Going Home

1. The day is done, its tasks are o’er, The evening shades unseen,
   Bid the day to rest, I’m weary, still my heart is glad,
   For I am going home.

2. The day held cares, its paths were rough, The moments wore on ceaselessly;
   Weary, now its strife is past, And I’m happy in the thought that then I’ll
   Just be going home.

3. Life’s day wears on with rapid stride, ‘Mid scenes of earth I’ll
   Find rest for weary eyes, For I am going home.
   Home, home, yes, “Home, sweet home;”
   There’s no joy like that of going home.

Chorus

I am going home.
Home, home, yes, “Home, sweet home;”

Rit...

Words by John R. Clements
Music by Benjamin Franklin Butts