

Lloyd, Haul Away For Rosie

Haul Away For Rosie

Were you ever down on the Eastern Shore,
It really is a treat, Oh!

Way, haul away, we'll haul away for Rosie
Way, haul away, we'll haul away for Rosie, Oh.
Where the Baltimore whores in their purple drawers
Come runnin' out to greet you.

Way, haul away, we'll haul away for Rosie
Way, haul away, we'll haul away for Rosie, Oh.

Oh, when I was a little boy

My mother often told me;
That if I didn't kiss the girls
My lips would all get mouldy.

I sailed the seas for seven years
Not knowin' what I was missin';
Then I trimmed my sails before the gales
And started in a-kissin'.

Well, first I had an Irish gal,
Her name was Kitty Brannigan;
She stole me boots, she stole me clothes
She pinched me plate and pannikin.

And then I got a German girl
And she was fat and lazy,
And then I got a New York girl
She damn near drove me crazy.

And then I got a Frenchie girl
She took things free and aisy;
But now I have an English girl
An' sure she is a daisy.

So harken while I sing to you
About my darlin' Nancy;
She's copper-bottomed, clipper-built
And just my cut and fancy.

Well, once in my life I married a wife
And Damn! but she was lazy;
She never worked a day in her life,
Which damn near drove me crazy.
She stayed out all night, a Hell of a sight!
And where do you think I found 'er?
Behind the pump, the story goes,
With forty men around 'er.

You call yerself a second mate,
An' cannot tie a bowline;
You cannot even stand up straight
When the packet she's a rollin'.

Collected, I believe, by A. L. Lloyd; Recorded by Stu Frank
Verses are interchangeable with Haul Away, Joe; these are a sort of
hash from R. Greenhaus, D. Diamond, S. Hugill. First verse by (?) Bob
Hitchcock.

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