

Richard Harris Barham (1788-1845)

5 *Mr. Barney Maguire's Account of the Coronation*

Och! the Coronation! what celebration
For emulation can with it compare?
When to Westminster the Royal Spinster,
And the Duke of Leinster, all in order did repair!
'Twas there you'd see the new Polishemen 5
Making a skrimmage at half after four,
And the Lords and Ladies, and the Miss O'Gradys,
All standing round before the Abbey door.

Their pillows scorning, that self-same morning
Themselves adorning, all by the candle-light, 10
With roses and lilies, and daffy-down-dillies,
And gold and jewels, and rich di'monds bright.
And then approaches five hundred coaches,
With General Dullbeak. — Och! 'twas mighty fine
To see how asy bould Corporal Casey, 15
With his sword drawn, prancing, made them kape the line.

Then the guns' alarums, and the King of Arums,
All in his garters and his Clarence shoes,
Opening the massy doors to the bould Ambassydors,
The Prince of Potboys, and great haythen Jews; 20
'Twould have made you crazy to see Esterhazy
All jools from his jasey to his di'mond boots,
With Alderman Harmer, and that swate charmer,
The famale heiress, Miss Anjaly Coutts.

And Wellington, walking with his sword drawn, talking 25
To Hill and Hardinge, haroes of great fame;
And Sir De Lacey, and the Duke Dalmasey
(They called him Sowlt afore he changed his name),
Themselves presading Lord Melbourne, lading
The Queen, the darling, to her royal chair; 30
And that fine old fellow, the Duke of Pell-Mello,
The Queen of Portingal's Chargy-de-fair.

Then the noble Prussians, likewise the Russians,
In fine laced jackets, with their golden cuffs;
And the Bavarians, and the proud Hungarians, 35
And Everythingarians, all in furs and muffs;
Then Misthur Spaker, with Mister Pays, the Quaker,
All in the Gallery you might persave;
But Lord Brougham was missing, and gone a-fishing,
Ounly crass Lord Essex would not give him lave. 40

There was Baron Alten, himself exalting,
And Prince von Schwartzenburg, and many more.
Och! I'd be bothered and entirely smothered,
To tell the half of 'em was to the fore;
With the swate peeresses in their crowns and dresses, 45
And Aldermanesses, and the Boord of Works;
But Mehemet Ali said, quite gin'taly,
"I'd be proud to see the likes among the Turks!"

Then the Queen, Heaven bless her! och! they did dress her
In her purple garments and her goulden crown; 50
Like Venus or Hebe, or the Queen of Sheby,
With eight young ladies houlding up her gown.
Sure, 'twas grand to see her, also for to he-ar
The big drums bating and the trumpets blow.
And Sir George Smart! oh! he played a consarto, 55
With his four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row!

Then the Lord Archbishop held a golden dish up,
For to resave her bounty and her great wealth,
Saying, "Plase your Glory, great Queen Victory,
Ye'll give the Clargy lave to dhrink your health?" 60
Then his Riverence repating, discoarsed the mating —
"Boys! here's your Queen, deny it if you can!
And if any bould traitour, or infarior craythur,
Sneezes at that, I'd like to see the man!"

Then the Nobles kneeling to the Pow'rs appealing, 65
"Heaven send your Majesty a glorious reign!"
And Sir Claudius Hunter he did confront her
All in his scarlet gown and goulden chain;

The great Lord May'r, too, sat in his chair, too,
But mighty sarious, looking fit to cry; 70
For the Earl of Surrey, all in his hurry,
Throwing the thirteens, hit him in his eye.

Then there was preaching, and good store of speeching,
With Dukes and Marquises on bended knee;
And they did splash her with real Macasshur. 75
And the Queen said, "Ah! then thank ye all for me!"
Then the trumpets braying, and the organ playing,
And sweet trombones, with their silver tones;
But Lord Rolle was rolling; — 'twas mighty consoling
To think his Lordship did not break his bones! 80

Then the crames and custard, and the beef and mustard,
All on the tombstones, like a poultherer's shop;
With lobsters and whitebait, and other swatemaits,
And wine and nagus, and Imperial pop!
There was cakes and apples in all the Chapels, 85
With fine polonies and rich mellow pears.
Och! the Count von Strogonoff, sure he got prog enough,
The sly ould divil, undernathe the stairs.

Then the cannons thundered, and the people wondered,
Crying, "God save Victoria, our Royal Queen!" 90
Och! if myself should live to be a hundred,
Sure it's the proudest day that I'll have seen!
And now I've ended what I pretended,
This narration splendid in sweet poe-thry,
Ye dear bewitcher, just hand the pitcher — 95
Faith! it's myself that's getting mighty dhry.

1840

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