

The Skye Boat Song

The Corries version (verses 1 to 3)

*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 wind howls, loud the waves roar
Thunderclouds rend the air
Baffled our foes stand on the shore
Follow they will not dare

Speed Bonnie boat...

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

Speed Bonnie boat...

Though the waves leap, soft will 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) -