

from Home, Sweet Home

How sweet 't is to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
 And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
 Let others delight mid new pleasures to roam,
 But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures of home!
 5 Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!
 There 's no place like Home! there 's no place like Home!
 To thee I 'll return, overburdened with care;
 The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
 No more from that cottage again will I roam;
 10 Be it ever so humble, there 's no place like home.
 Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!
 There 's no place like Home! there 's no place like Home!
 —John Howard Payne (American, 1791–1852)

Home and Love

Just Home and Love! the words are small
 Four little letters unto each;
 And yet you will not find in all
 The wide and gracious range of speech
 5 Two more so tenderly complete:
 When angels talk in Heaven above,
 I'm sure they have no words more sweet
 Than Home and Love.
 Just Home and Love! it's hard to guess
 10 Which of the two were best to gain;
 Home without Love is bitterness;
 Love without Home is often pain.
 No! each alone will seldom do;
 Somehow they travel hand and glove:
 15 If you win one you must have two,
 Both Home and Love.
 And if you've both, well then I'm sure
 You ought to sing the whole day long;
 It doesn't matter if you're poor
 20 With these to make divine your song.
 And so I praisefully repeat,
 When angels talk in Heaven above,
 There are no words more simply sweet
 Than Home and Love.