

John Mcdermott

"The Skye Boat Song"

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Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on a wing
Onward the sailor's cry
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep
Ocean's a royal bed
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep
Watched by your weary head

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on a wing
Onward the sailor's 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

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on a wing
Onward the sailor's cry
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye

Burned are our homes, exile and death
Scatter the loyal men
Yet, 'ere the sword cool in the sheath
Charlie will come again!

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on a wing
Onward the sailor's cry
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye

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