Road To The Isles

Scottish Folk Song

1917

Dulcimer 1

\[\text{Verse}\]

\[\begin{array}{c}
G \quad G7 \\
C \\
\end{array}\]

A far croon-in' is pullin' me away As take

\[\text{Chorus}\]

\[\begin{array}{c}
G \quad G7 \\
C \\
\end{array}\]

Sure by Tummel and Loch-Rannoch and Lochaber I will go, By
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 Lews
Wi' heather honey taste upon each name.