

Real McCoy

"Skye Boat Song"

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Speed bonnie boat
Like a bird on the wing
Onward the sailors cry
Carry the lad
That was born to be king
Over the sea to Skye

Burned was our homes
Exile and death
Scatter the loyal men
Yet for my sword, here in my hand,
Charlie will come again

Many's the lad
We fought on that day
Claymores were swinging weild
When the night came
Silenty laid dead on Culloden's field

Burned was my home
Exile and jail
Scatter the loyal men
Yet for my sword, here in my hand,
Charlie will come again

Burned was my home
Exile and death
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