

# HAUL AWAY JOE

TRAD. ENGLISH SHANTY ARR. B. FARMER 08/13

ACOUSTIC GUITAR

Now when I was a lit-tle boy and so my mo-ther to-ld me  
 if I did-n't kiss the girls, my lips would grow all mou-l-dy  
 'way haul a way we'll haul a-way Joe! That  
 way, haul a-way, o haul and sing to-ge-ther a-  
 way haul a-way! haul a-way Joe!

And I sailed the seas for many a year not knowing what I was missing,  
*'Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe!*  
 Then I sets my sails afore the gales and started in a-kissing.  
*'Way haul away, we'll haul away Joe!*

I got myself an Irish gal and her name was Flannigan,  
 She stole my boots, she stole my clothes, she pinched me plate and pannikin.

I courted then a Frenchie gal, she took things free and easy,  
 But now I've got an English gal and sure she is a daisy.

Oh, King Louis was the King o' France, afore the revolution,  
 But the people cut his big head of and spoiled his constitution.

Oh, once I was in Ireland a-digging turf and taties,  
 But now I'm on a Lime-juice ship and a-hauling on the braces.

*Pannikin – a tin cup*  
*'Taties – potatoes*  
*Packet – cargo ship*

Saint Patrick was a gentleman, and he come of decent people,  
 He built a church in Dublin town and on it set a steeple.

From Ireland, then, he drove the snakes, then drank up all the whisky,  
 This made him dance and sing and jig, he felt so fine and frisky.

You call yourself a second mate and cannot tie a bowline,  
 You cannot even stand up straight when the packet she's a-rolling.