

## The Skye Boat Song

Traditional

Ch,  
Speed bonny 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.

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,  
Ocean's a royal bed;  
Rocked in the deep, Flora she will keep  
Watch by your weary head.

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

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