

Skye Boat Song

Tom Jones

Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing,
Onward the sailors cry,
Carry the lad that is born to be King,
Over the sea to Skye.

Loud the winds howl, loud the winds roar,
Thunderclouds rend the air,
baffled our foes, stand on the shore,
follow they will not dare.

Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing,
Onward the sailors cry,
Carry the lad that is born to be King,
Over the sea to Skye.

Burned are our homes, Exile and death,
Scatter the loyal men,
yet oer 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 is born to be King,
Over the sea to Skye.

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