

Rolling Home To Caledonia

*Rollin home, rollin home, rollin home across the sea
Rollin home to Caledonia, rollin home, dear land, to thee*

Ten thousand miles ahind us, just a hundred miles afore
And the ocean rins to tak us tae oor best-beloved shore
We will join in joyous chorus, in the watches o the night
For we'll see our land of Scotland, when the grey dawn brings the light

Up aloft, amongst the riggin, blows the loud exultin gale
Like a birdie's wide-stretched pinions, spreadin wide each swellin sail
The wild waves cut behind us, and they murmur as they flow
There are lovin hearts that wait for you, in the land to which you go

There are welcome cheers tae greet us, there are kisses for us all
Mothers, faithers, wives and faimilies, standin at the harbour wall
They will tell us o their longin, we will tell them o oor trials
And at last we will be safe home, after aa the weary miles