'Mid Pleasures and Palaces

Even the sparrow has found a home...a place near Your altar. (Heb. 11:16)

JOHN H. PAYNE
HENRY R. BISHOP

1. 'Mid pleasures and pal-aces though we may roam, Be it ev-er so
   humble, there's no place like home! A charm from the skies seems to
   hal-low us there. Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with else-where.
   Home, home, sweet, sweet home! Be it ev-er so humble, There's no place like home!

2. An ex-ile from home, splen-dor daz-zles in vain—O give me my
   low-ly thatched cot-tage a-gain; The birds sing-ing sweet-ly, that
   flat-ter the eye. The un-sat-is-fied heart turns and says with a sigh—

3. To us, in de-spit-e of the ab-sence of years, How sweet the re-
   mem-brance of home still ap-pears; From al-lure-ments a broad which but
   came at my call; Give me, then, that peace of mind dea-rer than all.

www.4tons.com.br
Pr. Marcelo Augusto de Carvalho