

Tiree Love Song

The Corries

he-ree he-ro my bonnie wee girl.
he-ree he-ro my fair one.
Will you come away my love.
To be my own my rare one.
Smiling the land, shining the sea.
Sweet is the smell o' the heather.
Would we were younger you and me.
The two of us together.

Chorus

he-ree he-ro my bonnie wee girl.
he-ree he-ro my fair one.
Will you come away my love.
To be my own my rare one.
All the day long, out on the peat.
Then on the shore in the gloaming.
Stepping it lightly with dancing feet.
And then together roaming.

Chorus

Laughter above, singing below.
Tripping it lithsome and airy.
Could we be asking of life for more.
My own my darling Mary.

Chorus