

Little Brown Cot On The Hill - song lyrics

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Little Brown Cot on the Hill

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I remember the little brown cot on the hill,
Where I lived in the bright long ago,
And the musical sound of the murmuring rill,
That beside the brown cot used to flow;
Though to others no beauty in it might appear
Tha could wake in their bosoms a thrill,
Yet there's nothing on earth to my heart was so dear
As that little brown cot on the hill.

Chorus.

It was lonely and old, and in Winter 'twas drear,
And the winds could assail it at will,
Yet there's nothing on earth to my heart was so dea
As the little brown cot on the hill.

Long ago in that little brown cot I was born,
And there passed all my boyhood away;
On its porch I would sit from the first blush of morn
Till he close of the long Summer day;
Or I'd play in the cool, shady woods that were near,
And my shout would ring merry and shrill,
Till fatigued I'd return to my mother so dear,
In the little brown cot on the hill. - Chorus.

It is years since I parted my friends at its door,
When I left them to wander away,
And I sigh when I think that they'll meet me no more,
For they sleep in the churchyard today;
But although in this world I'll not meet them again,
I wi 1 cherish their memories still,
And remembrance forever with me will remain,
Of the little brown cot on the hill.-Chorus.