

The Mhairi Bhan

Oh the sky was shaking as we turned her round
Through the crashing spray of the Cuillin Sound
And all hands were silent on that final day
As we sailed the Mhairi Bhan home

Now that tired old lady she had served us well
Through the straits and calms to the banks of hell
And all hearts were broken on that final day
As we sailed the Mhairi Bhan home

Ho ro ee o, with the wind she braved us
Ho ro ee o, across the waves she sailed us
Ho ro ee o, her children of the sea

Now a man is foolish if he thinks he knows
All of times delusions, its ebbs and flows
And all eyes were empty on that final day
As we sailed the Mhairi Bhan home

And we have the children and their growth to feed
And there's no relaxing our nation's greed
And all future perished on that final day
As we sailed the Mhairi Bhan home

He is our captain and he is a brave and rolling man
A salty dog we all agree
He tells us stories of the fishing in his father's time
That we find just too hard to believe

He is our captain and he's not afraid to face the wind
And with the wind he's not afraid to run
But poor progress has put his ship upon these rugged rocks
And now all his sailing is done

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