

The Voice House

Rolling Home (John Tams)

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 unto 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 of resentment
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)

Cija Li

Who's the owner of that fence?
Say who owns the door – oh?
Whose is the little doll sitting in the window
Looking out at me – oh.

Mama owns the picket fence
Papa owns the door - oh
But the little doll sitting in the window
She belongs to me -oh.

Mama will be mad at me
Papa will be too – oh.
But the little doll sitting in the window
She will smile for me - oh.

I will jump this fence for you
I'll come in the door - oh
I will kiss the face of the little doll
Looking out at me – oh.