## Composer's Note

Written as an entry for the choral composition contest, the text is my remembrance of hearing the train rumbling by the river a few miles away from my boyhood home in Virginia. In high school, my best friend and I would skip school to ride the train to Richmond, Virginia and Washington, DC. In college, I rode the train to school in Boston. I suppose we all had wanderlust in our youth and we wished at times to ride a train faraway.

Thomas Keesecker

## Going

The train is on the railroad track, I hear the whistle blowing.

The train is on the railroad track, I hear the whistle blowing.

Wheels are turning round and round, where they're bound, I don't know.

But I would ride that train faraway, just to see where it is going.

Take me North, or take me South,
East or West, I don't mind.
My restless soul will be lifted up,
when my train rolls into town,
when my train comes into town.
And I will be free to see what I can see,
to see what I can see.

The train is on the railroad track, I hear the whistle blowing.
The train is on the railroad track, I hear the whistle blowing.
Wheels are turning round and round, where they're bound, I don't know.
But I would ride that train faraway, just to see where I am going.

-Thomas Keesecker

Thomas Keesecker (b. 1956)

For biographical information visit: www.ecspublishing.com

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## Going

for SATB Chorus unaccompanied

Words and Music by Thomas Keesecker

















