Home, Sweet Home - John H. Payne

Home, Sweet Home—John H. Payne & Henry R. Bishop

C    F        C       G7            C
'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
C F     C               G G7          C
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

CHORUS:
F     G7           C                    G7                C
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, there's no place like home.
F     G7           C                    G7                C
Home, home, sweet, sweet 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 that moon from our own cottage door,
Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

CHORUS:
An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain.
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call:
Give me them and that peace of mind, dearer than all.

CHORUS: