1843

**Cot Were We Were Born**

Lyman Heath

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The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.
SONGS OF THE

HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

1. Cot where we were born  
2. Go call the Doctor, or Anti-Calomel  
3. Excalibur  
4. Cape Ann  
5. Mother's Bible  
6. Soldier's Funeral  
7. Vesper Song at Sea  
8. Vulture of the Alps  
9. Axes to grind.  
10. We're a cutting.  
11. We are happy and free  
12. Our Father's Hearth.

NEW YORK
Published by FIRTH & HALL, No. 1 Franklin Sq.
AND FIRTH, HALL & POND 239, BROADWAY.
THE GOT WERE WE WEREBORN

Sung by the
HUTCHINSON FAMILY

Arranged as a
Song or Quartett.

Melody by
L. HEATH.

Harmonised by
NATH'S STRONG.

New York: published by Firth & Hall, 1 Franklin Sq & FIRTH & HALL & CO 239 Broadway.

ANDANTE.

We stood up on the mountain height and viewed the

Piano

Forte.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, 1833 by Firth, Hall in the Clerk's Office of the Dist. Court of the South District of New York.
valleys o'er The sun's last rays with mellow light

valleys o'er The sun's last rays with mellow light

lum'd the distant shore, We gazed with rapture on the scene

lum'd the distant shore, We gazed with rapture on the scene

Cot where we were born. Glee.
Where first in youthsbright morn, We played, where near us stood se...
How often have we linger'd care And hopes were flattering high,
How often have we sigh;
But Ah! those days are gone, And Care And hopes were flattering high, How often have we linger'd
there, Nor heav'd the breathing sigh; But Ah! those happy days are gone, And
care And hopes were flattering high, How often have we linger'd
there, Nor heav'd the breathing sigh; But Ah! those happy days are gone, And

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

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.