

"Morayland" : prize song / by Frank Sutherland (Uncle Peter).

Contributors

Sutherland, Frank.
London Morayshire Club.

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Wellcome Collection
183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722
E library@wellcomecollection.org
<https://wellcomecollection.org>

The London Morayshire Club.

PRIZE SONG. "MORAYLAND."

By FRANK SUTHERLAND (UNCLE PETER), *Elgin.*

AIR—"The Bonnie Briar Bush."

Ance mair aroon' this festive board
Convenes our social band :
A lot o' leal an' loyal Loons
Frae dear auld Morayland—
Yon sunny clime we lo'e sae weel,
Far north ayont the Tay,
The land whar gentle Lossie winds,
Deep Fin'ron, an' the Spey.
'Twas there, lang syne, whan gleesome Loons
We chas'd the gird an' ba'
Wi' early freens whase very names
Sweet memories reca'.
The land whar *Punchie* wander'd lang
Wi's trusty rod an' reel,
Whar *Cutler Jamie* sat and sang
O'er's skirlin' timmer wheel.
Whan bravely climin' life's steep hill
Or creepin' canny doon,
We like to tak' a leisure hour
To rest an' look aroon' ;
Though far remov'd we still can see
Yon shady *Oak Wood* dell,
The auld *Bow Brig*, green *Lady Hill*
An' tricklin' *Marywell*.
Some Loons, by *Mossat's* ripplin' rills
In fancy tak' a turn
While ithers roam o'er *Cluny Hills*
Or stray by *Wishart's Burn*.
Ay! mony a time we wander aff,
Though only but in dreams,
To clim' far-distant sunny braes
Or muse by silv'ry streams.
A kind auld mither Moray is
Her sons are leal an' fain,
An' though they aften rove aboot,
She coonts them still her ain.
'Mang ither worthy sons frae hame
She ever proodly croons
O' unco' mindfu' bairns she ca's
Her London Moray Loons.
Though weel they lo'e big London Toon
An' a' its fowk sae kin',
Their fondest thochts aye wander back
To scenes o' auld lang syne.
Then pledge wi' me, wi' three times three,
An' a' the honours grand—
My toast is "London's Moray Club,
An' dear auld Morayland."

December, 1879.