

VICTORIA

QUEEN of ENGLAND

AIR—King of the Cannibal Islands.

Did you hear the trumpet sound of fame,
To Britons joy a maiden's name,
The twenty-first of June proclaim,

Victoria, Queen of England.
Great alterations will be seen,
And though her age is but eighteen,
Her prospects they are good I ween,
Long life to England's maiden queen;
We shall see some changes in a while,
In every part of Briton's Isle,
And may she on her people smile.
Victoria, Queen of England.

CHORUS.

Then may she strive for liberty,
And lead us to prosperity,
And with her may we happy be,
Victoria, Queen of England.

With her we shall not be forlorn,
She'll finish out the end Reform,
And be a pilot in the storm,
Victoria, Queen of England
Till the work is done she'll not be still,
She will not use her people ill,
It seems to be her royal will,
To crush the cursed Poor-law Bill;
To assist her people in distress,
The nation she will not oppress,
Till the work is done she'll not rest,
Victoria, Queen of England.

May we with her see happy days,
She has been reared in virtue's ways,
The pride of England—rose of May,
Victoria, Queen of England.
She will not hear her subjects groan,
She will not see her people moan,
She will not long be left alone,
She has sent for Durham to come home,
To guide the vessel through the storm,
That's long been tacking round forlorn,
Towards the port that's called Reform,
Victoria, Queen of England.

She will not stand the silly rigs,
Of either tories, knaves, or whigs,
But bundle out all fools like pigs,
Victoria, Queen of England.
Her people she will not oppress,
May we have reason her to bless,
Her goodness then we may confess,
If she reigns as long as old queen Bess,
Soon may she see her people smile,
From end to end of Britania's isle,
And strive like Nelson at the Nile,
Victoria, Queen of England.

Well now they say, Victoria, she
Will let old women have a spree,
Take the duty of the gin and tea,
Victoria, Queen of England.
Unto Reform the road she'll clear,
Through storm & tempest she will steer,
Of her cabinet she will take care,
Make Dan O'Connell her Premier;
Mr. Wakely, secretary of state,
Lord Chancellor is Mr. Roebuck's fate,
And break poor holy Andrew's pate,
Victoria, Queen of England.

And again it is her royal will,
To pass a glorious railway bill,
To banish every poor man's ill,
Victoria, Queen of England.
A Railroad to America,
That we may go without delay,
If we are inclined by night or day,
When deep in debt to run away;
She will not let us be forlorn,
But stand our pilot in a storm,
Till we have reached that port reform,
Victoria, Queen of England.

With Durham will the flower of May,
Lead on the van without delay,
Then will Great Britain shout huzza,
Victoria, Queen of England.

JOHN MORGAN.

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