

# The Spot Where I Was Born - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

The Spot Where I Was Born.

I have wandered on thro' many a clime  
Where flowers of beauty grew,  
Where all was blissful to the heart,  
And lovely to the view;  
I have seen them in their twilight pride,  
And in the dress of morn,  
But none appeared so sweet to me  
As the spot where I was born.

I have wandered on thro' many a clime,  
And gazed on palace walls,  
Yet never wished that step of mine  
Should tread those stately halls;  
For midst the pomp that circled me,  
I still should be forlorn,  
Give me, give me the lowliest cot  
On the spot where I was born.