

1. The farmer's heart with joy is filled  
When his crops are good and sound;  
But who can feel the wild delight  
Of the sailor homeward bound?  
For three long years have passed away  
Since we left old freedom's shore,  
Our long-felt wish has come at last  
And we're homeward bound once more.

**Fill our sails with the favouring gales,  
And with shipmates all around  
We'll give three cheers for our starry  
flag  
And the "Jamestown" homeward bound.  
And the "Jamestown" homeward bound.**

2. To where the sky's as clear as the  
maiden's eye  
Who longs for our return,  
To the land where milk and honey flow  
And liberty it was born.

Once our cargo holds were filled ...  
To feed a starving land.  
But now our hearts of full of hope  
Since we left that foreign strand.

**Fill our sails with the favouring gales,  
And with shipmates all around  
We'll give three cheers for our starry  
flag  
And the "Jamestown" homeward bound.  
And the "Jamestown" homeward bound.**

3. And now we have arrived in port  
And stripping's our last job,  
And friendly faces look around  
In search of Bill or Bob.  
They see that we are safe at last  
From the perils of the sea;  
Saying, "welcome, to you mariners  
To your home and liberty."

**Fill our sails with the favouring gales,  
And with shipmates all around  
We'll give three cheers for our starry  
flag  
And the "Jamestown" homeward bound.  
And the "Jamestown" homeward bound.**

This version by [Portsmouth Shantymen](#) CD  
***Hangin' Round the Yard.***

Other verses:

To the Mediterranean shores we've been  
And its beauties we have seen;  
And Sicily's grand and lofty hills  
and Italy's gardens green.  
We've gazed on Mount Vesuvius  
With its rugged slumbering dome,  
Night is the time in that red clime  
When the sailor thinks of home.

We've strayed round Pompeii's ruined walls  
And on them carved our names.  
And thought of ancient beauties past  
And vanished lordly dames.  
And gazed on tombs of mighty kings  
Who oft in battle won,  
But what were they all in their sway  
With our brave Washington?



*USS Jamestown, 1844*, by a sailor in the US Navy,  
from [Wikimedia Commons](#).

### Notes:

A traditional song, from Colcord, J, *Songs of American Sailormen*.

The *Jamestown* was a sloop-of-war, built in 1844.