



My Cottage Home

Thomas Crampton
(1817-1885)

Allegretto

mf

S My home, my home, my cot - tage home! Thou

A My home, my home, my cot - tage home! Thou

T My home, my home, my cot - tage home! Thou

B My home, my home, my cot - tage home! Thou

My Cottage Home

3

S fair and love - ly spot, How sad and lone - ly

A fair and love - ly spot, How sad and lone - ly

T fair and love - ly spot, How sad and lone - ly

B fair and love - ly spot, How sad and lone - ly

6

S is my soul When I can view thee not;

A is my soul When I can view thee not;

T is my soul When I can view thee not;

B is my soul When I can view thee not;

p

S The vines may blos - som in my path, And

A The vines may blos - som in my path, And

T The vines may blos - som in my path, And _____

B The vines may blos - som _____ in my path, And

My Cottage Home

11

S flow'rs I most a - dore, But what are all their

A flow'rs I most a - dore, But what are all their

T flow'rs I most a - dore, But what are all their

B flow'rs I most a - dore, But what are all their

14

S charm to me, If not be - side my door.

A charm to me, If not be - side my door.

T charm to me, If not be - side my door.

B charm to me, If not be - side my door.

S My home, my home, my cot - tage home! Thou

A My home, my home, my cot - tage home! Thou

T My home, my home, my cot - tage home! Thou

B My home, my home, my cot - tage home! Thou

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19

S fair and love - ly spot, How sad and lone - ly

A fair and love - ly spot, How sad and lone - ly

T fair and love - ly spot, How sad and lone - ly

B fair and love - ly spot, How sad and lone - ly

22

S is my soul When I can view thee not.

A is my soul When I can view thee not.

T is my soul When I can view thee not.

B is my soul When I can view thee not.

25

S *mf* My home, my home, my cot - tage home! I'll

A *mf* My home, my home, my cot - tage home! I'll

T *mf* My home, my home, my cot - tage home! I'll

B *mf* My home, my home, my cot - tage home! I'll

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28

S love thee ev - er - more, And ev - 'ry heart that

A love thee ev - er - more, And ev - 'ry heart that

T love thee ev - er - more, And ev - 'ry heart that

B love thee ev - er - more, And ev - 'ry heart that

31

S greets me when I reach thy hum - ble door;

A greets me when I reach thy hum - ble door;

T greets me when I reach thy hum - ble door;

B greets me when I reach thy hum - ble door;

34

p S And tho' my moth - er's smile be gone— My

p A And tho' my moth - er's smile be gone— My

p T And tho' my moth - er's smile be gone— My _____

p B And tho' my moth - er's _____ smile be gone— My

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37

S
moth - er's watch - ful care, I love to dwell be -

A
moth - er's watch - ful care, I love to dwell be -

T
moth - er's watch - ful care, I love to dwell be -

B
moth - er's watch - ful care, I love to dwell be -

40

S
neath the roof, For love was a - lways there.

A
neath the roof, For love was a - lways there.

T
neath the roof, For love was a - lways there.

B
neath the roof, For love was a - lways there.

43

S
My home, my home, my cot - tage home! I'll

A
My home, my home, my cot - tage home! I'll

T
My home, my home, my cot - tage home! I'll

B
My home, my home, my cot - tage home! I'll

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46

S love thee ev - er - more, And ev - 'ry heart that

A love thee ev - er - more, And ev - 'ry heart that

T love thee ev - er - more, And ev - 'ry heart that

B love thee ev - er - more, And ev - 'ry heart that

49

S greet me when I reach thy hum - ble door.

A greet me when I reach thy hum - ble door.

T greet me when I reach thy hum - ble door.

B greet me when I reach thy hum - ble door.

F. Pitman
(n.d., 186?)

Thomas Crampton (1817–1885) was born in Sheerness, Kent, England. He became known as an organist, composer, and music expert. He was editor of *Pitman's Musical Monthly* and was appointed purchaser of music for the British Museum. He composed instrumental music, anthems, glees and part-songs. A special passion was writing music for children. He was musical editor of the Boston periodical *Our little ones and the nursery*, although he never visited the United States. He died in Chiswick, England.

My home, my home, my cottage home!
Thou fair and lovely spot,
How sad and lonely is my soul
When I can view thee not;
The vines may blossom in my path,
And flowers I most adore,
But what are all their charm to me,
If not beside my door.

My home, my home, my cottage home!
I'll love thee evermore,
And every heart that greets me when
I reach thy humble door;
And though my mother's smile be gone—
My mother's watchful care,
I love to dwell beneath the roof,
For love was always there.

Anon.

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