

# Lament

## Aphrodite's Child

(Chorus)

Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on a wing,  
Onward the sialor's cry.  
Carry the lad that's born to be king  
Over the sea to skye. Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep;  
Ocean's a royal bed.  
Rocked in the deep, flora will keep  
Watched by your weary head. [Chorus] Many's the lad fought on that day  
Well the claymore could wield.  
When the night came, silently lay  
Dead on Culloden's field. [Chorus] Burned are our homes, exile and death  
Scatter the loyal men.  
Yet, 'ere the sword cool in the sheath  
Charlie will come again! [Chorus]

Songwriters

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