

Homeward Bound

Marta Keen

Solo 1



In the



qui - et mist - y morn - ing when the



moon has gone to bed, when the

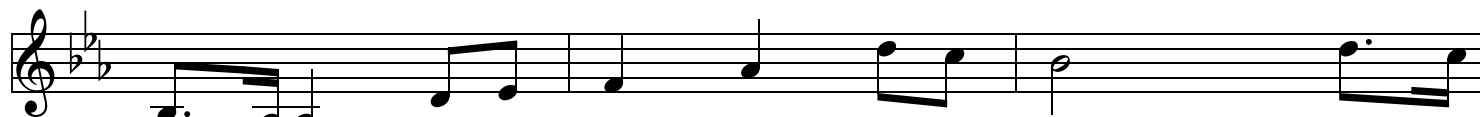


spar - rows stop their sing - ing and the sky is clear and

Solo 2



red. When the sum - mer's ceased its




gleam - ing, when the corn is past its prime, When ad




- ven - ture's lost its mean - ing, I'll be home - ward boundin

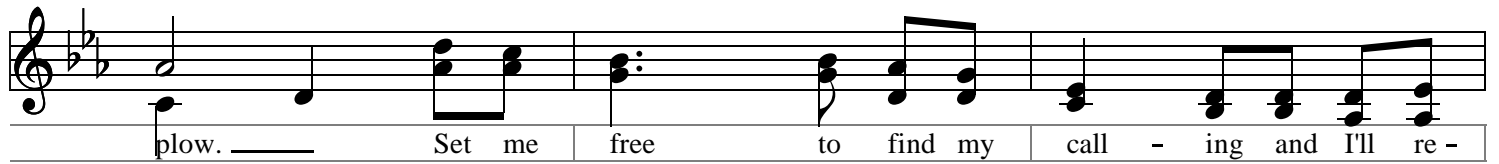
All



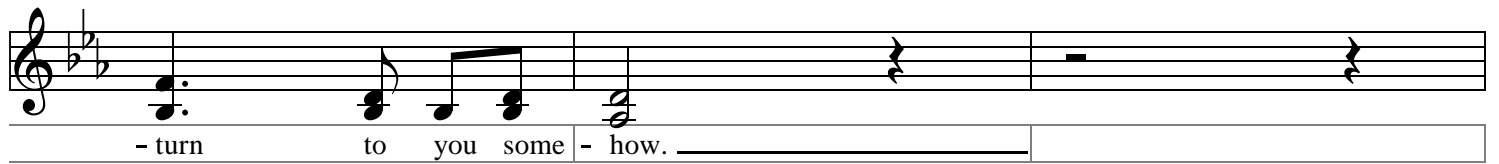
time. Bind me not to the



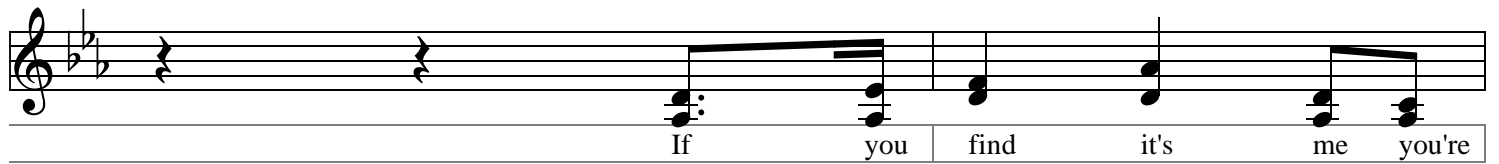
pas - ture; chain me not to the



plow. Set me free to find my call - ing and I'll re -



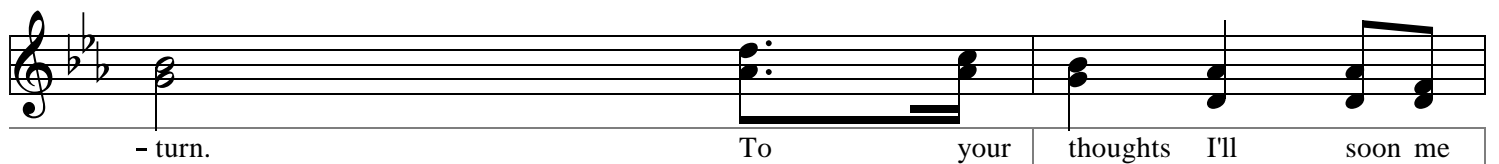
- turn to you some - how.



