Skye Boat Song

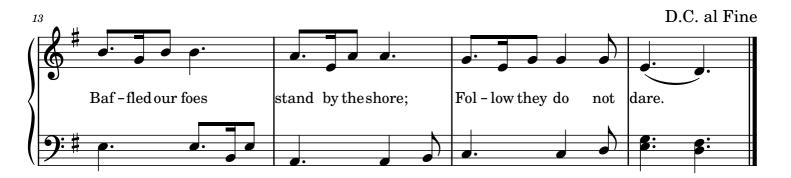
Traditional Scottish arr. E Muirhead

Andante









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 cry, loud the waves roar, Thunderclaps rend the air; Baffled our foes stand by the shore; Follow they do not dare. 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 ere the sword cool in the sheath Scotland will rise again!