

BRITAIN'S WELCOME.

AIR.—Royal Charley, or, Nancy Dawson.



The people run from far and near,
Devoid of sorrow, grief, and woe,
To see the pretty little dear,
The Queen of England's daughter,

CHORUS.

Welcome here they sing with glee,
To Britain's land thrice welcome be,
Welcome here with three times three
The little Royal Stranger.

Oh how the bells did merrily ring,
The lads and lasses they did sing
The Queen had got a little King
But it turned out a daughter,

Prince Albert now will send you'll see,
To all his friends in Germany.
To come in haste with speed to see,
The Queen of England's daughter,

You would laugh to see the ladies run,
Singing, Lawk a da sy, oh what fun,
I think the Queen has got a son
But, oh, it was a daughter.

In a little while you may be sure
The blooming queen we do adore,
Will have half a dozen more,
Of little sons and daughters.

On Saturday how the folks did flock
And at the Palace door did knock
About the hour of two o'clock
Victoria had a daughter.

Cried one old lady, what a fuss
I'm very glad it is no worse,
I wish they would make me a nurse
To the Queen of England's daughter

Oh won't Prince Albert laugh & smile,
With joy he did run almost wild
When he gazed on the darling child,
The Queen of England's daughter,

Won't uncle Ernest have the blues
And shake almost out of his shoes
As soon as he can hear the news
The Queen has got a daughter,

Oh won't he droop and frown and grin
Crying who'd have thought of such a
So help me bob, I'm taken in, thing
The Queen has got a daughter,

Dressed in a little dandy cap,
She will sit upon her daddy's lap.
And Albert will stir up the pap,
To feed his royal daughter,

He'll have to mind what he's about
Or else he'll have without a doubt.
To wash the little napkins out,
And nurse his royal daughter.

The Germans will come o'er the seas.
Just like a lot of bugs and fleas.
With handsome presents for to please
The Queen of England's daughter,

There'll be aunty broomstick uncle rug,
Mother Snout, and father Bug,
To have a peep will come so snug.
At the Queen of England's daughter.

As the heiress now is come to town
You must cut away both up and down,
For six or seven thousand pounds,
For the Queen of England's daughter,

And now my song is nearly done,
At the christening there'll be lots of fun
And soon the Queen will have a son,
Though now she's got a daughter

Then let Great Britain sing with glee
Long may she live and happy be,
And here's a health with three times three
To the Queen of England's daughter,

Then Farmer Bull indeed its true,
Will nearly find enough to do
And he must mind his P's and Q's,
And England's lovely daughter,



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