

Now her keel was laid one morning in the year of '72,  
In a famous yard in Wallsend, where the men were skilled and true.  
They rivetted and welded, good steel sheets upon her frame,  
'Til at last she was completed, and Jacinta is her name.

#### CHORUS

She is homeward bound returning,  
She is homeward bound returning,  
She is homeward bound returning,  
From,  
The sea,  
The Arctic Sea,  
The Norway Sea,  
The Irish Sea.

She was one of seven sisters in the bold Marr family,  
Bill Taylor was her skipper, on her maiden trip to sea.  
For to fish the coast of Greenland, and the distant Norway shore,  
For Cod and Hake and Haddock, all to fill the fishroom store.

#### CHORUS

She is homeward bound returning etc

Young Mick Southwell was the Bo'sun, old George Thompson engineer  
Brian Baxter was a deckhand and he helped stow away the gear.  
As she fished across the oceans, she sailed so wild and free,  
She was a great stern trawler; soon a legend of the sea.

#### CHORUS

She is homeward bound returning etc

In the darkness of the winter, in the terrible ice and storms,  
Her crew worked hard to free her, and to keep themselves from harm.  
As she fished across deep waters she did serve her owners well,  
Catching fish worth millions in the heavy rolling swells,

#### CHORUS

She is homeward bound returning etc

Now Jacinta went on fishing, 'til her engine let her down.  
We've towed her home to Fleetwood, for to rest in her home town.  
We will paint her and we'll moor her all along her own quayside,  
She'll show new generations how we fished the seas with pride.

#### CHORUS

She is homeward bound returning etc