Land Of Our Home. On Melodies
by FRANZ LEHAR.
arr by Karl Weber.

Piano.

If sweet-heart you and I, to-gether we could fly,

when we could love a lone, to some far isle a lone,

where I could sit my sweet, for-ev-er at your feet.

my joy then dear would be com-plete.

Love is the mag-ic makes
Heaven in the home, like golden starlight, where ever we may roam,
no sorrow there, for the skies are always blue,
that is the Home sweet-heart for me and you.

Piu lento.

Ah, what are riches fame or glory, To one sweet smile from one you love,
what like the music after dear vows, can make your drooping Heart rejoice.

Land of our home.
Ah, ever thus the same old story, one Kingdom free from grief and care,

Land of our Home, Land of our Home where happiness and Love is there,

yet all this magic gleam 'tis but a Lover's dream.

a Rose which we pluck today, tomorrow will fade away,

I dream of Home so fair, 'mid pleasures rich and rare,
to build a castle in the air, what little memory of
your own Home sweet Home,

Ever pursuing you where you may roam,
the way is dark though the skies above are blue,

there is no world sweetheart but me and you.

Star of my life there is none like you.