



MINGULAY

Heave her ho, boys, let her go, boys
Swing her head round into the weather
Heave her ho, boys, let her go, boys
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

What care we, though, white the Minch is?
What care we, boys, for windy weather?
When we know that every inch is
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

Ch

Heave her ho, boys, let her go, boys
Swing her head round into the weather
Heave her ho, boys, let her go, boys
Sailing homeward to Mingulay

Wives are waiting by the pier head
Gazing seaward from the heather
Bring her round, boys, then we'll anchor
'Ere the sun sets on Mingulay

Ch

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

Ch x 2

Sailing homeward to Mingulay