

LAMENT FOR DORNOCH

Tweedlee dee Tweedlee dee daa it gives me no thrill
To rise up in the morning in Sco-o-estounhill,
Tweedlee dee Tweedlee dee daa there's no peace for me
Till I wake up in the morning in Bishopfield Lea.

Oh the birds of the air they can fly where they please
~~And the sheep on the hills, in can rest at their ease~~
But for me it's quite different and why I don't know,
For my heart is in Dornoch and myself in Glasgow.

There's the Topp Institution, a place of great fame
For its ceilidhs and dancing it has a great name,
Oh there's music and laughter and all kinds of fun
Sure the night it is ended before it's begun.

There you'll find you lad Kenneth with noises galore
He sings like a trumpet and stamps on the floor,
Then he bangs on the table and thumps on the chair
Och for noises there's no doubt he sure has a flair

And at the piano there Alistair sits
He plays all the tunes and some lassy tit bits
At the reels and the dances he simply is grand,
He's better I'm certain than Bill Hannah's Band.

Then there's Iain a' pholiceman who takes a big share
At the boxie I'm sure there is none can compare
He will give you whatever your choice may request
But I'm thinking it's the Gaelic he's liking the best.

Roll on the cold winter and Spring with your storms
And bring back the Summer so cosy and warm,
Let the time fly with gladness till it comes Glasgow Fair
And I wake up in Dornoch and find you all there