

Home Sweet Home

lyrics by John Howard Pyne and music by Sir Henry Bishop (1823) (from the opera *The Maid of Milan* 1823)

$D^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ D $A7$ D
Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 $D^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ D $A7$ D
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home!
 $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ D $A7$ D
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
 $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ D $A7$ D
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere:

D $A7$ $Bm^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ D
Home! sweet, home sweet home! There's
 $G^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ $A7^{(\frac{1}{2})}$ D $A7$ D
no place like Home! There's no place like home

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child
As she looks on the moon from our own cottage door
Through the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain
Oh, give me my low, thatched cottage again,
The birds singing gaily that come at my call,
Give me them with that peace of mind, dearer than all.

How sweet 'tis to sit neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile.
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh give me the pleasures of home.

To thee I'll return overburdened with care,
The hearts dearest solace will smile on me there
No more from that cottage again will I roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.