

Skye Boat Song

The Clancy Brothers

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.

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.

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

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.

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

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.