Home, Sweet Home
from Clari, the Maid of Milan (1821)
John Howard Payne (1792-1852)
SIR HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP (1786-1855)
CINCINNATI, 1852

Voice and Piano
Andante

1. 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, 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 (p)

2. 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 (p)

3. An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain, Oh bear me my lowly thatch'd cottage again. The birds singing gaily that came at my call, Give me them and that peace of mind (p)

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met with else-where.
cheer me no more. Home, Home, Home sweet

dear-er than all.

home. There’s no place like home, Oh, there’s no place like home.