

Lochanside

Come the winter, cold and dreary
Brings a hawk doon frae the high scree
Tae the whin where snowy hares hide

A aroond the Lochanside

Come the spring the land lies weary
Till the sun shines oot sae cheery
Brings the bloom, for a o June's pride

A aroond the Lochanside

If ye'd been ye'd have seen the scatter

A the peezies o'er the machair

When aboon the tawny ool glides

A aroond the Lochanside

And the heron he comes a-creeping
Through the rashes sae green and dreeping

Tae the pool whaur wily troot slide

A aroond the Lochanside

Aye if you ever hae a reason

Tae be here in any season

Come and try the barley bree in

Roond the fire on Lochanside

Summer time and the fish are louping
Dippers in the burnies couping
Swallaes flee frae dawn til e'entide

A aroond the Lochanside

By the autumn the pinks are winging
Blaeberries o'er the moors are hinging
Salmon through the surging spate fight

A aroond the Lochanside

If ye'd been ye'd have seen the scatter
A the peezies o'er the machair
When aboon the tawny ool glides
And the heron he comes a-creeping
Through the rashes sae green and dreeping
Tae the pool whaur wily troot slide

A aroond the Lochanside

Aye if you ever hae a reason

Tae be here in any season

Come and try the barley bree in

Roond the fire on Lochanside

Aye if you ever hae a notion

Tae be welcomed wi devotion

Travel home o'er any ocean

Tae be here on Lochanside

- Jim Malcolm -