There's No Place Like Home Boys.  
(When Your Wife Has Gone Away.)

Words by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
A. BALDWIN SLOANE.

Allegro.

Dry,   Dry,   Gee but I'm awf'ly dry,
Drink, Drink, Give us anoth'er drink,

Lead me any old place at all! Lead me up to a
Shake anoth'er one up a-gain, Take anoth'er one

Scotch High Ball. Why? Why? Tell me the reason
of the same. Think, Think, Only just stop and

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The Summer Widowers.
why, We don't see a caf-é in sight, Gee, We'll nev-er get
think, How much bet-ter it is in town, Then some sum-mer place

tight to-night. Buy, Buy, Ev-'ry one wants to
of re-nown, Free, Free, Gee, but I feel so

buy, Ev-'ry-bod-y would like to spend, Ev-'ry-bod-y is
free, Like a pris-on-er out of jail, Like a pris-on-er

like a friend. Try, Try, Ev-er-y place you
out on bail, Oh, Gee, Would-n't there be a

There's no place like home boys. & The Summer Widowers.
strike. Join our song as long the line we hike.
row. If but here, Wif-ey dear, could see me now. There's

Refrain.

no place like home, boys, When your

wife has gone a-way. There's no

place to roam, boys, Like your good old bad Broad-

There's no place like home, Boys, A The Summer Widowers.
way. I wonder who's kissing her now.

That's where I'm going to stay.

But I don't care, Hooray! Say, There's
	no place like home, boys. When your wife has

gone away. There's way.

There's no place like home. Boys. 4 The summer Widowers.