

Leaving Stronsay

Lyrics by Hector Sinclair, Melody by John Miller

When I left the isle of Stronsay
My thoughts were far to roam
Across the Western ocean
That plays around my home
But now my thoughts do wander
O'er the restless seas
Back to my home and loved ones
And the island of Stronsay

I picture now the happy days
When bairns we all did play
Around the shores of Rothiesholm
And St Catherines Bay
From Kelsbar to the Cliva
And o'er the glistening sand
The bonny isle of Stronsay
Is ever in my mind

From Greenya Ness to Borough Head
Her fields of yellow hue
On the bonny shores of Skaival
Clad in their summer's dew
A brighter sight I'll never see
No matter where I roam
Still further from my loved ones
In that dear island home

God grant that time will soon be here
When I may roam these shores
To watch the gulls flight o'er the surf
To nature's kindly lores
The roaming tides and crested waves
I long to watch their ways
As they turn themselves into golden surfs
On Stronsay's bonny bays

Now the war is over
And peace is on the land
No more I'll roam these oceans
As you will understand
But settle down to till the turf
And fish with summer days
Around these shores of Rothiesholm
And Stronsay's bonny bays