

# 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.