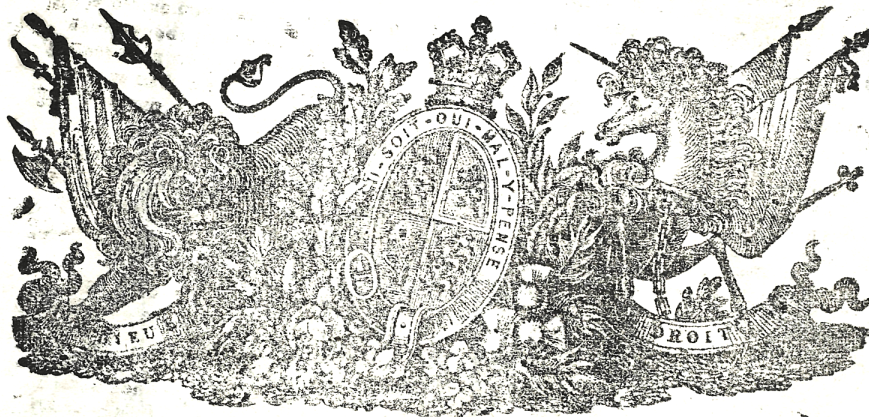


PRINCESS'S

Farewell to England



Come all you pretty english maids
 You won't no where to find me
 I am off with joy so now good bye
 I leave you all behind me
 I have got a man a handsome man,
 Oh dear there's been a fuss then
 I am going to the Prussian land
 With my sweet darling husband

Oh mother dear don't shed a tear
 For ever I will kind be
 I am going far across the sea
 So leave you all behind me

My husband fine is twenty-nine
 Stands five feet ten so clever
 A finer man on Britain's land
 thee cannot be not never
 He is blythe and free he please me
 I am certain he will kind be
 Adieu my friends at sweet Gravesend
 I leave you all behind me

At Gravesend town we travel down
 The people seem amazing
 While every eye as we pass by
 On me and Fred are gazing
 Dad at home and mother too
 My sister's hair she's curling
 And me and Fred will go to bed
 When we arrive at Berlin

My husband never was a Turk
 A Frenchman nor a Russian

He's a right down jolly buxom chap
 He is a noble Prussian
 What care we for old John Bull
 A fortune he must find me
 My pretty blooming english girls
 I leave you far behind me

My mother said such pretty maids
 It was a shame I single tarried
 God bless the day the happy day
 The day when I was married
 From London down to Gravesend town
 We gaily went new mind me
 Bid adieu I will to Shooters Hill
 And the land I have left behind me

When we get down to Gravesend town
 The pretty girls drew near me,
 While boys did sing the bells did ring
 And the bonny lasses cheer me
 There goes they cried the lovely bride
 May her Prussian husband kind be
 With a loud huzza I am off so gay
 And leave you all behind me

I am going to a distant land
 With Prussians to be mingling
 But I shall come you understand
 Sometimes to dear old England
 And if my Fred don't use me right
 A tartar he shall find me
 I like a brick will cut my stick
 And leave him far behind me



1858