



Haul that halliard

Songwriter Dave Wheatley

Haul that halliard, haul that yard, boys
Haul it higher, above your head
Making white sails, out of grey skys
'Till it turns, your hands blood-red

*Haul it high boys, swing it **low, boys***

low, boys

*Haul that halliard, **'till you drop***

'till you drop

*Haul it high boys, swing it **low, boys***

low, boys

*Haul that halliard, **'till you drop***

'till you drop

If I ever, leave this hell ship
I'm coming home, again once more
Oh! Sally, Sally, do not scorn me
Do not turn me, from your door

CHORUS

When I'm back in, dear ol' Wareham
With Sally Brown, my dearest maid
She'll be proud of, her dear John, boys
and the cash, that has been made

CHORUS

You won't be sorry, that you wed me
When you see what, I have done
Haul that halliard, haul that yard, boys
Look a here Sal, at what I've done

CHORUS

*Haul it high boys, swing it **low, boys***

low, boys

*Haul that halliard **'till you drop***

Until you drop