

# Homeward bound

Words and music by Marta Keen  
Arr. Mack Wilberg & Aarnoud de Groen

7

*mp*

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

12

bed, where the spar - rows stop their sing - ing and the sky is clear and red. When the

17

sum - mer's ceased its glea - ming, when the corn is past its prime, when ad -

21

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

52

path I'll be re - trac - ing when I'm home - ward bound a - gain. Bind me not to the

57

pas - ture; chain me not to the plow. Set me free to find my call - ing and I'll re -

62

turn to you some - how. Bind me not to the pas - ture; chain me not to the

67

plow. Set me free to find my call - ing and I'll re - turn to you some - how. Ah

73

Bind me

80

not to the pas - ture; chain me not to the plow. Set me free to find my

85

call - ing and I'll re - turn to you some - how.

Bind me not to the

96

pas - ture; chain me not to the plow. Set me free to find my call - ing

101

and I'll re - turn, and I'll re - turn, and I'll re - turn to you some - how

109

pp