

Rolling Home / Wheel of Fortune

by John Tams?

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Rolling Home (Round Goes the Wheel of Fortune)

lyrics by John Tams



Round goes the wheel of for - tune don't be a - fraid to ride. There's a
5 land of milk and ho - ney waits on the oth - er side. There'll be
9 peace and there'll be plen - ty, you'll nev - er need to roam. When
13 we go roll - ing home, when we go roll - ing home.
17 Roll - ing home, when we go roll - ing home, when we go
21 roll - ing, roll - ing, when we go roll - ing home.

X:1

T:Rolling Home

T:(Round Goes the Wheel of Fortune)

C:lyrics by John Tams

M:4/4

L:1/4

K:F major

C | F>F F A | F2 F A | G>F G A | F3 G/A/ |

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w:Round | goes the wheel of | for-tune don't| be a-fraid to | ride. There's a
|
B B B/A/ G | A/B/ c-c A/G/ | F>F F/G/ A | G3 G/A/ |
w:land of milk* and | ho-* ney* waits* | on the oth-* er | side. There'll be
|
B B B/A/ G | A/B/ c-c A | F>F F/G/ A | G3 C |
w:peace and there'll* be | plen-* ty,* you'll | nev-er need* to | roam. When
|
F F F/G/A/B/ | c A A/G/ F | G3 F | F4 ||
w:we go roll-* ing* | home, when we* go | roll-ing | home. ||
c2 A2 | F F F/G/ A/c/ | d2 B2 | G G G/A/ B |
w:Roll-ing | home, when we* go* | roll-ing | home, when we* go |
c2 A2 | d2 B G | F F E/F/ G | F4 ||
w:roll-ing, | roll-ing, when | we go roll-* ing | home. |

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1. Round goes the wheel of fortune, don't be afraid to ride There's a land of milk and honey waits on the other side There'll be peace and there'll be plenty, you'll never need to roam When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

Chorus: *Rolling home, when we go rolling home When we go rolling, rolling, when we go rolling home*

2. The gentry in their fine array do prosper night and morn While we unto the fields must go to plough and sow the corn The rich may steal the power, but the glory is our own When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

[Chorus]

3. The frost is on the hedgerow, the icy winds do blow While we poor weary labourers strive through the driving snow Our hopes fly up to glory, up where the lark has flown When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

[Chorus]

4. The summer of resentment, the winter of despair The journey to contentment is set with trap and snare Stand to and stand together, your labour is your own When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

[Chorus]

5. So pass the bottle round and let the toast go free Here's a health to every labourer wherever they may be Fair wages are now and ever, let's reap what we have sown When we go rolling home, when we go rolling home

[Chorus]

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