

## MINGULAY BOAT SONG

trad.; amendments by Lew Toulmin, 2003;  
sung at the memorial for Mary Morgan Duggar Toulmin

Mingulay is a small island off the west coast of Scotland, now uninhabited. The Minch is the channel between Mingulay and the “mainland.” Skye, Lewis, Mull etc. are nearby islands.

What care we, how white the Minch is?

What care we now for wind or weather?

For we know that every inch is

Sailin’ her closer to **Mingulay**.

Mothers holdin,’ bairns a-cryin’

Dawn and dusk now they are sighin’

They are prayin’ that we’re stayin’

On a home course for **Mingulay**.

### **Chorus:**

*So heave ya ho, boys; let her go, boys;*

*Turn her head round, into the weather,*

*Heave ya ho, boys, let her go, boys*

*Sailin’ her homeward to **Mingulay***

Skye or Lewis, Mull or Uist,

Tyree, Coll or Vatersay;

None can call us, like our Highland,

Our own dear island, of Mingulay.

Wives are waiting, on the banks, or

Gazing seaward, from the heather;

Turn her ‘round, boys, and we’ll anchor

Where the sun sets on **Mingulay**.

Longer, longer shall I tarry,

Where our hearts are both blithe and merry.

Turn her 'round boys, and she'll carry

Hearts to hearth, home and **Mingulay**.

NOTE: alternate version: substitute “Mobile Bay” for all or most of the “Mingulay” words above, or just for the last one in the last chorus.