

PRINCE ALBERT IN ENGLAND.

I am a German just arriv'd,
With you for to be mingling,
My passage it was paid,
From Germany to England;
To wed your blooming Queen,
For better or worse I take her,
My father is a duke,
And I am a sausage maker.

CHORUS.

Here I am in rags and jags,
Come from the land of all dirt,
To marry England's Queen,
My name it is young Albert,

I am a cousin to the Queen,
And our mothers they are cronies,
My father lives at home,
And deals in nice polonies;
Lots of sour crout and brooms,
For money he'll be giving,
And by working very hard,
He gets a tidy living.

He said to me one day,
We poor long time have tarried,
And I will shut up shop,
My son when you get married;
He gave me eighteen-pence,
And twenty pounds of sausages,
Saying off to England go,
And that will pay your passage.

That was not quite enough,
And father had no riches,
So mother pawn'd her gown,
And father sold his breeches;
My brother sold his boots,
Cause he on me was doating,
So from Germany I came,
To England a courting.

You Englishmen are rich,
Or I am much mistaken,
You have good bread and beer,
With mutton, beef, and bacon;
While father's folks at home,
Live all the week on cabbage,
And on Sunday they will dine,
On sour crout and sausage.

Your Queen loves me right well,
And says too long she has tarried,
She is going to buy me a pair
Of boots when we get married;
A handsome coat and shirt,
For she's got lots of riches,
A one-and-ninepenny hat,
And a slashing pair of breeches.

She's going to buy me a sword.
'Cause she said, her mother told her,
She is going to give me a horse,
And make me a Waterloo soldier;
She'll give me lots of money to spend.
But save it up I'd rather,
And send a crown a week,
To Germany, to father.

She says, when we are wed,
I must not dare to tease her,
But strive both day and night,
All e'er I can to please her.
I told her I would do
For her all I was able,
And when he had a son,
I would sit and rock the cradle.

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