The Iolaire

Skipinnish

Eilean Froaich, I yearn to see you,
Sing to me the Island Ocean
Through the cries of war I hear you
Far to the west and worlds away
From the futile feilds of war.Island men i hear them calling
Sling to me the Island Ocean
Killed in vain, I see them falling
Oh take me west and worlds away
From the futile feilds of war.Four brutal years were unforgiving
Sing to me the Island Ocean
By grace of god I was yet living
And sailing west and worlds away
From the futile fields of war.
The harbour lights, I see them gleaming
Sing to me the Island Ocean
Nearly home and i am dreaming
I'm in the west and worlds away
From the futile fields of war.The Beasts of Holm were dark and savage
Sing to me the Island Ocean
Their scythe of fate would blindly ravage
Far to the west and world away
From the futile fields of war.New Year of peace would dawn tomorrow
Sing to me the Island Ocean
From hope and joy to wrenching sorrow
Far to the west and worlds away
From the futlie fields of war.
My lovers kiss, Her arms around me
Sing to me the Island Ocean
So near, but on the shore she found me
Far to the west and worlds away
From the futile fields of war.The morning tide brought home our boys
They lay among the scattered toys
Our tears of love and deep relief
Became the tears of tearing grief.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/