

# Where the Morning Glories Twine Around the Door.<sup>3</sup>

Words by  
ANDREW STERLING.

Music by  
HARRY VON TILZER.

Andante Moderato.



*mf*

1. Down in New Eng-land, far, far a-way, Back to the home-stead on the  
2. Down in New Eng-land, far, far a-way, Pic - ture a moth-er filled with



*p*

hill; \_\_\_\_\_ Oft in my fan - cy, fond - ly I stray,  
joy, \_\_\_\_\_ Greet - ing her lost one, just hear her say,



Dream - ing a - lone when all is still. \_\_\_\_\_  
Kiss me a - gain, I love my boy. \_\_\_\_\_



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I see them stand - ing, the ones I love dear,  
See there my sweet - heart, her eyes filled with tears,

There in the moon's gen - tle shine,  
Tight - ly her hands clasped in mine;

I hear their voi - ces call - ing to me,  
Two hearts are break - ing, wait - ing for me,

Down where the morn - ing glor - ies twine.  
Down where the morn - ing glor - ies twine.

CHORUS.

*Slowly.*

Now, the same old moon is shin-ing, And the ros-es bloom as fair, And the

same dear hearts are pin-ing, They are wait-ing for me there. Moth-er

dear will come to meet me, And a sweet-heart's kiss will greet me, Where the

morn-ing glor-ies twine a-round the same old door.