

Burl Ives

"Rolling Home"

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Burl Ives - Rolling Home

Up aloft, amid the rigging
Swiftly blows the fav'ring gale,
Strong as springtime in its blossom,
Filling out each bending sail,
And the waves we leave behind us
Seem to murmur as they rise;
We have tarried here to bear you
To the land you dearly prize.
Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home across the sea,
Rolling home to dear old England
Rolling home, dear land to thee.

Now, it takes all hands to man the capstan,
Mister see your cables clear!
Soon you'll be sailing homeward bound sir,
And for the channel you will steer.
See your sheets and crew lines free sir,
All your buntlines overhauled;
Are the sheerpoles and gear all ready?
Soon for New England we will steer.
Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home across the sea,
Rolling home to dear old England
Rolling home, dear land to thee.

Full ten thousand miles behind us,
And a thousand miles before,
Ancient ocean waves to waft us
To the well remembered shore.
Newborn breezes swell to send us
To our childhood welcome skies,
To the glow of friendly faces
And the glance of loving eyes.
Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home across the sea,
Rolling home to dear old England
Rolling home, dear land to thee.

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