DOWN WHERE THE COTTON BLOSSOMS GROW.

Words by ANDREW B. STERLING.  
Music by HARRY VON TILZER.

Andante espress.

1. I was going home again and was waiting for my train. In a 
2. When I reached the dear old place, every old familiar face. Brought un-

All the 

As each 

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mother and the girl I loved the best, I could
known them since I'd been a little boy.

Then a see the rustic gate, where I swung with sweetheart Kate. And my
sweet and joyous cry, brought a tear drop to my eye, And my

old plantation home that stood below, May the
mother kissed me as in long ago,

While a soft moon gently shine, On your sweet face, mother mine, In the
girlish form drew near, 'Twas my sweetheart, Kate, so dear, In my

Down where the cotton &c. x 3.
home down where the cotton blossoms grow;
home down where the cotton blossoms grow;

Chorus.
expressive.

Picture to night, a field of snowy white,

Hear the darkies singing soft and low. I long there to be for

some one waits for me. Down where the cotton blossoms grow.

Down where the cotton &c. \( \text{c.} \) 3.