

Skye Boat Song



Speed bon-nie boat like a bird on a wing, On-ward the sai-lors cry;___ Car-ry the lad that's



born to be king O-ver the sea to Skye. Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,



thun-der-claps rend the air. ___ Baf-fled our foes stand on the shore, Fol-low they do not dare.

Skye Boat Song

(Sir Harold Boulton, 1884)

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, loud the waves roar,
Thunder clouds rend the air;
Baffled our foe's stand on the shore
Follow they will not dare

(UNISON)

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

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

(UNISON)

Burned are our homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men
Yet, e'er the sword cool in the sheath,
Charlie will come again.

Words by Sir Harold Boulton, Bart., 1884. Music by AnnieMacLeod.