Dark Island

WAYKIS

Away to the westward
I'm longing to be,
Where the beauties of heaven
Unfold by the sea;
Where the sweet purple heather blooms
Fragrant and free
On a hilltop high above
The Dark Island
So gentle the sea breeze,
That ripples the bay,
Where the stream joins the ocean,
And young children play;
On the strand of pure silver,

I'll welcome each day,
And I'll roam for every more,
The Dark Island
True gem of the Herbrides,
Bathed in the light,
Of the mid-summer dawning,
That follows the night;
How I yearn for the cries,
Of the seagulls in flight,
As they circle above
The Dark Island

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