

Death Inquest & Funeral of Prince Alberts Grey-hound.

TUNE.—King of the Cannibal Island.

Oh Britons listen here awhile,
To what will cause you for to smile
Such a row theres been without denial,
About P. A. Grey-hound,
P. A. had a hound so keen,
The favourite of old Englands Queen,
Such a dog before was never seen,
His name was How jow hurgo ween,
He used to range the kitchen through,
The pantry, palace and parlour too,
Lived like a king indeed its true,
P. A. favourite Grey-hound.

CHORUS.

Oh! how P. A. did deplore,
For bow wow wow he wept full sore,
But alas he died and is no more,
P. A. favourite Grey-hound.

His Grey-hound sore against his will,
Alas one morn was taken ill,
And poor P. A. had his fill,
About his favourite Grey-hound,
The docter bled him in the nose,
And put a blister on his toes,
Physicked him well you may suppose,
But his time was come and off she goes,
For sad to say the Grey-hound died,
One morning by his masters side,
In grief and sorrow A. cried,
For his dear favourite Grey-hound.

The minute bell began to toll,
The carriages along did roll,
And every heart as I untold,
Beat for P. A. Grey-hound,
An inquest then as we may see,
Was ordered for to holden be,
And high and low of each degree,
Thought it a case of fe lo de se.
But the Coroner hollowed out of breath
Gentlemen a doubt there is not left,
He surely died for wont of breath,
P. A. favourite Grey-hound-

Then the undertaker went so kind,
To measure for a coffin fine.
Him who had left the world behind,
P. A. favourite grey-hound,
Maid of mohogany without fail,
Studded with handsome silver nails,
On his coffin a German Coat of Arms,
It must all Englishmen alarm,
To think how a poor man they throw in
While a dog they buried like a king,
Such seromony was a sin,
On P. A. favourite Grey-hound-

They to his grave did haste away.
Tie P. over him did pray,
Behoid he cried my friends this day,
P. A. favourite Grey-hound.
He has left his friends behind in woe,
He is gone where creatures all may go;
To sleep in his silent tomb I say.
Dear brether-in till the Judgement day,
He on this earth faired well im sure,
Better than tho: sands of the poor,
Death came and he is alas no more,
P. A. favourite Grey-hound.

Now future King's and Queen's so rare,
May read in Windsor I declare.
P. A. mo key do:s lie here,
And there his favorite Grey-hound,
His Parrots there it must be so,
Who died some hundred years ago.
Those Animals whom death did call,
Entombed around the Castle walls,
What expence such mockery has cost,
And you may read graved on a post.
Here lies P. A. favourite horse,
His Parrot, Dog and Monkey.

AIR.—Jenny Jones.

Young people of england pray list with attention
While I a true story to you will unfold,
A-curious dog story to you I will mention,
Commanded by A. of courage so bold,
For he had a dog was Supported in Splendour,
Cherished and nursed dont you think it a sin,
While thousands are starving all over the nation
This dog of P. A. lived like a king.

Behold the distresses all over Great Britain,
Where fires of late so dreadfully rage,
See the labourer toiling upon bread and water,
Hungry, decriped and worn out with age.
See children dejected and crying with hunger,
And mothers distracted over laidened with care.

While P. A. dog was supported in splendour,
Eat and drank, of the best and had plenty to spare

See the poor man when dead, placed within
a deal box,

And thrown in the ground without any care,
But for P. A. dog there is a coffin so handsome

A grave and a tombstone for him is prepared,
The Grey-hound of A. by rich undertakers

Is carried so mournful along they do go.
But a poor man when worn out with age and
with labour,

Is taken and thrown in like a dog.

AIR.—Biddy the Basket Woman.

P. A. how in grief and woe,
Is for his favourite Grey-hound weeping

He is conined to he shades below,
And in hissil ent tomb is weeping,

P. A. dog lived like a King,
Roast and boiled for him was daily carved,
While tens of thousands in the land,

Poor people actually are starving.

CHORUS.

P. A. dog in splendour fine
Unto his handsome tomb was hurried,
While hundreds of poor folks in the land,
Like dogs thrown in a pit is buried.

Paul, Printer, Great St. Andrew St. Seven Dials.

