

'MID THE FIELDS of SNOWY COTTON-'ROUND MY DEAR OLD SOUTHERN HOME



BY
OTTO AND
JOHN
HEINZMAN

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'Mid the Fields of Snowy Cotton.

(Round My Dear Old Southern Home.)

By OTTO & JOHN
HEINZMAN.

Moderato.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass). The tempo is marked 'Moderato.' The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system is an instrumental introduction. The second system begins the first verse. The third system continues the first verse. The fourth system begins the second verse.

1. Where the mock-ing bird is sing-ing, — and the sun - ny skies are blue, Stands a
2. Far a - way my steps have wan-dered, but no place is half so dear, As that

lit-tle home for-ev-er dear to me; — With a lone-ly heart I'm sigh-ing, for the
lit-tle home be-side the val-ley stream; There the days were nev-er lone-ly, — and the

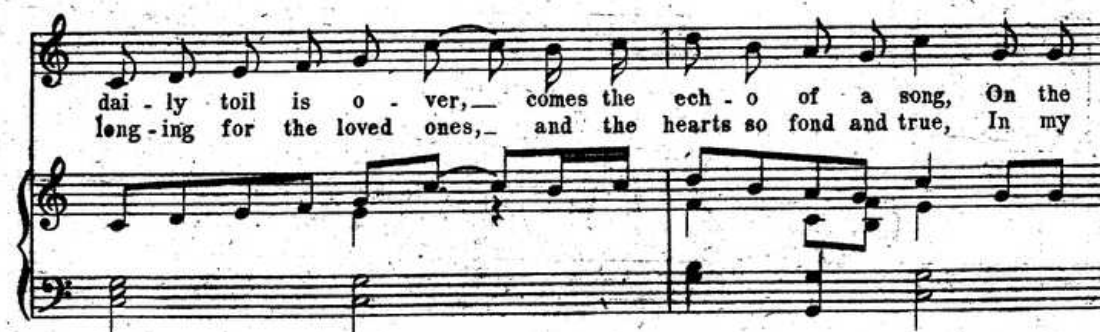
loved ones kind and true, Sad-ly long-ing by their sides once more to be; — I can
skies were ev - er clear, And my heart was all a sweet and joy-ous dream; — Now me-



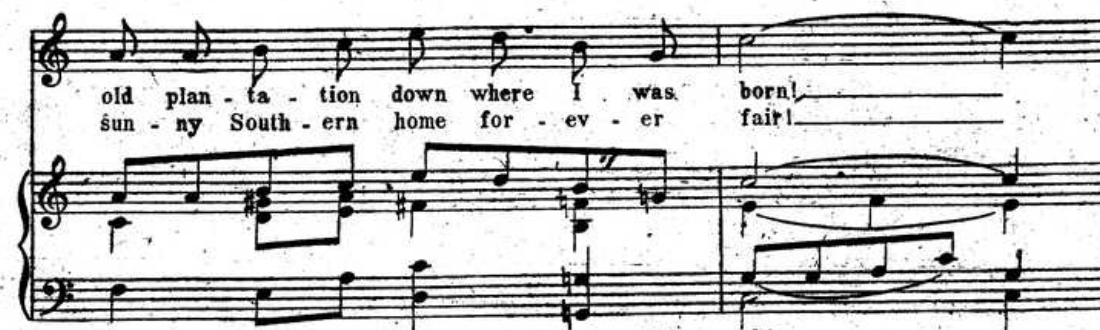
hear the riv - er flow - ing, - as it winds its way a - long, And the
thinks the birds are call - ing, - o'er the mead - ows bright with dew, And the



hum - ming of the Bees a - mong the corn; When the
flow - ers seem to nod a wel - come there! I am



dai - ly toil is o - ver, - comes the ech - o of a song, On the
long - ing for the loved ones, - and the hearts so fond and true, In my



old plan - ta - tion down where I was born,
sun - ny South - ern home for - ev - er fair!

'Mid the Fields of Snowy Cotton. - 2.

Beautiful, Simple and Sympathic.

I Wonder Does She Sometimes Think Of Me.
By HEINZMAN.

CHORUS.

Mid the fields of snow-y cot - ton, In the land of gold-en corn, Stands a

home-stead un - for - got - ten. 'Tis the home where I was born! Now my

heart is sad and lone - ly, — And I long once more to roam, 'Mid the

fields of snow - y, cot - ton, round my dear old South - ern home!

'Mid the Fields of Snowy Cotton, & 3

Ask to see a copy of

I Love You as the Sunshine Loves the Day.
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