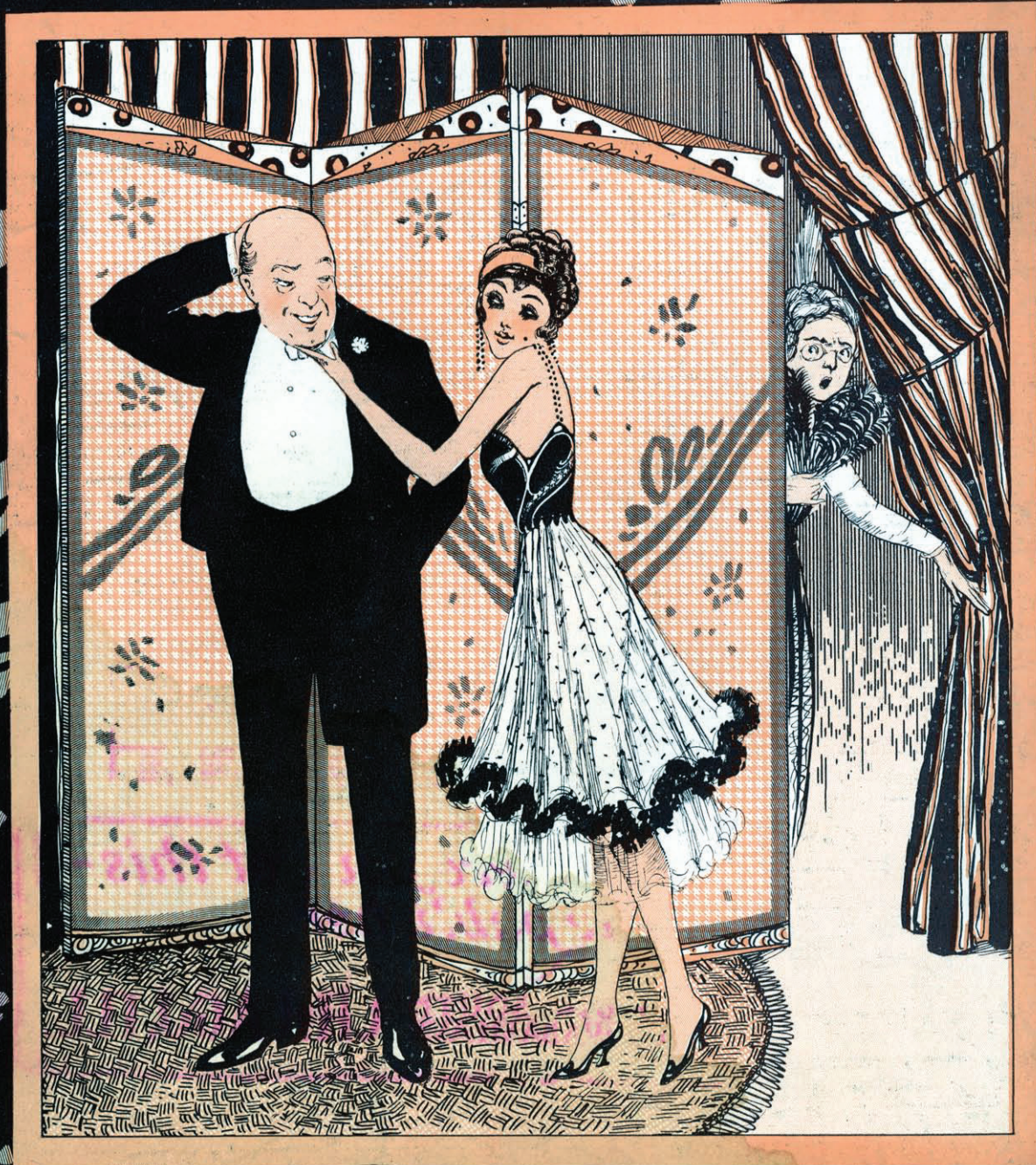


THERE'S NO MORE HARMONY AT HOME SWEET HOME



WORDS BY
SAM. M. LEWIS-
JOE. YOUNG
MUSIC BY
TED. SNYDER

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There's No More Harmony At Home Sweet Home

Words by
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Moderato.

Piano

Voice. *Slow.* *a tempo. primo.*

Till Ready. *p* *Slow.* *a tempo. primo.*

There was no place like my home, Moth-er and Dad-dy and
There was no place like my home, Mot-toes all ov-er the

I. wall. —

Talk a-bout sing-ers, We were the best; We sang "Be-del-ia," and
One of them quot-ed, "Love's Sweet Re-frain?" But Fath-er wrote un-der it,

Slow. *a tempo. primo.*

all of the rest. — No place like my home, When I look back — to the past; —
"Nev-er a-gain" — No place like my home, We could have had — a quar-tette; — But

Slow. *a tempo. primo.*

Things rolled a-long, — Just like a song, — But it was too good to last. —
Moth-er said, "No" — Broke up the show, — Just like a real suf-fra-gette. —

poco rit. *ral.*

Chorus.

Ev - 'ry ev - 'ning we all would sing - An - y old thing in har - mo - ny; -

p-f a tempo.

I sang the ten - or, Dad sang the bass; - Moth - er so - pran - oed all

ov - er the place. -

One night we har - mo - nized the "Ros - a - ry"; -
 One night we har - mo - nized "Sweet Ad - e - line"; -
 One night we sang "I'm com - ing thro' the Rye"; -

Our neigh - bor's daugh - ter sat on Dad - dy's knee, - And Dad - dy yelled, "This is the
 But Dad - dy stopped right in the sec - ond line, - He said, "That gal cost me a
 My Dad - dy said, "It's not my chance to buy, - And moth - er thought he was a

life for me"; - Now there's no more har - mo - ny at home, sweet home. home, sweet home.
 quart of wine"; -
 temp'rance guy"; -

rit. *accel.* *D.S.*