

Mingulay Boat Song (D)

*Il'ya ho boys, let her go, boys.
Bring her head round into the weather.
Il'ya ho boys, let her go, boys.
Sailing homeward to Mingulay.*

What care we how white the Minch is ?
What care we now for wind or weather ?
Bring her round, boys, every inch is.
Wearing homeward to Mingulay.
Il'ya ho, boys,

Wives are waiting by the bank, or
Looking seaward from the heather.
Bring her round boys, and we'll anchor
Ere the sun sets on Mingulay.
Il'ya ho, boys,

Mothers holdin' bairns a-greetin' .
Boats return now, heavy laden.
Reaching homeward in the sunset.
Wearing homeward to Mingulay.
Il'ya ho, boys,

Far behind us the hills of Quinlon,
Soon before us the hills of heather.
And you know, boys, the candles glow, boys.
In the windows of Mingulay.
Il'ya ho, boys,

Mellemspil :

Koret afslutter acappella !

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