

## HOME

(Van Steeden)

Slowly

When shad-ows fall And trees whis-per day is end-ing,  
 When crick-ets call, My heart is for ev-er yearn-ing,

My thoughts are ev-er wend-ing HOME turn-ing HOME.  
 Once more to be re-

When the hills con-ceal the set-ting sun, Stars be-gin a-  
 peep-ing one by one. Night cov-ers all And, though for-time may for-  
 sake me, Sweet dreams will ev-er take me HOME.

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