

How sweet the whis - per comes to me That tells of home and har - bor night.
 A soft wind fans the spread-ing sails, The pleas-ant breeze that blows from home.
 A strong hand guides the toil - ing bark To port a - cross the storu - y wave.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ce, 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 cot-tage
 low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing-ing gal - ly, that came at my

REFRAIN.

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

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