

The Skye Boat Song
(Traditional Scottish)

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 on the shore.
Follow, they will not dare.

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