

The Road To The Isles

...Written for the lads in France during the Great War...



*Sure by Tummel and Loch Rannoch and Lochaber I will go
By the 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
O the far Coolins are puttin' love on me
As step I wi' my cromack tae the Isles*

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

*Sure by Tummel and Loch Rannoch and Lochaber I will go
By the 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 tae the Isles*

It's the blue islands are pullin' me away
Their laughter puts the leap upon the lame
It's the blue islands fae the Skerries to the Lews
Wi' heather honey taste upon each name

*Sure by Tummel and Loch Rannoch and Lochaber I will go
By the 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*

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- Kenneth MacLeod (Songs Of The Hebrides * 1917) -