

The Skye Boat Song

Traditional Gaelic - Sir Harold Edwin Boulton 1884

Intro: Refr & Verse; Flute + Fiddle

*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,
Thunderclaps rend the air;
Baffled, our foes stand by the shore,
Follow they will not dare.**

**Many's the lad, fought in that day
Well the claymore did wield;
When the night came, silently lay
Dead on Culloden's field.**

**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.**

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

End: Verse; Instrumental

	I	vi		ii	V		I	IV		I	V	
	I	vi		ii	V		I	IV		I	V	
	I	vi		ii			vi	IV		vi	V7	
	I	vi		ii			vi	IV		vi	V7	