

MY OLD CABIN HOME IN MIZZOO

Words and Music by
Carl T. Batt



Author of:
Safely Home Across
the Bar. Our Vine-
Crab Tree. Each 50c



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1. Where are the friends, chil-dren once I knew? Where are the fields
2. Just one more mile to my old cab-in home, For now I see

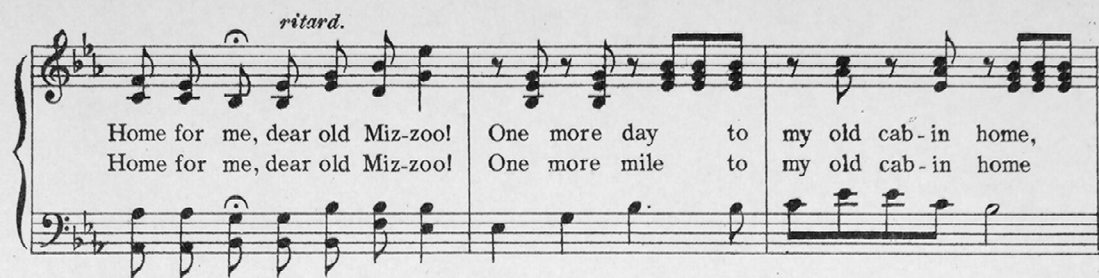
spark-ling with the dew? These are the days I long for once more,
the old moss-y dome Near are the fields wav-ing with the corn,

Play-ing with the chil-dren round the cab-in door. Hop-ing for a smile to
And near by the old mill grind-ing all the morn. For once more I hear the

take a-way the fear, Roll-ing on the floor while the miss-us near,
hum-ming of the wheel, Blow-ing still the horn far its morn-ing peal

Now! I'm lone-ly, my last hope re-new; Till my dreams once more come true,
My old lorn friend, once I bid a-dieu, With a smile I'm greet-ing you,

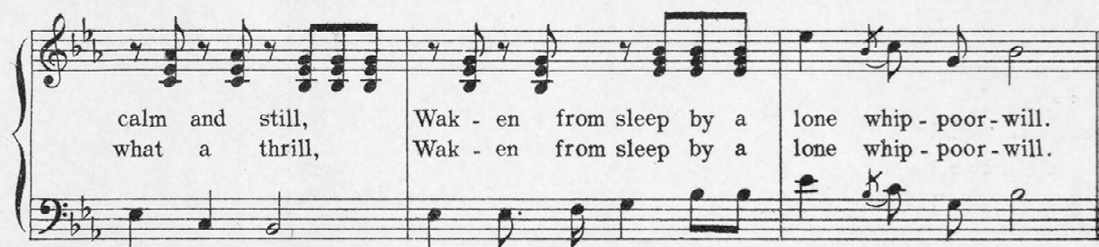
ritard.



Home for me, dear old Miz-zoo! One more day to my old cab-in home,
Home for me, dear old Miz-zoo! One more mile to my old cab-in home

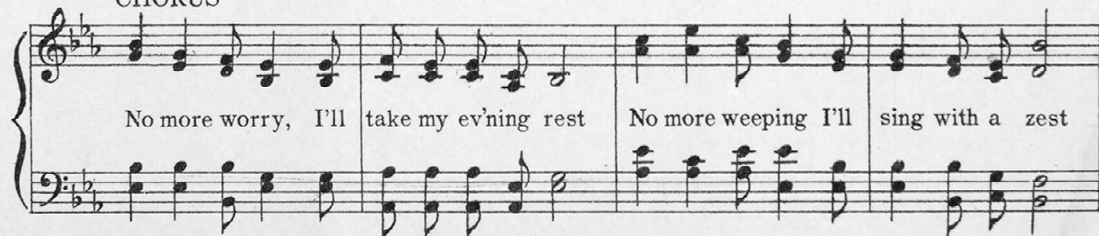


Where I was a child, nev-er more I'll roam, Lone-ly and wear-y so
Where I was a child, nev-er more I'll roam, Foot-sore and wear-y, oh



calm and still, Wak-en from sleep by a lone whip-poor-will.
what a thrill, Wak-en from sleep by a lone whip-poor-will.

CHORUS



No more worry, I'll take my ev'ning rest No more weeping I'll sing with a zest



Play on the harp and ban-jo too, Miz-zoo! Miz-zoo! dear old Miz-zoo!