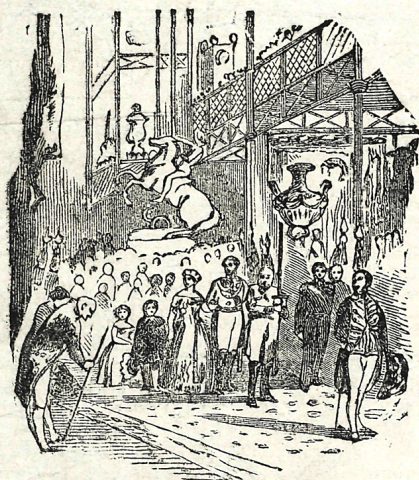


The Royal Marriage.

Tune:—"BOB AND JOAN."



Come listen, one and all, unto this funny ditty,
That at present's all the talk in country, town, and city;
A Prussian prince I saw is coming over the water,
And is going to jump the broom with Vicky's eldest daughter.

CHORUS.

So here I am in luck, just come over the water,
I am a Prussian Prince, and I'll marry Albert's daughter.

O such a pretty girl you never saw in your life, sir,
She says she's going to be soon Prince Billy's wife, sir;
Poor fellow he's going mad, he says he feels quite funny,
For she's scarcely in her teens, and he likes a girl that's crummy.

All the world they will be there from Austria and Russia,
And King Bomba will be there to see the Prince of Prussia.

His father says, My boy, do your duty like a man, sir,
Like you, my dear old dad, I will do all I can, sir,

She must leave her mamma, now isn't it a pity,
Only the other day, I used to suck the titty;
Now I must bid farewell, and mix with those fine ladies,
And we'll dig a parsley bed, and have lots of little babies.

We must keep a farm and pigs, and spin all our new rigging,
I will milk the cows, and he shall do the digging;

I'll keep him by my side, in case that he should fall, sir,
And as for kitchen maids, I'll have no maids at all, sir.

At Windsor we shall be wed, then I'll give her a ride, sir,
In a chaise and pair, me and my little bride, sir,
As for what people say, I'm suse we must not mind them,
We'll drive through Maidenhead, and leave Bushey Park behind them.

He's such a fine made man and always very zealous,
He must not kiss the girls, or I shall then be jealous.
I mean to rule the roast, and keep him near my face, sir,
And if he strays I'll use the rod in the right place, sir.

He must work hard to get rich, for he has not got much money,
And if he behaves himself, I'll call him duck and honey;
But if he does get drunk he must bear this in mind, sir,
I'll forgive him just for once, then stop all his overtime, sir.

I am longing for the day so glorious and bright, sir,
What must his feelings be, he longing for the night, sir,
That I take him for better or worse, and I think it is no sin, sir,
To sport my figure about, John Bull will find the tin, sir.

On the Continent we'll go, and no ill shall betide her,
A soldier he shall be, I should like him a roughrider;
But to battle he shant go, in case that he should fall, sir,
Then instead of his being shot, at home we'll have a ball, sir.

So now I must conclude, and finish my ditty,
Some say I am too young, and I think it is a pity,
I'll take him for better or worse, in spite of wind or weather,

I take the rough with the smooth, and stick like wax and leather.

Neesom, Printer, 93, Brick Lane, Bethnal Green.

The Trade supplied.



1858