

B3

HEEL YA HO, BOYS

Heel ya ho, boys, let her go boys,
Turn her head into the weather.
Heel ya ho boys, let her go boys,
Sailing homeward to Mingulay.

What care we though, which the minch is
What care we for wind or weather?
Let her go boys, every inch is
Wearing homeward to Mingulay.

Wives are waiting on the pier head,
All looking seaward from the heather.
Pull her round boys and we'll anchor
Ere the sun sets on Mingulay.