If you find it's me you're



miss - ing, if you're hop - ing I'll re -



- turn. To your thoughts I'll soon me



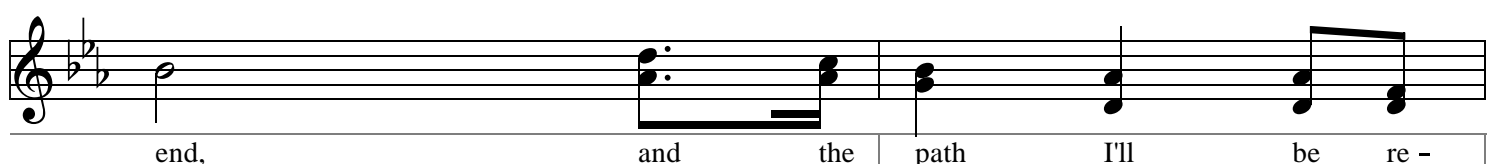
list 'ning in the road I'll stop and



turn. Then the wind will set me



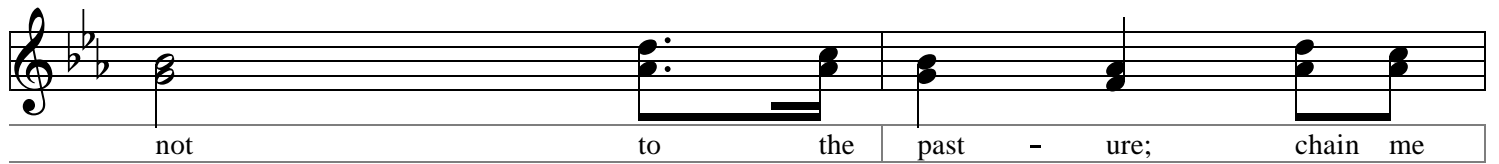
rac - ing as my jour - ney nears its



end, and the path I'll be re -



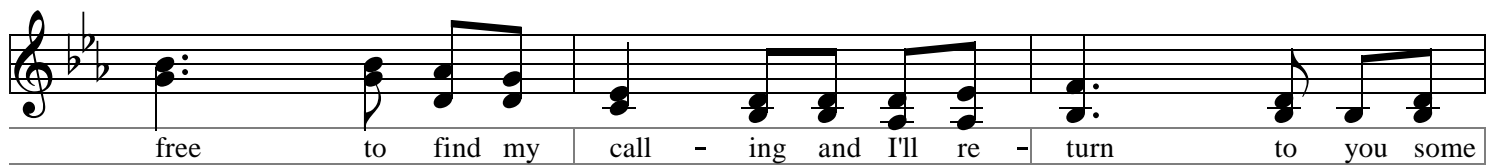
- trac - ing when I'm home - ward bound a - gain. Bind me



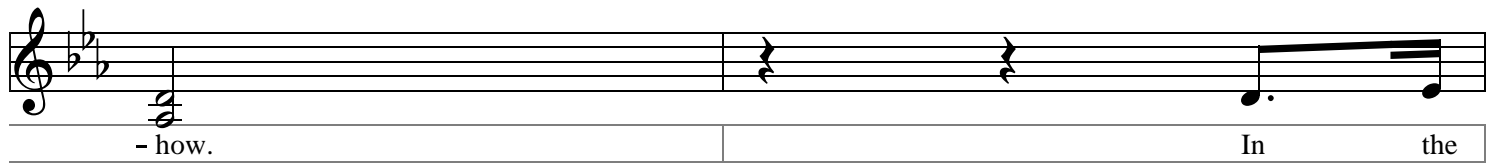
not to the past - ure; chain me



not to the plow Set me



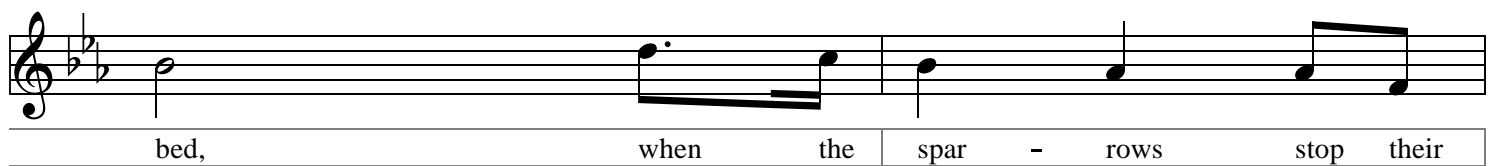
free to find my call - ing and I'll re - turn to you some



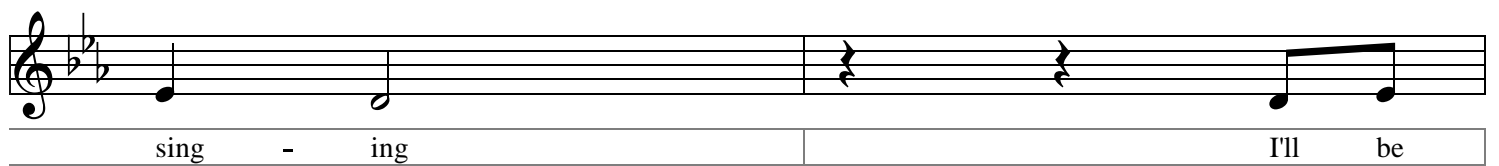
- how. In the



qui - et mist - y morn - ing when the moon has gone to



bed, when the spar - rows stop their



sing - ing I'll be



rit.
home - ward bound a - gain