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## On old Potomac's shore.

New York: William Hall & Son (239 Broadway), 1853

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# ON OLD POTOMAC'S SHORE

SONG and CHORUS

AS SUNG BY

# WOOD'S MINSTRELS

COMPOSED BY

# G. FRIEDRICH WURZEL.



NEW YORK

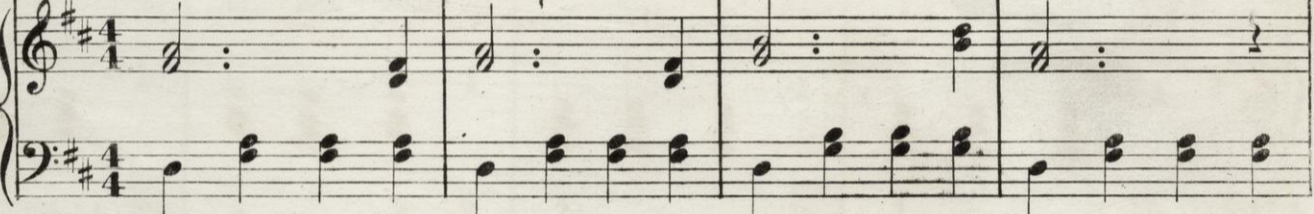
*Published by* WILLIAM HALL & SON, 239 Broadway.

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ON OLD POTOMAC'S SHORE.

G. F. WURZEL.

VOICE.  **MODERATO.**

PIANO. 

   
 1. I'm  
 2. How



grow-ing old and wea-ry now, But oh, how sweet to me, The  
oft these a-ged arms have borne Old mas-sa's chil-dren dear! I



spot where I so oft have play'd, When all was mirth and glee; But  
 see their lit - tle fa - ces yet, Their lisp - ing tones I hear; I

when these lips are cold and still, And life for me is o'er, Then  
 love them with a heart as true, As in those days of yore, For

let them lay me down to sleep On old Po-to-mac's shore, Then  
 they were al - ways good to me On old Po - to - mac's shore, For

let them lay me down to sleep On old Po-to-mac's shore.  
 they were al - ways good to me On old Po - to - mac's shore.

CHORUS.

AIR. 

1. Old Po-to-mac's shore, Old Po-to-mac's shore, Then

SECOND. 

2. Old Po-to-mac's shore, Old Po-to-mac's shore, For

TENOR. 

3. Old Po-to-mac's shore, Old Po-to-mac's shore, Yet

BASS. 



let them lay me down to sleep On old Po-to-mac's shore.



they were al-ways good to me On old Po-to-mac's shore.



O how sweet will be my sleep On old Po-to-mac's shore.



3

I sit and watch the lovely fields  
 That look so green and fair,  
 And see the cattle as they feed  
 Upon the tall grass there;  
 And tho' it makes me sigh to think  
 That life will soon be o'er, —  
 Yet oh, how sweet will be my rest  
 On OLD POTOMAC'S SHORE.