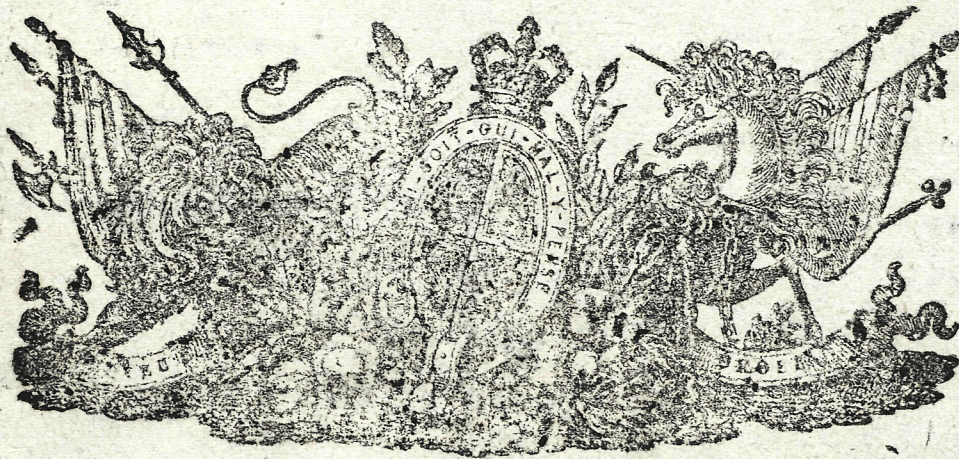


Royal visit to GRAVESEND.



Small you pretty english maids
You won't no where to find me
I am off with joy so now go
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
There cannot be not never
He is blythe and free he pleases me
I am certain he will kind be
Adieu my friends at sweet Gravesend
I leave you all behind me

To 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 now 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 huzzah 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

