



Heave and Haul Away

(Words and Music: David Blakeley)

You've spent your first month's wages now it's time to pay it back

Heave away, haul away, heave and haul away

Now to sea you must go to toil and never slack

Heave away, haul away, heave and haul away

And before the voyage is over you will wish that you were dead

Heave away, haul away, heave and haul away

The bosun he will make your work or knock you to the floor

And when you try to rise again he'll kick you down once more.

(..wish the bosun dead..)

When your're frozen to the bone and the captain's snug and warm

Drinkin'in his cabin with a girl upon each arm.

(...wish the captain dead...)

The cook he is no better in the way that he treats you

He'll serve you up a stinking dish and call it Irish stew

(...wish the cook was dead...)

The surgeon, he is down below as drunk as drunk can be

Just pray that you don't need his skills when you are far at sea.

(...wish the surgeon dead...)

When the boat is anchored in some distant foreign docks

Be careful of the girls me lads, they're sure to give the pox.

(...wish that you were dead...)

Be careful of the landlords lest they water down your beer,

They'll steal your watch and clothes me boys and pawn them all I fear.

(...wish that you were dead...)

And when your money is all spent and once again you're poor

Then it's time to find your ship again and go to sea once more.

(...wish that you were dead...)