

Home, Sweet Home

Words & Music:
John H. Payne & Henry R. Bishop

There is a very easy instrumental arrangement of this in the January 2007 issue of Acoustic Guitar.

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: