



I heard, I heard, the old Man say,  
(ch: John Kanaka-naka, tulai-e!)  
Today, today is a holiday,  
(ch: John Kanaka-naka, tulai-e!)  
Tulai-e, Ooh! Tulai-e!  
(ch: John Kanaka-naka, tulai-e!)

We'll work termorrer, but no work terday,  
We'll work termorrer, but no work terday

We're bound away for 'Frisco Bay,  
We're bound away at the break o' day.

We're bound away around Cape Horn,  
We wish to Christ we'd niver bin born!

A Yankee ship wid a Yankee crew,  
Oh, we're the buckos fer ter push'er  
through.

A Yankee ship wid a Yankee mate,  
If yer stop ter walk he'll change yer gait.

Oh, haul away, oh!, haul away,  
Oh, haul away, an' make yer pay!