

# Skye Boat Song

Scottish Folk Song  
Sir Harold Boulton, 1884

**Chorus**

G A m D7 G C G

Speed, bon-ny boat, like a bird on the wing, On - ward the sail - ors cry —  
Car - ry the lad that's born to be king, Ov - er the sea to Skye.

8

**Verses**

D7 E m A m E m A m

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  
2. Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep, O - cean's a roy - al  
Rocked in the deep, Flo - ra will keep, Watch by your wear - y  
3. Man - y's the night came, fought on that day, Well the clay - more could  
When the their homes, si - lent - ly lay Dead in Cul - o - den's  
4. Burned are their sword, cool in the sheath, Char - lie will come a -  
Yet e'er the

**Final Chorus**

E m D7 G A m D7

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

Speed Car - bon - ny boat like a bird on the wing,  
Car - ry the lad that's born to be king,

G C<sup>1</sup> G D7 C<sup>2</sup> D G

On - ward the sail - ors cry. sea to Skye  
Ov - er the \_\_\_\_\_