



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 -