

The Kingston Trio

"Haul Away"

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Jack Splittard

We're running down a stormy sea and rolling through
the thunder. 'Way haul, away. Well haul away, Joe.
It's ev'ry man aloft my boys or we'll be driven under.
'Way haul, away. Well, haul away, Joe.

Chorus:

'Way haul away. We're bound for better weather. 'Way
haul away. Well, haul away, Joe.

For seven days and seven nights we've labored to
exhaustion. 'Way haul away. Well, haul away, Joe.
But now the breeze is from the East. We'll come about
for Boston. 'Way haul away. Well, haul away, Joe.

(Chorus)

East wind bring us home.

The ragged heavens open up. We sound the jubilation.
'Way haul away. Well, haul away, Joe.
The setting sun's a beacon, boys, a sign of our
salvation. 'Way haul away. Well, haul away, Joe.

(Chorus)

East wind bring us home.

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