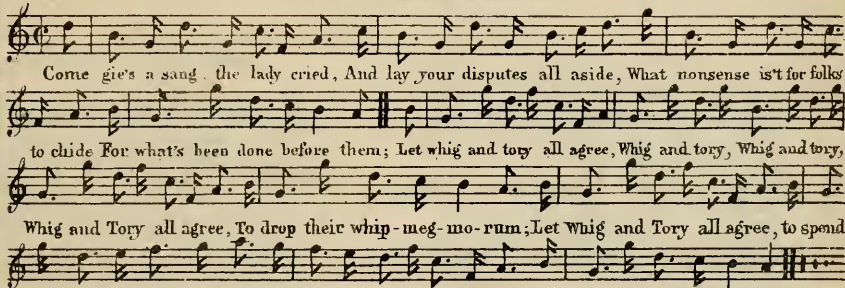




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R. W. Hume, Leith.

TULLOCHGORUM.



 Come gie's a sang, the lady cried, And lay your disputes all aside, What nonsense ist for folks
 to chide For what's been done before them; Let whig and tory all agree, Whig and tory, Whig and tory,
 Whig and Tory all agree, To drop their whip-meg-mo-rum; Let Whig and Tory all agree, to spend
 the night wi' mirth and glee, And choerfu' sing along wi' me, The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite,
 And ouy suniph that keeps up spite,
 In conscience I abhor him;
 Blythe and merry we's be a'
 Blythe and merry, blythe and merry,
 Blythe and mery we's be a'
 To make a choerfu' quorum.
 Blythe and merry we's be a'
 As lang's we hae a breath to draw,
 And dance, till we be like to fa',
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na be so great a phrase,
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;
 I wadna gie our ain Strathspeys,
 For half a hundred score o' em.
 There douff and dowie at the best,
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
 There douff and dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' their variorum.
 There douff and dowie at the best
 There allegros, and a' the rest
 They cannot please a Highland taste,
 Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let worldly minds themselves oppress,
 Wi' fear of want and double cess,
 And silly sauls themselves distress,
 Wi' keeping up decorum,
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Like auld Philosophorum?
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
 And canna rise to shake a fit,
 At the reel of Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings still attend,
 Each honest-hearted, open friend,
 And calm and quiet be his end,
 Be a' that's good before him!
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties a great store o' em!
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Unstained by any vicious blot!
 And may he never want a great
 That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
 Who wants to be oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And blackest fiends devour him!
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,
 Dole and sorrow, dole and sorrow,
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,
 And honest souls abhor him!
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,
 And a' the ills that come frae France,
 Who'er he be that winna dance
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

