

Folk Celtic

"The Skye Boat Song"

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Chorus:

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.
(chorus)
Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,
Ocean's a royal bed.

Rock'd in the deep Flora will keep
watch o'er your weary head.

(chorus)

Burned are our homes, exile and death,
Scattered the loyal man.
Yet ere the sword, cool in the sheath,
Charlie will come again.

(chorus)

This song commemorates the escape of Bonnie Prince
Charlie from these
shores when Flora MacDonald took him, disguised as a
serving maid,
from Uist to Skye in a small boat.
Flora is buried at Kilmuir on the north coast of Skye.
Prince Charlie
near Rome where he was born.

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