

Deoch slainte nam Muileach

Chorus:

Drink it all up there is more in the stoup
Drink good health to the Mull folk
With their beautiful sweethearts
Drink it all up there is more in the stoup.

Verse 1:

In Mull of the rugged bens
There are deer in the rough terrain
And goats and small cattle (sheep)
And the hunter of birds

Verse 2:

I would drink it I would pay for it
I would lift it up high to the young girls of Salen
And each place I have known

Verse 3:

It is looking at your face
And your cheeks like the rowans
I am thinking constantly of the follies of youth

Verse 4:

But stop your speaking
It is time to be sitting
And I would drink again
A sweet drink to Flora.