

The Skye Boat Song

[John McDermott](#)

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on a wing,
Onward the sailor's 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
Watched by your weary head.()
Many's the lad fought on that day
Well the claymore could weild.
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
Charlie will come again!()

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>