

Home Lads Home

Words- Cicely Fox Smith Music – Sarah Morgan

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 a-dreaming as I lay
Of my own Hampshire village at the quiet end of day

*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.*

Oh Captain, Boxer, Traveller, I see them all so plain
With tasselled ear-caps nodding all along the leafy lane
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
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.*

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.

*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.*