

MY SOUTHERN HOME.

A SONG OF THE SOUTH

WORDS BY

Rev. J. A. Patton.

MUSIC BY

Harry J. Lincoln.



My Southern Home.

Words by
Rev. J. A. PATTON.

Music by
HARRY J. LINCOLN.

Composer of *"JUST AT THE BREAK OF DAY"*
"A SOUTHERN DREAM" WALTZES etc.

Andante moderato.

The music is in E-flat major, Andante moderato tempo. The lyrics are as follows:

There's a dear old home in south-land Where the sweet mag - no - lias grow; Where the
I can hear the strains of mus - ic As they float up - on the breeze As the

or - ange yields its fra-grance and its gold - en fruits be - stow; Where the
min-strel picks his ban - jo 'neath the old plan - ta - tion trees And the

feath-ered song-sters mus - ie Make the ve - ry wel - kin ring As they
songs I've heard so of - ten Ech - o back their sweet re - train 'Till in

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CAST YOUR EYES CAREFULLY
OVER THE LIST OF INSTRU-
MENTAL FIFES THAT MARK UP

The Vandersloot

Mandolin & Guitar Folio.

Parade of the Humming Birds, March & Two Step.
Nuptial Waltzes.
Merry Memories Quadrille.
Sun Flower Three Step.
Jolly Sweethearts Intermediate Two Step.
The 74th Regiment Band March.
Tri-State March & Two Step.

Whispering Woods Waltzes.
Mid-Summer Waltzes.
Salute to Williamsport, March.
Vallamente Berste.
Under The Palms Waltzes.
March, "Ole Dutch's Red Molley."
"Indian Independence" March.

King Of Gold, Fifes, March & Two Step.
Charley Hall Waltzes.
On the Flying Line March.
"Salute to America" March & Two Step.
Constitution March & Two Step.
Grenadier Guards March.
"Japan Triumphal March" Two Step.
The Joker March.

greet each wak - ing morn - ing With the songs they sweet - ly sing — I can
mem - o - ry those hap - py Child - hood days I live a - gain — When my

see the old plan - ta - tion Where in child-hood's hap - py days The
sun of life is set - ting And my feet shall cease to roam I would

hours were filled with pleas - ure Giv - ing zest to all my plays; How I
sleep be -neath the sun - shine Of my old plan - ta - tion home I would

loved with gay com - pan - ions Through the fields and groves to roam Yes I
have the fair - est ros - es And the sweet mag - no - lias bloom And they



CHORUS.

There are oth - er homes I know, Where good will and friend - ship flow; There are
other fields and groves thro' which to roam, — But to me there's none so dear, None so
fills my heart with cheer, As the old plan - ta - tion and my south - ern home. —