Road To The Isles

Traditional

It's a far croon in' that is pull in' me a-way as
It's the blue Is - lands that are pull in' me a-way as

take I wi' my cro - mak to the road. The far Cuil - lins are
laugh - er puts the leap up - on the lane, The far Cuil - lins are

put - tin' love on me as step I wi' the sun - light for my load. Sure by
Sker - ries to the Lews, Wi' heath - er hon - ey taste up - on each name.

Tun - nel and Loch Ran - noch and Loch A - ber I will go, By

heath - er tracks wi' heav - en in their

wiles. If it's think - in' in your inner heart brag - gart's in my step you've

never smelt the tan - gle o' the isles. Oh the far Cuil - lins are - put

put - ting love on me, As step I wi' my cro - mak to the Isles.