

## Dark Island

Mike Oldfield

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

So gentle the sea breeze,  
That ripples the bay,  
Where the stream joins the ocean,  
And young children play;  
On the strand of pure silver,  
I'll welcome each day,  
And I'll roam for every more,  
The Dark Island

True gem of the Hebrides,  
Bathed in the light,  
Of the mid-summer dawning,  
That follows the night;  
How I yearn for the cries,  
Of the seagulls in flight,  
As they circle above  
The Dark Island