



THE

PRINCE'S TOUR THRO' INDIA.

Good people now both great and small,
Pay attention one and all,
And I'll tell you if I can at all,
About the Prince in India;
He went upon a pleasure trip,
In a great big overgrown ship,
And gave the British troops a tip,
For not to let the Rajahs slip,
As he was going with them to dine,
And brought with him some presents fine,
Embellished with the British lion,
To give the Chiefs in India.

CHORUS—

Now it's a fact and no mistake,
He went for curiosity sake,
Some great discovery for to make,
Upon a tour thro' India.

He brought Irish potheen filled in jars,
And cases to hold their cigars,
With newly invented watering cars,
To keep down the dust in India,
Besides for them the Prince has got
Of fire engines what a lot,
That in case the sun would get too hot,
To put it out upon the spot,
He brought a new steam velocipede,
That can beat the wind when at full speed,
Five thousand miles an hour indeed,
'Twill fly with him thro' India.

When the niggers heard the Prince arrived,
The way to carry him they contrived,
On an elephant's back just one hundred and five
They mounted him in India,
Then they began to shout and yell,
He thought it was a little hell,
So exhibit his Highness well,
Away they started off pell mell,
When the elephant began to trot,
With the jiggling and jolting that he got,
That he didn't know whether he was alive or not
After his first crive in India.

When at Bombay and Hydrabad,
The darkies went stark staring mad,
To get a glimpse a tbe British lad,
That just came out to India,
Some thousands of the yallow gals,

Escorted by their swarthy pals,
Went to meet him and his generals,
Expecting lots of new fal dals,
Then with the hammering of their gongs,
And shouting of their native songs,
The had him as bothered as a tons,
The whole of that night n India.

Then he went from that unto Moodk e,
Where the Musselman all danced with glee,
For the thought a poor day they'd never see.
Once he arrived in India,
They prepared for him a splendid ball,
And invited him that night to call,
Where from shaking hands with them one and all
He fainted dead against the wall,
They kicked up such a hullabullo,
He didn't know righty what to do,
To try and keep this motly crew,
From eating him in India.

Now they're going to give the Prince of Wales,
Upon next May when home he sails,
A chignon stuffed with monkey tails,
To bring home to his wife from India,
And they wont forget you may depend,
To decorate their Royal forehead,
A drumadeary hump they'll send,
To make for her a grecian bend,
They'll send to her a broad leae'd hat,
Made out of th skin af a Hindoo rat,
And trimmed with the feathers of a wild buck cat
It's th fashion out in India.

Now I'm told the Prince will also bring,
An elephant that can both dance and sing,
And tell the old women every thing,
About their sons in India,
It will tell the girls if they go,
No matter whether high or low,
Every thing they want to know,
Of how and where to get a beau,
He'll bring unto his little dears,
A basket full of crocidile tears,
Shed by Nana Sahib these many years,
For not catching him in India.

