Homeward Bound 2

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Now to Blackwall Docks we bid adieu,
To Suke and Sal and Kitty too;
Our anchor's weighed, our sails unfurled,
We are bound to plough the watery world.
    Huzzah, we are homeward bound (2x)

Now the wind blows hard from the east-nor'-east,
Our ship will sail ten knots at least;
The purser will our wants supply,
And while we've grog we'll never say die.

And should we touch at Malabar
Or any other port as far
The purser he will tip the chink,
And just like fishes we will drink.

And now our three years it is out,
lt's very near time we backed about;
And when we're home and do get free,
Oh won't we have a jolly spree.

And now we haul into the docks
Where all those pretty girls come in flocks,
And one to the other they will say:
"Oh here comes Jack with his three years' pay"

And now we haul to the Dog and Bell
Where there's good liquor for to sell.
ln comes old Archer with a smile,
Saying: "Drink, my lads, it's worth your while."
    For I see you are homeward bound,
    I see you are homeward bound.

But when our money's all gone and spent,
And none to be borrowed nor none to be lent,
ln comes old Archer with a frown,
Saying: "Get up, Jack, let John sit down."
    For I see you are homeward bound,
    I see you are homeward bound.

From Oxford Book of Sea Songs, Palmer