

T O D L E N H A M E.

WHEN I have a fax-pence under my thum,
 Then I'll get credit in ilka town;
 But ay, when I'm poor, they bid me gae by;
 O! poverty parts good company.
 Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 O! could na my love come todlen hame?

Fair fa' the gude wife, and fend her gude fale,
 She gies us white bannocks to drink her brown ale,
 Syne if her tippony chance to be sma',
 We'll tak a gude scour o't and ca' it awa'.
 Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 As round as a neep I come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
 And twa pint stoups at our bed feet;
 And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry:
 What think ye of my wee kimmer and I?
 Todlen but, and todlen ben,
 Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
 Ye're ay fae gude-humour'd when wetting your
 mou';
 When sober fae four, ye'll fight wi' a flee,
 That 'tis a blyth fight to the bairns and me.
 Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.

Todlen Hame

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Violin

Moderately
Slow

When I have a fix-pence un-der my thum, then

I'll get credit in il-ka town, But ay when I'm poor they

bid me gae by; O! pover-ty parts good com-pa-ny,

todlen hame tod-len hame O! cou'd na my love come todlen hame.