

The Royal Trip to Scotland



PRINCE Albert & Britannia's Queen,

So joy and bonny fair and keen,
Went off again as may be seen,
To have a spree in Scotland,
They went to banish grief and pain,
Across the salt and briney main,
And learn the tune of do it again,
Among the hills of Scotland,

When they arrived at sweet Dundee
Prince Albert had a lark we see,
And dance the tune jigglem gee,
With the bonny girls of Scotland,
And Arthur Johnny Cope did sing,
The pipes did play and the bells did ring,
While Vic did jump the highland fling
Upon the hills of Scotland.

Since Albert ran near raving mad
With a Highland bonnet and tartan plaid
He cried out I'm a bra' Scotch lad
Among the girls of Scotland,
What tales of love young Vic did tell,
And rolled the lasses in the ditch,
And many say he caught the itch,
Among the girls of Scotland,

she morning soon the Queen was cross,
she thought she had her Albert lost,
Then in disdain her head she tossed,
And roamed the hills of Scotland,
At length she did her husband spy,
Kissing the lasses on the sly. (eye
Then she crack'd his nob and black'd his
Among the hills of Scotland

she with a sausage made him run
The ladies laugh'd to see the fun,
She nicely smacked his jigglem jum,
Among the girls of Scotland,
Then Al stood up against a tile,
And sung so loud all with a smile,
God bless the Duke of great Argyll,
I have caught the fiddle in Scotland,

Said the Queen to Albert to the day,
When we get home so fair and gay,
We shall be employed to scratch away,
And curse the hills of Scotland
You English ladies fair and free
If you should go upon the spree
Beware of Albert's fiddlem dee,
He brought from bonny Scotland.

It was thought they'd go we understand,
To visit blooming Paddy's and,
And take a glass or two with Dan,
Before they went to Scotland
But a covey dressed in scarlet clothes
And little Bobby did suppose
They would get a crack upon the nose,
If they went over to Ireland.

Oh did not Albert laugh and joke,
Till pretty Vick her sides did shake,
To see him swallow the barley cake
Among the girls of Scotland,
Oatmeal porridge, crout and meal
Fried red herrings, Leaks and kale,
He guzzled whiskey out of a pail
Among the girls of Scotland.

Al clapped his finger on his nose,
And a oatmeal cake upon his toes
Then sweetly hollowed off she goes,
Among the girls of Scotland
He scratched his thumb & scratched his knee
Saying have not I caught the fiddlem dee
A going behind the blackberry trees,
With the blooming girls of Scotland.

CHORUS.

Oatmeal Porridge and fake away
With the Scottish lasses far and gay
John Bull for every tune must pay
We danced in merry Scotland.



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



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