

87. Skye Boat Song

Anonymous

SCOTCH

In swinging rhythm

VOICE

mf

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

PIANO

mf

poco rit *Fine*

cry!—"Car-ry the lad that's born to be king O-ver the sea to Skye?"

poco rit *Fine*

a tempo

1. Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar, Thun-der clouds rend the air,—
 2. Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep, O-cean's a roy-al bed;—
 3. Man-y's the lad fought on that day, Well the clay-more could wield,
 4. Burn'd are our homes, ex-ile and death Scat-ter the loy-al men;—

a tempo

rall. *D. C. al Fine*

Baf-fled our foes stand on the shore, Fol-low they will not dare.
 Rock'd in the deep, Flo-ra will keep Watch by your wear-y head.
 When the night came, si-lent-ly lay, Dead on Cul-lo-den's field.
 Yet, ere the sword cool in the sheath, Char-lie will come a-gain.

rall.