

Princes's Wedding



Our Princess now, like other maids
Has got her heart on fire,
For to be queen and mother too
It is her strong desire,
You'll say she's young, which so she is,
But then that is no wonder,
Since boys are men, and men are fools
And "old souls" are wore under,

But old John Bull where are your sons,
You say are rich and manly,
To let our queen and daughter too
Get foreign husbands scanty.

There's something wrong in this I know,
And "Big-ben" grumbled surely.
Says he, "I'll make no thundering noise
To a wretched hurdy gurdy,"
And "Big-ben" moaned until it cracked,
In the tower of the famous Abbey
And swore he would not strike a note
To the Prussian husband shabby.

These foreign names I know to us
Seems very grand and lofty
Just like our 'banks' whose soil is hard
Till our money sinks down softly.
There'll be no true born English soon
What with Anglo-french and Saxon,
And the blood of the few now left behind
Will die, as John Bull tax'em

The Germans and the Prussians now,
Are all up in a bluster
And laugh at England's noblemen
Who are in a direful fluster.
And swear tis wrong the Princes Royal
Should marry a Prussian poor fop

But the Princess said you fools you know
You didn't the question quick pop.

Old England you see 's going down the hill!
And her sons are getting dosey
And a Prussian now is going to wed
Our Princess's Royal cosey.

But we get Irish Scotch and snuffy Welsh
Poor Germans and poor Prussians
And very seen if we dont look out
We shall be a mungle breed of Russians!

The Princess says our nobles here
Thinks it wrong to wed a Prussian
That I should marry an Englishman
And not have little Russians
The Prussian prince did thus reply
Why didnt you tell the cause dear
And say they all committed frauds
And robbed the needy poor dear

And then the Prussian said again
The English are all prying
And other countries rights to get
They always love are trying
But old England yet will have her day
Tho' now she's very lucky
And when she's beat you'll be very glad
You've married a Prussian sneaky.

They've no courage now the Princess said
But are full of frauds and bother
And did not like to ask my Ma
If I may be a mother
And while the English flight and fuss
And know not for what reason
Why you and I'll be as cosey love
As curants are with raisens.

