

1841

THE

ROYAL CHRISTENING.

TUNE.—"King of the Cannibal Islands."

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Seven Dials.

COME lads and lasses haste away,
Drest in your best so fine and gay,
All on Victoria's wedding day,
To see the Royal Christening ;
Aeross the seas they come so snug,
Wrapt in a dandy russet rug,
Baron Broom and Lady Pug,
Aunty Creut and Uncle Bug,
With handsome presents I declare,
Sausages and Bergami Pears,
Oh, such a dollop will be there,
All at the Royal Christening.

CHORUS.

Hookee Pookee, off they go,
Buy a Broom and Jump Jim Crow,
Sing Hey Jim along Josey Joe,
All at the Royal Christening.

I will tell you what will be her name,
Mary, Betty, Harriot, Jane,
Oh, wont there be a slashing game,
All at the Royal Christening,
Last Monday night she got a rap,
And on the ground she tumbled slap,
For as they fed her with her pap,
She piddled on her Mammy's lap ;
Then with a birch they made her jump,
And flogged her on her royal rump,
What a shame they did her thump,
Before the Royal Christening,

Off goes young and old, blind and lame,
In cabs and carriages of fame,
Right all the way from Petticoal lane,
To see the Royal Christening
There such a jovial lot will be,
That evening sit down to tea,
And there will be such mirth and glee,
Among the German bugs and fleas,

The little boys will bawl and shout,
"Oh, does your Mother know you're out,"
In his pocket Albert shoves a clout,
All at the Royal Christening.

When to the Palace they do steer,
There'll be such a lot of gin and beer,
Snuff and pipes to banish care,
All at the royal Christening ;
There'll be beef and bacon in galore,
They've got three thousands pigs in store,
They'll save the bones to feed the poor,
I wish I was inside the door,
Oh, I would have a good blow out,
Of cabbage broth and sour crout,
And heIp Prince Albert wash the clouts,
All at the Royal Christening.

Albert and his wife will kiss and toy,
And all their leisure time employ,
To get John Bull a little boy,
To have another Christening ;
You will hear old women bawl and sing,
Let the butchers cleavers ring,
Drink her health in stout and gin,
England soon expects a King ;
ay she get all her troubles through,
Hire a man to clean her shoes,
And holloe Cock a doodle do,
All at the Royal Christening,

Off they go now jig my jowl,
Heads and tails young and old,
Come landlord fill a flowing bowl,
All at the Royal Christening ;
Drink your brandy, stout, and ales,
Christen the Princess of Wales,
About her let us tell no tales,
Sing o'er vallies, hills, and dales,
May she banish care and strife,
Long live Aibert and his wife,
Oh, won't they have a game that night,
When they've been to the Christening.

