SKYE BOAT SONG

Old Highland Folksong

Harold Boulton

Andante \( \frac{\text{d}}{4} = 44 \)

molto rall.

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Speed, bon-nie boat, like a bird on the wing,
On-ward, the sail-ors cry;

Car-ry the lad that’s born to be king
O-ver the sea to Skye.
1. Loud, the winds howl, loud the waves roar, rend the air;-
3. Many's the lad fought on that day clay - more could wield, -

1. Loud, the winds howl, loud the waves roar, Thunder - clouds rend the air;
3. Many's the lad fought on that day Well the clay - more could wield, -

Ah, ah, -

Baf - fled our foes stand by the shore, will not dare. -
When the night came, si - lent - ly lay Cul - lo - den's field. -
Baf - fled our foes stand by the shore, fol - low they will not dare. -
When the night came, si - lent - ly lay Dead on Cul - lo - den's field. -

Ah, ah, -

Speed, bon - nie boat, like a bird on the wing, On - ward, the sail - ors cry; -
Speed, bon - nie boat, like a bird on the wing, On - ward, the sail - ors cry; -
Speed, speed, bon - nie boat, On - ward, the sail - ors cry; -
Speed, speed, bon - nie boat, bird on the wing, the sail - ors cry; -

Bon - nie
Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye.

Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye.

Carry, carry the lad,
Over the sea to Skye.

Carry, carry the lad,
Over the sea to Skye.

boat. Carry the lad, born to be king, Over the sea to Skye.

2. Tho' the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep, O'cean's a royal bed.
4. Burn'd are our homes, exile and death Scatter the loyal men;

2. Tho' the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep, O'cean's a royal bed.
4. Burn'd are our homes, exile and death Scatter the loyal men;

2. Tho', tho' the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep, royal bed.
4. Burn'd, burn'd are our homes, exile and death loyal men;

Rock'd, rock'd in the deep, Flora will keep, weary head.
Yet yet ere the sword cool in the sheath, come again.

Rock'd, rock'd in the deep, Flora will keep, your weary head.
Yet yet ere the sword cool in the sheath, will come again.

Rock'd in the deep Flora will keep, Watch by your weary head.
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath, Charlie will come again.

Rock'd in the deep Flora will keep, Watch by your weary head.
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath, Charlie will come 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.