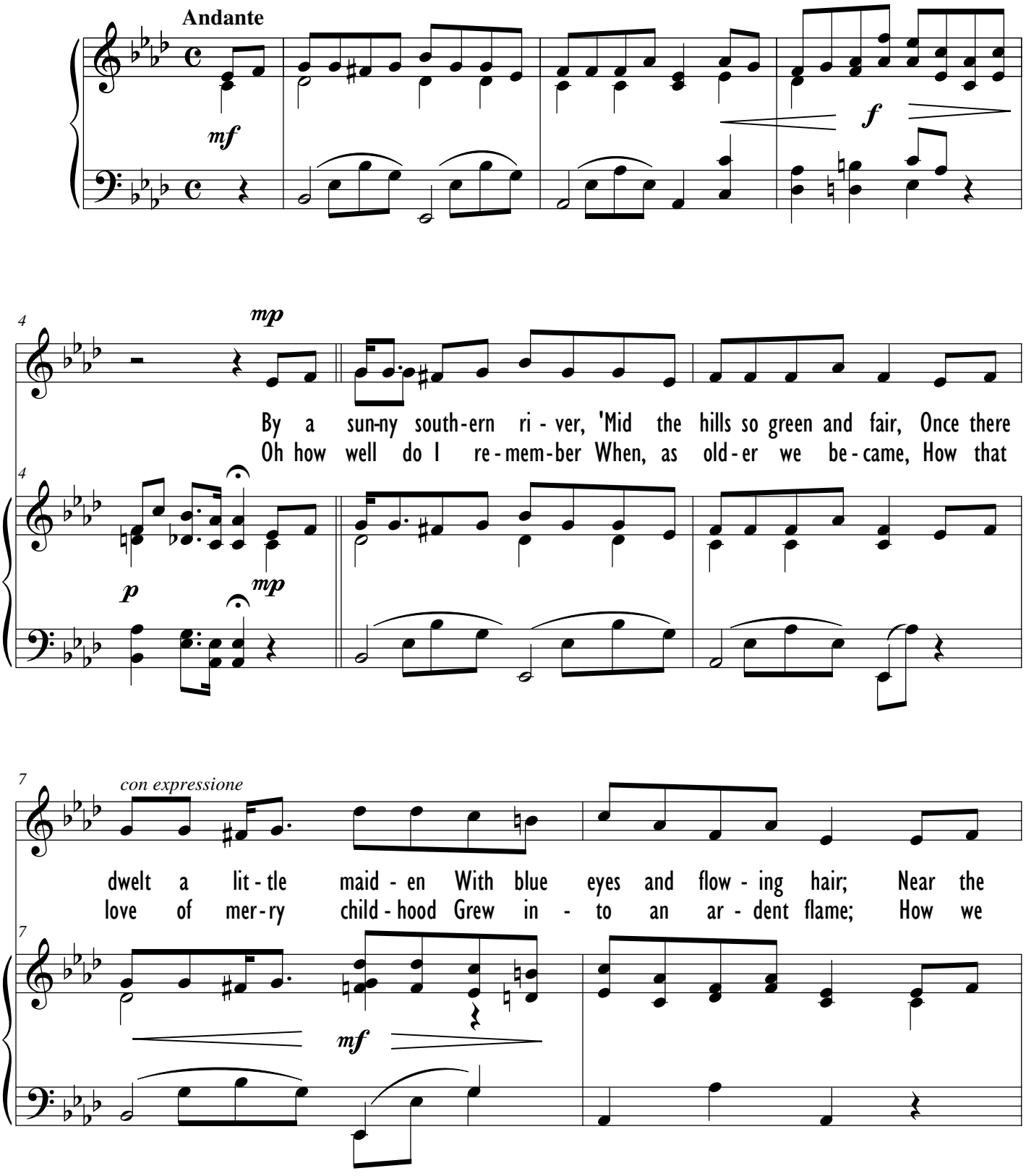
# Among the Hills of Maryland

Edited by
Robert A. Hudson

A Pathetic Song of the Sunny South

Words and Music by
Robert Morrison Stults

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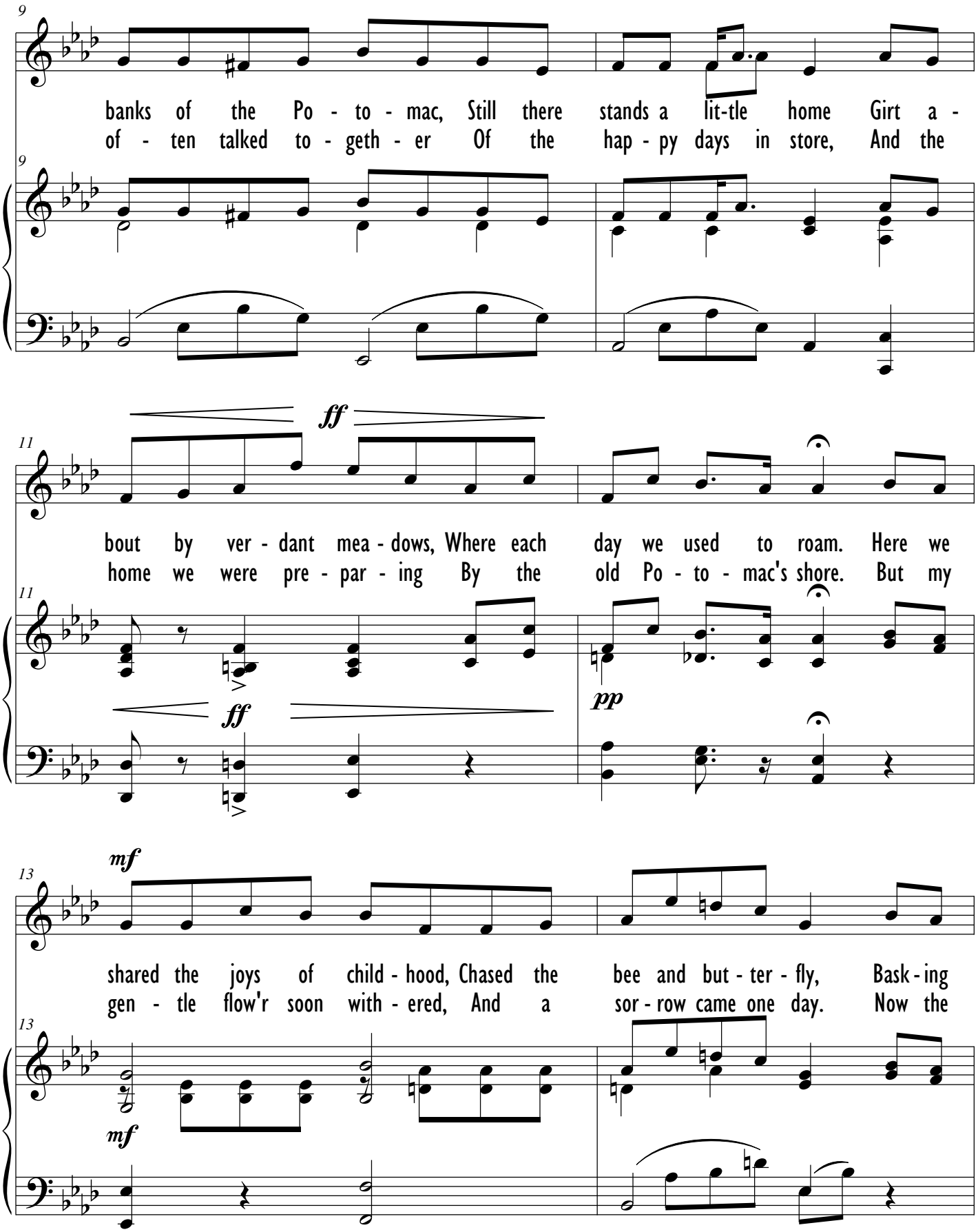
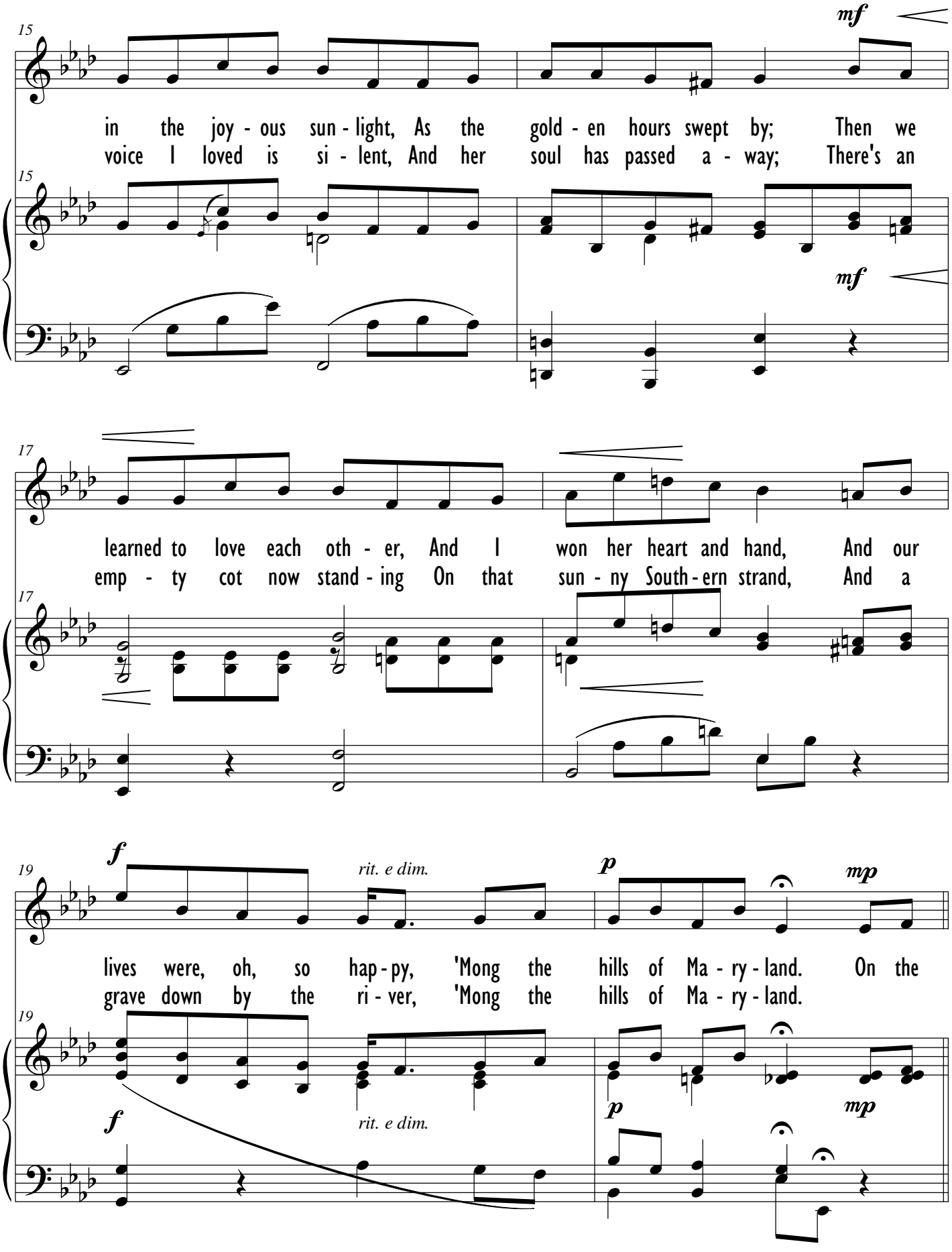
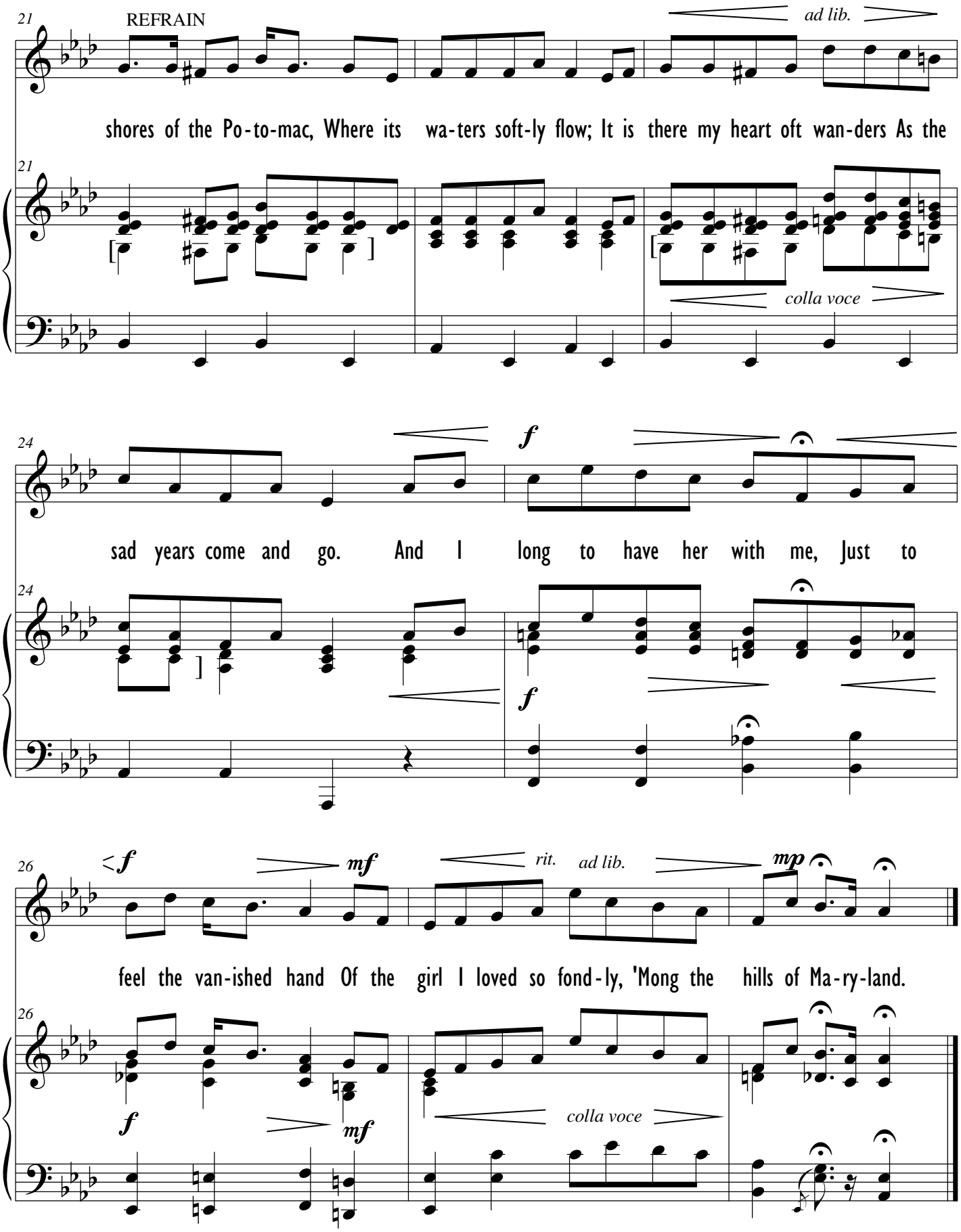

9
banks of the Po - to - mac, Still there stands a lit-tle home Girt a -
of - ten talked to - geth - er Of the hap - py days in store, And the
9
11
ff
bout by ver - dant mea - dows, Where each day we used to roam. Here we
home we were pre - par - ing By the old Po - to - mac's shore. But my
11
ff
pp
13
mf
shared the joys of child - hood, Chased the bee and but - ter - fly, Bask - ing
gen - tle flow'r soon with - ered, And a sor - row came one day. Now the
13
mf


15
mf
in the joy - ous sun - light, As the gold - en hours swept by; Then we
voice I loved is si - lent, And her soul has passed a - way; There's an
17
learned 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
19
f
rit. e dim.
p
mp
lives were, oh, so hap - py, 'Mong the hills of Ma - ry - land. On the
grave down by the ri - ver, 'Mong the hills of Ma - ry - land.


21
REFRAIN
ad lib.
shores of the Po-to-mac, Where its wa-ters soft-ly flow; It is there my heart oft wan-ders As the
colla voce
24
f
sad years come and go. And I long to have her with me, Just to
f
26
f
mf
rit.
ad lib.
mp
feel the van-ished hand Of the girl I loved so fond-ly, 'