

98. Home Sweet Home

JOHN H. PAYNE

SIR HENRY BISHOP

1. 'Mid — pleas — ures and pal — a — ces Though we may roam, Be it
 2. I — gaze — on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And —
 3. An — ex — ile from home, splen-dor daz — zles in vain, Oh, —

ev — er so — hum-ble, There's no — place like home; A — charm — from the
 feel — that my — moth-er now thinks — of her child; As she looks — on that
 give — me my — low-ly thatched cot — tage a — gain; The — birds — sing-ing

skies seem to hal — low us there, Which — seek — thro' the
 moon from our own — cot — tage door, Thro' the wood — bine whose
 gai — ly, that came — at my call, Give me them — and that

world, is ne'er met — with else — where.
 fra — grance shall cheer — me no more. Home, home, — sweet, sweet
 peace of mind, dear — er than all.

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