

HOME SWEET HOME

John Howard Payne (1791–1852)

Sir Henry Rowley Bishop (1786–1855)

1. 'Mid plea-sures and pal - a - ces— though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
 2. I— gaze on the moon as I tread— the drear wild, And feel that my
 3. An ex - ile from home, splen-dor daz - zles in vain; Oh! give me my

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 cottage
 low-ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing-ing gai - ly, that came at my

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

home, home, sweet home, There's no—place like home, Oh there's no—place like home.