

Sail! home, as straight as an arrow
White Wings
Banks Winter, 1912

Sail! home, as straight as an arrow,
My yacht shoots along on the crest of the sea;
Sail! home, to sweet Maggie Darrow,
In her dear little home
She is waiting for me.

2. High up! where cliffs they are craggy
There's where, the girl of my heart waits for me
Heigh! ho, I long for you, Maggie
I'll spread out my "White Wings"
And sail home to thee.

Yo! ho, how we go! Oh! how the winds blow!
"White Wings" they never grow weary,
They carry me cherrily over the sea.
Night comes, I long for my dearie,
I'll spread out my "White Wings"
And sail home to thee.