

# Skye Boat Song

Traditional Scottish  
arr. E Muirhead

Andante [♩. = 52]

Speed bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,  
On-ward the sail - lers cry!

Car - ry the lad that's born to be king  
Ov - er the sea to Skye. Fine

Loud the winds cry,  
loud the waves roar,  
Thunderclaps rend the air;

Baffled our foes stand by the shore;  
Fol-low they do not dare. D.S. al Fine

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 ere the sword cool in the sheath  
Scotland will rise 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.

Loud the winds cry, loud the waves roar,  
Thunderclaps rend the air;  
Baffled our foes stand by the shore;  
Follow they do not dare.