

JIM CROW'S TRIP TO THE Royal Wedding



I am come again to visit you,
As you may see and know,
'Cause to the Royal Wedding they've
Invited Jim Crow.

CHORUS.

So you see you English men and maids,
So buxom and so keen,
Jim Crow has been invited to
The Wedding of the Queen,

I toddled from Kentucky,
Last Monday Morning soon,
And came by steam to England
In a paper bag balloon.

I landed at de Tower,
And the guns begin to blow,
When the ladies run from every part.
To see Jim Crow.

Den I got into a donkey cart,
And to Buckingham Palace quick did go,
When the Lords and Ladies holloa, here
Is King Jim Crow.

I said were is Her Majesty,
Said a Duke, she's down below,
Den I say tell her come directly,
To King Jim Cow

She come out like a angel,
So charming and so fair,
And I say, God bless your Majesty,
My pretty little dear.

I say I understand my lady,
As so long you have single tarried,
To change your situation you,
Are going to get married.

Indeed I am she said to me,
In a sweet and pleasant tone,

De weathar is so very cold,
I cannot lie alone.

Den I say you are de prettiest girl,
In all the world I know,
And I wish wid me you would agree,
And marry Jim Crow.

I'd make the toast and fiddle,
And learn you for to sing,
And fetch you every noon,
A tea-cup full of gin.

I will wash de clothes and mangle,
And attend upon de door,
Tie up your shoes and lace your stays,
And scrub the kitchen floor

She say Jim Crow it is no use,
For you here is no room,
Den she gave me such a topper,
With the handled of de broom.

I tell you what Jim Crow she said,
With a youth I have engaged,
Prince Albert, young and charming,
And but twenty years of age.

What you will do when you get married
I say I should like to know,
Why she say we'll toddle off to bed,
And jump Jim Crow.

Den she sent me into dinner:
Quite overcome with grief,
I could only eat nine pounds of goose,
And seven stone of beef.

She say come to the wedding Jim,
And sea de ladies fair,
Oh dat I will and bridesmaid be,
My pretty little dear.

God bless her gracious Majesty,
She is handsome young and clever,
Jim Crow will pray both night and day,
Dat she may live for ever.

CHORUS:

Den wheel about and turn about,
And sing both high and low,
God bless the Queen of England,
And Jump Jim Crow.

JOHN MORGAN.

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