Rolling Home

A sea shanty
Verse by Charles Mackay

Up a - loft a - mid the rig - ging Swift - ly blows the fav'ring gale. Strong as

spring - time in its blossom Fil - ling out the bend - ing sail And the waves we leave be
Rolling Home

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hind 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 sea Rolling

home to dear old England Rolling home Dear land to thee