

Trickett Ed

"Ambletown Home Dearie Home"

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AMBLETOWN (HOME DEARIE HOME)

O Amble is a fine town with ships about the bay

It's fain and very fain to be there myself today

I'm wishing in my heart I was far away from here

Sitting in my parlor and talking with my dear

And it's home, dearie, home, it's home I want to be

My topsails are hoisted and I am out to sea

The oak and the ash and the bonnie birchen tree

Are all a-growing green in the North country

And it's home, dearie, home

A letter came today, but somehow I cannot speak

And the proud and happy tears are a-rolling down my
checks

There's someone here, she says, you've been waiting
for to see

With your merry hazel eyes, looking up from off my
knee

But the letter never said if we have a boy or girl

Got me so confused that my heart is all a whirl

So I'm going back to port, where I'll quickly turn around

And take the fastest ship, which to Ambletown is bound

Well, if it be a girl, she shall wear a golden ring

If it be a boy, he shall live to serve the King

With his buckles and his boot and his little jacket blue

He'll walk the quarterdeck, like his daddy used to do

recorded by Ed Trickett on Telling takes me Home

@plant @tree @sailor @clothing

filename[AMBLTOWN

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