

TORBOLTON BY THE RIVER (con'd)

I'd like to drive to Kinburn,  
Galetta and the Harbour,  
Where folks are always well received  
From TORBOLTON BY THE RIVER.

It's there we have those splendid folks  
That make a country better.  
The Buckhams and the Griersons  
And the Armitages clever,  
The Gordons, Grays and Weatherdons,  
Whose kindness faileth never,  
The Andersons Bairds and Pritchards  
In TORBOLTON BY THE RIVER.

The Saunders men and Ritchies all,  
The Drummonds, wise as Seers,  
The Bressinhams and Porteous',  
The Gibsons and the Weirs,  
The Robinsons' <sup>both</sup> Orange and Green  
Coughlins and Smiths as ever,  
Beside those Sparkling Waters folks,  
In Torbolton by the river,

MacLarens men and Major men,  
The Brown folk and the Blewitts,  
The Wilsons and the Dolans too,  
The Nesbitts and McQuatts.  
The Penneys Bairds and Headleys all,  
Whose principles don't quiver,  
But hold the faith their fathers held  
In TORBOLTON BY THE RIVER.

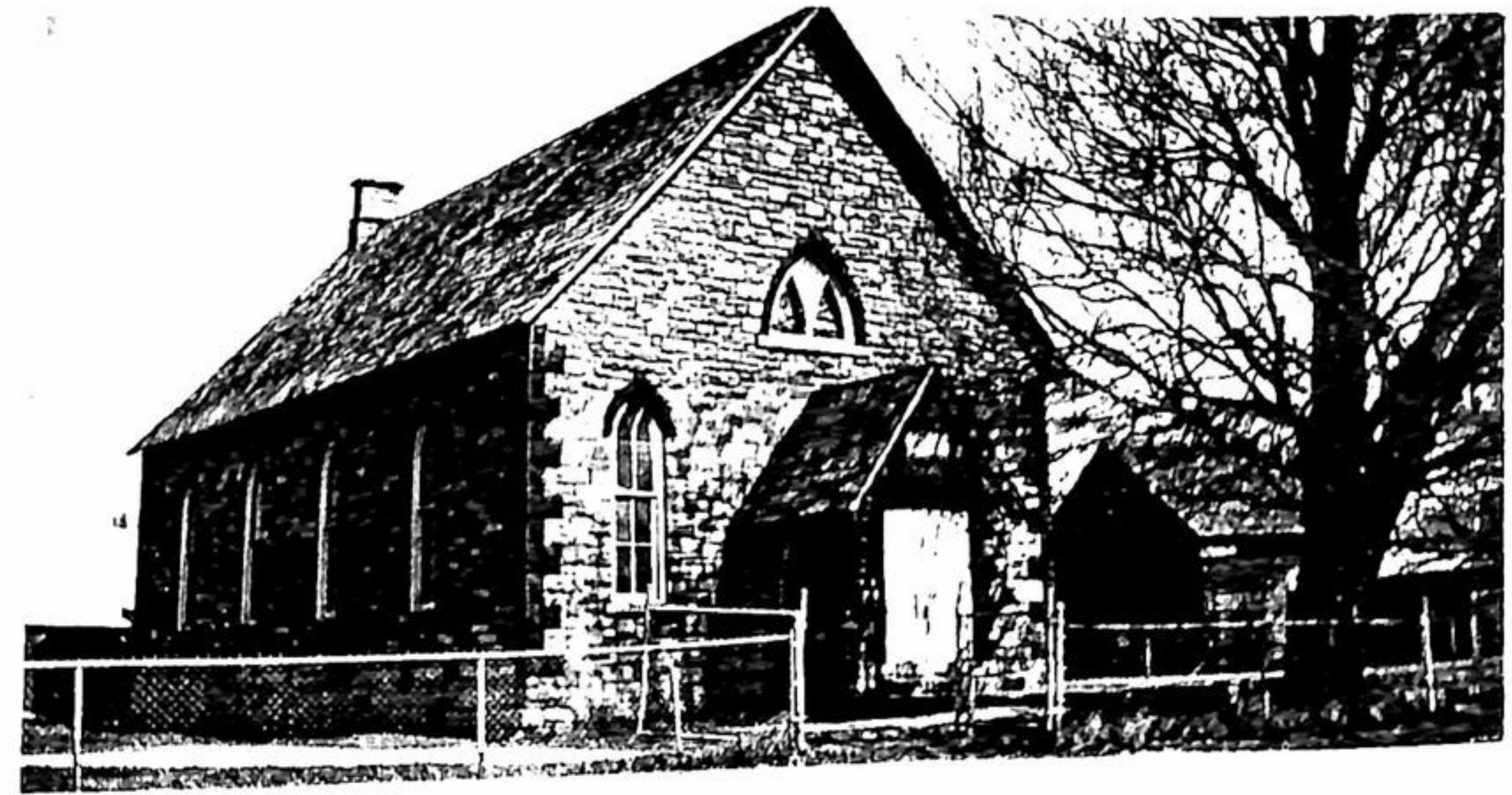
My Highland friends good luck to them  
At New Year's time, here's tas ye,  
And all of Dirleten Corner's folks  
And Kilmaurs Scribe that has ye.  
I'm always reading up your notes  
In Carp's delightful paper,  
In which I get all news from home,  
TORBOLTON BY THE RIVER.

I often think of Greenland  
And Purgatory too,  
You know I've been through both of them,  
They cleansed me through and through.  
I worked my way across them both  
In time long past forever,  
Hard times they cannot come again  
In TORBOLTON BY THE RIVER.

I'd like to go to English Church  
Down by the quiet corner,



And then drive up to Scotland Kirk,  
And sing a praise book number.



Out here, they're daft on Torrey's hymns  
That are not worth a slyver.  
I'd rather sing the golden Psalms  
In TORBOLTON BY THE RIVER.

I'm going back down there some day  
For the girl I left behind me,  
There is no girl like her on earth.  
But just let me remind you,  
That when I die and soar on high,  
To dwell in Heaven forever,  
Oh lay my body down to rest,  
In TORBOLTON BY THE RIVER.

And when the righteous dead shall rise,  
I hope to meet you yonder,  
Where by the Jordan's banks we'll rest,  
And on God's mercy ponder.  
And sing his praises evermore  
And never shall we sever,  
Glad that we learned the way of life,  
In TORBOLTON BY THE RIVER.



[Mac Laren's Cemetery]