

# THE EXPECTED Treat for England

AIR,—“JIM ALONG JOSEY,”

IN England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales,  
The folks are telling some curious tales,  
For they say the time is nearly come,  
When England's Queen expects a son.

CHORUS

Hey get along you London lasses,  
Skip and hollow how they run,  
England's Queen to morrow fortnight,  
Brings to town a bouncing son.

The Welchmen say he'll be mild and meek,  
And on his head they'll plant a leek,  
They will buy him a goat, a whip, and spur,  
And over the mountains hollow her.

Old Ireland says she will have a fame,  
Saint Patrick shall be his name,  
He shall drive his enemies with a fork,  
From Dublin City into Cork.

The Scotchmen swears his name they'll seal,  
With Bannock burn and barley-meal,  
On the river hedge they'll have a spree,  
And drink his health in skillegylee.

The Germans say they'll come along,  
To England fifty thousand strong,  
With lots of presents to drown his fears,  
Sower-croust, sausages, bergamy pears.

Oh won't Prince Albert dance and run,  
When he beholds his darling son,  
He will hit his daddy in his eye,  
And make his little sister cry.

When he comes to town now only mark,  
There will be a fair in Saint James's Park,  
There'll be badger baiting, fighting cocks,  
And ladies running for calico smocks.

There'll be bullock roasting fine and fat,  
And dandys' jumping in the sacks,  
There'll be cocks and breeches dipped in gold,  
And damsels climbing the greasy pole.

There'll be ringing, dinging, there will good lawk,  
And a donkey race in birdcage walk,

There'll be Charley playing and pitching the nob,  
And a wrestling match with Arthur and Bob.

The Duches of Kent will dance a jig,  
And the Countess of Cabblestone deal in figs,  
And old John Bull in the evening soon,  
Will ascend from the park in a great baloon.

The guns shall fire the bells shall ring,  
The lads shall dance and the ladies sing,  
Old women shall banish grief and woe,  
And the boys shall caper Jim along Joe.

Old Nosey shall make a terrible fuss,  
Little babby shall toddle after the nurse,  
Prince Albert shall stir the cordle about,  
Sweep the kitchen and wash the clouts.

They have sent a letter without any fault,  
To summon King Phillip and Marshall Soult,  
The royal Dauphin, his mother the Queen,  
And the great big Duches of Augoline.

To shew the ladies some sport and fun,  
They have sent for Jones, the taylor's son,  
They will feed him on sour-croust and bergamy  
pears,  
And chain him under the pantry stairs.

Ladies get ready without delay,  
To-morrow fortnight will be the day,  
You must all assemble both high and low,  
Unless like the Queen you are laid in the straw.

If you likely to be confined, may be,  
Rather than miss such a glorious spree,  
Let not the same with you take place,  
But just for a week put off your case.

JOHN MORGAN.



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