Skye Boat Song
Scottish Folk Song
Sir Harold Boulton, 1884

Chorus

_D_ Speed, bon-ny boat, like a bird on the wing, On-ward the sail-or's cry.
_E_m_ Carry the lad that's born to be king, Ov-er the sea to Skye.

Verses

1. Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar, Thun-der clouds rend the
    air. Speed, bon-ny boat, like a bird on the wing,

2. Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep, O-cen's a roy-al
    head. Carry the lad that's born to be king,

3. Man-y's the lad fought on that day, Well the clay-more could
    bed. Speed, bon-ny boat, like a bird on the wing,

4. Burned are their homes, ex-ile and death scat-ter the loy-al
    head. Carry the lad that's born to be king,

Final Chorus

_B_m_ Over the sea to Skye.