

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Tullochgorum

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"Come gies a sang," Montgomery cried
And lay your diputes 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 whigmegorum,
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend this night in mirth and glee
And cheerfu' sing alang wi me
The Reel of Tullochgorum

Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps up site,
In conscience I abhor him
Blithe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry
Blithe and merry we's be a'
To make a chearfu' quorum.
Blithe and merry, we's be a:
As lang's we ha'e a breath to draw,
And dance, 'till we be like to fa
The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be ao great a phrase
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays
I wadna gie our ain Strathspeys
For half a hundred score o'em:
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie;
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum:
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Their Allegros, and a' the rest,
They cannot please a Scottish taste,
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress
Wi' fear of want, and double cess;

And silly saules 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 Philofophorum.
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 Tullochgorum⁷

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
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 doul and sorrow be his chance,
Doul and sorrow, doul and sorrow,
May doul and sorrow be his chance,
And honest souls abhor him.
May doul and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae
Whoe'er he be that winna dance
The reel of Tullochgorum.

From The Scots Musical Museum, Johnson and Burns
note: 18'th Century typography uses f and s interchangeably (at
least to some extent. When one combines that with 18'th century
braid Scots, some confusion is possible. If someone spots any
transcription errors, please let me know. RG
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