

# Wedding of the Princess Royal of England On Monday, January the 25th, 1858.

Air—Nature's Gay Day.



**O**N the glorious Monday, the day after Sunday,

The bells did ring cheerful, and the band sweetly play ;

It all things surpasses, the lads and the lasses,

Were jovial and happy on the wedding day ;

To the altar was carried and joyfully married,

This handsome young couple, the knot it was tied

Their love they had plighted, and they was united

The young Prussian Prince and his sweet lovely bride.

The bells joyful ringing lads and lasses sweet singing.

The bands of Britannia so sweetly did play,  
In love Frederick caught her, the Queen's lovely daughter,

All England was happy on their wedding day.

Said the princess, my Freddy, come let us be ready

It is time to the chapel my love we were gone,

There all will be righted, and we'll be united,

And then you and I love will soon be made one.

What thousands are coming, see how they are running.

The sweet bonny lasses look cheerful and gay,

And as they drew near her, they joyful did cheer her

They will ever remember their grand wedding day

There was soldiers and sailors, policemen and tailors,

And ladies so handsome with bustles behind,

The Duchess of Gower with her sable boa,

A red petticoat and large crinoline.

There was girls wearing lockets and some picking pockets,

There was coachmen and footmen, and cookey so gay.

Pretty Jane with her big veil, and old Lady Pigtail  
Singing cheer up for Chatham on their wedding day.

An old lady as I state had travelled from Highgate,

On next Monday morning she'll be ninety-two  
She came in a cab there, so happy and glad, sir,

At the royal wedding she would have a view  
The sight for to see then, she climbed up a tree then.

She bawl'd lawk a daisy, oh look, there she goes  
I'll be married this day then, the branches gave way then,

And down the old lady fell baag on her nose.

How the bells they did ring, sir ; they started for Windsor,

The train went along I can't tell you how,  
Such shouting and shaking, and gay merry making  
In Windsor and Eton, in Datchet and Slough.

All happy, no grumbling, roast beef & plum dumpling  
For all the poor people was ready that day,

And to keep them all sober, old stunning October,  
To drink to the health of those lovers so gay.

Now the Queen's lovely daughter is going over the water,

The sweet pretty girls of proud Berlin to see  
They'll gladly receive her, & never will leave her

Victoria is destined their Queen for to be ;

May they be not bewildering, have lots of children

Be blessed with content & live happy thro' life,

And I hope Mister Freddy will always be ready

To protect his adorable, amiable, wife.

Ere the wedding was done then, in thousands were running,

Pushing and diving, Bob, Mary, and Jack,  
Such flaring & rows, sir, old women with trousers,

And tight worsted jackets stuck close to their back  
In every station, grand illumination,

On the royal wedding day were to be seen,

Now they are united, may they never be blighted

Here's a health to the daughter of England's Queen!

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1858