

1842

SHE IS GOING TO BE Christened on Wednesday.

AIR,—“NANCY DAWSON”

OH, now the time is drawing near,
Lor, don't I feel so very queer,
My pretty little Royal dear,
Is going to be Christened on Wednesday
Then off we go so spruce and gay,
And that will be my Wedding Day,
For the Royal Princess clear the way,
She is going to be Christened on Wednesday.

CHORUS.

My daughter is old England's rose,
She has got a stunning suit of clothes,
Jim along Josey, off she goes,
She's going to be Christened on Wednesday.

You know my pretty little dear,
On this day twelvemonth was not here,
And as plump as any bergami pear,
She must be Christened on Wednesday
While her daddy did admire her clothes,
Oh lawks she bit him by the nose,
But now in splendour off she goes,
For to be Christened on Wednesday.

Last Monday night as sure as eggs,
While Albert nursed his child oh fegs,
She piddled right down both his legs,
But she'll be Christened on Wednesday.
How he did swear and bawl and shout,
And with her shawl he made a clout,
Then holloa'd future a dee come out,
She's going to be Christened on Wednesday.

My husband did strive all he can,
And then he prov'd himself a man,
And my sweet girl you understand,
Is going to be Christened on Wednesday
Pray Mister Bull do not deplore,
I will do my best you may be sure,

To get for you a half-a-score,
After she gets Christened a Wednesday

My poor old Uncle Ernest dear,
The Germans say is very queer,
And so I don't expect him here,
When she gets Christened on Wednesday
Good lawk a day says Uncle Nick,
What is her name come tell me quick,
Why Amelia, Charlotte, Polly, Vick,
And she'll be Christened a Wednesday.

Come all you lads and lasses gay,
Be happy on my wedding day,
My little blooming flower of May,
Is going to be Christened on Wednesday
She has such an appetite for figs,
At eating soup she'll play some rigs,
I almost think she'll eat a pig,
When she gets christened a Wednesday

I went to Parliament, oh figgs,
And there I saw some pretty rigs,
And the Tories holloaed to the Whigs,
She must be Christened a Wednesday,
You must give her money in galore,
Some thirty thousand pounds and more,
I said gentlemen you may be sure,
She will be Christened on Wednesday.

Last night my poor old mother said,
Son Albert I am not afraid,
Can get a boy he's got a maid,
And she'll be Christened a Wednesday.
We will have some more without a doubt
So you must mind what you're about,
I want some more new caps and clouts,
When she gets Christened a Wednesday

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