

# Tullochgorum

Dougie MacLean

Come gie's a song montgomery cried  
And lay your disputes a' aside  
What nonsense is't for folks to chide  
For what was done before 'em

Let whig and tory a' agree  
Whig and tory whig and tory  
Whig and tory a' agree  
To drop their whigmigmorum

Let whig and tory a' agree  
To spend this night in mirth and glee  
And cheerfu' sing alang wi' me  
The reel o' tullochgorum

Tullochgorum's my delight  
It gars us a' in ane unite  
And only 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'  
And make a cheerfu' quorum

Blythe and merry we'll be a'  
As lang as we hae a breath to draw  
And dance till we be like to fa'  
The reel of tullochgorum

Let wardly worms their minds oppress  
Wi' fears o' want and double cess  
And sullen sots themselves distress  
Wi' keeping up decorum

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit?  
Sour and sulky sour and sulky  
Sour and sulky shall we sit  
Like auld philosophorum?

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit  
With 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 gude 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 any vicious spot

And may he never want a groat  
That's fond o' tullochgorum

But for the discontented fool  
Who wants to be oppression's tool  
May envy gnaw his rotten soul  
And blackest discontent devour him

May dool and sorrow be his chance  
Dool and sorrow dool and sorrow  
Dool and sorrow be his chance  
And honest souls abhor him

May dool and sorrow be his chance  
A' the ills that come frae France  
Whae'er he be that winna dance  
The reel o' tullochgorum