

**HOME  
SWEET HOME**

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Home sweet home by John Howard Payne

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**JOHN HOWARD PAYNE**

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HOME SWEET HOME

BY

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

*WITH DESIGNS BY MISS L. B. HUMPHREY*

*ENGRAVED BY ANDREW*

BOSTON

LEE AND SHEPARD, 47 FRANKLIN STREET

NEW YORK

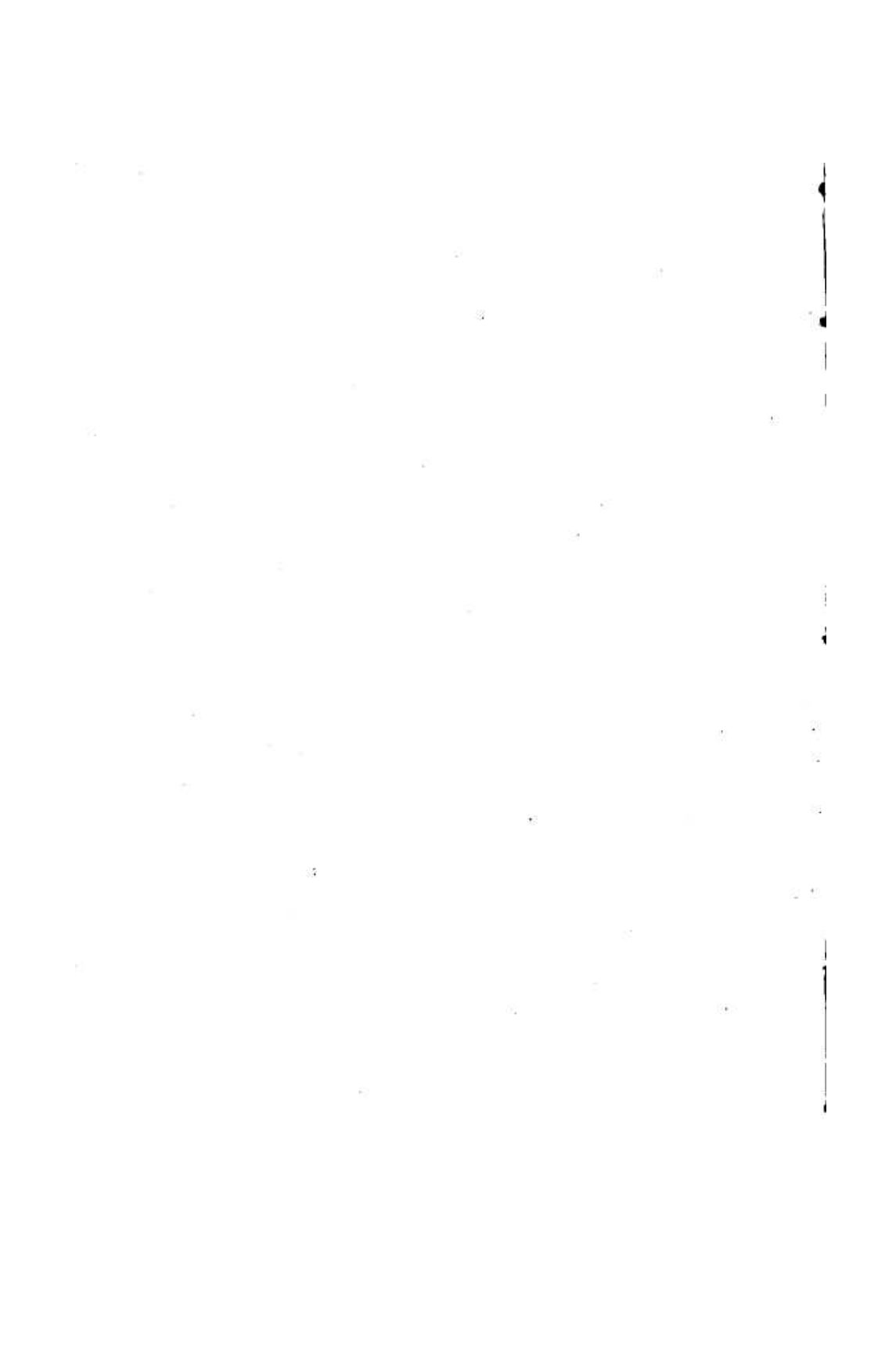
CHARLES T. DILLINGHAM, 678 BROADWAY



THE author of "HOME, SWEET HOME," was born in the city of New York, June 9, 1797, and died at Tunis April 9, 1852. Among the many compositions of which he was the author was an opera entitled "Clari, the Maid of Milan." The music was composed by Sir Henry Bishop, and includes many beautiful melodies. The heroine's principal song is the subject of this volume—"Home, Sweet Home." Mr. Payne relates that when he was travelling in Italy he heard a peasant woman singing a sweet and tender air, which made an instant impression on his mind. He induced the woman to repeat it until he could write down the notes. With the melody and the measure in mind he wrote the song, and then gave it to the composer, who retouched the notation and furnished appropriate harmony.

Every one knows how swiftly the song was wafted over the world. Prima donnas have lavished upon it the resources of art; homesick wanderers have poured out their souls in its plaintive strains; mothers have crooned it over the cradle, until now it is the *Rans des Vaches* of the nations. One hundred thousand copies were sold in London the first season.

This is an instance in which fit music is truly "married to immortal verse." Whoever notices the changes will observe that the pressure of the musical form was of advantage to the poem. The redundant lines were excluded, and excrescences were pruned away. The poem was a native diamond at the beginning: as it stands now, it is a jewel cut and set with perfect art, and "on the forefinger of Time sparkles forever."





"Be it ever so humble, there 's no place like home."

THE PAYNE HOMESTEAD.







(As published in 1831.)



OLD 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's no place like home!

There's no place like home!

