

# Wareham Whaler's Songbook

---

## **Rolling Home**

*Traditional*

Call all hands to man the capstan  
see the cable run down clear  
Heave away and with a will boys  
for old England we will steer  
And we'll sing in joyful through the watches of the night

And we'll sight our land before us  
when the grey dawn brings the light.

Rolling home, rolling home, rolling home across the sea  
Rolling home to dear old England, rolling home dear land to thee.  
High aloft up in the rigging  
blows the loud, exalting gale  
Like bird's wide, outstretched pinions  
spreads on high each swelling sail  
And the wild waves cleft behind us  
seem to murmur as they flow

There are loving arms that wait you  
in the land to which you go

Rolling home, rolling home, rolling home across the sea  
Rolling home to dear old England, rolling home dear land to thee.  
Many thousand miles behind us  
many thousand miles before  
Ancient ocean heave to waft us  
to that well-remembered shore  
Cheer up Jack, bright smiles await you  
from the fairest of the fair

And their loving eyes will greet you  
with kind welcomes everywhere.

Rolling home, rolling home, rolling home across the sea  
Rolling home to dear old England, rolling home dear land to thee.  
Rolling home, rolling home, rolling home across the sea  
Rolling home to dear old England, rolling home dear land to thee.