

THE ROAD TO THE ISLES.

A Tramping Song.

Words by
KENNETH MACLEOD.

To an air played by MALCOLM JOHNSON, Barra,
on the chanter; arranged for Voice and Harp,
(or Piano) by
PATUFFA KENNEDY-FRASER.

§ In blythely forward marching time, with a

Voice.

A far croon-in' is pull-in' me a-way As
Sheil wa - ter the track is to the west, By
blue Is - lands are pull-in' me a-way, Their

Piano.

mf

p leggiero sempre.

daintily marked rhythm.

take I wi' my 'cromak to the road, The far Cool - ins are
'Aill-ort and by Morar to the sea, The cool cres-ses I am
laugh-ter puts the leap up - on the lame, The blue Is-lands from the

Refrain.

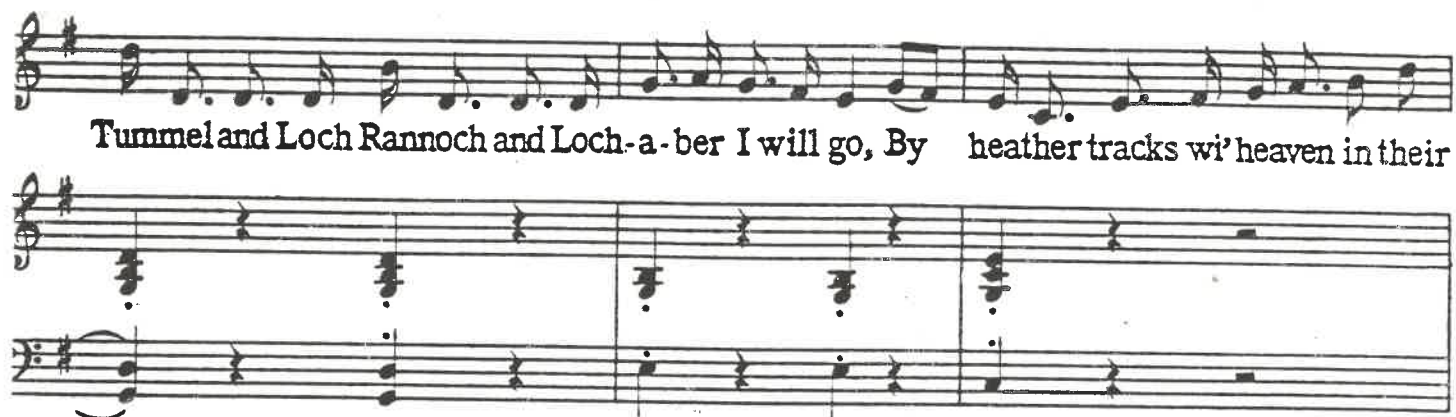
puttin' love on me As step I wi' the sunlight for my load.
think-in' o' for pluck, And bracken for a wink on Mother knee. Sure, by
Skerries to the ²Lews, Wi' heather honey taste up-on each name.

¹A crook-handled walking stick.

