

When The Boys Come Rolling Home

The Dubliners

I always will remember well the day we went away,
Sailing out of Dublin in the morning,
Our hopes were on tomorrow as we kissed the girls farewell,
And our dreams were on the day of our returning.

There'll be dancin', romancin', and never more we'll roam,
There'll be rollin' in the hay, there'll be whiskey in the tay
when the boys come rolling home.

We safely reached the other side in New York City fair;
In spite of wind and rain and stormy weather,
We all sat down and drank a glass, and wished each other well,
And we said that we'd be going back together.

There'll be dancin', romancin', and never more we'll roam,
There'll be rollin' in the hay, there'll be whiskey in the tay
when the boys come rolling home.

Now Del went up to Boston, and Sam to Buffalo,
And Joe went down as far as Californie;
I used to get some letters then, but that was long ago;
And they always spoke of Ireland and returning.

There'll be dancin', romancin', and never more we'll roam,
There'll be rollin' in the hay, there'll be whiskey in the tay
when the boys come rolling home.

Well, I'm well over eighty now, my grandson's by my bed;
And here I'm in Chicago and still scheming;
He says he'll take me back again to rest my weary head;
And I'll leave him a legacy of dreaming.

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