

**The Queen's After-Dinner Speech**  
**(As overhead and cut into Lengths of Poetry by**  
**Jamesy Murphy, Deputy-Assistant-Waiter at the**  
**Viceregal Lodge.)**

"Me loving subjects," sez she,  
"Here's me best respects," sez she,  
"An' I'm proud this day," sez she,  
"Of the illigant way," sez she,  
"Ye gave me the hand," sez she,  
"Whin I came to land," sez she.  
"There was some people said," sez she,  
"They was greatly in dread," sez she,  
"I'd be murdered or shot," sez she,  
"As like as not," sez she,  
"But 'tis mighty clear," sez she,  
" 'Tis not over here," sez she,  
"I have cause to fear," sez she.  
" 'Tis them Belgiums," sez she,  
"That's throwin' bombs," sez she,  
"And scarin' the life," sez she,  
"Out o' me son and the wife," sez she.  
"But in these parts," sez she,  
"They have warrum hearts," sez she,  
"And they like me well," sez she,  
"Barrin' Anna Parnell," sez she.  
"I dunno, Earl," sez she,  
"What's come to the girl," sez she,  
"And that other wan," sez she,  
"That Maud Gonne," sez she,  
"Dhressin' in black," sez she,  
"To welcome me back," sez she;  
"Though I don't care," sez she,  
"What they wear," sez she,  
"An' all that gammon," sez she,  
"About me bringin' famine," sez she.  
"Now Maud 'ill write," sez she,  
"That I brought the blight," sez she,  
"Or altered the saysons," sez she,  
"For some private raysins," sez she,  
"An' I think there's a slate," sez she,  
"Off Willie Yeats," sez she.  
"He should be at home," sez she,  
"French polishin' a pome," sez she,  
"An' not writin' letters," sez she,  
"About the betters," sez she,  
"Paradin' me crimes," sez she,  
"In the 'Irish Times'," sez she.  
"But what does it matther," sez she,  
"This magpie chatther," sez she,  
"When that welcomin' roar," sez she,  
"Come up from the shore," sez she,  
"Right over the foam?" sez she,  
" 'Twas like comin' home," sez she,

“An’ me heart fairly glowed,” sez she,  
“Along the Rock Road,” sez she,  
“An’ by Merrion roun’,” sez she,  
“To Buttherstown,” sez she,  
“Till I came to the ridge,” sez she  
“Of the Lesson Street Bridge,” sez she,  
“An’ was welcomed in style,” sez she,  
“By the beautiful smile,” sez she,  
“Of me Lord Mayor Pile,” sez she.  
“(Faith, if I done right,” sez she,  
“I’d make him a knight,” sez she).  
“Well, I needn’t repeat,” sez she,  
“How they cheered in each street,” sez she,  
“Till I came to them lads,” sez she,  
“Them ‘undergrads’,” sez she.  
“Indeed, an’ indeed,” sez she,  
“I’ve had many a God-speed,” sez she,  
“But none to compare,” sez she,  
“Wid what I got there,” sez she.  
“Now pass the jug,” sez she,  
“And fill up each mug,” sez she,  
“Till I give a toast,” sez she,  
“At which you may boast,” sez she.  
“I’ve a power o’ sons,” sez she,  
“All sorts of ones,” sez she:  
“Some quite as cows,” sez she,  
“Some always in rows,” sez she,  
“An’ the one gives most trouble,” sez she,  
“The mother loves double,” sez she,  
“So drink to the min,” sez she,  
“That have gone in to win,” sez she,  
“And are clearin’ the way,” sez she,  
“To Pretoria to-day,” sez she.  
“In the ‘Gap o’ Danger’,” sez she,  
“There’s a Connaught Ranger,” sez she,  
“An’ somewhere near,” sez she,  
“Is a Fusilier,” sez she,  
“An’ the Inniskillings not far,” sez she,  
“From the Heart o’ the War,” sez she;  
“An’ I’ll tell you what,” sez she,  
“They may talk a lot,” sez she,  
“And them Foreign Baboons,” sez she,  
“May draw their cartoons,” sez she.  
“But what they can’t draw,” sez she,  
“Is the lion’s claw,” sez she,  
“And before our flag’s furled,” sez she,  
“We’ll own the wurruld,” says she.

**Lyrics courtesy of:**

*The Percy French Festival, Castlecoote House, Castlecoote, Co Roscommon, Ireland*

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