



ROYAL CHRISTENING

E. Hedges, from Pitts, wholesale Toy and Marble warehouse, 31, Dudley-street, Seven Dials.

NOW early in the morning soon,
Old England plays a merry tune,
This 22nd day of June,
All at the Royal Christening.
King Arthur to the Palace strut,
As big as any water butt.
Victoria keeps your rheubarb up,
All at the Royal Christening.

CHORUS.

The Prince shall be a soldier tall,
And in the field shall never fall,
Old Nosey with his canon balls,
Ever shall protect Prince Arthur.

Dukes, Earls, and Ladies keep their place,
And to the palace go in haste,
May heavens bless each pretty face,
All at the Royal Christening.
There's Grey and Peel and Joey Hume,
Palmerston and Harry Broom,
This twenty-second day of June,
All at the Royal Christening.

The Foreign Prince and all his gang,
From Richmond terrace, rang-tang-twang,
Tibbo Lee and aukamang,
All at the Royal Christening.
The ladies at them look and strut,
And view them like a cocoa nut,
and they have got their rheubarb up
All at the Royal Christening.

The Ladies say Prince Arthur sweet,
Shall never be a chimney sweep,
But Old John Bull his Kid shall keep,
All at the Royal Christening.
So merrily the bells do ring,
You would like to hear Prince Albert sing.
With the foreign Princes ching-ching-ching,
All at the Royal Christening.

There are Ladies there so sweet and kind,
With bustles decorated fine,

Like brewers drays-stuck out behind,
All at the Royal Christening.
Cooks and maidens run a race,
Butlers and Coachmen in their place,
and Johnny's with the silver lace,
All at the Royal Christening.

Here's to the Queen and Albert gay,
and all the Children too, uzza,
May another come next first of May,
For another Royal Christening,
Baptised he is with water sweet,
Brought from the river Otaheite,
There is such a lot of stuff to eat,
all at the Royal Christening.

CHORUS.

The bells shall ring a merry tune,
That shall be heard above the moon,
This twenty-second day of June,
All at the Royal Christening.

PHOEBE MOREL'S DREAM.

I HAD a dream, a happy dream'
I thought that I was free,
That in my own bright land again
A home there was for me.
Savannah's tide dashed bravely on,
I saw wave roll o'er wave,
But when in full delight I woke,
I found myself a Slave.
I never knew a mother's love,
Yet happy were my days,
For by my own dear father's side,
I sang my simple lays. I came,
He died, and heartless strangers
Ere closed o'er him the grave,
They tore me weeping from his side
And claimed me as their slave.
And this was in a Christian land,
Where men oft kneel and pray,
The vaunted home of liberty,
Where lash and chain hold sway.
O, give me back my Georgian cot,
It is not wealth I crave,
O, let me live in freedom's light
Or die, if still a Slave.

