

SM230

# DOWN WHERE THE COTTON BLOSSOMS GROW.

Words by ANDREW B. STERLING.

Music by HARRY VON TILZER.

**Andante espress.**

*f* *rall dim.*

1. I was go - ing home a - gain and was wait - ing for my train, In a  
 2. When I reached the dear old place, ev - ry old fa - mil - iar face, Brought un -

*mp*

quaint old rail way sta - tion way out west, All the  
 to my heart a throb of un - told joy, As each

world was bright to me, For I knew I soon would see, Dear old  
 dar - key took his stand, Then I shook each by the hand, For I'd

moth - er and the girl I loved the best, I could  
 known them since I'd been a lit - tle boy, Then a

see the rus - tic gate, where I swung with sweetheart Kate, And my  
 sweet and joy - ous cry, brought a tear - drop to my eye, And my

old plan - ta - tion home that stood be - low, May the  
 moth - er kissed me as in long a - go, While a

soft moon gent - ly shine, On your sweet face, moth - er mine, In the  
 girl - ish form drew near, 'Twas my sweet - heart, Kate, so dear, In my

home down where the cot - ton blos - soms grow;  
 home down where the cot - ton blos - soms grow;

*rall.*

**Chorus.**

*espressivo.*

Pic - ture to night, a field of snow - y white,

*mp*

Hear the dark-ies sing-ing soft and low, — I long there to be for

some one waits for me, Down where the cot - ton blossoms grow. —

*dim.* *rall.*