

THE ROYAL VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE.

The Queen and Prince Albert are both
coming down,
To see the good people of Cambridge town,
They'll visit the alley, the lanes, and streets,
And converse with the blooming young
damsels so sweet ;
And while they're in Cambridge they'll lodge
at the Hoop,
Where the people will follow in wonderful
groups,
There's collegians and ladies so fine in the
mob,
Duke Nosey, Jack Russell, and wonderful
Bob.

The Queen and Prince Albert is coming
you see,
To Cambridge to treat the young ladies to tea
They're coming to Cambridge attended by
groups,
To dine at sweet Barnwell, and lodge at the
Hoop.

The Queen and her husband is coming they
say,
To cheer up the people the fifth of July.
When the ladies of Cambridge will dress
out so cute,
With bustles, white petticoats, stockings,
and boots,
With a veil like a cabbage net, handsome
and smart,
And a bonnet as flat as the tail of a cart,
With their whiskers so fine, and their ear-
rings so bright,
To entice bonny Albert away from his wife

There is thousands a jumping from every place
Ponies and donkeys a running a race,
Cherries and gooseberries, apples and toys,
Gingerbread puddings and black saveloys ;
Pushing and squeezing, and driving away,
Pray Mr. Bounceable, what do you say ?
Why Victoria looks charming, and Albert
looks well,
In Cambridge and Barnwell they're going
to dwell.

Now Albert is Chancellor of Cambridge so gay
They will make him a Bishop next mid-
summer day,
He will serve all the poor folks of Cambridge
with soup,
Hot beef steaks and onions, and live at the
Hoop ;
And when our Queen has a beautiful son,
Old women to Cambridge like winking
shall run,
To cheer up the people, and whistle so keen
Prince Albert for ever ! and God save the
Queen.

If the Queen and Prince Albert agree to
stay here,
The Queen shall be Chancellor, and Albert
be Mayor,
Old women past sixty & men shall be wed,
If they have but one eye, and no teeth in
their head ;
Twenty-seven large buns we shall get nice
and hot,
With a yard fresh butter so nice for a groat,
We'll grind old women young as I now will
unfold,

And policemen have rolling pins made of gold
You lads and lasses come cheer up so gay,
And shout you collegians, Victoria, huzza !
To the great University she will repair,
Long life to the Queen, & success to the Mayor
Let the city rejoice and the bells merry ring
Old women shall dance, and the fiddle shall
sing,
Their health we'll drink in fam'd ginger pop,
Victoria for ever ! and taters all hot.

The Queen and Prince Albert are coming
so gay,
To Cambridge great city awhile for to stay
Then holla you ladies of Cambridge so keen
Hot biscuits and butter, and God save the
Queen.

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