



THE HUMOURS OF The Royal Visit TO CAMBRIDGE.

Come all you good People and listen around,
Its concerning the Visit to Cambridge town,
The 25th day of October, if you only mark,
In Cambridge there never was known such a lark :
It will long be remembered you quickly shall hear,
For many a mile round Cambridgeshire—
Some thousands assembled as you understand,
To see all the sights and fireworks so grand.

CHORUS.

So if you will be silent and listen around,
I will mention the humours of Cambridge town,
Many pounds were expended in waste on that day,
But John Bull he will have the expences to pay.

Now through Tottenham, Edmonton too, I declare,
Through Cheshunt & Hoddesdon, & then into Ware,
And Buntingford too on that day, it is said,
To honour the Queen preparations were made :
Now in Royston, I'm told, that great credit was due,
Where thousands assembled—from all parts they flew
To see Queen Victoria, as you may suppose,
Some fell on their rumps, and dirted their clothes.

When arriving at Melbourn, as I understand,
There was gigs & coaches, with horses well mann'd,
And as they went through how the people did stare,
It resembled the hounds running after the hare.

When arriving in Cambridge, as I heard them say,
The bells they did ring, and the music did play,
They were pushing and driving—some screaming
[aloud.
While some lost their bustles and shawl in the crowd.

One thing I must mention to you, by the bye
They rais'd a subscription to make a great pye—
By fifty Collegians they say it was made,
You will say they were qualified well for the trade
When into the college this pye they had got,
Prince Albert was chosen to carve for the lot,
But when at the top I will tell you his woes,
The ladder gave way, and he fell on his nose.

Victoria she halloed, get out of the room,
You are better adapted to handle a broom,
She then rose and gave him a slap in the face,
Saying, Albert you're bringing me into disgrace,
Queen Victoria she raved—in a passion she flew,
While others they muttered, & some cried mon dieu,
Some halloed aloud, we are all in a mess,
But how it was settled I leave you to guess.

Before that I finish I'll give you a line,
Respecting the nobles that sat down to dine,
Instead of such waste I am certain and sure,
It might be applied in relieving the poor.
Now poor old John Bull he is wasting away,
He is pestered and pelted by night and by day,
He is taxed with such burthens all over the land,
It's feared he'll sink beneath them, not able to stand.

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