

Will No One Bid Me Welcome Home?

George Morley Vickers
1841-1908

American folk tune
arr. Laurel Hunt Pedersen

1 I hear the old fa-mil-iar voic-es, — They

5 sound as in the long a go, And now ap-pear the pass-ing shad-ow, — Of

9 one sweet form that well I know. I'm wear-y and my heart is yearn-ing, For

13 rest with-in my child-hood home. Oh, if I knew they would for-give

16 me, — No more in sor-row would I roam. I'm wear-y and my heart is

20

yearn - ing, Oh must I ev-er, ev-er roam; Is there no joy at my re-

24

turn-ing? Will no one bid me wel-come home?

28

The stars a-bove are soft-ly beam-ing Up - on the si-lent world be-

32

low, The night winds moan a-mong the branch-es, Is ech - oed by the brook-let's

36

flow. Here once be-side a lov-ing moth - er, I passed the days in child-ish

40
glee. And now I'd give the world if on-ly, One ten - der thought was spared for

44
me. I'm wear - y and my heart is yearn - ing, Oh must I ev-er, ev-er

48
roam; Is there no joy at my re-turn - ing? Will no one bid me wel-come

52
home? Not e'en the faith-ful watch-dog

56
knows me, Though oft to - geth-er we have played, There's none to give a word of

60
wel - come, Or heed the fool-ish one that strayed. The vil - lage clock the hour is

64
toll - ing, Each tone it seems, would bid me stay, And yet I fear in lone - ly

68
sad - ness, That I, a - las must turn a - way. I'm war - y and my heart is

72
yearn - ing, Oh must I ev - er, ev - er roam; Is

75
there no joy at my re - turn-ing, Will no one bid me wel - come home?