

The Dark Island

In the years long gone by when I first left my home
I was young and I wanted the wide world to roam
But now I am older and wiser you see
For that lovely Dark Island is calling to me

*Though I've wandered away from the land of my birth
And been roaming around to the ends of the earth
Still my heart is at home in that land far away
That lovely Dark Island where memories stray*

One day I'll return to that far distant shore
And from that dear island I'll wander no more
Till the day that I die I will no longer roam
For that lovely Dark Island will be my last home

*Though I've wandered away from the land of my birth
And been roaming around to the ends of the earth
Still my heart is at home in that land far away
That lovely Dark Island where memories stray*

Stewart Ross of Inverness ©1963