

The Skye Boat Song

(trad. Scottish - FF Version)



Chorus: Speed, bon-nie boat, like a bird on the wing, 'On-ward!' the sai-lors
cry; Car-ry the lad that's born to be King, O-ver the
sea to Skye. 1. Loud the winds howl, loud the waves
2. Though the waves leap, soft shall ye
3. Ma-ny's the lad, fought on that
4. Burned are their homes, ex-ile and
roar, thun-der-claps rend the air; Baf-fled, our
sleep, o-cean's a ro-yal bed. Rocked in the
day, well the clay-more could wield, When the night
death, scat-ter the loy-al men; Yet ere the
foes stand by the shore, fol-low they will not dare.
deep, Flo-ra will keep, watch by your wea-ry head.
came, si-lent-ly lay, dead on Cul-lo-den's field.
sword cool in the sheath, Char-lie will come a-gain.

Second tune of Island Medley.

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