

HAUL AWAY JOE

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

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.

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.

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