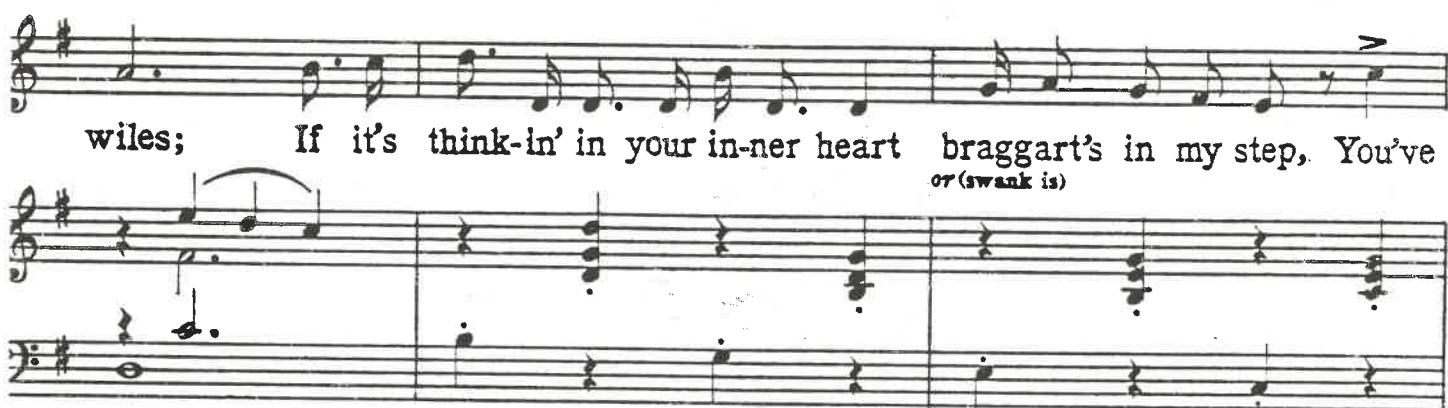
²Pronounce exactly like the English word "Lose."

⁴Pronounce first syllable like English "Lew."

³Pronounced "Sheel"



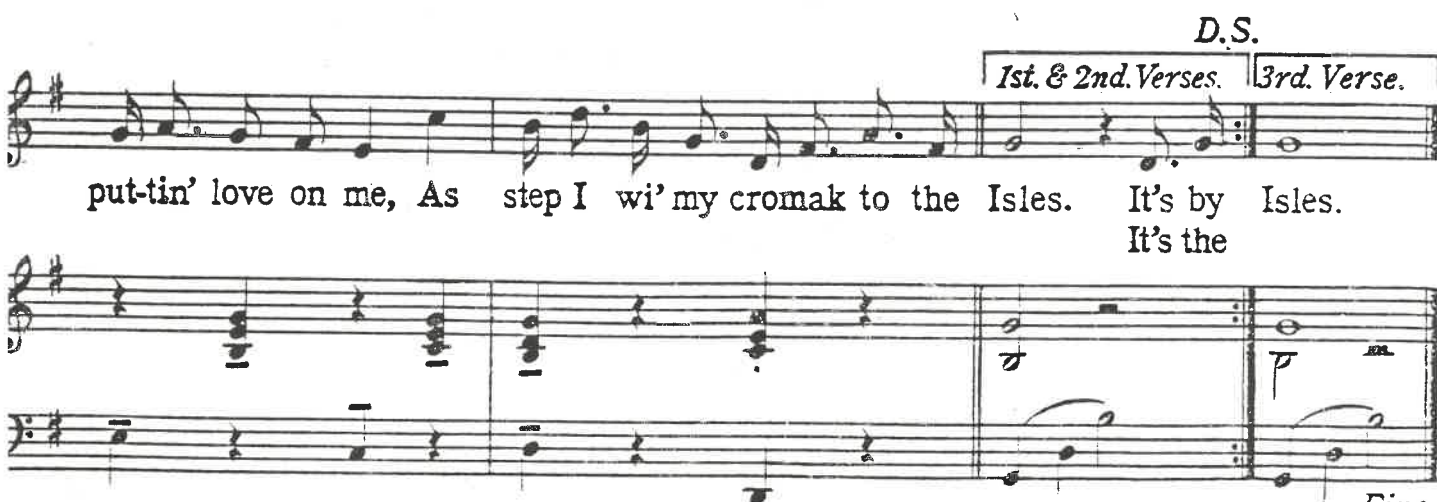
Tummel and Loch Rannoch and Loch-a-ber I will go, By heather tracks wi' heaven in their



wiles; If it's think-in' in your in-ner heart braggart's in my step. You've
or (swank is)



ne-ver smelt the tan-gle o' the Isles. Oh, the far Cool-ins are



D.S.

Ist. & 2nd. Verses.	3rd. Verse.
---------------------	-------------

put-tin' love on me, As step I wi' my cromak to the Isles. It's by Isles.
It's the

Fine.