

There's mony rivers in the West,
Ayr and Doon, and a' the rest,
Nane tae us is hauf sae blest
As oor sweet winding Avon.
Raise your voices, sing its praise,
Its placid linns, its benty braes;
Its mem'ries dear o' ither days
We've spent by winding Avon.
Lang syne when evil deeds were rife.
The Kirk wis torn wi' sturt and strife
Full mony a martyr gied his life
Beside the winding Avon.
Sodom Hill and Drumclog Field
Where weavers fought and wadna yield;
Where Scotland's richts were firmly seal'd
Beside the winding Avon.

Now peace reigns o'er thee cherished stream,
The fisher's love, the exile's dream
May simple joys aye from the theme
Of those who dwell by Avon.
As long as Scotia's rivers rin,
Wild woods wave, and flow'rst spring
We'll bare oor hearts and proudly sing
In praise of winding Avon

Robert Chalmers

