

Home Boys Home

Irish



Oh, well you would - n't be a sail - or lad a sail - ing on the maine to

gain the goor will of the Capt - ain's to blame

he came a - shore one ev - ening for to be and

that was the be - gin - ing of the old com - pan - y for it's

home boys home

home I'd like to be home for a - whila in me

own cou - nt - ry wher the oak and the ash and the

bon - ny Row - an tree are all a grow - in' gre - een in the

north cou - nt - ry.

Oh, it's early one evening a sailor came ashore,
He asked for a lodging at number fift-four;
He asked for a candle to light him up to bed
And likewise for a pillow to rest his weary head.

cho: And it's home boy s home and it's home I'd like to be
Home once again in my own country
Where the oak and the ash and the bonny willow tree
Are all growing greener in the north Amerikee

Now Mary being a foolish girl she didn't think no harm
To jump into bed for to keep a sailor warm
He huddled her and cuddled her and called her all his dear
Till she wished the short night had been seven long year

Early next morning the sailor lad arose
And into Mary's apron threw a handful of gold
Saying take this my love for the mischief that I've done
For tonight I fear I've left you with a daughter or a son.

If I have a baby I'll put it out to nurse
For there's gold in my apron and silver in my purse
I'll dry off my breasts like a virgin so free
And I'll pass for a maiden in a strange country.

If you have a girl she'll have gold to buy her bread
And you may depend she'll never trust a sailor in her bed
If it be a boy he can wear the jacket blue
And go climbing up the rigging like his daddy climbed on you.