

Skye Boat Song

Traditional Scottish
arr. E Muirhead

Andante

Speed bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing, On-ward the sai - lors cry!

5 Fine

Car - ry the lad that's born to be king Ov - er the sea to Skye.

9

Loud the winds cry, loud the waves roar, Thunder-claps rend the air;

13 D.C. al Fine

Baf - fled our foes stand by the shore; Fol - low they do 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 lad fought on that day
Well the claymore could wield,
When the night came silently lay
Dead on Culloden's field.

Loud the winds cry, loud the waves roar,
Thunderclaps rend the air;
Baffled our foes stand by the shore;
Follow they do not dare.

Burned are our homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men.
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath
Scotland will rise again!