Mid the Fields of Snowy Cotton
Round my dear old Southern home

A Rural Ballad

by Otto and John Heinzman

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'Mid the Fields of Snowy Cotton.

('Round My Dear Old Southern Home.)

By THEINZMAN.

Moderato.

1. Where the mock-ing bird is sing-ing, and the sun-ny skies are blue, Stands a
   lit-tle home for-ev-er dear to me. With a lone-ly heart I'm sigh-ing, for the
   loved once kind and true, Sad-ly long-ing by their sides once more to be, I can

2. Far a-way my steps have wan-dered, but no place is half so dear, As that
   lit-tle home be-side the val-ley stream; Those the days were nev-er lone-ly, and the
   skies were ev-er clear, And my heart was all a sweet and joy-ous dream. Now me-

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I Wonder Does She Sometimes Think Of Me.

By HEINZMAN.
CHORUS.

Mid the fields of snowy cotton, in the land of golden corn, Stands a homeestead unforgotten. 'Tis the home where I was born. Now my heart is sad and lonely. And I long once more to roam. Mid the fields of snowy cotton, round my dear old Southern home!

"Mid the Fields of Snowy Cotton," by H. Heinzmann. A song. By request a copy of "I Love You as the Sunshine Loves the Day." One of Heinzmann's prettiest Ballads.