

Home Lads, Home

Arranged by Sarah Morgan

Overseas in Flanders and the sun was dropping low,
With tramp and creak and jingle, I heard the gun teams go,
When something seemed to set me a-dreaming as I lay
Of my far off home in Hampshire at the quiet end of day.

Brown thatch with gardens blooming with lily and with rose
And the river running past them so quiet where it flows,
Wide fields of oats and barley, and the elder flowers like foam
And the sky all gold with sunset, and the horses going home.

*Home lads, home, all among the corn and clover,
Home lads, home, when the working day is over,
There'll be rest for horse and man when the longest day is done
And we'll all go home together at the setting of the sun*

Oh Captain, Boxer, Traveller, I see them all again
With tasselled ear-caps nodding all along the leafy lane
And somewhere a bird is calling, and there's swallows flying low
And the lads all sitting sideways and singing as they go.

*Home lads, home, all among the corn and clover,
Home lads, home, when the working day is over,
There'll be rest for horse and man when the longest day is done
And we'll all go home together at the setting of the sun*

Gone is many a lad now, and there's many a horse gone too,
Of all the lads and horses from those old fields I knew,
For Dick fell at Givenchy and Prince beside the guns
On that long red road of glory, a mile or two from Mons.

Dead lads and shadowy horses, I see them all the same,
I see them and I know them and I call them each by name,
Riding down from harvest, and all the west's aglow
And the lads all sitting sideways and singing as they go.

*Home lads, home, with the sunset on their faces,
Home lads, home, to those quiet, happy places,
For there's rest for horse and man when the hardest fight is done
And they'll all go home together at the setting of the sun.*