

# The Queen, the Pope,

## AND THE

# PARLIAMENT

My lords and my gentlemen all,  
    he bishops and great house of commons  
On you for protection I call,  
    For you know I am only a woman,  
I am really quite happy indeed—  
    To meet you like birds of a feather,  
So I hope you will all struggle with me,  
    And pull away boys altogether,  
My name is Victoria the Queen

Since we parted a rumpus has been,  
    Which did all the country surprise then,  
Though he is here sirs, I have him not seen  
    I mean the old Cardinal Wiseman,  
What business had he to come here  
    With his beads & his soft mottled soap sirs  
I would rather be laid in the tomb,  
    Than laid under old Pius the Pope, sirs.  
Here's the Church and Britannia, huzzah,

Our bishops and deans did relent,  
    And say they for ever was undone,  
Bishop Philpott a long challenge sent  
    To his lordship the bishop of London,  
To fight him on Hounslow Heath—  
    But the bishop of London was coosey,  
He gave him one slap in the mouth,  
    And then sent a letter to pusey,  
No humbuggery stories for vick—

Now my lords and my gentlemen all,  
    Go to work the first part of the sessions,  
I want none of your cardinal hats  
    Or going to Priests for confession,  
Take notice of what I have said  
    Georgy Grey and little Jack Russell  
Or I swear by the crown on my head,  
    I will knock out your Brains with my bustle  
By fools I will never be beat.

I heard my old grandfather say  
    His great grandmother easily loved reckon  
When they made a fool run away,  
    Whose name was King Jemmy the second

Billy gave him a ticket for soup,  
    Though Bill married old Jemmy's daughter  
He knocked him from old Palace yard,  
    To Ireland, across the Boyne water,  
Long life to Victoria the Queen.

Come here my old friend Joey Hume,  
    I know you in silence wont mope now,  
Go up and get inside the moon  
    And make fast a great torry rope now,  
And then give a spring and a jump  
    And you to a peerage shall rise then,  
For we'll swing up old Pius the Pope  
    And his eminence cardinal Wiseman,  
Old England and down with the Pope.

Now my friends go at it like bricks,  
    And your P's and Q's mind all the sessions  
It is the command of Queen Vick,  
    That you soon settle the popish question,  
Send popery over to Rome—  
    And flare them away lads like flinders,  
And when you have conquered the pope  
    Just knock off the Tax off the windows,  
And let us have plenty of light.

Now my lords and commoners too,  
    You seem in a right good condition,  
Your country's rights to maintain  
    And visit the Great Exhibition,  
Old nose my dear loving friend  
    Get your cannon ball, powder & soap now  
Sponge out your old rusty gun.  
    And just take a shot at the pope now,  
And send him to Balleynamuck,

So my lords, dukes and gentlemen all,  
    I wish you good luck through the session,  
Send all the pope's servants to Roam  
    With their last dying speech & confession  
It is evident old Farmer Rull  
    Is not at all in a position—  
To entertain any old pope  
    At the National Exhibition  
Hurrah for the Church and the Queen.

