West of My Heart
With thanks to the Indianapolis Children's Choir

Words and Music by
Vicki Burkhard Nurre

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in moving hearts to soar and rejoice.

Never soft the breezes that twist the trees and harden the spirit's resolve, and never

harsh the sun-soaked glory days that warm the too cold soul.
The sweet-voiced larks as angels sing, rolling thunder is God's voice a-

lone. I long to see the west of my heart, I long to be going home. 

mysterioso

mysterioso
The strength of the prairie is tender and sweet, with pow'r it sweeps the plain, with visions that stretch the innermost heart 'til naught but wonder remains.
water colors that paint the sky with brush marks too easily gone.

And soon to tease the deepest of nights as the sun a

The sweet-voiced larks as

waakens the dawn.
angels sing, rolling thunder is God's voice alone. I long to

see the west of my heart, I long to be going home.
The wheat fields there are streets of gold, the jewels are the great bear.

I long to see the west of my heart, it's a little like heaven out there.
Clarinet in B♭

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\( \Re = 108 \) flowing, with expression

\[ \text{poco rit.} \quad \text{a tempo} \]