

Homeward Bound

*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 it's 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 list'ning,
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.*



Rudd FUNERAL HOME

In Loving Memory



Roger Dewey Thompson

1941 ~ 2023

