

# THE ROGUE

## Who insulted the Queen,

BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street,  
Seven Dials.

WHATEVER in this wicked place,  
I wonder will be seen,  
When men are so audacious,  
As to insult the Queen;  
A Lady, good and glorious  
Who in virtue's path do stand,  
The glory of Old England,  
And the pride of Britain's Land,

That the villain will be punished,  
Will very soon be seen,  
Who did in such disgraceful way,  
Insult our gracious Queen.

A Lieutenant in the Service,  
The villain was we know,  
And formerly belonged to  
The gallant tenth Hussars;  
His name is Pate and with a cane,  
He cowardly 'tis seen,  
Upon last Wednesday evening,  
Struck the bonnet of the Queen.

Although she was insulted,  
It did her not affright,  
She jumped into her carriage  
And was quickly out of sight,  
She went unto the Opera,  
So pleasant, she was seen,  
While the people cursed the vagabond  
Who did insult the Queen.

If Prince Albert had but caught him,  
He, as you may suppose,  
Would have given him tallygorn,  
Blacked his eyes and broke his nose;  
If Englishmen may beat their wives,  
It plainly may be seen,  
They must not take the liberty,  
To strike the British Queen.

Victoria took it easily,  
And answer'd so cool,  
I never did him injury,—  
The fellow was a fool.  
When Wellington did hear the news,  
He cried, give me so keen,  
A pistol, while I shoot the rogue  
Who did insult the Queen.

She had been to see her Uncle,  
Who resides in Piccadilly,  
When the villain did approach her,  
So treacherous and silly;  
But had she been aware of such,  
As I have heard it said,  
She'd have made the rogue to tremble,  
E'er he struck her on the head.

God bless Her Gracious Majesty,  
And grant her long to reign,  
And by her loyal subjects,  
Protected be from pain;  
May such another rogue as Pate,  
For never never more be seen,  
And a right good flogging be his fate,  
For striking England's Queen.



1840

