

*Piano / Voice.*

*Harry J. Lincoln*

1878 - 1937



*My Southern Home  
Song*



# My Southern Home

A Song of the South

Music: Harry J. Lincoln  
Words: Rev. J. A. Patton  
1907

*Andante moderato*

5

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

8

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

10

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

12

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

14

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

16

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

18

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

20

love to think of south - land As my ear - ly child - hood home.  
yield their sweet - est fra - grance O'er my si - lent south - land tomb.

22

There are oth - er homes I know, Where good will and friend - ship flow; There are

**Chorus**

25

oth - er fields and groves thro' which to roam, ——— But to me there's none so dear, None so

28

fills my heart with cheer, As the old plan - ta - tion and my south - ern home. ———