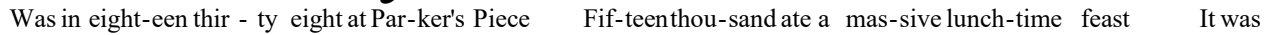


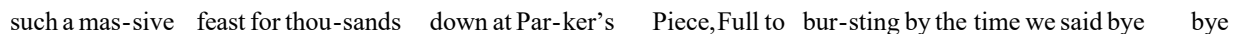
to the tune of "She'll Be Coming Round the Mountain"

VERSE



for the cel-eb - rat- ion, Queen Vic - to ria's Co-ron - at- ion, Must have been a mill-ion farts and burps rel eased!

Sing-ing I, I, yip-pee yip-pee I Sing-ing I, I, pick-le bread and pie Sing-ing



There were games and prizes in the meal deal
Biscuit bolting, orange bobbing, grab an eel
Even prizes there for winning for the champion of grinning,
Perfect ending to the greatest ever meal.