

(There's No Place Like)
HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

PREVIEW

Words by AL STILLMAN, Music by ROBERT ALLEN
Verse: Words and Music by ROBERT ALLEN

Arranged by CAROLYN SCHMIDT

Tenor
Lead

Hol - i - days are mem - 'ry days and home is where those

Bari
Bass

mem - 'ries start. home that knows your joy and laugh - ter, a

A

with your heart.

home you're glad to wel - come with your heart. Oh, there's

with your heart.

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Home For The Holidays

no place like home for the hol - i - days, _____ 'cause no mat - ter how

far a - way you roam, _____ you roam. when you pine for the

sun - shine of a friend - ly gaze, _____ for the hol - i - days you

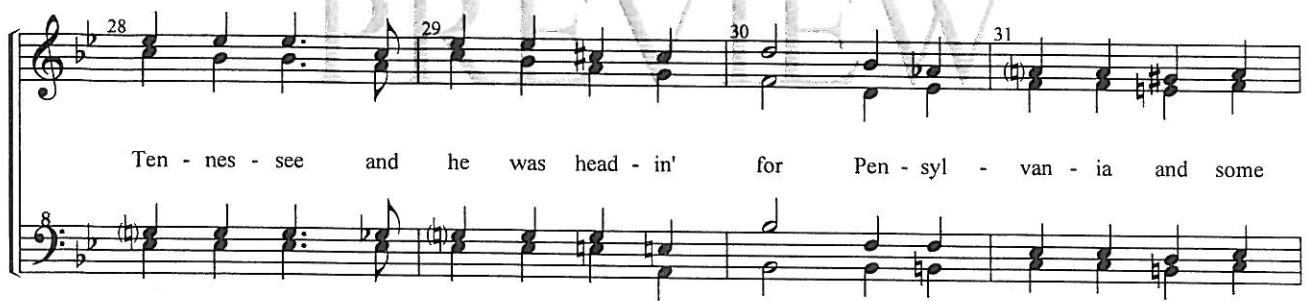
home, sweet home.
can't beat home sweet home. I met a man who lives in
home sweet home.

Home For The Holidays

3

28 29 30 31

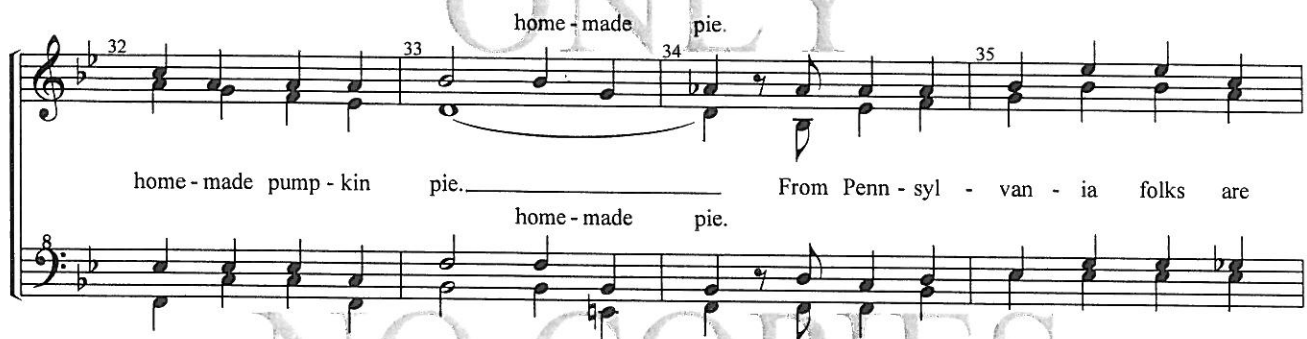
Ten - nes - see and he was head - in' for Pen - syl - van - ia and some



32 33 34 35

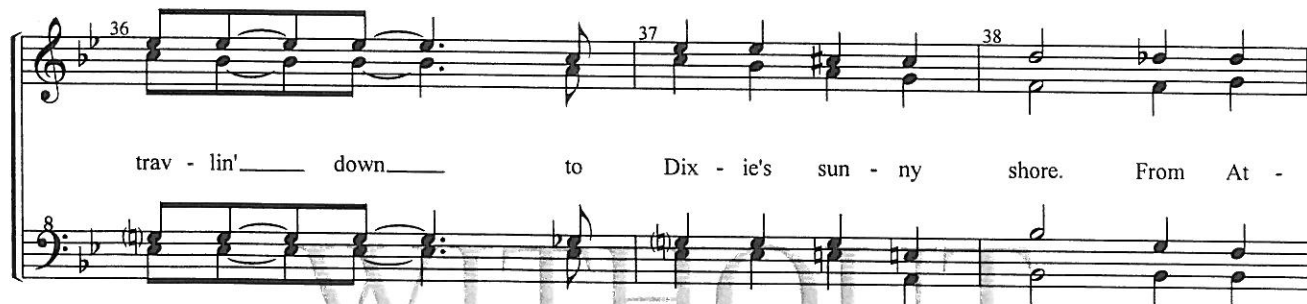
home - made pie.

home - made pump - kin pie. home - made pie. From Penn - syl - van - ia folks are



36 37 38

trav - lin' down to Dix - ie's sun - ny shore. From At -



39 40 41

X X X X

lan - tic to Pa - ci - fic, gee, the traf - fic is ter -



Home For The Holidays

42 43 44 X 45 46

ri - fic. — Oh, there's no place like home for the hol - i - days, — 'cause no

47 48 49 50

mat - ter how far a - way you roam, — if you

how far you roam,

51 52 53 54 X

want to be hap - py in a mil - lion ways, — for the

mil - lion ways,

55 56 57 58

hol - i - days you can't beat home, sweet home. —

Your home, sweet home.

Your home, sweet home.