

## **Rod Stewart**

# **"SKYE BOAT SONG"**

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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:

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.

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:

Many's the lad fought on that day,  
Well the claymor could wield,  
When the night came, silently lay  
Dead in Collodens field.

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