

since my mother died thro' this world I sad - ly roam, Far a-way with strangers from my cottage home.
 side my mother's grave breathe at eve a si-lent prayer, While her an - gel spir - it lingers near me there.
 make me feel so happy, and though far a - way I roam, In my mem'ry green I'll keep my cottage home.

CHORUS.

Sopr. 'Neath a tree be - side the cottage, with youthful friends in play, There many happy hours were passed a -
 Alto
 Tenor. 'Neath a tree be - side the cottage, with youthful friends in play, There many happy hours were passed a -
 Bass
 Piano.

way ; While from the lea-fy branches warblers sang so gay and free, Those were happy days which mem'ry brings to me.
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 RIT.
 RIT.
 RIT.