

Speed bon-nie boat like a bird on a wing, On-ward the sai-lors cry; Car-ry the lad that's
 born to be king O-ver the sea to Skye. Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
 thun-der-claps rend the air. Baf-fled our foes stand on the shore, Fol-low they do not dare.

Skye Boat Song

Sir Harold Boulton, 1884

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

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
 Thunder clouds rend the air;
 Baffled our foe's stand on the shore
 Follow they will not dare

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

Many's the lad fought on that day
 Well the claymore could wield
 When the night came, silently lay
 Dead on Culloden's field

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