

Home Lads Home

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

Chorus 1

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

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

Oh Captain, Boxer, Traveller, I see them all so plain
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

Chorus 1

Now gone is many a lad now, and 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 red road of glory a mile or two from Mons

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

Chorus 2

*Home lads home, with the sunset on their faces
Home lads home, to the 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*

*And it's home lads home, all among the corn and clover,
Home lads home, when the working day is over
For there's rest for horse and man when the longest day is done
And they'll all go home together at the setting of the sun.*

