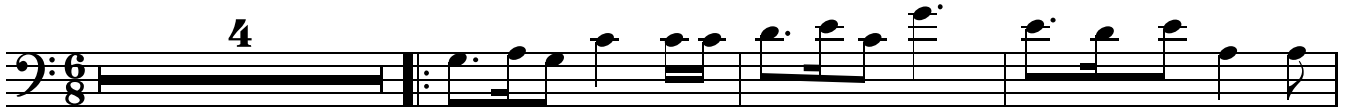
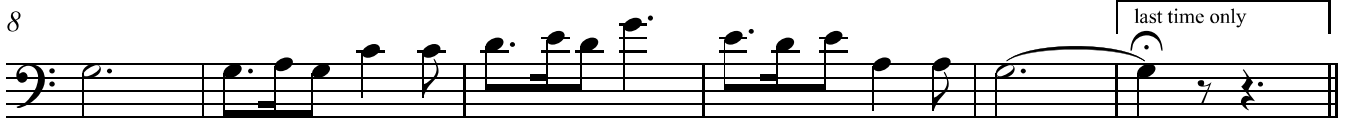


# Skye Boat Song

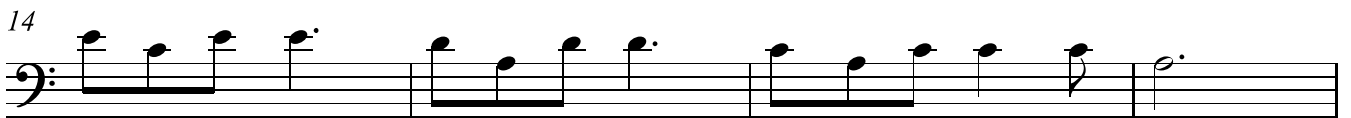
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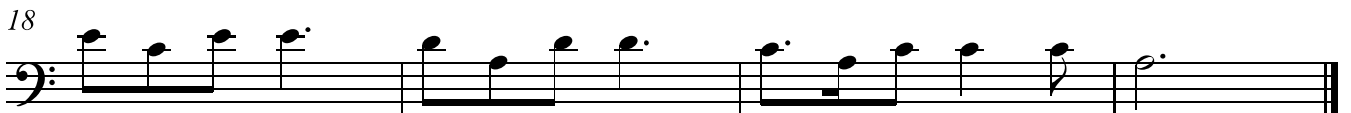
Sing me a song of a lass that is gone Say, could that lass be



I? Mer-ry of soul she sailed on a day O-ver the sea to Skye\_\_\_\_\_



Mull was as - tern, Rùm on the port Eigg on the star - board bow  
Give me a - gain all that was there Give me the sun that shone  
Bil - low and breeze, is - lands and seas Moun-tains of rain and sun



Glo - ry of youth glowed in her soul Where is that glo - ry now?  
Give me the eyes, give me the soul Give me the lass that's gone  
All that was good, all that was fair All that was me is gone.