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'TIS HOME WHERE'ER THE HEART IS

written by the

HON. ROBERT DALE OWEN

arranged for the

GUITAR.

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'Tis
home where'er the heart is, Where'er its living treasures
dwell; In cab - in or in princely hall, In

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for - - est haunt or hermit's cell. 'Tis bright where'er the

heart is, Its fai - - ry spell have pow'r to bring Fresh

foun - tains to the wil - der - ness, And to the desert vernal

spring.

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'Tis free where'er the heart is,
 Nor rankling chains, nor dungeon dim,
 Can check the mind's aspirings,
 The bounding spirits pealing hymn.
 The heart gives life its beauty,
 Its warmth, its radiance and its power,
 Is sunlight to its rippling stream,
 And soft dew to its drooping flower.