

(There's No Place Like) Home for the Holidays

Words by Al Stillman
Music by Robert Allen
Arr. by Sharon Aaronson

Moderato

mf Oh, there's no place like Home for the Hol - i - days; 'Cause no

5

mat - ter how far a - way you roam, When you

9

pine for the sun - shine of a friend - ly gaze, for the

13

hol - i - days you can't beat home sweet home. *p* I met a

17

man who lives in Ten-nes-see and he was head-in' for Penn-syl - va - nia and some

22

home-made pump - kin pie. From Penn - syl - va - nia folks are

26

trav - 'lin' down to Dix - ie's sun - ny shores; From At - lan - tic to Pa -

30

cif - ic, gee, the traf - fic is ter - rif - ic. Oh, there's no place like

34

Home for the Hol - i - days; 'cause no mat - ter how far a - way you

39

roam, If you want to be hap - py in a mil - lion ways,

*Both hands
8va - - - -*

44

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

49

hol - i - days you can't beat home, sweet home. *p rit.*