

Haul away

As I've sailed along the tides of time
not knowing where I'm bound.
On stormy seas and in peaceful bays
no treasure ship I've found.

*So way, haul away my boys
the sun has almost set.
Way, haul away my boys,
we'll find our treasure yet.*

But the bounty was not in gold
nor rubies or that kind.
But in the precious treasure
of a God forgiven mind.

Longing to see all the things I've never known.
Hoping you'll be there so I'm not alone

We sail away to a distant south sea bay,
dream through the summer, looking for the way.

Words: Bob Fraser / Canaan