

Cruel

Kate Rusby

Cruel were my parents,
To tear my love from me,
Cruel was the press gang,
That took him to the sea,
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,
Cruel was the fair wind,
For now my loves he's gone,
Had you blown a roaring gale,
They'd have left him on dry land,
Where he would walk besides 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'll wear it on my finger,
For all the world to see,
But cruel was the captain,
The boys, and the men,
For they didn't give a farthing
If I saw my love again,
Haul away, boys, haul away,
Haul away boys, haul away.

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