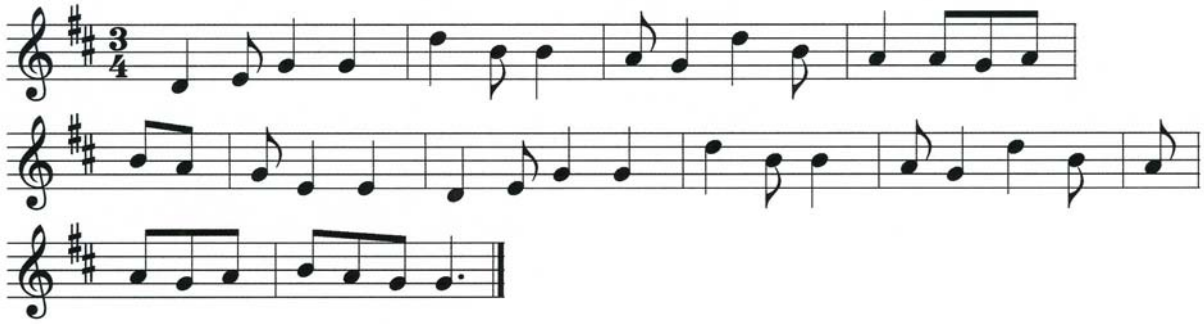


Mingulay Boat Song



traditional

Hill you ho, boys, let her go boys;
bring her head round, now all together.
Hill you ho Boys, let her go boys,
sailing home, home to Mingulay.

What care we how white the Minch is?
What care we for wind and weather?
Let her go boys, ever inch is,
wearing home, home to Mingulay.

Wifes are waiting on the bank,
or looking seaward, from the heather,
pull her round boys, and we`ll anchor,
where the sun sets at Mingulay.

Sun comes low now by the yard boys,
ripe the clouds are, lether westward.
Song of home fly in the wind, boys,
flying homeward to Mingulay.