

1 The Homeward Bound

Come all you jovial sailors bold that leave your
Native home amidst strong winds and Rushing
seas some foreign climes to roam your echoing
voices joined with ours to cheer us on our way
Our ship is full and homeward Bound to sweet
America

2

Ats stand so tedious months our voyage we
did pursue from N. to S we scoured the coast
of chill and perue at length throes happy days
arrived no longer we will delay our ship is full
and homeward Bound to sweet America

3

Ats you and I am the Briny Deep our voyage we
did pursue we will spread our canvass to the
gale and bid you all adieu our swelling sails
will catch the Breeze our ship she gathers way to
bring us to that happy place called sweet America

4

When up New Bedford harbour our gallant
ship we will steer and "Every heart wit
apture feels to think is home so near we will
gather around the flaring ^{blowing} ~~blow~~ each care aside
will lay and rest to every girl in sweet America

5

And when ^{we} are safe landed all our native
Shore we will bid adieu to troubles past and
think of them no more we will roam about
with pretty girls each happy at night and day
Enjoying love and sweet liberty sweet America

The ends this song

By Thomas Morris of Nantucket These now boys will go