

OUR COT IN TENNESSEE

SONG AND CHORUS.

Poetry by GEO. M. VICKERS.

Music by W. F. SUDDS.

Mod. riuo.

1. Tho' low-ly born and once a slave, The world since then has smil'd on me; And
 2. Oft have I seen my home in dreams, Just as I saw it years a-go, When
 3. Where once the mer-ry song was sung Now on-ly wea-ry si-lence reigns; The

yet I can-not help but crave My ear-ly childhood's scenes to see. I stood l-
 'neath the South-ern sun's warm beams I watch'd the riv-er's gen-tle flow. Then sad-ly
 ban-jo hangs un-touch'd, un-strung, And drea-ry gloom a-loue re-mains. I tried, but