

## Skye Boat Song

The King's Singers

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.  
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  
Many's the lad fought on that day,  
Well the claymore could wield,  
When the night came, silently lay  
Dead in Cullodoe's field.  
Burned are their homes, exile and death,  
Scatter the loyal men.  
Yet e'er the sword cool in the sheath,  
Charlie will come again.