss his darling boy,
And vow'd he'd encounter storms & gales,
With his young bonny Prince of Wales.
Right over the seas to Germany,
His father and mother and friends to see,
And drink a health with three times three,
To the heir to the throne of England.

A Duchess, gallant, gay and fair,
Said, whisp'ring to the new Lord Mayor,
The Queen has got a pigeon pair.
An heir to the throne of England.
She's brought John Bull a Prince of Wales
Who will not listen to foolish tales,
But travel thro' tempests, storms & gales,
So brisk and lively, strong and hale,
Totwirl a sword and fire a gun,
And shew his enemies sport and fun,
Long life to England's royal son,
The heir to the Throne of England.

May the shamrock, rose, & thistle, three,
Unite together in harmo y
And drink a health with three times three
To the gallant heir of England,
An old duchess shouldered up a broom,
Saying, the Queen will have another soon,
And in eighteen hundred and fifty three,
She will have a tremendous family,
Of boys and girls upright and true,
George, Bill, Edward, Kit, and Sue,
And old John Bull will have enough to do
With the heirs to the throne of England

CHORUS.

Sing in splendour, banish spleen,
You bonny lasses gay and keen.
Here's Lord Mayor's day, our noble Quee
And the heir to the Throne of England,

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

