

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