

Blackburn Fiona, Ho! Mo Leannan

The women of Barra sing this waulking song
in the course of shrinking a web of cloth:
"Ho, my sweetheart! Hey, my sweetheart!
Hey!, my sweetheart is the new one!"
Cries my sweetheart Gille Callum, "Steersman of the 'Oak' am I"
He, mo leannan, seaman daring, climbeth to the mast top high
Running upsea to the windward, running down with a sidelie
Sweetheart mine, the youthful frolic, hard should I his love put by.
Ho! Mo leannan. He! Mo leannan. 'Se mo leannan am fear ur.
Sorrow take them, those young sweethearts,
Some of them are shy and sly
Others come with clank and music, full of luring while we're nigh
I advise you, all young lasses, keep three sweethearts in your eye
And if one of them forsake you, two for you still hopeful sigh.