

BRITAIN'S WELCOME.

AIR,—“Royal Charlie, or Nancy Dawson.”

The people run from far and near,
Devoid of sorrow, grief and care,
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 has 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-daisy, 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 & frown & grin,
Crying, who'd have thought of such a
So held my bob, I'm taken in, (thing,
The Queen has got a daughter.

Dress'd 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 her 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 as 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 it's 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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