

Bill Gaither "Going Home"

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Many times in my in child hood when weve traveled so
far
By nightfall how weary I'd grown
Fathers arms would slip around me and gently he'd say
My child were going home

Going home, I'm going home
There is nothing to hold me here
I've caught a glimpse of that Heavenly land
Praise God, I'm going home

Now the twilight is fading, the day soon shall end
Lord, I get homesick, the farther I roam
But the Father has led me each step of the way
And now I'm going home

Going home, I'm going home
There is nothing to hold me here
I've caught a glimpse of that Heavenly land
Praise God, I'm going home

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