

# Celtic Folk, The Skye Boat Song

Celtic Folk

Misc

The Skye Boat Song

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Chorus:

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 howl, loud the waves roar,  
Thunderclaps rend the air,  
Baffled our foes stand by the shore,  
Follow they will not dare.

(chorus)

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,  
Ocean's a royal bed.  
Rock'd in the deep Flora will keep  
watch o'er your weary head.

(chorus)

Burned are our homes, exile and death,  
Scattered the loyal man.  
Yet ere the sword, cool in the sheath,  
Charlie will come again.

(chorus)

This song commemorates the escape of Bonnie Prince Charlie from these shores when Flora MacDonald took him, disguised as a serving maid, from Uist to Skye in a small boat. Flora is buried at Kilmuir on the north coast of Skye. Prince Charlie near Rome where he was born.