

The Voice House

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