

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE
QUEEN OF ENGLAND
 OR,
BRITAIN'S HOPES.

AIR.—“NANCY DAWSON.”

ATTEND you ladies, one and all,
 The rich, the poor, the great, and small,
 Your kind attention I must call,
 God save the Queen of England !
 We shall not long be left alone,
 But happiness expect at home,
 With a son and heir to England's Throne,
 Long live the Queen of England !

CHORUS.

Go where you will, by night or day,
 Through Britain's Isle the ladies say,
 Oh ! the Queen is in the family way,
 The blooming Queen of England !

Two old ladies did a row begin,
 Cried one I'll have a drop of gin,
 Oh ! how the bells will merrily ring,
 God save the Queen of England !
 For the Queen is in the family way,
 How do you know ? then one did say,
 Why, because she can't lace up her stays,
 The blooming Queen of England !

A son and heir will come to town,
 To please the nation all around,
 Mark'd with one hundred thousand pound,
 God save the Queen of England !
 It will disappoint, you'll understand,
 A Don Giovanni rum old man,
 Who can't come here to Cumber-the-land,
 Here's a health to the Queen of England !

The ladies say they are fond of males,
 Oh dear ! bawl'd one, don't tell no tales,
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! for a Prince of Wales,
 And a health to the Queen of England !
 Would not it look well in pleasant weather,
 If all the ladies gay and clever,
 Should tumble in the straw together,
 God save the Queen of England !

Cried old John Bull, as I'm forlorn,
 Whene'er a Prince of Wales is born,

With jewels I will him adorn,
 And love the Queen of England !
 I will with him with a sword so bright,
 A musket shall be his delight,
 And like a Briton he shall fight,
 For the glorious Queen of England !

A Lord and his Lady had a row,
 And I thought they would have fought just now,
 And it was all about, I vow,
 The glorious Queen of England !
 Said the Lord, the Queen will have a son,
 Lord, cried the Lady, hold your tongue,
 She's done no more than I have done,
 God save the Queen of England !

A Countess bawled aloud, I ween,
 There's a gallows row about the Queen,
 Why scarce three months she's married been,
 The blooming Queen of England !
 And I have been married twenty-three,
 But I can't get a son, you see,
 And I know I have tried as hard as she,
 Success to the Queen of England !

If the Queen should have a son, you see,
 Won't the old women have a spree ?
 Singing rifum-tifum skilligolee,
 Here's a health to the Queen of England !
 So all you blooming maidens fair,
 Get in the fashion every where,
 Sing and strive to get a son and heir,
 Long live the Queen of England !

There's scores of ladies in the land,
 All getting ready out of hand,
 For the royal christening we understand,
 Success to the Queen of England !
 And on that day the bells shall ring,
 They will take the duty off the gin,
 They will drink a health to our future king,
 And the glorious Queen of England.

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