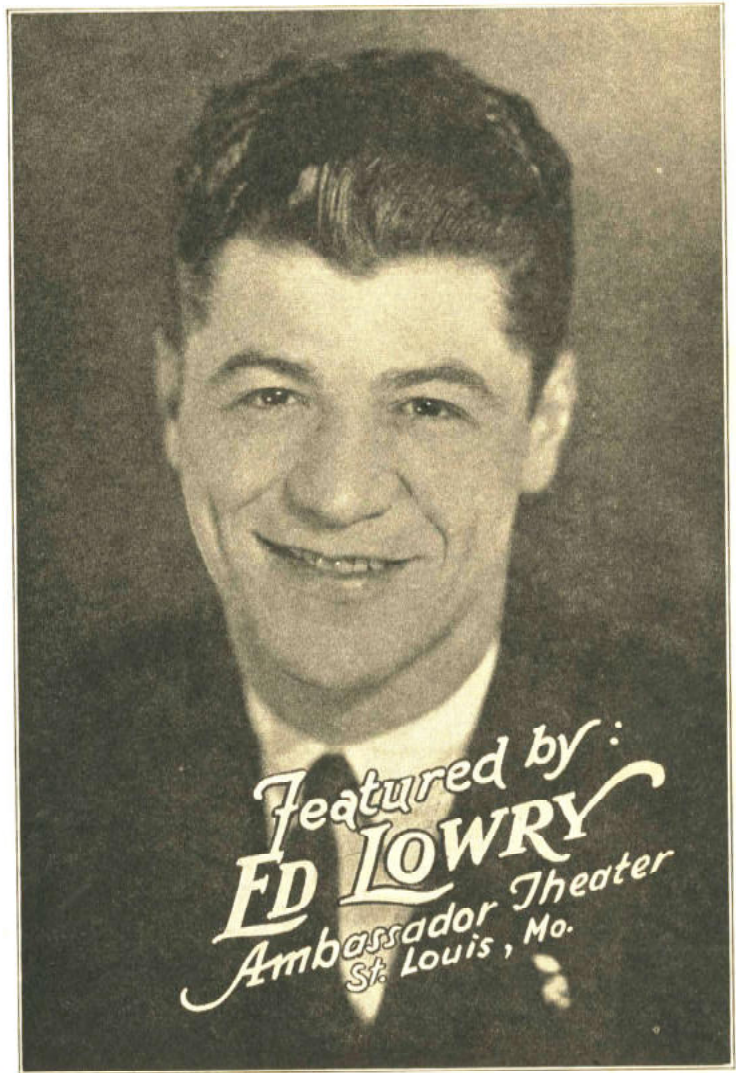


A WORTH WEIL SONG

# "THAT'S WHAT PUTS THE SWEET IN HOME SWEET HOME"

Words and Music by  
CHARLES NEWMAN  
MACK GORDON  
ED LOWRY



Featured by:  
**ED LOWRY**  
Ambassador Theater  
St. Louis, Mo.



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# That's What Puts The "Sweet" In Home Sweet Home

A Rube Bennett Arrangement

Piano Tune Uke in D

A D F# B

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& CHARLES NEWMAN

Moderato

The musical score is arranged in a piano-voice format. It begins with a piano introduction in D major, marked 'Moderato' and 'f'. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands. The vocal line enters with the lyrics: 'Ev' - ning Love birds'. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings such as *sva ad lib.*, *fz*, and *p*. The lyrics continue: 'the sun is sink-ing, Ev'- ning the stars are blink-ing, That's when I start a think-ing of home, are soft-ly call-ing, Love birds midshad-ows fall-ing, Love words, will soon be call-ing me home, Night time the clouds are clear-ing, Night time Soon I'll be home-ward go-ing, One mile'. The score includes guitar chord diagrams above the vocal line and concludes with a piano ending.

and I am near-ing, My time for love en-dear-ing at home;  
 a light is glow-ing, One smile will soon be show-ing me home;

CHORUS

Ev-ry night at eight she meets me, With a lit-tle kiss she greets me, THAT'S WHAT PUTS THE  
*p-mf*

"SWEET" IN HOME SWEET HOME, Hand in hand we pass the door step,

We're in hea-ven with one more step, THAT'S WHAT PUTS THE "SWEET" IN HOME SWEET HOME,

And when I sit be - side, My old fire - side, That's when I

tell the world, I'm sat-is - fied, And when a lit-tle blue eyed  
nev-er gon-na spend my

lad - die, Says "Gee I love my Mom and Dad - dy," THAT'S WHAT PUTS THE "SWEET" IN HOME SWEET  
nights out, Put out the cat and turn the lights out,

HOME. HOME. HOME. *al Fine*

To Patter

What a beau-ti-ful      What a mar-vel-ous      What a won-der-ful song, There's no \_\_\_\_\_

place like      A lit-tle love nest,      A tur-tle dove nest,      Hap-py fam-i-ly,      And there's on-ly three,

Noth-ing ev-er goes wrong, There's no \_\_\_\_\_ place like      A lit-tle bung-a-low,

Where pret-ty ros-es grow,      I'll ad-mit I'm not a mil-lion-aire,      But I've got a for-tune ..

wait-ing there,      Ev-ry time I see that hap-py pair,      I sure got my share,      I'm

*D. S.* %

*D. S.* % *al Fine*