

The Celebrated Scottish Song of
TULLOCHGORUM;

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

Roy's Wife, and Braw Lads on Yarrow Braes.



PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

TULLOCHGORUM

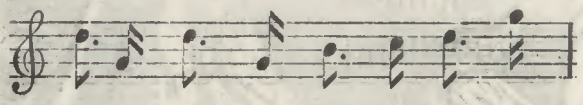
TULLOCHGORUM.

Fiddlers, your pins in temper fix,
And roset weel your fiddle sticks;
But banish vile Italian tricks
Frae out your quorum:
Nor fortes w! pianos mix,
Gie's Tullochgorum. —FERGUSSON.

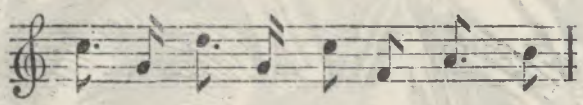
WORDS BY REV. JOHN SKINNER.



Come gie's a sang the la - dy cried, And



lay your dis - putes all a - side; What



non-sense is't for folks to chide For



what's been done be - fore them. Let



whig and to - ry all a - gree,

STANDARD FOR THE BOOKSELLERS



Whig and to - ry, Whig and to - ry,



Whig and to - ry all a - gree To



drop their whig - meg - mo - rum. Let



whig and to - ry all a - gree To



spend the night wi' mirth and glee, And



cheer-fu' sing a - lang wi' me The



Reel of Tul - loch - go - rum.

Tullochgorum s my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.
Blythe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we's be a',
To make a cheerfu' quorum ;
Blithe and merry we's be a',
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance till we be like to fa',
The Reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs nae be sae great a phrase
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays ;
I wadna gie our ain Strathspeys
For hauf a hunder score o'm.
They're dowff and dowie at the best,
Dowff and dowie,
Dowff and dowie,
They're dowff and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum :
They're dowff and dowie at the best,
Their allegro's, and a' the rest,
They canna please a Highland taste,
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let wardly minds themselves oppress,
Wi' fear o' 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
 To 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 gude 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'm :
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Unstain'd by any vicious blot !
 And may he never want a groat
 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,
 And honest souls abhor him ;

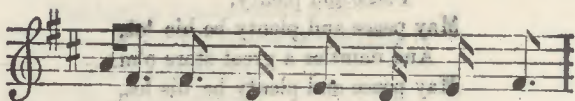
6
May dole and sorrow be his chance,
Dole and sorrow,
Dole and sorrow,

May dole and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be that winna dance
The Reel of Tullochgorum.

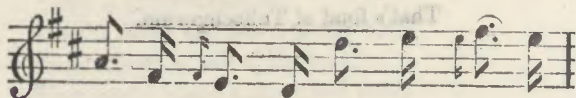
ROY'S WIFE O' ALDIVALLOCH.



Roy's wife o' Al - di - val - loch,



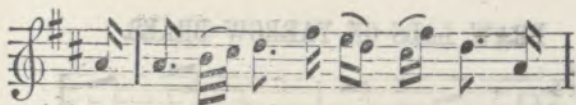
Roy's wife o' Al - di - val - loch,



Wat ye how she cheat - ed me, As



I came o'er the braes o' Bai - loch.



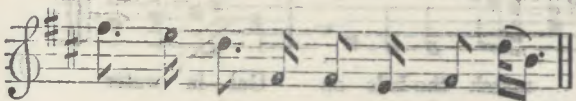
She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine; She



said she lo'ed me best o' o - ny; But



oh! the fic - kle, faith - less quean, She's

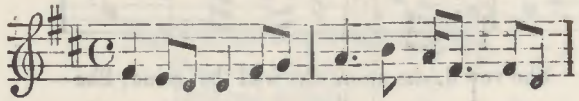


ta'en the carle, and left her *Da Capo.* John - nie.

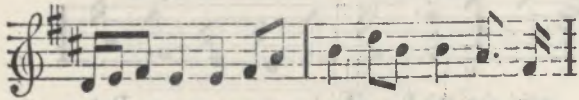
O she was a emty quean,
 Weel could she dance the Highland walloch;
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I'd been Roy o' Aldivalloch.
 Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
 Her wee bit mon' sae sweet and bonny;
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.
 Roy's wife, &c.

BRAW LADS ON YARROW BRAES.



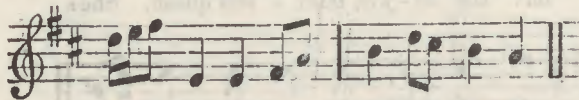
BRAW, braw lads, on Yar - row braes, Ye



wan - der thro' the blooming heather; But



Yar - row braes nor Et - trick shaws, Can



match the lads on Gal - la water

But there is ane, a secret ane,
 Aboon them a' I loe him better:
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
 The bonny lad o' Galla water.

Although his daddy was nae laird,
 And though I hae nae muckle tocher,
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
 We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was gold, it ne'er was wealth,
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
 O! that's the choicest world's treasure.