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,
Thunder clouds rend the air;
Baffled our foes stand on 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, silently lay
Dead on Culloden’s field.

Chorus

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

Chorus