

## **ROLLING HOME**

Verse 1:

Round go the wheels 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.

Verse 2:

The gentry in their fine array do prosper night and morn  
While we poor weary labourers go forth to sow the corn  
The rich may steal the power but the glory is our own  
When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home.....

Verse 3:

The summer of resentment and 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.....

Verse 4:

The frost lies on the hedgerows and the icy winds do blow  
While we unto the fields must go striving through the driving snow  
Our songs fly up to heaven, up where the larks have flown  
When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home.....

Verse 5:

So pass the bottle round and let your 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.....