Among the Valleys of New England.

Words by HENRY B. INGRAM.

Music by E. H. ELLISON.

Andante con espressione.

Piano

I was born and bred, in a cottage mid the fields of rich
est green, as my days passed away;

Mong the Valleys of New England where

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years have come and passed, since I left that dear old home, where my happy hours were all spent.

dream over. Tho' the tune dear kind has so kind and true, I've stores of wealth and gold, I'd

give it all but a single day, if I could know they're waiting, In that

mid the ripe grain, among the valleys of New England far a way.
Oh could I be a child again and sit by mother's knee. And

feel her dear arm round my neck as she gave a kiss to me. If

I could see that home again, And the folks now old and gray. Then my sad heart would rest in peace.

'Mong the Valleys of New England far a way...