Skye Boat Song

Scottish Folk Song
Sir Harold Boulton, 1884

Chorus

G

Speed, bon-ny boat, like a bird on the wing,
Car-ry the lad that’s born to be king,
On-ward the sail-ors cry.

Am
D7
G
C
G

Em
D7

Verses

1. Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,
Thun-der clouds rend the
Baf-fled, our foes stand by the shore,
Fol-low they will not
Am
Em
Am

2. Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,
O-cen’s a roy-al
Rocked in the deep, Flo-ra will keep,
Watch by your wear-y
Em
Am

3. Man-y’s the lad fought on that day,
W ell the clay-more could
When the night came, si-len-tly lay
Dead in Cul-o-den’s
D7
Em
Am

4. Burned are their homes, ex-ile and death
scat-ter the loy-al
Yet e’er the sword, cool in the sheath,
Car-lie will come a-
Am
Em
Am

Final Chorus

Em
D7
G
Am
D7

air.
dare.
bed.
head.
wield.
field.
men;
gain.

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Car-ry the lad that’s born to be king,
On-ward the sail-ors cry.

Am
D7
C
G
D7
C
D
G