

Call All Hands (G)

Omk.: *Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home across the sea.
Rolling home to dear old England,
Rolling home dear land to thee.*

Solo: Call all hands to man the capstan,
See the cable run down clear,
Heave away, and with a will, boys,
For old England we will steer.
And we'll sing in joyful chorus,
In the watches of the night,
And we'll sight the shores of England,
When the grey dawn brings the light.

Omk.: *Rolling home -----*

Solo: Up aloft amid the rigging,
Blow the loud exulting gale,
Like a bird's wide out-stretched pinions,
Spreads on high each swelling sail.
And the wild waves cleft behind us,
Seem to murmur as they flow.
There are loving hearts that wait you,
In the land to which you go.

Omk.: *Rolling home, -----*

Solo: Many thousand miles behind us,
Many thousand miles before,
Ancient ocean heaves to waft us,
To the well - remembered shore.
Cheer up, Jack, bright smiles await you,
From the fairest of the fair,
And her loving eyes will greet you
With kind welcomes everywhere.

Omk.: *Rolling home, -----*