

# 91. My Old Cottage Home

The Carter Family

*Steady tempo, not too fast*

[F] I am thinking tonight of an [Bb] old cottage home  
[Bb] That [F] stands on the brow of the [C] hill  
[C] Where in [F] life's early morning I [Bb] once loved to roam  
[Bb] But [F] now, all is [C] quiet and [F] still.

## Chorus

[F] Oh my old cottage home, my [Bb] old cottage home  
[F] That stands on the brow of the [C] hill,  
[C] Where in [F] life's early morning I [Bb] once loved to roam,  
[Bb] But [F] now all is [C] quiet and [F] still.

## Hum this verse...

[F] I am thinking tonight of an [Bb] old cottage home  
[Bb] That [F] stands on the brow of the [C] hill  
[C] Where in [F] life's early morning I [Bb] once loved to roam  
[Bb] But [F] now, all is [C] quiet and [F] still.

[F] Many years have gone by since in [Bb] prayer there I knelt  
[Bb] With [F] dear ones around the old [C] hearth,  
[C] But my [F] mother's sweet prayers in my [Bb] heart still are felt,  
[Bb] I'll [F] treasure them a-[C]-while on [F] earth.

## Chorus

[F] Oh my old cottage home, my [Bb] old cottage home  
[F] That stands on the brow of the [C] hill,  
[C] Where in [F] life's early morning I [Bb] once loved to roam,  
[Bb] But [F] now all is [C] quiet and [F] still.

## Hum this verse...

[F] I am thinking tonight of an [Bb] old cottage home  
[Bb] That [F] stands on the brow of the [C] hill  
[C] Where in [F] life's early morning I [Bb] once loved to roam  
[Bb] But [F] now, all is [C] quiet and [F] still.

[F] One by one they have gone from the [Bb] old cottage home,  
[Bb] On [F] earth we shall see them no [C] more,  
[C] But we'll [F] meet them again on that [Bb] beautiful shore,  
[Bb] Where [F] partings will [C] come never [F] more.

## Chorus

[F] Oh my old cottage home, my [Bb] old cottage home  
[F] That stands on the brow of the [C] hill,  
[C] Where in [F] life's early morning I [Bb] once loved to roam,  
[Bb] But [F] now all is [C] quiet and [F] still.

## Chorus

[F] Oh my old cottage home, my [Bb] old cottage home  
[F] That stands on the brow of the [C] hill,  
[C] Where in [F] life's early morning I [Bb] once loved to roam,  
[Bb] But [F] now all is [C] quiet and [F] still.

