

### **The Week Before Easter**

The week before Easter, the morn bright and clear,  
The sun it shone brightly and keen blew the air;  
I went to the forest to gather fine flowers  
But the flowers could yield me no roses.

The roses are red, the leaves they are green;  
All the bushes and briars so fair to be seen  
And the small birds are whistling and changing their notes  
All among the fair flowers in the forest.

When I saw my love unto the church go,  
Oh the bridegroom and bridesmaids they made a fine show.  
And I followed behind them, my heart full of woe  
For I was the one should have been there.

The men in yon forest they ask it of me;  
'How many strawberries grow in the salt sea?'  
And I answer them, sadly, a tear in my eye;  
'How many ships sail in the forest?'

### **Mingulay Boat Song**

Heel ya ho boys, let her go boys, turn her head into the weather;  
Heel ya ho boys, let her go boys, sailing homeward to Mingulay.

What care we though white the Minch is; what care we for wind and  
weather?  
Let her go boys ev'ry inch is wearing homeward to Mingulay.

Wives are waiting on the pier head, all looking seaward from the  
heather, Pull her round boys and we'll anchor ere the sun sets on  
Mingulay.

