



Scottish Songs



Skye Boat Song

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.*

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
Thunderclouds rend the air;
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore,
Follow they will not dare.

Chorus

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.

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus