

The skye boat song

(Sop)

Sing me a song of a lass that is gone

Say could that lass be I?

Merry of soul she sailed on a day

Over the sea to Skye

Mull was astem, rum on the port,
Eigg on the starboard bow,
Glory of youth glowed in his soul,
Where is that glory now?

Sing me a song of a lass that is gone

Say could that lass be I?

Merry of soul she sailed on a day

Over the sea to Skye

Give me again, all that was there
Give me the sun that shone,
Give me the eyes, give me the soul,
Give me the lad that's gone

Sing me a song of a lass that is gone

Say could that lass be I?

Merry of soul she sailed on a day

Over the sea to Skye

Billow and breeze
Islands and seas
Mountains of rain and sun
All that was good, all that was fair
All that was me is gone

Sing me a song of a lass that is gone

Say could that lass be I?

Merry of soul she sailed on a day

Over the sea to Skye