

The Far Northland

Words by
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Hebrides air
"The Road to the Isles"

1. It's the far North-land that's a - call-ing me a - way As
take I with my pack-sack to the road, It's the
call on me of the For - est in the North As
step I with the sun-light for my load. It's the load. By Lake
Dun-can and Clear-wa-ter to Bear - skin I will go, Where you
see the loon and hear his plain-tive wail; If you're
think-ing in your in-ner heart there's swag-ger in my step You've
nev-er been a-long the bor-der trail. It's the far North-land that's a -
call-ing me a-way As take I with my pack-sack to the road.

2. It's the flash of paddle blades a-gleaming in the sun,
Of canoes softly skimming by the shore:
It's the tang of pine and bracken coming on the breeze
That calls me to the water-ways once more.