

Home Boys Home

Oh well, who wouldn't be a sailor lad a sailin' on the main.
To gain the good will 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

Chorus:

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 a-growin' green in the old country.

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 says to her "Now won't you leap in with me too?"

Well she jumped into bed, making no alarm
Thinking a young sailor lad could do to her no harm.
Well I hugged her and 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 with 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 of you fair maidens, a warning take by me,
Never let a sailor lad an inch above your knee,
For I trusted one and he beguiled me,
He left me with a pair of twins to dangle on me knee