

91. IONA BOAT SONG

Softly glide we along, softly chant we our song
For a king who to resting is come,
O beloved and best, thou'rt faring out West, To the dear Isle Iona thine own.

2. Calmly there wilt thou lie with thy fathers gone by
Their dust mingled deep with thine own.
Never more to awake till the last morn shall break
And the trump of the judgement is blown.

3. Repeat verse 1

91a Wild Rover

I've been a wild rover for many a year
And I spent all my money on whiskey and beer
And now I'm returning with gold in great store
And I never will play the wild rover no more.

And it's no, nay, never, No nay never no more,
Will I play the wild rover No never no more.

I went to an ale-house I used to frequent
And I told the landlady my money's all spent.
I asked her for credit, she answered me "nay
Such custom as yours I can get any day."
And it's no, nay, never.....

I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright
And the landlady's eyes opened wide with delight.
She said "I have whiskey and wines of the best
And the words that I spoke then were only in jest."
And it's no, nay, never.....

I'll go home to my parents, confess what I've done
And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son.
And if they forgive me as oft times before
Sure I never will play the wild rover no more.
And it's no, nay, never.....

92. MINGULAY BOAT SONG

Hill you ho boys, let her go boys, Bring her head round now all together,
Hill you ho boys, let her go boys, Sailing homeward to Mingulay.

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

Chorus

2. Wives are waiting on the bank, or Looking seaward from the heather.
Pull her round, boys and we'll anchor Ere the sun sets at Mingulay! Chorus

93. The Road to the Isles

1. A far croonin' is pullin' me away As take I wi' my cromak to the road.
The far Coolins are puttin' love on me, As step I wi' the sunlight for my load.

Chorus:

Sure, by Tummel and Loch Rannoch and Lochaber I will go,
By heather tracks wi' heaven in their wiles;
If it's thinkin' in your inner heart braggart's in my step, You've never smelt the tangle
o' the Isles Oh, the far Coolins are puttin' love on me, As step I wi' my cromak to the
Isles.

2. It's the blue Islands are pullin' me away,
Their laughter puts the leap upon the lame,
The blue Islands from the Skerries to the Lews,
Wi' heather honey taste upon each name.

Chorus

106. A Man's a Man for A' That

1. 'Is there for honest Poverty That hings his head, an' a' that;
The coward slave-we pass him by, We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that. Our toils obscure an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The Man's the gowd for a' that.

2. What though on hamely fare we dine, Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine; A Man's a Man for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that, Their tinsel show A, an' a' that;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor, Is king o' men for a' that.

3. Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord, Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word, He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, an' a' that, His ribband, star, an' a' that:
The man o' independent mind He looks an' laughs at a' that.

4. A prince can mak a belted knight, A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's abon his might, Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that, Their dignities an' a' that;
pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth, Are higher rank than a' that.

5. Then let us pray that come it may, (As come it will for a' that,)
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth, Shall bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that, It's coming yet for a' that,
That Man to Man, the world o'er, Shall brothers be for a' that.

5. LEWIS BRIDAL SONG

Step we gaily, on we go, Heel for heel and toe for toe.

Arm in arm and row on row, All for Mairi's wedding.

1. Over hillways, up and down, Myrtle green and bracken brown.

Past the shielings, through the town, All for sake o' Mairi.

Chorus

2. Red her cheeks as rowans are, Bright her eye as any star.

Fairest o' them all by far Is our darling Mairi.

Chorus

3. Plenty herring, plenty meal, Plenty peat to fill her creel.

Plenty bonny bairns as weel, That's the toast for Mairi..

Chorus

34. Westering home

Westering home and a song in the air Light in the eye and it's goodbye to care

Laughter o' love and a welcoming there Isle o' my heart my own one.

1. Tell me o' lands o' the Orient gay Speak o' the riches and joys o' Cathay

Aye but its grand to be wakin' each day To find yourself nearer to Islay....and it's

Chorus

2. Where are the folk like the folk o' the West? Cantie and couthie and kindly the best.

There I would hie me and there I would rest, At hame wi' my ain folk in Islay....and it's

Chorus

35. The Uist Tramping Song

Chorus:

Come along, Come along, let us foot it out together,

Come along, Come along, be it fair or stormy weather.

With the hills of home before us and the purple of the heather,

Let us sing in happy chorus come along! come along!

So gaily sings the lark and the sky is all awake,

With the promise of a new day for the road we gladly take.

So it's heel and toe and forward singing farewell to the town,

And the welcome that awaits us ere the sun goes down.

Chorus.

It's the call of sea and shore; it's the tang of bog and peat,

And the scent of briar and Myrtle that puts magic in our feet.

So it's on we go rejoicing, over bracken over stile,

and it's soon we will be tramping out the last long mile.

Chorus.

121. Is A Dove A Doo Da?

CHORUS

Is a dove a doo Da, is a doo a dove?

Is a cow a coo Da, a sparrow just a spug?

And is a wall a wa Da, is a dog a dug?

She's goin' tae box ma ears Da, instead o skelp ma lug

1. Oor teacher's awfy posh Da, she changes aw oor names,

Oor Shuggie is now Hugh Da, and Jimmy's ayways James

I'm puzzled wi it aa Da, the way she shoogles words

And I must be glaiket no tae ken that feathered friends are burds

2. You've taught me aw wrong Da, you call a ball a ba'

Yer wife is noo ma mother Da, you said she wus ma maw

It fairly maks me scunnered Da, I'll never pass ma test

And I'm no sure what I'm wearin noo, a semmit or a vest

3. Ah ca'd a mouse a moose Da, Ah shid hiv held ma tongue

That's manure on yer bits Da, nae langer is it dung

It's turnips and potatoes, no tatties noo and neeps

She said Ah'd ripped ma trousers when Ah'd only torn ma breeks

5. Now there's twa words for everythin aw shoogled in ma heid

How can I be well bred Da, when ah keep sayin breed?

Now is a crow a craw Da, is a bull a bul?

Ah'm goin' tae try ma hardest Da, I will, I will, Ah wull!!!