

# THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE.



BIRT, Printer, 20, Great St. Andrew Street,  
Seven Dials, London.

The Queen and Prince Albert are coming they say  
What games we shall see, and what pranks we  
shall play.

So you people of Cambridge just list for awhile,  
And I'll sing you a song that will cause you to  
smile;

For to instal Prince Albert as chancellor grand,  
Of the first seat of learning in the British land,  
On the First of July what mirth will be seen,  
Long life to Prince Albert, and God save the Queen

The drums shall beat and the music shall play,  
On the First of July, just remember the day,  
With mirth and with joy each heart shall resound  
To welcome the pair to famed Cambridge town.

Then Prince Albert will straight to the Colleges go  
While all the Collegians will stand of a row,  
And the Grand Master will make an oration,  
Concerning what people call Installation;  
Then Prince Albert will say for the honour you give  
I shall remember with pleasure as long as I live,  
And if back to the palace I get a safe passage,  
I will send you by post a stunning fine sausage.

Then all the Collegians will strike up a song,  
Some will sing Lucy Neal, and some Lucy Long.  
And the Grand Master he will dance on his head,  
And make a long speech about the dearness of  
bread;

Then Albert cried out, now let us be off,  
And just have a taste of tatoes and broth,  
For my inside reminds me as I am a sinner,  
That it is pretty near time I gave them a dinner.

There will be lords and ladies drest out so fine,  
With dukes, earls, and squires, will set down to  
dine,  
They'll have cod's head and shoulders, besides  
pickled sprats,  
With fried eggs and bacon, and dollops of fat;  
Prince Albert declares he will have a tuck out,  
Of fried tripe and sawdust, and lots of brown  
stout,

While Bob Peel declares that to grease the way  
First, sir,  
He will just clear the way with a yard of fresh  
butter.

When to Cambridge they come, in crowds they  
will group,

They will just take a glass at the sign of the Hoop.  
To all have a dance they will soon form a set,  
With Puckeridge Sal, and fat Royston Bet;  
Prince Albert the Polka will dance with the Queen.  
As Jim along Joe, Bobby Peel will be seen,  
And little Jack Russell will sing, off she goes,  
While he sits astride on old Arthur's nose.

From Sheford and Duxford away they will run,  
From Chesterton too, for to look at the fun,  
To the Race Horse at Barnwell they caper with  
glee,

And play at the game they call fiddle de de;  
Prince Albert says he into the Britannia will look  
With big Bet of Bamwell, and dumpling Suke,  
While old Yorkshire Betty will caper and sing,  
And drink the Queen's health in a bunper of gin.

So to make an end, just mark what I say,  
Just get yourselves ready upon that grand day,  
For that day all Cambridge with mirth will resound  
To welcome the Queen and Prince Albert to town.  
May each one round Cambridge be happy and gay.  
That welcome the Queen and Prince Albert that  
day.

For the music shall play and the bells they shall  
ring,  
Long life to Prince Albert and God save the Queen



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