

# PRINCE ALBERT'S

## VISIT TO THE CITY,

On Thursday, the 21st of March, 1850.

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ON the twenty first day of March,  
The blind, the lame, the lazy and thrifty  
The thirteenth of Her Majesty's reign,  
And the year eighteen hundred and fifty;  
All toddled away in a drove,  
To see numerous fine deputations,  
To visit Farebrother the Mayor,  
From every part of the nation.  
Old women get out of the way.

The Mayors of most every town,  
And Nobles of every condition.  
Are come for to settle the plan,  
Of the forthcoming great exhibition;  
That is to take place in Hyde Park,  
It matters not which way the wind is,  
All the Kings in the world will be there.  
And the Queen of the Northern Indies.  
Such a wonder was ne'er seen before.

To behold this most wonderful sight,  
Tens of thousands go out for a frolick,  
The Queen can't come says Prince Al,  
Because she's confined with the cholic;  
To dine with the noble Lord Mayor,  
They are tumbling one over another,  
Old Nosey and Bob will be there,  
And so will Jack Ketch and his mother  
The world will be soon at an end.

There is Rothschild, Dick Cobden, and  
Grey,  
Billy Bright, Joey Hume, and Jack  
Russell;  
Young lady you're devilish gay,  
And you've knocked out my eye with  
your bustle;  
There's Prince Albert so jovial and free,  
And hundreds in glory and riches,  
Bishops and Parsons we see,  
And Mayors in their velveten breeches  
From every part of the world.

Away then to dinner they go,  
What dainties are laid on the table,

The Deputation sits all of a row,  
Stuffing as fast as their able,  
Cod, lobster, red herrings, and geese,  
Pickled salmon, roast mutton, and beef,  
And turtle, as I unto you state,  
And coveys with new fashioned teeth  
As long as the front door of Newgate.

There is ladies in grandeur I ken,  
With whiskers as big as a fiddle,  
Who no doubt will be stuffed at both ends  
And then scaramouch'd in the middle  
Blowed out like an old Billy goat,  
In a queer and a funny position,  
Wrapped up in an old soldier's coat  
To be shown at the great exhibition,  
At a penny a head, in Hyde Park.

Here's success to the Prince and the  
Queen,  
And their health is the theme of my ditty  
What a lot on a visit there's been  
To the Lord Mayor of great London  
City;  
What numbers by steam does arrive,  
The ducks and the drakes are a  
quacking,  
Like fleas they are jumping alive,  
Hurra! for the cabbage and bacon,  
This day we can never forget.

Mr. Bannister joyful did jump,  
And in Bond Street he whistled Dan  
Tucker,  
He sent down a large bullock's rump,  
And a baron of beef for their supper:  
And when they have had a blow out  
They will be in a right good position,  
To lay down in Hyde Park for a week,  
And dream of the grand exhibition.  
Old England shall weather the storm.

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