

Skye Boat Song

Traditional

Chorus: 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.

All: Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
Thunderclaps rend the air;
Baffled our foes stand on the shore,
Follow they will not dare.

Chorus:

All: Though the waves leap, soft will he sleep,
Ocean's a royal bed.
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watch by your weary head.

Chorus:

All: Many's the lad fought on that day,
Well the claymore did wield,
When the night came, silently lain
Dead on Culloden's field.