Going Home

1. The day is done, its tasks are o'er, The eve - ning shades un -
2. The day held cares, its paths were rough, The mo - ments wore on
3. Life's day wears on with rap - id stride, 'Mid scenes of earth I'll

bid - den come; I'm wea - ry, still my heart is glad, For
wea - ri - some; I'm hap - py, now its strife is past, And
cease to roam; I'm hap - py in the thought that then I'll

Chorus

I am go - ing home.
I am go - ing home. Home, home, yes, "Home, sweet
just be go - ing home.

Rit...

home;" There's no joy like that of go - ing home.

Words by John R. Clements
Music by Benjamin Franklin Butts