

As Featured with Great Success by MISS FRANCES HARTLEY.

AMONG THE HILLS OF MARYLAND

A PATHETIC
SONG OF THE SUNNY SOUTH
BY

R·M·STULTS

AUTHOR OF
"The Sweetest Story Ever Told."
"Fancies,"
"No Sweeter Words Ever Said."



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Among the Hills of Maryland.

Words and Music by R. M. STULTS.

Andante.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand begins with a melody in E-flat major, marked *mf*. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. The tempo is marked *Andante*. Dynamics include *mf*, *f*, and *p*.

By a sun-ny south-ern ri-ver, Mid the hills so green and fair, Once there
Oh how well do I re-mem-ber When, as old-er we be-came, How that

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line consists of two staves. The right hand continues the melody from the introduction, marked *mp*. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. The tempo is marked *Andante*.

con express.

dwelt a lit-tle maid-en With blue eyes and flow-ing hair; Near the
love of mer-ry child-hood Grew in-to an ar-dent flame; How we

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line consists of two staves. The right hand continues the melody, marked *mf*. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. The tempo is marked *con express*.

Try "No Sweeter Words Were Ever Said"—see back page.

banks of the Po - to - mac, Still there stands a lit - tle home Girt a -
of - ten talked to - geth - er Of the hap - py days in store, And the

- bout by ver - dant mea - dows, Where each day we used to roam. Here we
home we were pre - par - ing By the old Po - to - mac's shore. But my

shared the joys of child - hood, Chased the bee and but - ter - fly, Bask - ing
gen - tle flow'r soon with - er'd, And a sor - row came one day— Now the

Try "Born at Sea and a Sailor"—see back page.

mf

in the joy - ous sun - light, As the gold - en hours swept by; Then we
voice I lov'd is si - lent, And her soul has passd a - way; There's an

mf

learn'd to love each oth - er, And I won her heart and hand, And our
emp - ty cot now stand - ing On that sun - ny South - ern strand, And a

f *rit* *e* *dim* *p*

lives were, oh, so hap - py, 'Mong the hills of Ma - ry - land.
grave down by the ri - ver, 'Mong the hills of Ma - ry - land.

f *rit* *e* *dim* *p*

Try "Taps, or Dying Soldier's Request"—see last page.

'Mong the hills of M.

REFRAIN.
mp

5

On the shores of the Po - to - mac, Where its wa - ters soft - ly flow; It is

mp

there my heart oft wan - ders As the sad years come and go. And I

ad lib

colla voce

long to have her with me, Just to feel the van - ish'd hand Of the

f *mf*

girl I loved so fond - ly, 'Mong the hills of Ma - ry - land.

rit ad lib. *mp*

colla voce *mp*

Try over "American Victory" March—see last page.

'Mong the hills of M.