

The Bonny Boy

The Dubliners

It's busk ye, me boy's, get you up on the deck
And take up your stations for hauling the nets
And mind up all together lads all through the night
And shaking your oilskins until it's daylight
With a heave and a haul and the shaking of nets

It's when we're at hauling we're living on hope
The boy in the locker the lads on the ropes
The fellows in the hold to our hauling the nets
And shaking the herring out on to the deck
With a heave and a haul and the shaking of nets

It's net after net we pull up from the sea
With a haul and a shake and a one, two and three
The herring are a piling around our sea boots
And slithering and sliding down into the shoots
With a heave and a haul and the shaking of nets

It's hour after hour we are hauling away
All through the long night till the dawn of the day
The captain's in the wheelhouse he's on the RT
And the cook's in the galley a brewing the tea
And we're heaving and hauling and shaking of nets

Now the season is over so be on your way
And head for the home port to sign for your pay
Your missus will be waiting to welcome you home
It's so hard for a wife to be so much alone
And you're finished with heaving and hauling of nets