



# VICTORIA

THE PRIDE OF

## ENGLAND'S ROSES.

As a fair one was lamenting,  
The absent friend of Britain's Isle,  
Up stepped a youth of learning,  
And view'd her sorrow with a smile,  
Said he, why weep for William?  
The crown no more he wears below,  
Then proclaim the Queen Victoria,  
The pride of England's Roses, O.

That dowager of honour,  
Stepped forward in her rich attire,  
The plumes that were upon her,  
Both Kings and Princes would admire,  
Oh! William, she cried, William,  
Now they have laid your body low,  
I'll wander to high Germany,  
From the pride of England's Roses, O.

The Royal Prince made answer,  
Why wander to the German shore?  
Oh! dwell amongst the roses,  
And quickly stir your golden store,  
There's soldiers and bold sailors,  
Of England, Ireland and Scotland too,  
To protect the Queen Victoria,  
The Pride of England's Roses, O.

Your father is a rover,  
From England, she did reply,  
The Kindom of Hanover,  
He sways with royal dignity,  
Your plans to gain Victoria,  
May perhaps prove your overthrow,  
So go unto your father,  
Far away from England's Roses, O.

Oh! lady, lovely lady,  
If I should to my father go,  
I'll leave this wish behind me,  
May blessing on Victoria flow,  
May England be united  
And always drub the daring foe,  
May her subjects be delighted,  
With the Pride of England's Roses, O.

### THE ROSE, SHAMROCK, & THISTLE.

Down by yon chrystal fountain,  
As I alone one morning strayed,  
The Shamrock, Thistle, and the Roses,  
Unto each other they did say,  
Oh! alterations must take place,  
For Britons seem in grief and woe,  
Such times were never seen before,  
In the happy land called England, O.

In former days our fathers said,  
The times quite different were from now,  
The taxes were not half so high,  
And a poor man kept a pig and cow;  
His family were both neat and clean,  
And cheerfully to the church they go,  
Distress by few was seldom seen,  
In the happy land called England, O.

When Queen Elizabeth ruled this land,  
She passed a law to feed the poor,  
And people no occasion had  
To beg their bread from door to door;  
Employment every one could find,  
And cheerfully to his labour go,  
But now they have passed a Poor Law Bill,  
To starve the poor of England, O.

That time there no policemen were,  
By day, or night the streets to prowl;  
The Station Houses were not built,  
And men in liquor then went home;  
But now the laws are altered much,  
If peaceable you do not go,  
A broken head you may expect,  
So much for altered England, O.

The farmer's wife she used to ride,  
Upon a horse with panniers seen,  
She wore a linsey woollsey gown,  
And her children were both neat and clean.  
But with silk gowns, parasols and veils,  
Scented with musk, O now they go,  
And a fine blood horse, for to ride on,  
What a change for bonny England, O.

Come Britons cheer your spirits up,  
And let us hope these times will mend,  
We are well aware it is almost time,  
Oppression should be at an end.  
When men were for their labour paid,  
And rents and taxes both were low,  
That was the time to live and love,  
In the bonny land called England, O.

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