

Kris Delmhorst, Mingalay

Hail ya ho boys, let her go boys
Turn her head round into the weather
Hail ya ho boys, let her go boys
Sailing homeward to mingalay

What care we how wild the minch is?
What care we for windy weather?
For we know boys, every inch is
Bringing us closer to mingalay

Well our hearts they shook inside us
On the night of the hurricane
Now the stars come out to guide us
Guide us home to mingalay

We are waiting by the harbor
We've been waiting since break of day
We are waiting by the harbor
Ere the sun sets on mingalay

So hail ya ho boys, let her go boys
Turn her head round into the weather
Hail ya ho boys, let her go boys
Sailing homeward to mingalay