

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. Ch: Rol-ling home when we go Rol-ling home when we go Rol-ling, rol-ling when we go rol-ling home.

2. And 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, when we go rol - ling 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 rol - ling home. **[CHORUS]**

Instrumental (verse & 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 the larks have flown,
 When we go rolling home, when we go rol - ling 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 rol - ling home.

Chorus x2, second time *a capella*

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

John Tams

