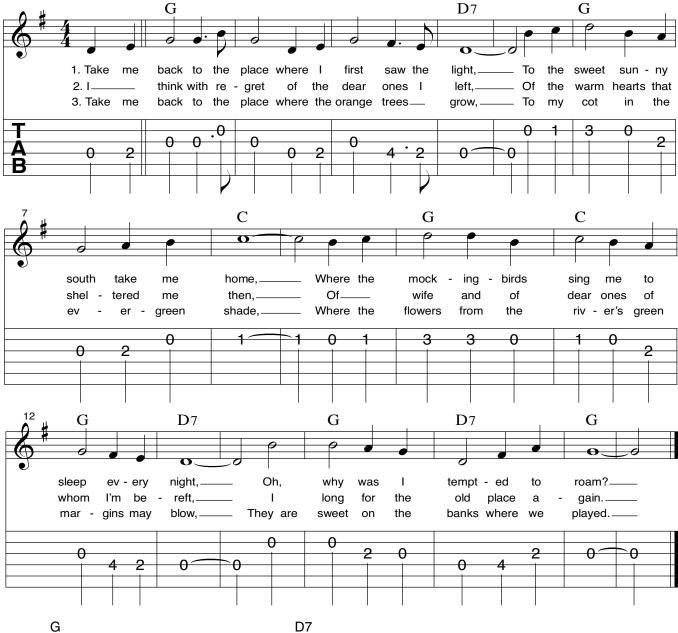
M: G; F: C or D, capo 5 or 7 CD 2-Track 67



4. The path to our cottage they say has grown green, G C

And the place is quite lonely around,

and the place is quite lonely around,
G C G D

I know that the smiles and the forms I have seen, G D7 G

Now lie deep in the soft mossy ground.

And I must lament all alone.

5. Take me back, let me see what is left that I know, Could it be that the old house is gone? The dear friends of my childhood indeed must be few, But yet I'll return to the place of my birth,
 Where my children have played 'round the door,
 Where they pulled the white blossoms that garnished the earth.

Which will echo their footsteps no more.

7. Take me back to the place where my little ones sleep, Where poor massa lies buried close by, O'er the graves of my loved ones, I long to weep, And among them to rest when I die.