

Lothian's land.

I made this one up when an old pal left to live far away. "The Flooers o Fife" mentioned in the song was actually the name of a field on the farm where he grew up. Now there are no fields there, for the farmland has become a golf course. Picturesque old field names are passing, impermanent things, hard to keep a grip on – like friendships, maybe.

**As I cam doon by Craigiellaw,
An roond Kilspindie's shores an aw,
As clear a sea as ever I saw,
Cam ripplin ower the sand.
And I mindit you by your lochside,
Far in the Hielans whaur ye bide;
Far fae the east winds an the tide
That laps roond Lothian's land.**

**Noo, I'm no yin tae make a meal
O what I think, or hoo I feel;
Sae I'll juist hope ye're aw daein weel,
An that things is gaun as planned.
An maybe whiles the time ye'll find,
Far fae the hame ye left behind,
The Flooers o Fife tae caw tae mind,
An yer freends in Lothian's land.**

**The grouse ower Lammerlaw still flee,
The Tyne's aye rattlin tae the sea.
Days pass sae fast, it frichtens me,
For time it winnae stand.
But never mind; I weel daur say
We'll meet again a time or twae,
And erse a bottle when we dae,
An drink tae Lothian's land.**

(Words and tune original.)