

# Skye boat song

anon. (scotland)

Speed bon-nie boat, like a bird on the wing, "On-ward," the sail - ors cry  
 Car - ry the lad \_\_\_ that's born to be king, o - ver the sea to Skye

5 Loud the winds howl, load the waves roar, Thund - er - claps rend the air;

9 Baf - fled our foes stand on the shore, Fol - low they will not dare.

Speed bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,  
 "Onward," the sailors cry  
 Carry the lad that's born to be king,  
 over the sea to Skye  
 Loud the winds howl, load the waves roar,  
 Thunderclaps rend the air;  
 Baffled our foes stand on the shore,  
 Follow they will not dare.

Many's the lad, fought on that day  
 Well the claymore could wield  
 When the night came, silently lay  
 Dead on Culloden's field.

Burned are our homes, exiled and dead  
 Scattered the loyal men,  
 Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath  
 Charlie will come again

Bold the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,  
 Ocean's a royal bed,  
 Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep  
 Watch by your weary head.