D. S. Rec.d 17 Jan.y 44

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THE COT WERE WE WERE BORN

Sung by the

HUTCHINSON FAMILY

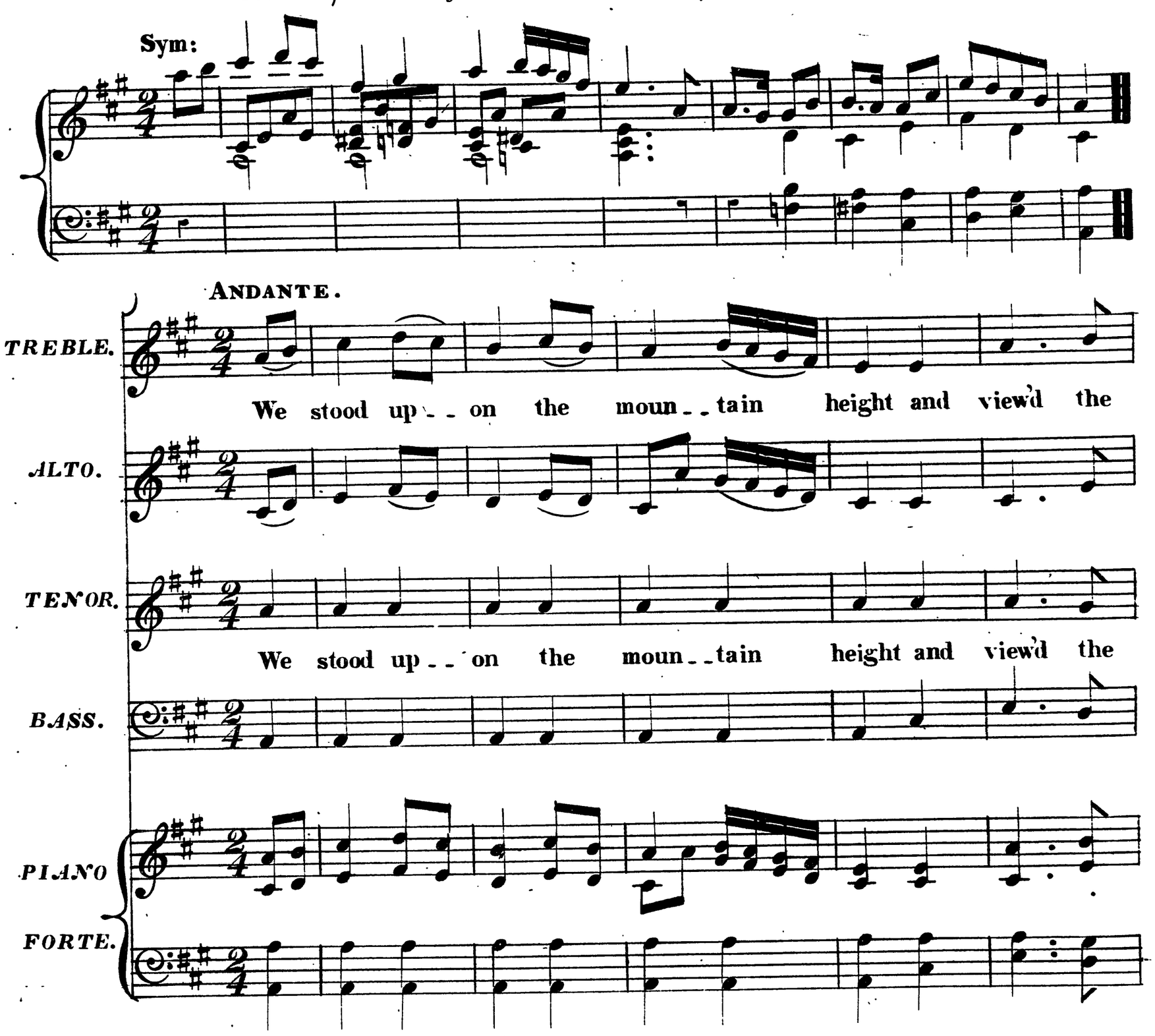
Arranged as a

Song or Quartett.

Melody by
L. HEATH.

Harmonized by
NATH.L STRONG.

New York published by Firth & Hall 1 Franklin Sq. & M. Hewitt & Co. 239 Broadway.



Entered according to Act of Congress A.D. 1843 by Firth & Hall in the Clerks Office of the Dist. Court of the South.n Dist. of New York.

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Deposited in the Clerk's Office for the Southern District of New York. December 8. 1843.

val - leys o'er The suns last rays with mel - - low light Il-

val - leys o'er The suns last rays with mel - - low light Il-

- lum'd the dis - tant shore, We gazed with rapture on the scene

- lum'd the dis - tant shore, We gazed with rapture on the scene

Cot where we were born. Glee. 7.

