

## Mingulay Boat Song

Heel yo ho, boys; let her go, boys;  
Heave her head round, into the weather,  
Hill you ho, boys, let her go, boys  
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

What care we though, white the Minch is?  
What care we for wind or weather?  
Let her go boys; every inch is  
Sailing homeward to Mingulay.

Chorus

Folks are waiting, by the pier head,  
Looking seaward, from the heather;  
Pull her round, boys, then we'll anchor  
'Ere the sun sets on Mingulay.

Chorus

Ships return now, heavy laden  
Mothers holdin' bairns a-cryin'  
They'll return, though, when the sun sets  
They'll return now to Mingulay.

Chorus