COTTON
(Cotton Was A Little Dixie Rose)

Lyric by GEO. A. LITTLE

Music by FRED ROSE

Moderately with much expression

Cotton fields remind me of a story I once heard, And
Mammy now is dreaming of the days that used to be, When
now as I recall it, I remember ev'ry word;
hers sweet little Cotton loved to climb upon her knee;

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"Bout a tiny dark-ey from the land where cotton grows, I
And she'd croon a melody, a tale 'bout "Ole Black Joe," But

bet 'way up in heav'en, lit-tle Cotton is a rose.
now when eve-ning time comes'round, she sings with love a-glow:

REFRAIN Tenderly, with very much expression
Cot-ton, folks all hugged and kissed him, Cot- ton,
ev'-ry-bod- y missed him; Tho' his face was dark as night,

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His little heart was white, Ev'ry one would tease him, Still it seemed to please him.

Cotton, Mammy used to rock him At the evening's close;

Tho' he's gone he's not forgotten, Ev'ry one remembers Cotton,

Cotton was a little Dixie rose.