

Rolling Home

Words and music by John Tams. Arranged by Tony Hindle.

Round goes the wheel of for-tune, don't be a-fraid to ride.
 There's a land of milk and ho-ney waits on the o-ther side.
 There'll be peace and there'll be plen-ty: You'll ne-ver need to roam.
 When we go rol-ling home, when we go rol-ling home.

S
 Rol - ling home Rol - ling home

A
 Rol - ling home when we go rol - ling home when we go

T
 Rol - ling home Rol - ling home

B

S
 Rol - ling rol - ling when we go rol - ling home.

A

T

B

Rolling Home by John Tams

1. 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.

Chorus:

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

2. And the gentry in their fine array do prosper night and morn
 While we into the fields must go to plough and sow the corn.
 The rich may steal the power, but the glory's ours alone.
 When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home.

Chorus

3. The summer of resentment. The winter of despair.
 The journey to contentment is set with trap and snare.
 Stand true and stand together. Your labour is your own.
 When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home.

Chorus

4. The frost lies on the hedgerows and the icy winds do blow
 While we poor weary labourers strive through the driving snow.
 Our dreams fly up to glory - up where larks have flown.
 When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home.

Chorus

5. So pass the bottle round and let the toast go free.
 Here's a health to every labourer wherever they may be.
 Fair wages now and ever. Let's reap what we have sown.
 When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home.

Chorus

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