

'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 through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home! Sweet, sweet home!
There is no place like home!
There is no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!
The birds singing sweetly that come to my call,
Give me them, and that peace of mind dearer than all.

Home, home! Sweet, sweet home!
There is no place like home!
There is no place like home!

—*Home, Sweet Home.*