

Home, Sweet Home

John Howard Payne

Henry R. Bishop

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, Be it ever so
I gaze on the moon as I tread the dear wild, And feel that my
An exile from home, splendor daz-zles in vain; Oh, give me my

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hum-ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal-low us
moth-er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our own cot-tage
low-ly thatch'd cot-tage a-gain; The birds sing-gai-ly, that came at my

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there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where.
door, Thro' the wood-bine where fra-grance shall cheer me no more.
call; Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear-er than all.

18 REFRAIN
Home! Home! sweet, sweet home! Be it ever so hum-ble, there's no place like home.