

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE SAWNEY ISLANDS

Tune—The Cambells is Coming,



COME all you bold Britions & list for a while
And I'll sing you a song that will cause you
to smile, (gone)
The Queen and Prince Albert to Scotland are
So a spree I will tell you before it is long,
On last Monday week, about 4 in the morn,
The bugs they d'd bite as the weather was warm
The Queen woke Prince Albert who said with a
smile,
My love lets get ready for famed Scottish Isle,

CHORUS.

The Queen and Prince Albert to Scotland is
gone,
To have a flare up as sure as your born,
And the lads and the lasses all ruing mad,
To see Albert tog'd in his kilt and his plaid,

Then Albert his pantaloons quickley pull'd on,
For the eggs and the toast and the coffee he rung
The Queen tok the Priuce and Priucess on
her lap,

And gave them an extra allowance of pap, (cut,
Then in to the carriage and from windsor they
And bolted to Woolwich before folks was up,
Which made people say by her going so soon,
I think that Victoria as bolted the moon,

Now the Lord Mayer pffered his barge I've
heard say,
Down the river in state for to bear her away,
Well man'd with fat Alderman oh what a rub'
Victoria goes from the river to drub, (o'b'ied,
But Victoria sent word that she was much
To his lordship and all his brave crew beside,
But she must be excused as she felt not inclined,
To take his brave man from their turtle and wive

As the Royal George yacht bore them away,
While the band Irish Molly so sweetly did play
When the fishes jump't up and spread open their
fins, (sing,
Aud danced in the water the famed Highland
They said althoug we are scaley it is true,
We do not intend to act scaley to you,
Though some of my brothers and sisters no donbt
Will be fried for to make you a jolly blow out,

Now the George flew majestly over the waves'
And the sailors was singing and dancing away,
When they reached Granton Peir into port they
soon run,
They fired a salute of twenty pop guns,
The scots of the bagpipes did merriley play,
As to hollyrood house they hastened away,
On crowde the party all filed out their tripes,
And danced Magge Landers on the pribroe and
pipe.

At Ediabrero Peith, & famed Dalkeith towns,
With welcome Victoria the streets did resound,
The poor of each place was all in high glee,
And drunk the Queens health in skillegalse,
So great was the call for oatmeal they say,
They was forced to send off without more delay
For a cargo of meal to Wales they sent down,
For the devil a bit was there left in the town,

Then Albert made one in a three handed reel,
With Aberdeen's Earl and little Bob Peel,
Who of his ratcatching began for to boast,
But Aberleen swore he should not rule the roast
For drinking the whiskey so got in their head,
That Priuce Albert carr'd them both into bed,
And the whole of the party so loud did sing,
Old scotland for ever and god save the Queen,

Paul Printer, 18, Great St. Andrew Street,
seven Dials.



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