

THE QUEEN & HER FAMILY IN SCOTLAND.

AIR—"Hodge and his Leather Breeches."

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The Queen and Albert gay,
Are gone to Scotland sporting,
And left the poor old Duke
In Piccadilly, courting ;
Vick danced the Highland Fling,
And Earl Grey acts as corum,
While Albert was away
A singing Tullochgorum.

Says Albert, Vick my dear,
Of joy we are in the middle,
But in Scotland pray take care,
And shun the nasty fiddle.

To Scotland they can go,
For patsime, sport, and pleasure,
And poor old Farmer Ball.
Has got to find the treasure ;
They in the Highlands are
So gay depend upon it,
You would laugh to see Prince Al,
In petticoats and bonnet.

The Scotch men run a race,
With naked legs so all pert ;
In phillibegs and kilt,
They rigged out bonny Albert.
And as they run the race,
The Queen stared at them all right,
And all the ladies blushed
To look at Sawney's bagpipes.

The royal party all
Got in an Highland carriage,
And had a good blow out,
Of kale and oatmeal porridge ;
And after they had dined,
Said Al, I'm something catching,
Then shoved his hands behind,
And so began a scratching.

Last Monday night she waked,
A dreaming and a twitching,
Poor Albert he did shake,
Saying, crikey ! how I'm itching ;

My fingers and my toes,
And all about the middle,
Said Albert, I suppose
Dear Vick you have caught the fiddle.

In Scotland what we've done,
Said Al, we will remember,
And you will have a son,
My dear, in next November,
Marked with a brimstone pot,
Upon his little middle,
And then he baw'd I've got
The nasty Highland fiddle.

Although they scratch and rub,
Their time they merry passes,
And Albert dearly loves
The blooming Scottish lasses ;
Just twenty beauties bright,
Al, had one morning right slap,
And Vick caught him one night
With three behind a haystack,

The little Prince of Wales.
Looks like a Scottish laddie,
And tells his mamma tales
About his naughty daddy ;
How he did see him take
The ladies round the middle,
And played old Johnny Cope,
So nicely on his fiddle.

Says Paddy, what a shame !
The Queen will not be steering,
To pass a week or two
With poor old Mother Erin ;
I, by St. Patrick wish,
In Scotland they'll be catching,
What Paddy calls the itch,
To keep them all a scratching.

The lads and lasses gay,
Are in the Highlands footing,
And swells both night and da,
Are racing, running, shooting ;
We soon may them expect
To toddle back so cosey,
To see Miss Coutts B—
On drill with old Duke Nosey.

