

# The Queen's Glorious Speech



BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street,  
Seven Dials, London.

ATTEND I o h grave and witty,  
Who dwells in Town and City,  
It's a song to amuse you I'm starting O!  
The subject of my rhymes,  
Is concerning of the times,  
And I've set it to the tune of Betty Martin O!

In this world of locomotion,  
Which sets all things into motion;  
A scene occurred at Windsor, that is sartin O!  
And Victoria she was bent,  
Not to open Parliament,  
For she said it was all my eye and Betty Martin O!

Vic. and Al. sat at the table,  
Says she, I am not able,  
On a trip up to London to be starting O!  
I can't bear the rails din,  
In he state that I am in;  
But that was all my eye and Betty Martin O!

Then they sent for Jacky Russell,  
Who came down in a bustle,  
And a speech they began to be starting, O!  
So they patched up one together,  
Which they thought was mighty clever,  
But you'll find it's all my eye and Betty Martin, O!

Then Jack put on his hat,  
And to London bolted slap,  
And unlocked St. Stephen's gate, it is sartin O!  
They all scrambled to their places,  
With some truly comic faces,  
For they knew it was all my eye and Betty Martin, O!

Then the Chancellor so grand,  
He took his speech in hand,  
And he blew his nose quite clean, before starting, O!  
Says he, my Lords and Gentlemen,  
I hope you'll all attend  
But that was all my eye and Betty Martin, O!

Then gravely he did say,  
You know Vic. she's in the way,  
That married ladies ought to be that's sartin, O!  
So with your kind permission,  
I'll just spit out my commission;  
Cobden cough'd, & cried my eye & Betty Martin, O!

There has been a great to do sir,  
Between Austria and Russia,  
Which will raise the price of tallow it is sartin, O!  
And the Hungarians it is sartin,  
Off to Turkey have been starting,  
For to stop was all my eye and Betty Martin, O!

Then the Navigation Laws,  
Has much excitement caused,  
And the free trade chaps a dodge has been starting, O!  
They are making of their brags,  
They'll blow out the people's bags,  
But their kindness is all my eye & Betty Martin, O!

Then in the land of pratees,  
Where very scarce the mate is,  
The murphys has got mealy that is sartin, O!  
I am glad to find them quiet,  
And not kicking up a riot,  
For to quarrel is all my eye and Betty Martin, O!

Then turning to the Commons,  
Said he, my Nobby Rum'uns,  
As the Estimates are small, it is sartin, O!  
A small trifle I shall want,  
For to do without I can't,  
To refuse, is all my eye and Betty Martin, O!

Then there is that grand improvement,  
I mean the Sanitary movement,  
That does away with all filthy night carting O!  
The class I take delight in,  
Is the Artificial Nightmen,  
But that is all my eye and Betty Martin, O!

But my song I now must end,  
For I mean not to offend,  
But there is one thing I am cock sure and sartin, O!  
That none of you I'm sure,  
'Ere read such a speech before,  
But you know it is all my eye and Betty Martin, O!

