

Home Boys, Home

The Dubliners

Oh well, who wouldn't be a sailor lad a 'Sailin' on the main
To gain the goodwill of his captain's good name
He came ashore one evening for to be
And that was the beginning of my own true love and me

And its home, boys home
Home I'd like to be, home for a while in my own coun-try
Where the oak and the ash and the bonny rowan tree
Are all a-growing green in the old country

Well I asked her for a candle for to light me up to bed
And likewise for a handkerchief to tie around me head
She tended to me needs like a young maid ought to do
So then I says to her: 'Now won't you leap in with me too?'

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Home I'd like to be, home for a while in my own coun-try
Where the oak and the ash and the bonny rowan tree
Are all a-growing green in the old country

Well she jumped into bed, making no alarm
Thinking a young sailor lad could do to her no harm
Well I hugged her and I kissed her the whole nightlong
Till she wished the short night had been seven years long

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Well early next morning the sailor lad arose
And into Mary's apron threw a handful of gold
Saying, 'Take this me dear for the mischief that I've done
For tonight I fear I've left you with a daughter or a son'

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'Well, if it be a girl child, send her out to nurse
With gold in her pocket and with silver in her purse
And if it be a boy child he'll wear the jacket blue
And go climbing up the rigging like his daddy used to do'

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Oh, come all of you fair maidens, a warning take by me
And never let a sailor lad an inch above your knee
For I trusted one and he beguiled me
He left me with a pair of twins to dangle on me knee

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