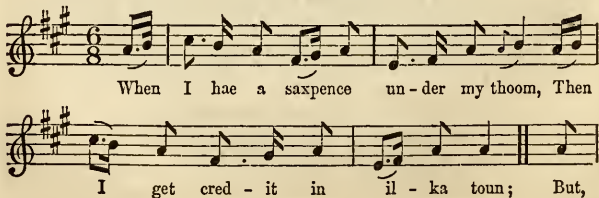


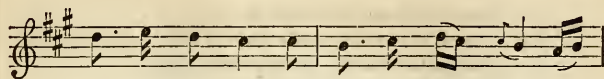
## TODLIN HAME.

‘Perhaps the first bottle-song,’ says Burns, ‘that ever was composed.’ It used to be a great favourite with the merry clubs of Edinburgh, and a gentleman named Balfour so charmed the fraternity of Golfers, by singing it in a characteristic manner, that they had his portrait taken by Raeburn, and hung up in the Golfers’ Hall at Leith. The position of the singer, with his thumb turned appropriately down upon the table, and his sly comic look, made this a picture of some value, irrespective of the fame of the artist. The verses appeared in the *Tea-table Miscellany*, and the air in the *Orpheus Caledonius*.



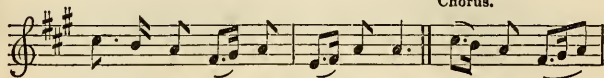
The image shows two staves of musical notation in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The first staff contains the melody for the first line of the verse, and the second staff contains the melody for the second line. The lyrics are written below the notes.

When I hae a saxpence un - der my thoom, Then  
I get cred - it in il - ka toun; But,

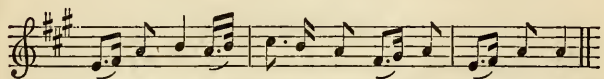


aye when I'm poor they bid me gang by, Oh,

Chorus.



pov - er - ty parts guid com - pa - ny! Tod - lin hame,



tod - lin hame, O couldna my love come tod - lin hame?

When I hae a saxpence under my thoom,  
 Then I get credit in ilka toun ;  
 But, aye when I'm poor they bid me gang by,  
 Oh, poverty parts guid company !  
 Todlin hame, and todlin hame,  
 Couldna my love come todlin hame ?

Fair fa' the guidwife and send her guid sale !  
 She gies us white bannocks to relish her ale ;  
 Syne, if that her tippeny chance to be sma',  
 We tak a guid scour o't, and ca't awa'.  
 Todlin hame, todlin hame,  
 As round as a neep come todlin hame.

My kimmer and I lay doun to sleep,  
 And twa pint-stoups at our bed's feet ;  
 And aye when we waken'd we drank them dry :—  
 What think ye o' my wee kimmer and I ?  
 Todlin butt, and todlin ben,  
 Sae round as my luve comes todlin hame.

Leeze me on liquor, my todlin dow,  
Ye're aye sae guid-humour'd when weetin' your mou'!  
When sober sae sour, ye'll fecht wi' a flee,  
That 'tis a blithe nicht to the bairns and me,  
    When todlin hame, todlin hame,  
    When, round as a neep, ye come todlin hame.

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