Where first in youthsbright morn, We played,where near us stood se - -

Where first in youthsbright morn, We played,where near us stood se - -

_rene The Cot where we were born Ere sor - row blanch'd our brows with

_rene The Cot where we were born Ere sor - row blanch'd our brows with

Cot where we were born. Glee. 7.

care And hopes were flatt'ring high, How of_ten have we lin_ger'd

care And hopes were flatt'ring high, How of_ten have we lin_ger'd

there, Nor heav'd the breathing sigh; But Ah! those happy days are gone, And

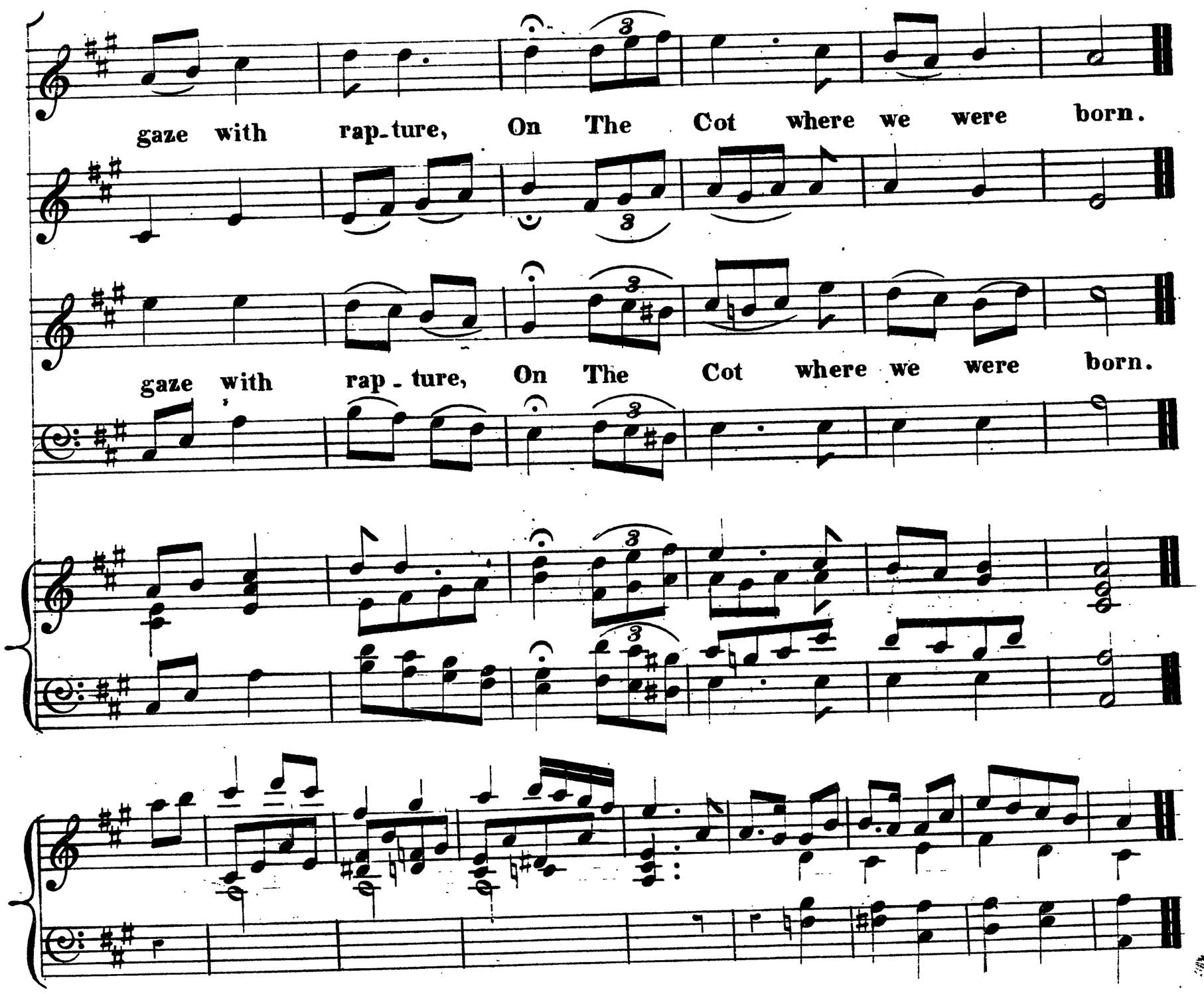
there, Nor heav'd the breathing sigh; But Ah! those happy days are gone, And

left our hearts for - - - lorn, And still we gaze with rapture On the

left our hearts for - - - lorn, And still we gaze with rapture On the

Cot where we were born, The Cot where we were born, And still we

Cot where we were born, The Cot where we were born, And still we



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'Twas there that first a mothers smile,
Lit up our hearts with joy;
That smile can yet our cares beguile,
As when a pratling boy.
Though changes many we have seen;
Since childhood's sunny morn,
Yet deep in memory still has been,
The Cot where we where born.

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Oh! never till the stream of life
Shall cease to ebb and flow,
And earthly sorrow with its strife,
These hearts shall cease to know;
Can we forget a spot so dear,
As that we sometimes mourn:
Beside the brook which runs so clear,
The Cot where we were born.