

# TULLOCHGORUM,

To which is added,

## THE HIGHLAND

## PLAID,

## HALLOW FAIR.



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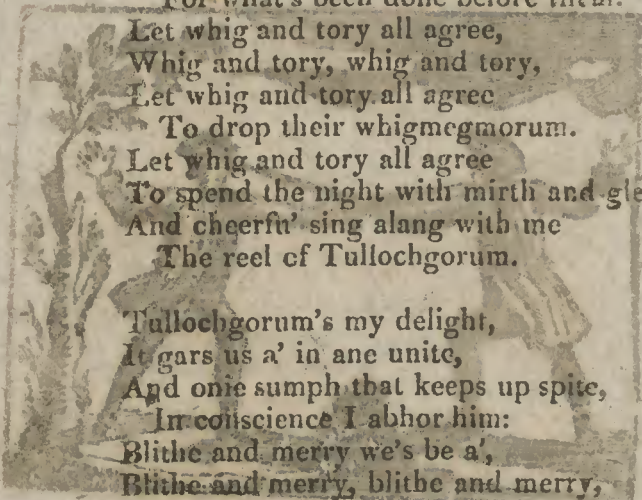
1823.

TULLOCHGORUM

To which is added

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 whigmegmorum.  
Let whig and tory all agree  
To spend the night with mirth and glee,  
And cheerfu' sing along with me  
The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,  
It gars us a' in ane unite,  
And onie sumph 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  
 With bringing dull Italian lays;  
 I wadna gie our ain Strathspies

For half 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,

With a' their variorum:

'They're dowff and dowie at the best,  
 Their allegros, and a' the rest,  
 They canna please a Highland taste,  
 Compared with Tullochgorum.

Let wardly minds themselves oppress,  
 With fear of want and double cess,  
 And silly sauls themselves distress,

With 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 Philosporum?

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
 With neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,  
 And canna rise to shake a fit

To the reel of 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,  
 Unstained 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 dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,  
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 And honest souls shor him:  
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 And a' the ills that come frae France,  
 Whae'er he be that winna dauce  
 The reel of Tullochgorum,

### THE HIGHLAND PLAID.

Lowland lassie will ye go,  
 Whare the hills are clad wi' snow,  
 Whare beneath the icy steep,  
 The hardy shepherd tends his sheep;  
 Ill nor wae shall thee betide,  
 When row'd within my Highland plaid.

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Soon the voice of cheery spring  
Will gar a' our plantins ring,  
Soon our bonny heather braes,  
Will put on their summer claes;  
On the mountain's sunny side  
We'll lean us on my Highland plaid.

When the simmer spreads the flow'rs  
Basks the glens in leafy bow'rs,  
Then we'll seek the caller shade,  
Lean us on the primrose bed;  
While the burning hours preside,  
I'll screen thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Then we'll leave the sheep and goat,  
I will lanch the bonny boat,  
Skim the loch in canty glee,  
Rest the oars to pleasure thee;  
When chilly breezes sweep the tide,  
I'll hap thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Lowland lads may dress mair fine,  
Woo in words mair saft then mine,  
Lowland lads hae mair of art,  
A' my boast's an honest heart;  
Whilk shall ever be my pride,  
O row thee in my Highland plaid.

"Bonny lad ye've been sae leal,  
"My heart would break at our farewell,

"Lang your love has made me fain,  
 "Take me—take me for your ain!"  
 Cross the firth, away they glide,  
 Young Donald and his Lowland bride.

### HALLOW FAIR.

Tune—*Fy let us a' to the Bridal.*

There's south of brow Jockes and Jennies  
 Comes weel buskit into the fair,  
 With ribbons on their cockernopies,  
 And south of fine flour in their hair.

O Maggie she was sae weel busked,  
 That Willie was tied to his bride;  
 The pony was ne'er better whisked  
 With a cudgel that hung frae his side,

But Maggie was wondrous jealous,  
 To see Willie busked sae braw;

And Sawney he sat in the ale-house,  
 And hard at the liquor did ca',  
 There was Georgie that weel lo'ed his lassie,  
 He took the pint stoup in his arms,  
 And hugged it, and said, Troth they're sancy  
 That lo'es na a gude father's hairn.

There was Wattie, the muirland laddie,  
 Was mounted upon a grey cowie,

With sword by his side, like a caddie,  
 To drive in the sheep and the nowle,  
 His doublet sae weel it did fit him,  
 It scarcely came down to mid-thigh,  
 With hair pouthered, hat, and a feather,  
 And housing at courpon and tee.

But Bruckie played *boo* to Bawsie,  
 And aff scoured the cowte like the win;  
 Poor Wattie he fell on the causey,  
 And brised a' the banes in his skin;  
 His pistols fell out of the hulsters,  
 And were a' bedaubed with dirt:  
 The folk they came round him in clusters,  
 Some leugh, and cried, Lad, was ye hurt?

The cowte wad let naebody steer him,  
 He was aye sae wanton and skeigh;  
 The packmens stands he o'erturned them,  
 And gart a' the fair stand abeigh:  
 With sneering behind and before him;  
 For sic is the mettle of brutes;  
 Poor Wattie, and wae's me for him,  
 Was fain to gang hame in his boots,

Now it was late in the ev'ning,  
 And bughting time was drawing near;  
 The lasses had stench'd their greening  
 With fouth of braw apples and beer.

There was Lillie, and Tibbie, and Sibbie,  
 And Ceicy on the spindle could spin,  
 Stood glowering at signs and glass winpocks,  
 But deil a lad bade them come in.

Gude guide's I saw ye ever the like o't?  
 See yonder's a bonny black swan;  
 It glours as it fain wad be at us,  
 What's yon that it hauds in its han'!  
 Awa, daft gowk, cries Wattie,  
 They're a' but a rickle of sticks;  
 See there is Bill, Jock, and auld Hauckie,  
 And yonder's Mess John and Auld Nick.

Quo' Maggie, Come buy us our fairing,  
 To Wattie, wha sleely could tell,  
 I think thou'rt the flower of the clachan,  
 In troth now I'se gie you mysel'.  
 But wha wad e'er thought it of him,  
 That e'er he had rippled the lint?  
 Sae proud was he of his Maggie,  
 Though she did baith scallie and squaint.

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FINIS.