

The Dark Island

Song

Iain MacLachlan (words: David Silver)

Em7 Bm7 G D

A - way to the west - ward I'm long - ing to be, where the

D A

beau - ties of heav - en un - - fold by the sea. Where the

Em7 Bm7 G D

sweet pur - ple heath - er blooms frag - rant and free, on a

D A G D

hill - top high a - - bove the da - rk is - - - land.

Chorus

D G D

Oh - - isle of my child - hood I'm dream - ing of thee, as the

D A7

steam - er leaves O - ban and pass - es Tir - - ee, soon I'll

Em7 Bm7 G D

cap - ture the mag - ic that ling - ers for me, when I'm

D A7 G D

back once more up - - on the da - rk is - - - land.

So gentle the sea breeze that ripples the bay
Where the stream joins the ocean and the young children play
On the strand of pure silver I'll welcome each day
And I'll roam forever more the Dark Island

True gem of the Hebrides bathed in the light
Of the midsummer dawning that follows the night
How I yearn for the cry of the seagulls in flight
As they circle above the Dark Island