



## THE QUEEN'S RETURN FROM SCOTLAND.

OH! here I am again returned:  
Fresh and blooming, fair and all fat,  
Oh, have not I had a good flare up  
In Scotland, with my loving Albert.  
I've been to view the land of cakes,  
And hear the Scotchmen sing "Down diddle,  
And I'm afraid, so help me Bob,  
That me and Albert have caught the fiddle.

### CHORUS

Rifum tifum fiddle a dee,  
The Scotchmen all began a jigling,  
And Albert says—"Dear Vic." to me,  
"I fear that we shall go a fiddling.

We travelled over Scottish hills,  
And saw the lasses bra and brawny,  
Moggy Donald of Dundee  
Danced a jig with Mister sawney;  
Albert danced the Highland fling,  
Peel sung Nosey hey down diddle;  
God bless the Duke of great Argyle—  
So help my Bob I've got the fiddle.

I've caught the fiddle in my toe;  
Indeed it is a shocking thing, sir;  
Albert has got it on his rump  
And on the tip of his little finger.  
Oatmeal porridge and barley meal,  
Trout and kale, says Peggy Bowers.  
Albert has got the fiddle so bad,  
He was forced to throw away his trousers.

When Albert put the petticoats on  
The Dukes and lords began a-chaffing,  
And when I saw his naked legs,  
I nearly burst my sides with laughing,  
The ladies they did ogle all,  
And he, oh dear, appeared so fidgety  
When a lady threw an oat meal cake,  
Which nearly broke his rumty iddity.  
No. 52.

I really think that Scotland's isle,  
No spot in Europe near surpasses;  
I was afraid to stop for fear my Al.  
Should fall in love with the Scottish lasses.  
When Albert wore the Highland kilt,  
The lasses round him would be creeping,  
I hit one lady on the nose,  
Because, the jade! she would be peeping.

Since we from England did set sail,  
We've travelled far by land and water;  
And now we are again returned,  
To see our little son and daughter.  
To Ireland next we mean to go;  
The Prince of Wales shall ride a pony;  
We'll travel the hills of Ballinacrad, and  
And kick up a row with Pat Mahoney.

Wherever we went, so help me Bob,  
The band did play and the bells did ring, sir  
I'll give my Albert a good blow up,  
When I get him in the castle of Windsor.  
I'll make him think of oatmeal cakes,  
I'll tie a rope around his middle:  
Ladies pray keep away from Al.,  
For, so help me Jemmy he's got the fiddle.

I was received in Scotland well;  
On me and Albert they did smile, sir;  
Here's the duke & duchess of Buccleugh  
God bless the duke of great Argyle, sir.  
The oatmeal porridge and barley cakes  
Have made us saucy, gay, and all pert  
But I have caught the fiddle a dee,  
So help me tater, as will as Albert.

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