

The Skye Boat Song (C)

Version 1 – Lyrics by Sir Harold Boulder (1884) to a traditional air collected by Anne Campbelle MacLeod (1870's)
The Skye Boat Song by Celtic Dreams (¾ Time)

Intro

C Am Dm7 G7 C F C | C
Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing, "Onward!" the sailors cry

Chorus

C Am Dm7 G7 C F C | G7
Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing "Onward!" the sailors cry
C Am Dm7 G7 C F C | C
Carry the lad that's born to be King, over the sea to Skye.

Am Dm Am F Am | Am
Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar, thunderclaps rend the air.
Am Dm Am F Am | G7
Baffled our foes stand by the shore, Follow they will not dare. **Chorus**

Am Dm Am F Am | Am
Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep, Ocean's a royal bed.
Am Dm Am F Am | G7
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep watch by your weary head. **Chorus**

Am Dm Am F Am | Am
Many's the lad fought on that day; well the clay-more could wield.
Am Dm Am F Am | G7
When the night came, silently lay, dead on Culloden's field. **Chorus**

Am Dm Am F Am | Am
Burned are our homes, exile and death, scatter the loyal men.
Am Dm Am F Am | G7
Yet e'er the sword cool in the sheath, Charlie will come a-gain. **Chorus**

Outro

C Am Dm7 G7 C F C
Carry the lad that's born to be King Over the sea to * Skye.

The Skye Boat Song (G)

Version 1 – Lyrics by Sir Harold Boulder (1884) to a traditional air collected by Anne Campbelle MacLeod (1870's)
The Skye Boat Song by Celtic Dreams (¾ Time)

Intro

G Em Am7 D7 G C G | G
Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing, "Onward!" the sailors cry

Chorus

G Em Am7 D7 G C G | D7
Speed bonnie boat like a bird on the wing "Onward!" the sailors cry
G Em Am7 D7 G C G | G
Carry the lad that's born to be King, over the sea to Skye.

Em Am Em C Em | Em
Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar, thunderclaps rend the air.
Em Am Em C Em | D7
Baffled our foes stand by the shore, Follow they will not dare. **Chorus**

Em Am Em C Em | Em
Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep, Ocean's a royal bed.
Em Am Em C Em | D7
Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep watch by your weary head. **Chorus**

Em Am Em C Em | Em
Many's the lad fought on that day; well the clay-more could wield.
Em Am Em C Em | D7
When the night came, silently lay, dead on Culloden's field. **Chorus**

Em Am Em C Em | Em
Burned are our homes, exile and death, scatter the loyal men.
Em Am Em C Em | D7
Yet e'er the sword cool in the sheath, Charlie will come a-gain. **Chorus**

Outro

G Em Am7 D7 G C G
Carry the lad that's born to be King Over the sea to * Skye.