

Cruel

Kate Rusby

Cruel were my parents to tear my love from me
And cruel was the press gang that took him off to sea
And cruel was the little boat that rowed him off the strand
And cruel was the big ship that took him from the land

Haul away, boys. Haul away.
Haul away, boys. Haul away.

Cruel was the water that ship it sailed upon
And cruel was the fair wind for now my love is gone
Had you blown a roaring gale they'd have left him on dry land
Where he would walk beside me and I would hold his hand

Haul away, boys. Haul away.
Haul away, boys. Haul away.

The ring beneath my pillow is the ring he gave to me
I wear it on my finger for all the world to see
Cruel was the captain, the bosun and the men
For they didn't care a farthing if I saw my love again

Haul away, boys. Haul away.
Haul away, boys. Haul away.

Cruel were my parents to tear my love from me
And cruel was the press gang that took him off to sea
And cruel was the little boat that rode him off the strand
And cruel was the big ship that took him from the land

Haul away, boys. Haul away.
Haul away, boys. Haul away.
Haul away, boys. Haul away.

Lyrics submitted by Jon Dickinson.