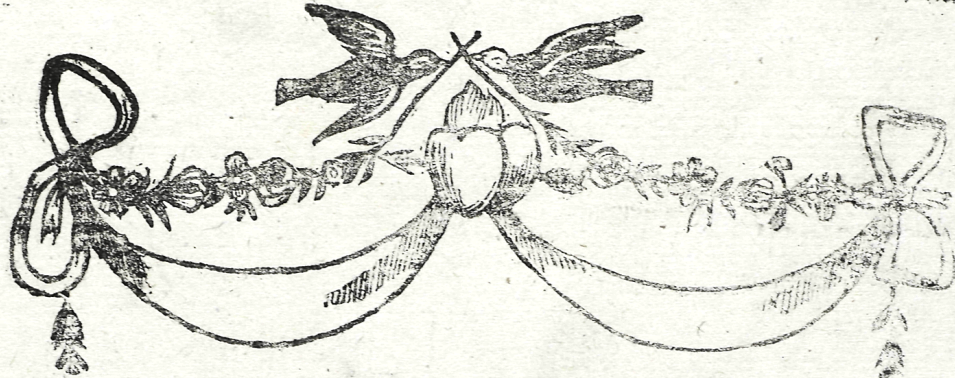


Royal Princess 's Wedding.



I am a smart young man,
I did not come from Russia,
My name is bucksome Fred.
And I was born in Prussia.
I did the question pop,
John Bull made no denial,
Powder, plums and shot,
I'll have your Princess Roya.

Sour crout and brooms,
I nice in love have caught her,
I must be married soon,
To Queen Victoria's daughter.

My uncle is a king,
My father is a Prince sirs,
I want a blooming wife,
The Princess Royal is mine sirs,
Prussia is my home
You say the land of all dirt,
I'm related beck and bone,
To Vick and blooming Albert,

We will be married soon,
In happiness and clover,
Flare up and buy a broom,
And see the first night over,
She is a blooming girl,
There was never such another,
Such handsome pretty curls,
Exactly like her mether.

And said Prussian Fred,
What are you up to now sirs,
Father sold his bed,
Mother pawned her trousers,
Sister sold her shift.
Beleive what I'm reporting.
I engaged a ship,
And off I came a courtiug,

Oh my pretty dear,
Too long you've single tarried
Sour crout and brooms,
We are going to get married,
From wedlock I am sure,
No power on earth can stop her,
Oh dear I'm very poor.
I want some John Bull coppers.

We wont be married long.
And our Royal maids bewildering
In three or four years
We'll have five and forty children.
I dreamt the ether night,
When I landed at Dover,
I heard my jewell bright,
Say I wish the first night over.

will my darling wed,
That will be on a Monday
She will sing while we're in bed,
I am seventeen come Sunday,
Freddy make the tea,
Wipe down the chairs and tables,
Freddy wash the elouts,
And go aad rock the cradle,

Married we will be
My dear is sweet as honey
All we Germans want
Is farmer John Bull's money,
Mother said "son Fred"
I am glad you have not missed her,
I hope when you are wed
Shell' say you sweetly kissed her

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