Home, Sweet Home

John Howard Payne

Moderato

1. 'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam, Be it
    ev-er so humble, there's no place like home!

give me my low-ly thatch'd cot-tage a-gain; The

cares of a moth-er to soothe and be-guile; Let

2. An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain; Oh!
    A

3. How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond fa-ther's smile, And the
    heart's dearest so-lace will smile on me there; No

4. To thee I'll re-turn, o-ver-bur-den'd with care, The
    charm from the skies seems to hal-low us there, Which,

    birds sing-ing gai-ly, that come at my call; Give me

    oth-ers de-light 'mid new pleas-ures to roam, But

    more from that cot-tage a-gain will I roam, Be it
Home, Sweet Home

seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where;
them with that peace of mind, dear-er than all.
give me, oh! give me the pleas-ures of home.
ev-er so hum-ble, there's no place like home.

home! sweet, sweet home; There's no place like home, there's no place like home!
home! sweet, sweet home; But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home!
home! sweet, sweet home; There's no place like home, there's no place like home!

Chorus
Home, home, sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home, There's no place like home.