

## Tom Jones

### "Skye Boat Song"

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Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing,  
Onward the sailors cry,  
Carry the lad that is born to be King,  
Over the sea to Skye.

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,  
Thunderclouds rend the air,  
baffled our foes, stand on the shore,  
follow they will not dare.

Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing,  
Onward the sailors cry,  
Carry the lad that is 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 in Culloden's field.

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.  
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep  
Watch by your weary head.

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

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