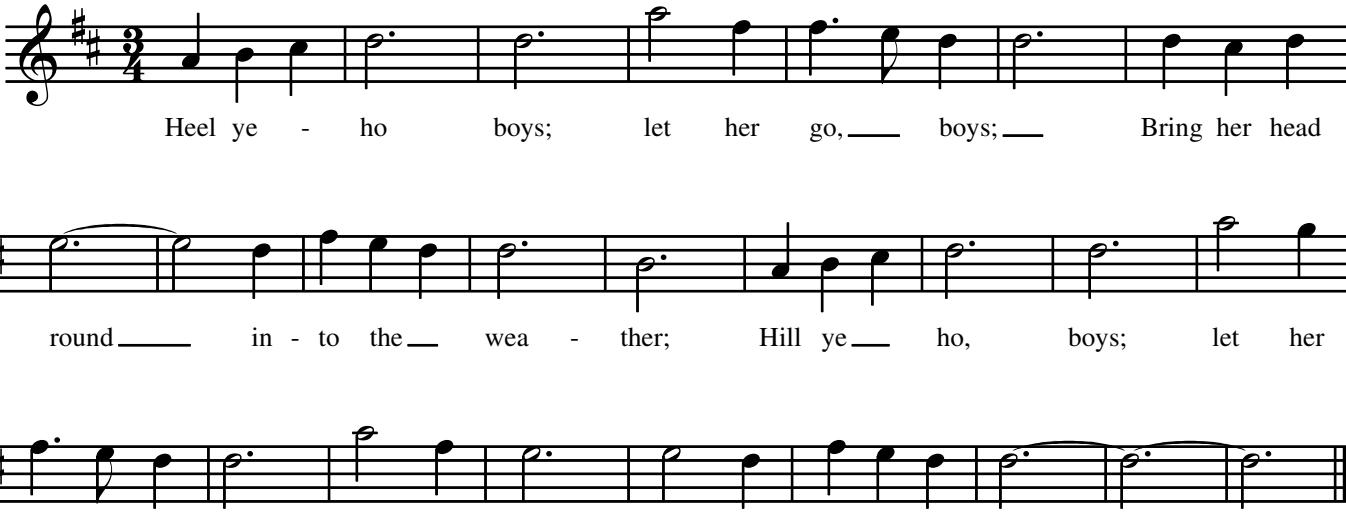


# MINGULAY BOAT SONG

Sir Hugh Roberton

Whistle



Heel ye - ho boys; let her go, — boys; — Bring her head  
8 round — in - to the — wea - ther; Hill ye — ho, boys; let her  
17 go — boys; — Sail - ing home - ward to Ming - U - lay —

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.

Wives are waiting, by the pier head,  
Or looking seaward, from the heather;  
Pull her round, boys, then you'll anchor  
'Ere the sun sets on Mingulay.

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