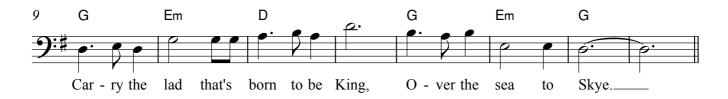
Cello Melody

Harold Boulton Traditional



Speed, bon-nie boat, like a bird on the wing, "On- ward," the sai - lors cry.____







Chorus

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.

1.

Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,

Thunder claps rend the air;

Baffled our foes Stand on the shore,

Follow they will not dare.

Chorus

2.

Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,

Ocean's a royal bed.

Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep

Watch by your weary head.

Chorus

3.

Many's the lad fought on that day, Well the Claymore could wield, When the night came, silently lay

Dead in Culloden's field.

Chorus

4.

Burned are their homes, exile and death

Scatter the loval men;

Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath

Charlie will come again.