The Royal Present

Entertainments at
LONDON
MONRO & MAY. New Patent
Tubular Printers
Pall Mall &
Monmouth St.

Price
This world will soon be at an end, Or else I am mistaken; At least I fancy 'twill ere long, Be totally forsaken; The surface, only, 'tis I mean, But that and nothing shorter, In air one half will soon be seen, The other under water. Oh! what fun—Well, I never! Did you ever know such fun.

Oh! what fun.
Verse 2.

We're quite amphibious grown of late, And all thro' one great Brunel—We

now can under water live, He's shewn us by the tunnel: Tho' many can't well

live on land, The times so hard are getting; The river's depths they now can sound, And

that without a wetting. Oh! what fun—Well I never! Did you ever

know such fun.

Oh! what fun.
Verse 3.

All those who are not water-proof, Have no cause for despair-ing, For

Mister Henson's carriage can, soon, take them out an airing-I do not mean a-

long the road, of horses he's no team, sirs, No, no, he'll fly right thro' the clouds, and

all by force of steam, sirs! Oh! what fun- Well, I ne-ver! Did you ever

know such fun?

Oh! what fun.
The very skies are brightening up—
The anxious clouds are clearing,
To cheer brave Henson, as he through
The milky way is steering.
The twinkling stars appear to think
The sight will prove a treasure,
And the Comet seems delighted,
For he wags his tail with pleasure!!

Oh! what fun! &c.

The Lady Moon too’s all alive—
The news above’s so catching,
And so, to be in readiness,
Her man she makes keep watching:
When first she heard the subject broached,
Her raptures were extatic;
In fact she laughed to that degree,
’Twas perfectly lu-nat-ic.

Oh! what fun! &c.

No more shall Earthquakes make us quake,
When they’re prognosticated;
They’ve only now to “name the day,”
And England’s soon vacated.
By Henson’s skill we save ourselves—
With courage not diminished;
We mount above in quiet,
And thence watch—until it’s finished!

Oh! what fun! &c.

Our Parks will soon deserted be,
The Queen will not be there, Sirs!
And fashionables all you’ll see
Swift gliding through the air, Sirs!
They’ll start off on an afternoon,
Or else I am a sinner—
Take one turn round Vesuvius,
And back again to dinner.

Oh! what fun! &c.

Great China’s Emperor too, must now
Behave his best ’tis said, Sirs!
Or else, some day he’ll find an army
Floating o’er his head, Sirs!
And if he does not keep one Peace,
He may have cause to grieve it—
They’ll his Empire crush to pieces,
And as broken China leave it.

Oh! what fun! &c.

Then wish success to Henson,
And to all his lofty notions,
And soon may he exhibit
To the World his Aerial motions;
And may he reap pure English gold,
As well as foreign dollars;
And finish for his trouble,
With a host of flying colors!

Oh! what fun! &c.