

Home Boys, Home

Oh well, who wouldn't be a sailor lad a sailin' on the main.
 To gain the goodwill of his captain's good name?
 He came ashore one evening for to be.
 And that was the beginning of my own true love and me.

I	I	IV	I
V	IV	I	V
I	IV	I	V
I	II ⁷	V ⁷	I

And it's home, boys, home!

Home I'd like to be!

Home for a while! In me own country,

Where the oak and the ash and the bonny rowan tree

Are all agrowin' green in the old country.

I	V	I	I
I	V		
IV	I	II ⁷	V
I	IV	I	V
I	II ⁷	V ⁷	I

O Well I asked for a candle for to light me up to bed
 And likewise for a handkerchief to tie around me head.
 She tended to me needs like a young maid ought to do,
 So then I said to her "Now won't you leap in with me too?"

O Well she jumped into bed, and making no alarm
 Thinking a young sailor lad could do to her no harm.
 I hugged her I kissed her the whole night long,
 Till she wished the short night had been seven years long.

Well early next morning the sailor lad arose
 And into Mary's apron threw a handful of gold
 Saying „Take this me dear for the mischief that I've done
 For tonight I fear I've left you with a daughter or a son.”

“Well if it be a girl child, send her out to nurse,
 With gold in her pocket and silver in her purse,
 And if it be a boy child he'll wear the jacket blue
 And go climbing up the rigging like his daddy used to do.”

Oh come all your fair maiden, a warning take by me,
 Never let a sailor lad an inch above your knee,
 For I trusted on and he beguiled me,
 He left me with a pair of twins to dangle on my knee!

|: Chorus :|