Nigel Gatherer's Scottish Collection

A



Em C G D

Birds were flying South again - soon we'd follow, too.

G C G D

A sad song echoed in the hills - Lochaber no more.

G C G D G

The sun shone on the Isle of Eigg, far from the silver shore.

Em C G D G

The sun shone on the Isle of Eigg, far from the silver shore.

Repeat verse 1.



