Words composed by Tom Lothian, Ellon, for a song performed by some of the Strathyre 'Hostel Boys' at a concert in the Strathyre around 1954. The words and tune was based on the song featured in the comedy Radio programme 'Much Binding in the Marsh' broadcast from 1944 – 1954 and featuring Kenneth Horne and Richard Murdoch located in a fictional RAF station coping with everyday red tape and post war shortages.

The Strathyre Bothy Boys' Song

We are the Bothy Boys
Here to amuse
We'll raise a laugh or two and chase away those winter blues
So don't go away a while
We won't be long
And hope to cheer you with this our tribute song

At much binding in Strathyre
Our reason here tonight's to entertain you
At much binding in Strathyre
We hope our dreadful singing does not pain you
For we have sung in cabaret and also in pantomime
We also sing with Frankie Lane and Dicky Valentine
But we have yet to sing with Harding on TV in What's my Line
At much binding in Strathyre

At much binding in Strathyre
The bowling team have hardly won a match
At much binding in Strathyre
On last year's bowling team they are not a patch
They say if their league position keeps on sinking
They should give up bowling and
Start playing Tiddlywinks
At much binding in Strathyre

At much binding in Strathyre
The railway service to Strathyre is disgusting
There are so few trains each day the rails are rusting
It's said the railway workers have just had a rise in pay
But why the devil should they when there's just four trains a day
But yet we're blooming lucky that it's not the other way
At much binding in Strathyre

At much binding in Strathyre
They told us there was talent in Strathyre

But whoever told us was surely a liar
There is one nice piece of cheesecake that would suit us mighty fine
But trouble is that we are eighteen and she in eighty nine
But she's like Betty Grable and the rest like Frankenstein
At much binding in Strathyre

At much binding in Strathyre
At last our little song comes to an ending
We truly hope it hasn't been heart rending
Good bye, good luck be careful
Cos Big Brother's watching you
At much binding in Strathyre