

Homeward Bound

Mormon Tabernacle Choir

In the quiet misty morning When the moon has gone to
bed, When the sparrows stop their singing, and the sky is
clear and red, When the summer's ceased its gleaming
When the corn is past its prime, When adventure's lost its
meaning - I'll be homeward bound in time Bind me not to
the pasture Chain me not to the plow Set me free to find
my calling and I'll return to you somehow If you find it's me
you're missing If you're hoping I'll return, To your thoughts

I'll soon be listening, In the road I'll stop and turn Then
the wind will set me racing As my journey nears its end
And the path I'll be retracing When I'm homeward bound
again Bind me not to the pasture Chain me not to the plow
Set me free to find my calling And I'll return to you
somehow (softly) In the quiet misty morning When the
moon has gone to bed, When the sparrows stop their
singing I'll be homeward bound again.