

"THE DESCRIPTION" Of The Princess Royal's Wedding.

AIR. CAMPBELLS ARE COMING. OR RORY O' MORE.

OF all the sights England ever beheld,
Was the Royal Wedding, and then the farewell,
The Bells sweetly rang, folks like Bees flocked
around,

The wind it blew hard, & the snow coming down,
I saw one old Lady as red as a rose,
And a funny old Duchess fall flat on her nose,
From London to Gravesend; oh how they did scud,
And when they got there, they was stuck in
the mud.

[Chorus.]

Old John Bull's description I wish you to know,
How the Prince & the Princess got lost in the snow
No tongue in the world all the wonders can tell,
That happen'd at the sweet Princess Royal's
Farewell.

There was tables & benches beer barrels & stools,
There was washing tubs, gridirons Hair Dresser's
Poles,

To stand on I mean, for the Ladies in bloom,
Some stood on the handle of a kitchen broom,
One sweet Damsel was rob'd of her new crinoline
Another knock'd off the end of her bustle behind,
An old Duchess declar'd when in Fleet Street
she got, [tin pot.

The mob squeez'd her as flat as her Mother's
There was Dustmen, Coalheavers, Sweeps, Ma-
sons and Prigs. [wigs.

Snobs Tailors and Weavers, Boys Maidens and
There was Soldiers and Sailors Fishmongers & all,
And Thousand's a running with no legs at all,
There was Sukey and Dolly, Tom Jenny & Jane,
And all the fat Jew Boys from Petticoat Lane,
There was Grocers & Bakers & Fishmongers there
And old Bobby Carden the London Lord Mayor.

The band sweetly play'd, and the Bells they did
ring, [pin,

One old cove got a crack with a large rolling
Sweetly sung a young Damsel, Farewell En-
gland's Queen, [chin,

When a large frozen turnip came slap on her
And when they arriv'd at the Bricklayers arms,
How they view'd and prais'd the Brides lovely
charms,

Then they off in a jiffy to Gravesend did go,
If they hadn't got steam they had plenty of snow.

And when they reached Gravesend on that glo-
rious day, [gay,

Fifty eight charming maidens so charming and
Was plac'd in a row on each side of the street,
To strew the sweet flowers along at their feet,
The guns they did rattle the snow balls did fly,
One struck an old Countess and knock'd out—
her eye, [sigh;

Prince Freddy did smile, but the Princess did
At length she said England old England good
bye.

There was ships on the river from Turkey and
France, [dance,

The herrings did whistle, the mackerel did—
The codfish swam over the water so clear,
To take a farewell of the sweet Royal dear,
There was old Father Neptune to guard her away,
And Judy the mermaid who loudly did say,
Square the mainsail "get ready" o'er the ocean
we go;

Up steam and be steady Boys aloft and below.

Then away for proud Prussia they sail'd free
from all strife. [wife,

The Noble Prince Fred, and his sweet English
And when they reach'd Berlin it was a grand sight,
Fifty young Prussian Damsels, in Green Blue &
White,

To welcome Victoria, and her Husband Fred—
Twenty seven grand Duchesses danc'd on their
heads, [was full,

They all sat down to supper, and eat till they
Singing tea, toast, & butter, to old Farmer Bull.

Now the sweet Princess Royal is cheerful & gay
The wedding is over, and she's gone away,
I wish our Queen, Mrs Simpson did say—
May a Grandmother be before next boxing day,
I do 'pon my honor, Mistress Jenkins I do,
I wish our pretty Princess—may have two,
Two jolly young Prussians, what a lark it will be
To see her Brother, "Prince Albert" dance one
on each knee.

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