

COMING HOME

tuning: cgcgcc

When trees are turning
Chimney smoke is curling
Fallen leaves are swirling
I'll be coming home
When geese are wending
Apple branches bending
When the summer's ending
I'll be coming home

When Autumn's first frost
Glistens on the corn stalks
The bales of hay and sweet squash
I'll be coming home
And hill and meadow
Are crimson, rust and yellow
When the fruits of August mellow
I'll be coming home

CHORUS:

And rest will greet me
Love will receive me
And joy, like a deep red wine
Fill my heart

I have been trodding
The furrowed fields of summer
Footsteps heavy under
The seeds I've come to sow
When some have sprouted
And I have hoped and doubted
And every bushel's counted
I'll be coming home

CHORUS:

Nights will be cold then
Foxes in their holes then
Skies awaiting snow when
I'll be coming home
When hearths are burning
Tables set with sterling
I will be returning