

# TULLOCHGORUM,

*The Death of Sally Roy,*

ROSLIN CASTLE,

AND

Was YOU AT THE SHIRRA-MUIR



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## TULLOCHGORUM.

COME gie's a sang, the lady cried,  
And lay your disputes all aside;  
What nonsense is't for folks to chide  
For what's been done before them.  
Let whig and tory all agree,  
Whig and tory, whig and tory,  
Let whig and tory all agree  
To drop their whigmegorum.  
Let whig and tory all agree  
To spend the night wi' mirth and glee,  
And cheerfu' sing along wi' me,  
The Reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,  
It gars us a' in ane unite,  
And ony sump that keeps up spite,  
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 mak a cheerfu' quorum;  
Blithe and merry we's be a',  
As lang as we hae breath to draw,  
And dance till we be like to fa',  
The Reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na be sae great a phrase  
 Wi' bringing dull Italian lays;  
 I wadna gie our ain strathspeys  
 For hauf a hunder score o'm.  
 They're dowff and dowie at the best,  
 Dowff and dowie, dowff and dowie,  
 They're dowff and dowie at the best,  
 Wi' a' their variorum:  
 They're dowff and dowie at the best,  
 Their allegros, and a' the rest,  
 They canna please a Highland taste,  
 Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings still attend  
 Each honest-hearted open friend,  
 And calm and quiet be his end,  
 Be a' that's gude 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'm:  
 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,  
 Wha wants to be oppression's tool,  
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,  
 And blackest fiends devour him!  
 May dool and sorrow, be his chance,

Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,  
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 And honest souls abhor him:  
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 An' a' the ills that come frae France,  
 Whae'er he be that winna dance  
 The Reel of Tullochgorum.

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### SALLY ROY.

FAIR SALLY, once the village pride,  
 Lies cold and wan in yonder valley;  
 She lost her lover, and she died:  
 Grief broke the heart of gentle Sally.  
 Young Valiant was the hero's name,  
 For early valour fir'd the boy,  
 Who barter'd all his love for fame,  
 And kill'd the hopes of Sally Roy.

Swift from the arms of weeping love,  
 As rag'd the war in yonder valley,  
 He rush'd, his martial power to prove,  
 While faint with fear sunk lovely Sally.  
 At noon she saw the youth depart,  
 At eve she lost her darling joy;  
 Ere night the last throb of her heart,  
 Declar'd the fate of Sally Roy.

The virgin train in tears are seen,  
 When yellow midnight fills the valley,

Slow stealing o'er the dewy green,  
 Towards the grave of gentle Sally.  
 And while remembrance wakes the sigh,  
 Which weans each feeling heart from joy,  
 The mournful dirge ascending high,  
 Bewails the fate of Sally Roy.

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### ROSLIN CASTLE.

'Twas in that season of the year,  
 When all things gay and sweet appear,  
 That Colin, with the morning ray,  
 Arose and sung his rural lay,  
 Of Nannie's charms the shepherd sung,  
 The hills and dales with Nannie rung;  
 While Roslin castle heard the swain,  
 And echoed back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse! the breathing spring  
 With rapture warms, awake and sing!  
 Awake and join the vocal throng,  
 Who hail the morning with a song:  
 To Nannie raise the cheerful lay;  
 O! bid her haste and come away;  
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,  
 And add new graces to the morn!

O hark, my love! on ev'ry spray,  
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;

'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,  
 And love inspires the melting song:  
 Then let my raptur'd notes arise,  
 For beauty darts from Nannie's eyes,  
 And love my rising bosom warms,  
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love! thy Colin's lay  
 With rapture calls, O come away!  
 Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine  
 Around that modest brow of thine.  
 O! hither haste, and with thee bring  
 That beauty blooming like the spring,  
 Those graces that divinely shine,  
 And charm this ravish'd breast of mine.

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### SHIRRA-MUIR.

O CAM ye here the fight to shun,  
 Or herd the sheep wi me, man?  
 Or were ye at the Shorra-muir,  
 And did the battle see, man?  
 I saw the battle, sair and tough,  
 And reekin-red ran monie a skeugh;  
 My heart, for fear, gae sough for sough,  
 To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,  
 Of clans frae woods, in tartan duds,  
 Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads, wi black cockades,  
 To meet them were na slaw, man;  
 They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,  
 And monie a bouk did fa, man:  
 The great Argyle led on his files,  
 I wat they glanoed twenty miles:  
 They hack'd and hash'd, while broad-swords  
 clash'd,  
 And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd, and smash'd,  
 Till fey men died awa, man.

But had you seen the philibegs,  
 And skyrin tartan trows, man,  
 When in the teeth they dar'd our whigs,  
 And covenant true blues, man,  
 In lines extended lang and large,  
 When bayonets opposed the targe,  
 And thousands hastened to the charge,  
 Wi Highland wrath they frae the sheath  
 Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,  
 They fled like frightened doos, man.

O how deil Tam can that be true?  
 The chase gaed frae the north, man:  
 I saw myself, they did pursue  
 The horsemen back to Forth, man:  
 And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,  
 They took the brig wi' a' their might,  
 And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;  
 But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,  
 And monie a huntit, poo' red-coat,  
 For fear amais did swarf, man.

My sister Kate cam up the gate  
 Wi' crowdie unto me, man;  
 She swore she saw some rebels run-  
 Frae Perth unto Dundee, man:  
 Their left-hand general had nae skill,  
 The Angus lads had nae gude will  
 That day their neebors' blood to spill;  
 For fear, by foes, that they should lose  
 Their cogs o' brose; all crying woes,  
 And so it goes, you see, man:

Theyve lost some gallant gentlemen  
 Among the Highland clans, man:  
 I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,  
 Or fallen in Whiggish hands, man:  
 Now wad ye sing this double fight,  
 Some fell for wrang and some for right;  
 But monie badé the world gude night;  
 Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,  
 By red claymores, and muskets' knell,  
 Wi' dying yell, the tories fell,  
 And whigs to hell did flee, man.

FINIS.