

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, pri la verkinto al retejon http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sir_Harold_Boulton,_2nd_Baronet.