



Scottish Songs



The Dark Island

Away to the west's where I'm longing to be,
Where the beauties of heaven unfold by the sea,
Where the sweet purple heather blooms fragrant and free,
On a hilltop high above the Dark Island.

Chorus

*Oh, isle of my childhood, I'm dreaming of thee,
As the steamer leaves Oban and passes Tiree,
Soon I'll capture the magic that lingers for me,
When I'm back once more upon the Dark Island.*

So gentle the sea breeze that ripples the bay,
Where the stream joins the ocean, and young children play;
On the strand of pure silver, I'll welcome each day,
And I'll roam for evermore the Dark Island.

Chorus

True gem of the Hebrides, bathed in the light
Of the midsummer dawning that follows the night;
How I yearn for the cries of the seagulls in flight,
As they circle high above the Dark Island.

Chorus