

Irish Aires

"Skye Boat Song"

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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 you 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

Many's the lad who 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 the wing,
Onward, the sailors 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, e'er the sword cool in its sheath,
Charlie will come again.

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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