

ENGLAND'S QUEEN, & WARRIORS.



In St. James' Park so gay and smart
 What glorious sights are seen,
 Our wounded British heroes,
 Reviewed by England's Queen;
 All London town and country round
 Is seeming all alive,

This eighteenth day of May,
 In eighteen hundred & fifty five

CHORUS.

Our Queen the medals did present
 To our soldiers and our tars,
 Who bled and fought for glory,
 In the great Russian Wars.

Some had one eye one arm one leg
 Who in the wars had bled
 And Mrs. Crisp declared she saw,
 Nineteen without a head.

Who had been wounded in the wars
 Where bravery was seen,
 So now receives the medals from,
 Their gracious little Queen.

A pleasure and an honour,
 It was to every man,
 To feel Victoria's finger touch
 Their weather beaten hand
 No one can tell their feelings,
 They forgot all care and pain,
 And loud did cry we'll fight and die
 For England once again.

I saw a dashing countess,

They called her Lady Jane,
 She dwells in a large mansion,
 Near the bottom of Park Lane.

She went to claim a medal,
 While so surly she did look,
 For fighting of her scullery maid,
 Then knocking down her cook.

CHORUS.

Behold our gallant veterans,
 Who so delighted seem,
 Receiving of their medals,
 From Britania's glorious queen.

If we'd Gorthescoff and Menshicoff
 Right in St. James' Park,
 Old England's gallant veterans
 Would show them such a lark,
 They would put them in the can-
 nons mouth,

Then blow them in the air,
 And send them to eternity,
 With Nick the Russian Bear,

Cheer up you pretty maidens,
 That's over sweet fifteen,
 Flare up and be a soldier,
 To fight for England's queen.

Come Nelly, Nancy, Mary,
 Jenny, Sally, Bet and Peg,
 For you shall have a medal, when
 They've shot away your legs.

Come now fill up a bumper,
 Now let harmony be seen,
 Here's to our gallant veterans,
 And Victoria England's queen,
 They in the field of battle did,
 Their duty nobly do.

Play with delight the drum and fife
 The sweet Red, White and Blue

CHORUS

Here's England's queen for ever,
 Who presented grand and gay
 The medals to her warriors,

On the eighteenth day of May.
 P. UL, Printer, Great St. Andrew Street.



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