

THE VALLEY OF STRATHMORE

C **F** **C**
By the clear and the winding streams

F **G7**
In the valley of Strathmore

C **F** **C**
Where my love and I have been

F **G7**
Where we'll wander never more.

Am **G** **Am**
But if time was a thing man could buy

F **G7**
All the money that I have in store

C **F** **C**
I would give for one day by her side

F **G7**
In the valley of Strathmore.

C **F** **C**
From the glen of the golden and green

F **G7**
I left for a land far away

C **F** **C**
Where sadness has never been seen

F **G7**
Aye, and joy only costs a day's pay.

C **F** **C**
In Strathmore there's a long working day
F **G7**
For a man with his hands on the plow
C **F** **C**
But it's work I'd be happy to do
F **G7**
If at night I were lying with you.

C **F** **C**
As I take a long draught from my glass
F **G7**
Oh, I'm drinking alone here again
C **F** **C**
And I try not to think of my lass
F **G7**
For the old days will ne'er come again.

VOICE OF MY ISLAND

A tribute to the Isle of Mull

G **D** **Em** **C**
Sad is my heart as I stand on the shore
G **Em** **G** **D7**
Thinking of friends who will see me no more
G **D7** **Em** **C**
Watching the waves as they thunder and roar
G **D7** **C G**
And sing with the voice of my island.

D7 **G** **Em**
Mull of my heart, my island, my home
C **G** **Am** **D7**
How cruel the hand that has forced me to roam
G **D7** **Em** **C**
Farewell to Ben More, to the bracken and burn
G **D7** **C G**
No more I'll return to my island.

G **D** **Em** **C**
From Durvaig to Salen where friendships abound
G **Em** **G** **D7**
Let mighty Ben More guard the peace that I found
G **D7** **Em** **C**
Where the Forsa's dark waters pour down to the sound
G **D7** **C G**
And sing with the voice of my island.

G D Em C
Bunessan's bold beauty to history clings
G Em G D7
While Fionnphort guards fair Iona of kings
G D7 Em C
O'er the high rocks of Gribun the peregrine wings
G D7 C G
And sings with the voice of my island.

G D Em C
But now I stand silent on Calgary Bay
G Em G D7
The mighty ships waiting their anchor to wake
G D7 Em C
We sail for the west-land at break of the day
G D7 C G
Far away from the voice of my island.

D7 G Em
Mull of my heart, my island, my home
C G Am D7
How cruel the hand that has forced me to roam
G D7 Em C
Farewell to Ben More, to the bracken and burn
G D7 C G
No more I'll return to my island.

G D7 C G
Farewell to the voice of my island.