

# A NEW TIMES.

TUNE,—“*Nid Noddin*,” or the “*Cobbler and Butcher*.”

COME friends and give attention,  
And listen to my rhymes,  
While I ask you a word or two,  
Concerning of the times;  
Albert and his wife to have a skate  
To Frogmore off did jump,  
Where little Vic. she had a dip,  
And Albert broke his rump.

CHORUS.

So I will tell you all concerning these very  
funny times.

Now Parliament again does meet,  
What do you think they'll do,  
Why, they'll buy the Princess Royal first  
Some bounet, caps, and shoes;  
Settle on her a good fortune,  
And providing be for others,  
For very soon she does expect  
A little pair of brothers.

All at the royal christening,  
There will be a pretty game,  
And neighbour can you tell me now  
What is to be her name;  
Why, Charlotte Albert Billy Vick,  
Right tan ta ra sa rug,  
Non-mi-riccords, buy a broom,  
Sweet Josephine Bug.

To give to me a short account,  
I hope sir you, 'twill please,  
At the Egyptian Hall sir have you seen  
Victoria's little cheese?  
That weighs about nine thousand stone,  
Oh how it did me flutter,  
If it was to melt all London would  
Be washed away with butter.

Mister Murphy is a clever chap.  
And that you all do know,  
For when he says 'twill blow and rain,  
It is sure to freeze and snow;  
He can tell young women's fortunes,  
Read and expound a riddle,  
He knows as much about the planets,  
As a donkey does a fiddle.

Now if you will attention give,  
Just for a little while  
I will tell you of the fashions,  
Which will make you for to smile;  
With shawls like witney blankets,  
The ladies on do flock,  
And a bonnet just exactly like  
A Welshman's mustard pot.

A tippet like a donkey's tail,  
Around their necks so fine,  
A boa like a cow's tail,  
And as they speak so kind,  
They have a row of beads a dangling  
Like a string of oyster shells.  
And earrings in their ears just like  
The clapper of a bell.

Then you will see the ladies maid,  
So buxom and so keen,  
With the scullery maid and chamber maid,  
Drest out like any queen;  
The cook looks like a dripping pan,  
The coachman in his master's breeches,  
With the footman struts along just like  
Old Nick upon two crutches.

Don't you think my friend that London  
Very soon will be complete,  
Instead of stones or wood they will  
Have India rubber streets;  
With steam jack-daws and monkeys,  
Drest in green, blue, and red,  
And railroads in the kitchen  
To convey you up to bed.

Victoria says, you pretty maids,  
Come gather up your browns,  
You owes me a quarter's money,  
Six or seven thousand pounds;  
And that you know must soon be paid,  
There nothing is so sure,  
And Albert and his little wife,  
Will get John Bull some more.

At the christening the bells shall ring,  
And the band shall merrily play,  
It will be the annive sarv of  
Victoria's Wedding Day.  
Albert and his wife upon my life,  
Will banish grief and pain,  
And they'll have nothing else to  
But to go to wurk again.

They will get John Bull a basket full  
Of little girls and boys,  
Who if they don't their wages get,  
Will make a pretty noise.  
The Queen like old Queen Charlotte,  
Will soon find out the knack,  
To “Hey Jim along Josey,”  
Joe, tit fal la ra whack.

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