

Gulls of Invergordon

In Invergordon by the sea they've built a great distillery
And every gull is on a spree that lives in Invergordon
The mash that flows out from the still, they gobble it up with a right goodwill
And every gull can hold his gill that lives in Invergordon

*Dirrum a do, a dirrum a day, dirrum a do a daddy-o
Dirrum a do, a dram, a day, the gulls of Invergordon-o
Dirrum a do, a dirrum a day, dirrum a do a daddy-o
Dirrum a do, a dram, a day, the gulls of Invergordon-o*

A Glasgow gull came from the Clyde, in Invergordon to reside
He got himself half stupefied with gulls of Invergordon
And then he found to his surprise that he was most unfit to rise
And flying kind of sidey-wise when he left Invergordon

Chorus

In Arbelour along the Spey, they do things in a different way
No gulls fly in to sing or play or tipple from the barrel
And so the fumes without a care can rise unsniffed into the air
And angels can inhale their share and sing a joyful carol

Chorus

When we die, some people say, we come back in a different way
How I'd love to come and stay as a gull in Invergordon
Dirrum a do, a dram a day, reincarnation would be gay
A sort of perpetual Hogmany with the gulls of Invergordon

Chorus

Composed by: James McNamara/David Kessler

Appears on *River Run Wide*

This song is based on a true story. The spent mash from the Whyte & Mackay distillery in Invergordon was disposed of through a pipe to the beach. Gulls would eat the mash, get quite drunk, and harass the locals. I learned this song from David Kessler, a wonderful singer who also composed the third verse of this version.