

John Howard Payne

# Home, Sweet Home

Sir Henry Rowley Bishop

D G D A7

'Mid pleas - sures and pal - a - ces, though we may  
 I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear  
 An ex - ile from home splen - dor daz - zles in

4 D D G D

roam. Be it ev - er so hum - ble there's  
 wild. And feel that my moth - er now  
 vain. Oh, give me my low - ly thatched

7 A7 D G

no place like home. A charm from the  
 thinks of her child. As she looks on that  
 cot - tage a - gain. The birds sing - ing

10 D A7 D

skies seems to hal - low us there, Which  
 moon from our own cot - tage door, Through the  
 gai - ly that came at my call. Give me

13 G D A7 D

seeks thru the world is ne'er met with else - where.  
 wood - bine whose fra - grance shall cheer me no more.  
 them and that peace of mind dear - er than all.

17 D A7 D A7 D G

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

21 D A7 D

home. There's no place like home.