

# Come Home

(2-part treble choir, piano)  
Optional handbell part available

Words and music by  
Donna Rhodenizer

♩ = 138 *Feel in two*

*mp rubato*

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in 4/4 time. The tempo is marked *mp rubato*. The music features a series of chords and melodic lines in the right hand, with a more rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand.

7 Soloist *mf*

The wood-ed glen, the ap-ple tree,

*rubato a tempo*

Musical notation for the first vocal line, starting at measure 7. It includes a soloist part in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff. The lyrics are "The wood-ed glen, the ap-ple tree,". The tempo changes from *rubato* to *a tempo*.

13

the wind-ing grav-el road that leads me home, the salt-y air,

Musical notation for the second vocal line, starting at measure 13. It includes a soloist part in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff. The lyrics are "the wind-ing grav-el road that leads me home, the salt-y air,".

19

the spark-ling sea, these things are in my blood they call to me.

Musical notation for the third vocal line, starting at measure 19. It includes a soloist part in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff. The lyrics are "the spark-ling sea, these things are in my blood they call to me.".

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25 *divisi* *mp* **A**

Come home, come home. Ah \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Come home, \_\_\_\_\_ come home. \_\_\_\_\_ I can hear them

31

\_\_\_\_\_ Come home, come home.

call-ing me by name. \_\_\_\_\_ Come home, \_\_\_\_\_ come home. \_\_\_\_\_

38 **B**

I will nev-er tru-ly go a - way. \_\_\_\_\_

I will nev-er tru-ly go a - way. \_\_\_\_\_

## COME HOME

The wooded glen, the apple tree,  
The winding gravel that leads me home,  
The salty air, the sparkling sea,  
These things are in my blood they call to me.

**Come home, come home,  
I can hear them calling me by name.  
Come home, come home,  
I will never truly go away.**

The red and gold of maple trees,  
The bounty of the harvest in the fall,  
The winter snows, the springtime breeze,  
These things are in my blood they call to me.

### Chorus

*Anywhere could be there if I just pretend.  
When I'm there, anywhere  
I keep waiting, hoping, praying,  
Soon the road that I'll be taking  
Will be closer to the prize  
I will see before my wondering eyes.*

The fields of green, the ocean blue,  
The patchwork farms and rolling countryside,  
The faithful friends I hold so dear,  
These things are in my blood they call to me.

**Come home, come home,  
I can hear them calling me by name.  
Come home, come home,  
When I hear them calling, my reply's the same:  
I have never truly gone away.**

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