

# WE'VE JUST COME HOME FROM GERMANY

Oh! here we are again John Bull,  
Dont we look both gay and funny?  
We have been to France and Germany,  
And squandered all our English money;  
We had some jovial larks and sprees,  
All up and down the German Nation,  
Danced the Polka and had some tea  
With Albert's cousins, and rich relations.

## CHORUS.

Oh! crikey tit fal la ral whack!  
With the Germans me and Al's been  
mingling,  
And now again we are come back  
To old John Bull and bonny England.

In Coburg we sung fiddlem dee,  
In Friesland we played funny capers.  
In Antwerp we sat down to dine  
On frigglem jig and new potatoes;  
In Stolfenbug we had a dance  
Among a lot of German jokers.  
At Treport we met the King of France,  
Where we so merrily jumped the Polka.

One night I toddled into bed,  
No English lady could be bolder,  
When a bug as big as a brewer's dray  
Bit poor I between the shoulders;  
I was so frightened lack a day!  
I turned as blue as a yellow cabbage,  
And as I tried to run away,  
I tumbled over a German sausage.

One evening we sat down to dine,  
My Albert whistled old Dan Tucker.  
And if you'll listen you shall hear  
What me and Albert had for supper;  
Sour crout and Hedgehog soup,  
Barley duff and water gruel,  
A sheep's head pie, oh! lawk! says I,  
Why Albert this is very cruel.

One night my Albert rambled out  
With lots of German ladies tender,  
He broke his nose against the door,  
And stuck his little toe in the fender;  
And when he got outside the gates,  
He got in a row with Miss Fan-di-do,  
When how she scratched poor Albert's face  
And nearly smashed his jigglem jigo.

Hurrah! hurrah! we are returned,  
Again to England, gay and clever,  
To the land of ragged Germany  
I now will bid adieu for ever;  
There is no place in all the world  
Like England I have got a notion.  
May I break the neck of my little toe,  
If again I cross the German ocean.

My Albert he lost all his clothes,  
Rambling through the German ditches,  
I bought him a sixpenny pair of brogues,  
And a fourpenny pair of leather breeches  
A slashing one and eightpenny hat,  
And a waistcoat too which cost me no-  
thing,  
A ninepenny flannel calico shirt,  
And a twopenny halfpenny pair of  
stockings,

Of all the nations in the world,  
For sausages and ugly features,  
Germany I'm sure beats all,  
Oh! what a set of hungry wretches;  
Possessed of neither money or wit,  
Land or food, gin, rum, or whiskey,  
To see the picture of old John Bull,  
It makes them merry, gay, and frisky.

One night a great big Moll in the Wad,  
With a mouth like an Egyptian fountain  
Took my Albert seven miles and  
A quarter over a German mountain;  
I thought he really had been lost,  
As he the time away did dawdle,  
And when he come home I in prime style,  
Played him the tune of Mrs. Caudle,

I thought t'was time to cut my stick,  
And travel from the land of all dirt,  
And if I had'nt very quick  
I think I should have lost my Albert;  
For the German Ladies they did fight  
About my Albert, fierce and savage,  
They tore his shirt from off his back,  
And squeezed him like a German sau-  
sausage.

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