



## The Road to the Isles

A far croonin' is pullin' me away  
As take I wi' my cromack to the road.  
The far Coolins are puttin' love on me  
As step I wi' the sunlight for my load.

### Chorus

Sure by Tummel and Loch Rannoch and Lochaber I will go  
By heather tracks wi' heaven in their wiles.  
If it's thinkin' in your inner heart the braggart's in my step  
You've never smelled the tangle o' the Isles.  
Oh the far Coolins are puttin' love on me  
As step I wi' my cromack to the Isles.

It's by Shiel water the track is to the west  
By Aillort and by Morar to the sea  
The cool cresses I am thinkin' of for pluck  
And bracken for a wink on Mother knee.

The blue islands are pullin' me away  
Their laughter puts the leap upon the lame  
The blue islands from the Skerries to the Lewis  
Wi' heather honey taste upon each name.

SCOTLAND