

## The Skye Boat Song

*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  
Thunderclouds rend the air  
Baffled our foes stand by the shore  
Follow they will not dare

*Speed Bonnie boat...*

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

*Speed Bonnie boat...*

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

*Speed Bonnie boat...*

Burned are their homes, exile and death  
Scatter the loyal men  
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath  
Charlie will come again

- Sir Harold Boulton (1884) -