

I am Married at Last.

Tune.—“Mol in the Wad.”

H. Paul, Printer, 22, Brick Lane Spitalfields.
Shops and Hawkers Supplied.

I am a damsel gay and bright,
Who like do the thing that's right,
The secret I don't like to mince,
I have married a buxom German Prince,
He brought me sausages so fine,
He kiss'd me well and used me kind,
Thirty thousand pounds he has got a year
I am married at last and I don't care.

(Spoken.) You can't think how comical I
felt the day I got married, I felt all over in
such a perspiration as I was going to. Chorus

Tiddle tol lol tol lol tol le,
I am a damsel young and gay,
Who married a German Prince so glad,
And danced and sung old Mol in the wad

I bought him a dandy shirt so fine,
A pair of boots; and four and nine,
A three cock'd hat and a feather all right
A great cow heel and a pound of tripe,
I bought him a watch as big as St. Paul's,
And a slashing dashing pair of smalls,
I bought him a gun like Oldgate Pump,
And he fired a shot at tiddle le bump.

(Spoken.) I don't care what John Bull says
about expences, for my Albert is a clever little
sausage maker as ever sang. tiddle lol, &c.

I am a damsel gay and free,
The world may say what it likes of me,
I am the Queen of all the land,
And I can't do without a man;
Prince Albert is the man for me,
He is devilish fond of skilligalee,
There is nothing like a wedded life,
I can't forget my wedding night.

(Spoken.) I think I never shall forget when
Albert took me in his arms, I blushed like a
haporth of penny-winkle shells, the lords
looked the ladies smiled, oh! says I how mod-
est you look, all you ladies who would not
marry to morrow ought to be, tiddle lol, &c.

Prince Albert came to marry me,
From mother's land of Germany,

Stark naked miles for me he'd run,
For I've got money though he's got none,
Thirty thousand is not much I'm sure,
Old Former Bull must find some more,
Since I got married I will make it right,
And fry the sausages day and night.

(Spoken.) Peoples talk a great deal about
sausages and poloneys, there is a great many
people in this neighbourhood, would be glad
of a good blow out of sausages if they was
hungry, I can assure you I am very fond of
sausages well fried with a lot of nice, tiddle &c.

I to my lovely Albert said,
When we got married and went to bed,
I will buy you love a three cock'd hat,
Sing burn the bellows and drown the cat;
Like turtle doves we'll happy dwell,
Then he tun'd his tingalero well,
Of whiskey we had eleven goes;
Singing Jack's the lad and off she goes.

(Spoken.) I should advise every maid over
fifteen and under ninety to marry to morrow,
and I will promise to send to Germany for
eleven thousand of Albert's countrymen, they
are such bouny lads, although they have no
money they can bring a lot of, tiddle lol, &c.

If I was single I'd live in pain,
And if I was a widow I'd marry again,
If Albert died to day for sorrow.
Blow'd if I would't get married to morrow,
There's nothing like a wedded life,
I was never so happy as since a wife,
My ladies look'd with jealousy,
'Cause they could'd get married as well as me

(Spoken.) I think it would be dangerous to
leave my Albert among the ladies of my bed-
chamber while I was out, for fear he should
get among them, and learn them the tune of,
tiddle lol, &c.

My marriage tale is nearly done,
I will bet the nation two to one,
My Albert will not go from me,
Unto the land of Germany,
Lord if I thought he'd bolt away,
I would lock him up all night and day,
Aye, and keep him guarded well, oh! fegs,
With a great big padlock on his legs.



1840