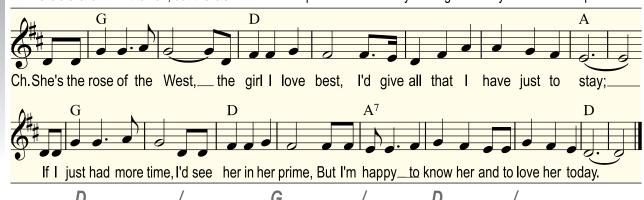




1. The loch is glistening, the night owls are listening, The band is playing by the light of the moon\_



There's a charm in the air, but there's none can compare with the beauty\_and grace of my own Rose Col quhoun.\_



2 I first saw my sweet when at Luss we did meet, our love it has blossomed since

Our love it has blossomed since that afternoon;

On my life I will swear that there's none can compare

With the beauty and grace of my own Rose Colquhoun.

She's the rose of the West, the girl I love best,

D
A
I'd give all that I have just to stay;

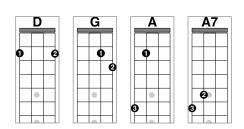
G
If I just had more time I'd see her in her prime,

A7

D

But I'm happy to know her and to love her today.

Yes, I'm happy to know her and to love her today.



At the announcement of the first Crieff Arts
Festival, we held a silent auction where I would compose a tune for the winner. When he won, the prizewinner asked me for a country song about his grandaughter Rose Colquhoun. This is the result.

Rose of the West