

## Rolling Home

*Traditional folk song*

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.*

### Chorus

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

The gentry in his fine array,  
Who prospers night and morn,  
While we unto the fields must go,  
To plough and 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.*

### Chorus

<more>

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 rolling home.*

Chorus

The frost is on the hedgerow,  
The icy winds do blow,  
While we poor weary labourers,  
Strive through the sleet and snow.  
Our hopes fly up to glory,  
Up where the larks do go,  
*When we go rolling home,*  
*When we go rolling home.*

Chorus

So pass the bottle round,  
And let the toast go free,  
Here's a health to every labourer,  
Wherever he may be.  
Fair wages now and ever,  
Let's reap what we have sown,  
*When we go rolling home,*  
*When we go rolling home.*

Chorus x 2