

## **Fiona Blackburn**

### **"Ho! Mo Leannan"**

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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.

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