**Cuil Cottage**

If you travel thro’ Glen Kinglas,

Down the high road to Loch Fyne,

You will come to Cuil Cottage,

Which was a home of mine.

It sits snuggly on the hillside,

With the loch just by the door,

And if once you came to visit,

You’d return there more and more.

It has simple charm, so homely,

That at once you’d feel at ease,

Sitting out among the daffodils,

That flutter in the breeze.

There were fresh eggs with the bacon,

Girdle scones that were a treat,

Mince and dumplings and rice pudding,

Always plenty food to eat!

We had fun and laughter plenty,

Children played beside the burn,

Home of Conways, Lukes and Brodies,

How we wish we could return!

See the same familiar faces,

Hear the voices heard before,

Yes we always will remember,

Cuil Cottage by the shore.

Elizabeth Brodie 2008