

TULLOCHGORUM.

The author of the following clever song was the Rev. John Skinner, Episcopal minister at Longmay, Aberdeenshire. He was a man passing rich with forty pounds a year, who never

¹ Hough-syde; that is, as long in the skirts as to reach the hams.

² Varieties of female head-gear.

wanted a smile on his countenance and thankfulness in his heart. Though belonging to a clerical body generally reputed as Jacobites, and though he himself suffered imprisonment during the *Forty-five* on suspicion, it does not appear that Skinner had any strong partisan feelings, except in favour of mirth and social harmony in general. Being one day at the house of a friend named Montgomery, in the village of Ellon, in Aberdeenshire, where a hot dispute raged for some time between two persons of opposite political sentiments, and the lady of the house having called for a song to restore good-humour, Skinner improved on the hint to write a song which has been printed in nearly every subsequent collection—taking as an air the *Reel of Tullochgorum*.

The musical score is written on six staves in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). The melody is simple and rhythmic, typical of a Scottish reel. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across two notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line on the fifth staff.

Come gie's a sang, Mont - gom - ery cried, And
 lay your dis - putes all a - side; What
 sig - ni - fies't for folks to chide For
 what's been done be - fore them? Let
 Whig and To - ry all a - gree,
 Whig and To - ry, Whig and To - ry,

Whig and To - ry all a - gree To
 drop their Whig - meg - mor - um. Let
 Whig and To - ry all a - gree To
 spend this night with mirth and glee, And
 cheer - fu' sing a - lang wi' me The
 reel of Tul - loch - gor - um.

Come gie's a sang, Montgomery cried,
 And lay your disputes all aside ;
 What signifies '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 this night with mirth and glee,
 And cheerfu' sing along wi' me
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

O, Tullochgorum 's my delight ;
 It gars us a' in ane unite ;
 And ony sumph¹ 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',
 And 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 need na be sae great a phraise,
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays ;
 I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
 For half a hundred score o' 'em.
 They 're douff and dowie² at the best,
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
 They 're douff and dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' their variorums.
 They 're douff and dowie at the best,
 Their allegros, and a' the rest,
 They canna please a Highland taste,
 Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress
 Wi' fear of 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,
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Like auld Philosophorums ?

¹ Fool.² Stupid and doleful.

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
And canna rise to shake a fit
At the reel of Tullochgorum ?

May choicest blessings still attend
Each honest-hearted open friend ;
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's good watch o'er 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' 'em !
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious blot ;
And may he never want a groat,
That's fond o' Tullochgorum.