

UIST TRAMPING SONG

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John R. Bannerman

Chorus

Come a - long, come a-long, Let us foot it out to-geth-er; Come a - long, come a-long,

Be it fair or storm-y wea-ther, With the hills of home be-fore us And the

pur-ple of the hea-ther, Let us sing in hap-py cho-rus, Come a - long, come a-long. *Fine*

1. So gai - ly sings the lark, And the sky's all a - wake With the
2. It's the call of sea and shore, It's the tang of bog and peat, And the

prom-ise of the day, For the road we glad-ly take; So it's heel and toe and for-ward,
scent of brier and myr-tle That puts ma - gic in our feet; So it's on we go re-joic-ing,

D.C.

Bid-ding fare-well to the town, For the wel-come the a - waits us Ere the sun goes down.
O - ver brack-en, o-ver stile; And it's soon we will be tramp-ing Out the last long mile.