

Cuillins of Home

Archie Fisher

Soon I shall see the bright shores in the sunlight
The heather of hills and the rising of morn
The rolling grey sea-mist blows East in the morning
To run the wild hills of the Cuillins of home

Far away seaward thy green hills are lovely
Where glide the hill waters all down to the sea
They tumble at noontide like snow wreaths in moonlight
As those whose heart yearning would yearn it to be

Far away seaward my green land, my youth land
Far away seaward the Cuillins of home
While here in my dreamtide I'm hearing hill waters
The laughter of streams by the Cuillins of home

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