

## 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

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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

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