The Mingulay Boat Song

D Em G
Hill you ho, boys; Let her go boys; bring her head round, now all to-geth-er
A D Em A D
Hill you ho, boys; Let her go boys; Sail-ing home, to Min – gu - lay

D Em
What care we though white the Minch is? What care we for wind and
G A D Em A D
weath-er? Let her go boys! Ev–‘ry inch is wear-ing home, home to Min-gu-lay.

A D Em G
Hill you ho, boys; Let her go boys; bring her head round, now all to-geth-er
A D Em A D
Hill you ho, boys; Let her go boys; Sail-ing home, to Min – gu - lay

D Em G
Wives are waiting on the bank, or looking sea-ward from the heather.
A D Em A D
Pull her round boys! And we’ll anchor, ere the sun sets at Min-gu-lay.

A D Em G
Hill you ho, boys; Let her go boys; bring her head round, now all to-geth-er
A D Em A D
Hill you ho, boys; Let her go boys; Sail-ing home, to Min – gu - lay