

On the **Water**

Stories from Maritime America

“Homeward Bound”

Performed by Stuart Frank

To Surabaya town we'll bid adieu,
To lovely Kate and pretty Sue.
Our anchor's weighed and sails unfurled,
We're bound to plow the watery world.

Hurrah, we're homeward bound!
Hurrah, we're homeward bound!

The wind blows hard from the east-nor'east,
Our ship will make ten knots at least.
The purser will our wants supply.
While we have rum, we'll never say die!

Hurrah, we're homeward bound!
Hurrah, we're homeward bound!

And if we touch at Malabar,
Or any other port so far,
Our skipper then will tip the chink,
And just like fishes we will drink.

Hurrah, we're homeward bound!
Hurrah, we're homeward bound!

At last the man of the lookout
Proclaims a sail with a joyful shout,
“Can you make her out?” “I think I can;
She's a pilot headin' out from land.”

Hurrah, we're homeward bound!
Hurrah, we're homeward bound!

When we arrive at New York town,
The pretty girls will flock around.



And here's the words you'll hear 'em say:
"Here comes Jack with nine months pay!"

Hurrah, we're homeward bound!
Hurrah, we're homeward bound!

And then we'll haul to the Dog & Bell,
And drink the liquor that they sell.
In comes the landlord with a smile, saying
"Drink up, boys, it's worth your while!"

Hurrah, we're homeward bound!
Hurrah, we're homeward bound!

But when our money's gone and spent,
None to be borrowed, none to be sent,
In comes the landlord with a frown saying
"Get up, Jack, let John sit down!"

Hurrah, we're homeward bound!
Hurrah, we're homeward bound!

Then poor old Jack must understand
There's ships in port all wanting hands.
He goes on board as he's done before,
And bids adieu to his native shore.

Hurrah, we're outward bound!
Hurrah, we're outward bound!

