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Heave Away

Heave Away

Come get your duds in order for we're going to leave tomorrow Heave away, me jollies, heave away Come get your duds in order for we're going to cross the water Heave away me jolly boys, we're all bound away

Sometimes we're bound for Liverpool, sometimes we're bound for Spain (France) But now we're bound for St. John's town to watch the girls a-dancing

Now it's farewell Maggie darling, for it's now I'm going to leave you You promised me you'd marry me, but how you did deceive me

I wrote me love a letter and I signed it with a ring I wrote me love a letter, I was on the Jenny Lind

Sometimes we're bound for Liverpool, sometimes we're bound for Spain But now we're bound for St. John's town to watch the girls a-dancing

From the collection of Andrew Draskoy traditional Newfoundland AJS apr97