

# HAROLD LAND

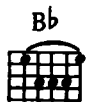
Words and Music by  
JON ANDERSON, CHRIS SQUIRE and BILL BRUFORD

Moderately

Tacet



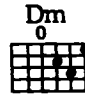
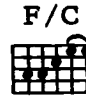
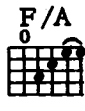
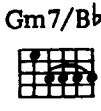
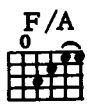
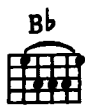
Har - old Land with a wave of his hand said  
march - ing sol - diers in the rain as  
Har - old Land with a wave of his hand stood



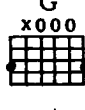
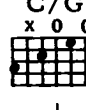
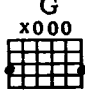
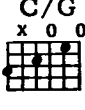
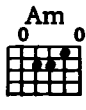
good - bye \_\_\_\_\_ to all that \_\_\_\_\_ He paid his bills  
on to \_\_\_\_\_ war they rode \_\_\_\_\_ A long thin line  
sad - ly \_\_\_\_\_ on the stage, \_\_\_\_\_ clutch - ing red rib - boms



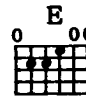
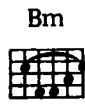
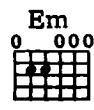
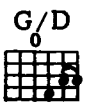
and stopped the milk, then put on his hat \_\_\_\_\_  
of hu - man mind, dam na - tion as their load \_\_\_\_\_  
from a badge, but he did - n't look his age \_\_\_\_\_



He tried to say his last fare - wells\_ as quick-ly as he could,\_  
 In the mud in cold-ness dark,\_ he'd shiv-er out his fear,\_  
 On - ly two years had passed be - tween\_ his leav-ing home and back;\_

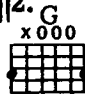
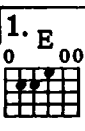
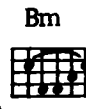


prom - is - ing\_ that he would re - turn,\_ but  
 what dis - ap - point - ing sights he'd seen\_ in -  
 he had lost\_ his love and youth\_ while



To Coda

doubt - ed that he would,\_  
 stead of ones so dear,\_ in - stead of that he  
 lead - ing the at - tack,\_ lead - ing the at -



would,\_ so doubt - ed. Now he's dear.  
 dear,\_

Dm 0    Em/D 0 3 fr.

Dm 0    Em/D 0 3 fr.

Dm 0    Em/D 0 3 fr.

He's go - ing home to the land he loved so well.

Go - ing home, go - ing

Dm 0    Em/D 0 3 fr.

Em 0 0 0 0    A 0

Em 0 0 0 0    A 0

He fought for two whole years, he nev - er fell. He's go - ing home,

home, go - ing home,

Em 0 0 0 0    A 0

Em 0 0 0 0    A 0

No chord

*D. S. al Coda*

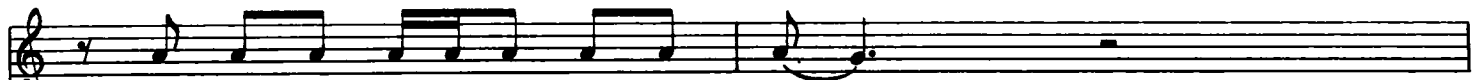
he's go - ing home. go - ing home.

Coda Bm

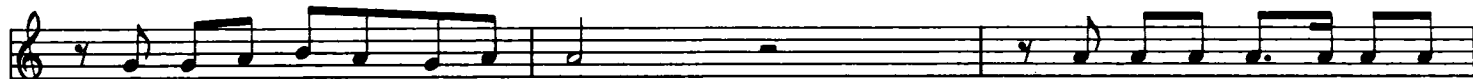
G x 0 0 0

D 0

tack.



In con - ver - sa - tion it could be said, —



well af - ter war your heart is dead.

Well, it's not hard to un - der -



stand, —

there is no heart in Har - old Land.

