British Things

Horrible Histories

I love to be a British queen
I am Victoria, you see
Now where's my British butler
With my British cup of tea?
Tea is not from Britain, ma'am
From India it was brought
Yes, for your cuppa, thousands died
And many wars were foughtBritish things, my British things
It seems that tea is not
British things, my British things
Can I sweeten it a jot?Do tell me sugar's British though
No, it's Caribbean imported
For sugar in your cup of tea
Slavery's been supported
I know it's wrong, your majesty
But slaves in Africa
Worked hard in fields of sugar cane
To sweeten up your charBritish things, ah British things
I thought that there were many
British things, ah British things
Afraid there's hardly anyYou know your British cotton vest
What's wrong with it? Explain!
The cotton's from America
And picked by... slaves again!
Your empire's built on fighting wars
That's how your income's swollen
Your British things are from abroad
And most are frankly stolenWhatever next? Go on! Pray tell!
Our British queen is foreign as well?
It's true, I am of foreign descent
And your husband, Albert? A German gent!
At least I've got a British name
Victoria's Latin... that's a shame!British things, ah British things
There are none, we declare
All our favourite British things
Seem to come from elsewhere!

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