

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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