BACK AMONG THE FIELDS OF GOLDEN GRAIN.

Andante moderato.

Words and Music by
RICHARD R. HANCH.

Way back in old New Hampshire, many
I'm wearied of the city and its
miles from here.

Way back to that old farmhouse far a.

The glamour and the glare has lost its

'Tis there in dreams I wander amidst the scenes so dear;

'Tis

I miss the scent of roses and the wild bird's song;

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there my thoughts are turning night and day,

miss the dear ones down on the farm.

I can see my mother and my dear old Dad,

little district school-house oft in dreams I see,

' Twas sweet-heart Mary and my sister Jane,

there sweet Mary vowed to be mine own.

I've learned they are the truest friends I've ever had,

My heart just yearns to see them soon again.

Ever be contented with the loving hearts at home.
CHORUS.

Back among the fields of golden grain,
Where the meadow lark is singing his sweet strain
To the old folks' way down home; There with Mary I would roam,
Back among the fields of golden grain.
Back among the fields of golden grain,
Where the meadow lark is singing his sweet strain,
To the old folks' way down home; There with Mary I would roam,
Back among the fields of golden grain.

Arranged by WALTER A. PHILLIPS.