

1842
THE BIRTH OF

THE PRINCE OF WALES.



AIR,—“*Bailiffs are coming.*”

COME all you bold Briton, and list for a while,
And I'll sing you a song that will cause you to smile,
A young Prince of Wales is, at last, come to town,
The pride of the nation, and heir to the crown.
On the ninth of November, 'tis true, 'pon my life,
All Buckingham Palace was bustle and strife,
The nurses stared at each other with joy,
Bawling, our Queen she has got a most beautiful boy.

CHORUS.

The bells they shall ring, and the music shall play,
The ninth of November!—remember the day!
Through England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales,
Shout, long life to the Queen, and the young Prince
of Wales.

It was on the ninth, about eleven in the morn,
When a young Prince of Wales in the Palace was born
Little Vic. she was there, as you all may be sure,
Besides doctors, and nurses, and gossips—a score.
Says Vic., I declare he is the image of me,
And there's my dear Albert's nose to a tee,
One and all declared, when he grew up a man,
He would drub all the foes that infested the land.

Then Albert stept in with a face full of glee,
And he danced and he dandled his son on his knee,
When, all of an instant his countenance fell,
And he cried, don't I see a most terrible smell!
Mine Cot, says Al., oh Lord, what a mess,
He has completely spoilt my new morning dress;
Be quick and go fetch me some napkins or towels,
For mine son, the young Prince, is relax'd in his
bowels.

Of friends and relations there came such a crew;
Of lords, dukes, and ladies, and Germans a few;
Each one bringing presents, the young Prince to please
They all were as brisk as a cart load of peas—
Lady Melbourne, she brought him a neat little lamb
With lollipops he was, by Miss Russell, crammed,
There were cradles, & pap-boats, & rattles complete,
And lots of small chairs with large holes in the seats.

The head nurse, Miss Peel, declared with much joy,
She never beheld such a sweet little boy;
She'd clap him, she said, at the head of police,
That his, if his mamma would give him that leave.
Says old Waterloo Nell, it shall be no such a thing,
For the Prince he was born to become a great king,
When the child, to decide the question, let fly,
With a bason of pap knock'd out Betty Peel's eye.

A treat was prepared for the visitors gay,
To all the good things their respects they did pay,
Each one was inclin'd to have a blow out;
There was soups, and potatoes, and fine sour-croust;
One swallowed a sausage full half-a-yard long,
When a brave old Duchess, who join'd in the throng
Regg'd away at the candle while she was able,
Then went sprawling headlong over the cradle.

The young Prince he was set at the end of the room
And, instead of a sceptre, he shouldered a broom:
His Great-Uncle Ernest all swore he could whack,
And give him, in earnest, a devilish crack;
They all were as merry as grigs, I declare,
Each one seem'd determin'd to drive away care;
One and all took a glass, and drank with much joy,
Long life to the Prince—he's a fine little boy.

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



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