

Tullochgorum

Fiddler's Green

Come give us a song, Montgomery cried
And lay your disputes all aside
What nonsense is't for folks to chide
For what's been done before 'em
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory
Whig and Tory all agree
To drop their Whigmigmorum
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend this night in mirth and glee
And cheerful sing along with me
The Reel of Tullochgorum

O Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us all in one unite
And ony sump that keeps up spite,
In conscience, I abhor him
Blythe and merry we'll be all,
Blythe and merry, blythe and merry
Blythe and merry we'll be all,
And make a cheerfull quorum
Blythe and merry we'll be all,
As lang as we have a breath to draw
And dance till we be like to fall,
The Reel of Tullochgorum

Let worldly worms their minds oppress,
With fears or want and double cess
And sullen sots themselves distress
With keeping up decorum
Shall we so sour and sulky sit?
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky
Sour and sulky shall we sit,
Like auld Philosophorum?
Shall we so sour and sulky sit,
With neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit
Nor ever rise to shake a fit
To the Reel of Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings all attend
Each honest open-hearted friend
And calm and quiet be his end,
And all that's good 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 goat,
That's fond of Tullochgorum

But for the discontented fool,
Who loves to be oppression's tool
May envy gnaw his rotten soul
And 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
And all the ills that come from France
Whoever he be that would not dance
The Reel of Tullochgorum