

# The Voice House

## Fair A Vata

### Fair a vata na horo aila x 3 Mo hori slan let sgax atsh an tshetshoo

Strik mi shaltin on xnok asartsha  
Fayaxk am fike mi fair a vata  
An tshig-oo an dzhoo non tshig-oo a marax  
Smoor tshig-oo itshar goor trua a ha mi

### Chorus

Ha mo creetsha sa brishtsha brootsha  
Strik na dzhor a-rooi o mulan  
An tshig-oo a noxk nom bi mo ghil root  
Non doon mi an doras le ozna oorsax

### Chorus

Strik mi fyniark dzheh luxk nam bata  
Am fyk iatoo nom vailoo savaltsh  
Ach sown a ha gax an dzhoo ag ratsheen  
Goor gorax meesha ma hoog mi gra ghut

Notes on pronunciation:

“x” = “ch” as in loch

“tsh” as in “watch”

“dzh” as in “judge”

“gh” = “x”

!a” as in “around”

## Dark the Night

### Dark the night and long till day Do not bid us further stray

Now the sun it does decline  
Pour the beer and pour the wine  
Let us lead your thoughts astray  
From the world and from the day

### Chorus

We bring songs of history  
Love and war and mystery  
We can lead you from despair  
Or can chill the darkening air

### Chorus

You can choose to pass us by  
With a cruel or scornful eye  
We will see the ending through  
And then we'll turn and say to you

## Dark Island

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

Oh, isle of my childhood I'm dreaming of thee  
As the steamer leaves Oban and passes Tiree  
Soon I'll capture the magic that lingers for me  
When I'm back once more upon the Dark Island

So gentle the 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

The 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