

Rolling Home

Round goes the wheel of fortune

Don't be afraid to ride

There's a land of milk and honey

Waits on the other side

There'll be peace and there'll be plenty

You'll never need to roam

When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home.

Rolling home, when we go rolling home

When we go rolling, rolling, when we go rolling home

The gentry in their finery

Do prosper night and morn

While we into the fields must go

To plough and sow their corn

The rich may steal the power

But the glory's ours alone

When we go rolling home (etc)

The frost is on the hedgerow

The icy winds do blow

And we poor weary labourers

Track through the ice and snow

Our dreams fly up to glory

Up where the larks do go

When we go rolling home (etc)

The summer sun has ended

The winter of despair

The journey to contentment

Is set with trap and snare

Stand to and stand together

Your labour's yours alone

When we go rolling home (etc)

Then pass the bottle round

And let the toast run free

Here's a health to every labourer

Wherever he may be

Fair wages our endeavour

Let's reap what we have sown

When we go rolling home (etc)