

Haul Boys Haul

Now when I was a School boy, I lived at home at ease.
Now I am a trawling man I sail the wintry seas.
I thought I'd like sea faring life, It's alright 'till I found,
T'was a damn sight worse than slavery when we got on the
ground.

**And it was Haul boys, Haul. Haul boys, Haul.
Heave away the capstan lads and lets get up the trawl.
When the winds are blowing, the ships a gently rolling,
My Emma, My Emma, Won't you be true to me?**

Now every night in Winter, as reg'lar as a clock,
It's on wi'your sou'wester likewise your oilskin frock,
And then up to the capstan, lad, and then we'll heave away,
For that's the cry in the middle of the night as well as in the day.

Now when the fish are up on deck a piling to our knees,
We'll slip and slide and wonder why we ever went to sea.
But then ashore we sell the catch, that's easier to bear
For its beer all night in the sailor's arms when we get paid our
share.

With winter passing over, and springtime coming on,
We'll go out in all weather, no time for beer and song,
For the fish don't wait for lovers, and you might quickly find,
So put on your oilskin jackets lads and leave the girls behind.

And when our trip is over, hard up the tiller goes.
Its straight way in to Yarmouth with a big jib on her nose.
And when we reach the pier head the girls all loudly say,
"Her come our jolly trawling lads that have been so long away."

**And it was haul boys, haul! Haul boys, haul!
Heave away the Capstan, lads, and lets get up the trawl.
When the winds are blowing, the ships a gently rolling,
My Emma, My Emma, Won't you be true to me?
My Emma, My Emma, Won't you be true to me?**