Hayley Westenra, The Mists Of Islay

Ah.Lost in the mists of Islay.

Through a veil of bygone years.
Through the exile's hidden tears.
One dear vision oft appears,
Out of the mists of Islay.

Rovan-oh, oh rovan-ee
Rovan-oh, oh rovan-ee.
Evermore my heart will be.
Lost in the mists of Islay.

Waters break on rocky shore;
Sea winds sighing as of yore;
Sea birds crying as they soar,
Over the mists of Islay.

Isle mem'ry home to me,
Nevermore thy hills I'll see.
Evermore my heart will be.
Lost in the mists of Islay.

Ah.Lost in the mists of Islay
Lost in the mists of Islay