

# WEDDING OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL

ON MONDAY, 25th OF JANUARY, 1858.

*AIR.—"The Southern Breeze, or Helmet on his Brow"*



YOU lads and lasses gay,  
Behold the glorious day,  
When me and Fred will married be,  
Flare up and haste away.  
Fast more than Seventeen,  
Tired of a single life,  
And don't you think it is high time,  
That I was made a wife.

*CHORUS.*

The bells shall merrily ring,  
And the band shall merrily play,  
And old John Bull shall happy be  
Upon my wedding day.

When me and Fred are spled,  
How happy shall I be,  
In nine months time I'll have a kid,  
To dance upon my knee.  
If it chance to be a girl,  
She shall wear a Crinoline,  
And if it is a boy,  
A three cocked hat and feather fine.

Fare up you English girls,  
Get married for my sake,  
Do all you can to get a man,  
And taste my Wedding Cake.  
A wedded life for me,  
We are like Derby and Joan,  
You must confess it is too cold,  
For maids to lie alone.

My darling husband dear,  
My Blooming Prussian Fred,  
Shall air the napkins, light the fire,  
Boil the kettle, make the bed,  
Yes, and he shall butter the toast,  
Make the tea, and feed the cat,  
And while I eat my breakfast,  
Fred shall give the kid the paps.

Me and Fred will do what's right,  
His eyes are like two pearls,  
Fred shan't go out at night,  
Gallivanting with the girls,  
If he does I'll break his neck,  
I will buy a twopenny broom,  
And seven and twenty times a day,  
I'll flag him round the room.

My husband, bless his heart,  
Is now in bloom and health,  
I never meant to keep a man,  
And have to work myself,  
So Fred shall fetch the coals,  
And Fred shall clean my shoes,  
And every Sunday Fred shall make  
A stunning Irish stew.

You pretty blooming girls,  
I must bid you all farewell,  
You know when I am married,  
In England must not dwell,  
To Prussia I must go,  
So to get married try,  
I am off my dears like one o'clock,  
Good bye, my loves, good bye.

Get married girls like me,  
And do the business quick,  
Come do not silly be,  
Flare up and die a brick.  
If your husbands don't you please,  
You've a remedy you know,  
You can to the Justice go with ease,  
And quickly get divorced.



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