

The Jamestown Homeward Bound

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The farmer's heart with joy is filled
When his crops are good and sound;
But who can feel the wild delight
Of the sailor homeward bound?
For three long years have passed away
Since we left freedom's shore,
Our long-felt wish has come at last
And we're homeward bound once more.

cho: To where the sky's as clear as the maiden's eye

Who longs for our return,
To the land where milk and honey flows
And liberty it was born.
So fill our sails with the favoring gales,
And with shipmates all around
We'll give three cheers for our starry flag
And the "Jamestown" homeward bound.

To the Mediterranean shores we've been
And its beauties we have seen;
And Sicily's grand and lofty hills
and Italy's gardens green.
We've gazed on Mount Vesuvius
With its rugged slumbering dome,
Night is the time in that red clime
When the sailor thinks of home.

cho:

We've strayed round Pompeii's ruined walls
And on them carved our names.
And thought of ancient beauties past
And vanished lordly dames.
And gazed on tombs of mighty kings
Who oft in battle won,
But what were they all in their sway
With our brave Washington?

cho:

And now we have arrived in port
And stripping's our last job,
And friendly faces look around
In search of Bill or Bob.

They see that we are safe at last
From the perils of the sea;
Saying, "You're welcome, Columbia's mariners
To your homes and liberty."

NOTE: The Jamestown was a sloop-of-war, built in 1844.
From Colcord-Songs of American Sailormen. Recorded (cassette) by
John Townley, also by Warner and Davis on Wilder Joy