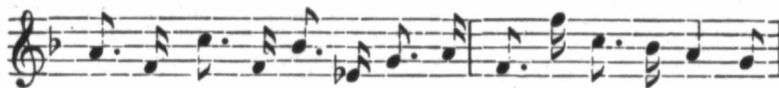


TULLOCHGORUM.

Words by the Rev. John Skinner.



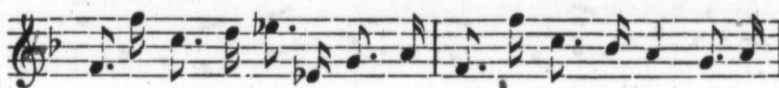
Come, gi'es a sang, Montgom'ry cried, And lay your dis-putes a' a-side; What



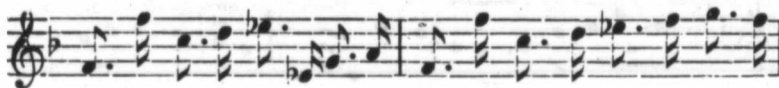
sig - ni - fies't for folks to chide For what was done be - fore them.



Let Whig and To - ry a' a-gree, Whig and To - ry, Whig and To - ry,



Whig and To - ry a' a-gree, To spend their whig-mig-mo - rum; Let



Whig and To - ry a' a-gree, To spend this night in mirth and glee, And



cheer - fu' sing, a - lang wi' me, The reel o' Tul - loch - go - rum.

O, Tullogorum'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'll be a',
Blythe and merry, blythe and merry,
Blythe and merry we'll be a',
An' mak' a cheerfu' quorum.
For blythe and merry we'll be a'
As lang as we hae breath to draw
And dance till we be like to fa'
The reel o' Tullochgorum.

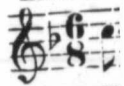
What need's there be sae great a fraise
Wi' dringin', dull Italian lays,
I wadna gi'e our ain strathspeys
For half-a-hunder score o' them.
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
Dowf and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum;
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Their allegros and a' the rest,
They canna please a Scottish taste,
Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let worldly souls their minds oppress,
Wi' fears o' want and double cess,
And sullen sots themsel's 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
Nor ever rise to shake a fit
To the reel o' Tullochgorum!

May choicest blessings aye attend
Each honest open-hearted friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's guid watch o'er him;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
Peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great store o' them;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by ony vicibus spot,
And may he never want a groat,
That's fond o' Tullochgorum.

But for the d
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