

HOLIDAYS IN DORNOCH—*Anon.*

CHORUS: *Drive we gaily, on we go
Wheel to wheel, full out or slow
Many cars all in a row
On to sunny Dornoch*

1. We're all bound for Burghfield
Donald comes from Huddersfield
All keyed up to win the shield
When he gets to Dornoch.
2. Fred the rover comes with speed
A knight in armour on his steed
We are sure he's in the lead
For a drink in Dornoch.
3. From the West come Murrays three
David's on a golfing spree
Cannae wait to reach the tee
On the links of Dornoch.
4. Eating up the road and miles
Comes Jim Chalmers wreathed in smiles
His moustache has grown the whites
Since he came to Dornoch.
5. Nothing is beyond our Ken
'Cept his family are all men
Perhaps he'd do better up the Glen
Than playing golf in Dornoch.
6. The Potters come from London's Strand
Bats and Balls in every hand
Bringing cricket to this land
On the lawns of Dornoch.
7. From Solihull there comes a team
Colin thinks that Anne's a dream
Dr. Thomas is a scream
When he laughs in Dornoch.
8. Press-up Paton and his crew
Come with laces in each shoe
He talks a lot of bally-hoo
All the time in Dornoch.
9. Curries come in many cars
All of them are golfing stars
And they fill the hotel bars
Over-running Dornoch.
10. Carruthers don't "rime" with anything
Press the bell and it might ring
The staff they will nae dae a thing
Any how in Dornoch.
11. The Johnstons come here year by year
Lending a judicial air
The boys they are a flippant pair
Chasing girls in Dornoch.
12. We can't mention everyone
The Milnes, the Chapmans and Doodson
We wish you all the best of fun
In the dunes at Dornoch.
13. Settle back, relax in style
Join the locals for a while
Everyone has got a smile
From living here in Dornoch.
14. We hope you will forgive our rhyme
But we have not had much time
To write this saga line by line
On holiday in Dornoch.