

GOIN' HOME
From the Largo of the Symphony
"From the New World" Op. 95
Mixed Voice

Antonín Dvořák
(* 8. September 1841 in Nelahozeves
† 1. Mai 1904 in Prag)

Words and adaption by
William Arms Fisher
(* 27. April 1861 in San Francisco
† 18. Dezember 1948 in Boston)

Lyrics

**Goin' home, goin' home, I'm a goin' home; Quiet like, some still day, I'm jes' goin' home.
It's not far, jes' close by, Through an open door; Work all done, care laid by,
Going to fear no more. Mother's there expectin' me, Father's waitin' too;
Lots o' folk gather'd there, All the friends I knew,
Home, home, I'm goin' home!
Nothin' lost, all's gain, No more fret nor pain,
No more stumblin' on the way, No more longin' for the day,
Gowing to roam no more! Mornin' star lights the way,
Res'less dream all done; Shadows gone, break o' day, Real life jes' begun.
There's no break, there's no end, Jes' alivin' on; Wide awake, with a smile
Goin' on and on.
Goin' home, goin' home, I'm jes' goin' home, It's not far, jes' close by,
Through an open door; I'm a goin' home; I'm jes' goin',
goin' home, goin' home, goin' home, goin' home, goin' home, goin' home!**