

The Skye Boat Song

Peter Hollens

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 astern, Rum on the port
Eigg on the starboard bow:
Glory of youth glowed in her soul:
Where is that glory now?

Sing me a song of the 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 lass that's gone.

Sing me a song of the 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 the lass that is gone
Say, could that lass be I?
Merry of soul she sailed on a day
Over the sea to Skye.