

Sir Harold Boulton,  
The Skye Boat Song

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 cry, loud the waves roar,  
Thunderclaps rend the air.  
Baffled our foes stand by the shore.  
Follow they will not dare.

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Many's the lad fought on that day  
Well the claymore could wield,  
When the night came silently lay  
Dead on Culloden's field.

Burned are our homes, exile and death  
Scatter the loyal men.  
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath  
Scotland will rise again!

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*Verkinto de tiu ĉi Angla poemo estas SIR HAROLD BOULTON (\*1859 – †1935-06-01).*

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*Pri la kanto vidu la retejon [http://www.educationscotland.gov.uk/scotlandssongs/primary/genericcontent\\_tcm4555681.asp](http://www.educationscotland.gov.uk/scotlandssongs/primary/genericcontent_tcm4555681.asp), pri la verkinto al retejon [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sir\\_Harold\\_Boulton,\\_2nd\\_Baronet](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sir_Harold_Boulton,_2nd_Baronet).*