

Queen Caroline,

AND THE

BRITISH TRIO.

BULL, PAT, & SAWNEY.

NINTH EDITION.

BULL.

Pretty work going forward amongst us, my friends,
Here's a Lady surrounded by dangers ;
No Husband, no Lover this Lady defends,
And she seeks the protection of strangers.

PAT.

Strangers ! my honey ! what *mane* you by that ?
She's a native of IRELAND, sweet *Crater* !
She shall find both a friend and a kinsman in PAT,
For the LOVELY are Irish, by *Nater* !

SAWNEY.

Haud a bit now, and ye *quackly* shall see,
By the ancient and brave Scottish Nation !
The Daughter of HEROES, the Sister of HEROES,
Shall never endure degradation.

ALL.

Let England and Ireland, and Scotland aloud,
For the RIGHTS of the WOMEN declare ;
May the Man who would wrong them be branded and
shunn'd,
As unworthy the smiles of the Fair.

BULL.

Shall a knot of paltroons, with their hellish GREEN BAGS,
O shall such a vile combination ;
Old Dandies, Old Dowdies, and Carbuncled Hags,
Hurt the QUEEN of the BRAVE BRITISH NATION ?

PAT.

Oh no, by JASUS ! and that's what they shant,
To guard Beauty the Irishman's trade is.
Tipperary shelalahs shall cripple her foes,
And all IRELAND declare for THE LADIES !

SAWNEY.

Well said Brother Pat ; by the blood of the Macs
And of Women the heavenly smiles,
That man is a MONSTER who raises his voice,
To INJURE the QUEEN of the ISLES !

ALL.

Then let England and Ireland, and Scotland aloud,
For the RIGHTS of the WOMEN declare ;
May the Man who would wrong them be branded and
shunn'd,
As unworthy the smiles of the Fair !

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