

THE
QUEEN'S
VISIT TO WHITECHAPEL.

Listen all you pretty girls,
To what I am going to sing,
About our pretty little Queen,
For we have got no King.
She is coming to Whitechapel, boys,
A place of great renown,
Such a sight was never seen,
At the East End of the town.

CHORUS

She can't come by the railway,
For fear she gets a bump,
She can't come a camel,
Because of his big hump.
She is coming on a donkey,
I am sure she will not fail;
Vicky she will sit in front,
And John Brown on the tail.

She comes by the embankment,
Just by the river's brink,
How nice our little Queen would be,
If it was a skating rink
Perhaps it's better as it is
This donkey ride you'll see
She will ride down the Butcher Row
And learn the Spelling Bee

We shall welcome our nice little queen
She will see some Highway swells
Mr. Lowe will pull a truck behind
Full of our match girls

He will stop for some refreshment,
Just by the City chain,
Fried fish Boiled Eggs, and sour crout
At the corner of Petticoat Lane.

Those fashionable ladies
That are so very kind
Will all wear those fancy dresses
That stick out so far behind
The lads can stand upon them
Just as they desire
Give them another penny boys
They'll hoist you a bit higher

Let's hope that Vicky's donkey
Will not begin to kick
John Brown will stick to Vicky
And hold on like a brick
They are very near the hospital
Don't think me rude I beg
They might fall off and John Brown
Might break his pretty leg

Success to queen Victoria
Likewise the Prince of Wales
So welcome him when he comes back,
To tell us some funny tales
Let's hope he'll give us another turn,
And such sights will be seen
When he rides through Tiger Bay
Keate Court and Flower of Dean.

