Queen's Visit to Blackwall.

Tune'—Trotting Horse".

The high and low the rich and poor,
  See how they trot along,
From Lime-house Popular and Blackwall,
  togather in a throng,
There's Tom and Sal and Bob and Bet,
  a going along like steam,
To see her gracious Majesty,
  old England's worthy Queen.
      CHORUS
So haste away so blith and gay,
  a glorious sight to gain,
She is the largest vessell
  that e'or floated on the main.

Now when the Queen did arrive
  Good lord how she did stair,
For not a vessell in the fleet,
  to it she could compare.
When on the Bulwark she did get,
  the Colliers looked a speck,
For it took them twenty minits
  To hoist her on the deck..

There was Bobby Peel and Wellington,
  Oh. what a jolly lark,
To walk from the Bowsplit to the stern,
  It took them from twelve till dark.
They found out they had lost the Queen,
  till search began to rig,
They found her in the Ingine pipe,
  a snoring like a pig.

There was lads and lasses of a row,
  Law how they did scip and jump.
Some was selling nuts and cakes,
  Some playing at tidley lump.

Twas the greatest sight they say,
  that in England ever was seen,
And Albert he was deeply engaged,
  along with Englands Queen.

Now on board the ship they all did dine,
  the truth to you I will declare.
And what they eat upon my word,
  It will make you for to stare.
There was palonies eggs and sower g   r
  and german sausages galore.
They eat six waggon load they say,
  and then look'd around for more.

One old lady lost her shawl,
  and another lost her shoe,
And another was so bad in her beliy,
  she did not know what to do.
One bawl'd out long live the Queen,
  and Britannia rules the waves,
And another old man dragging a truck,
  Cries Braittains shant be slaves.

So to conclude and end my song,
  In these few lines I've wrote.
Heres prosperity to the great Britan,
  May she always keep a float.
Long life to Victoria,
  and happy may she reign.
With peace and plenty in the land,
  and Englands rights maintain.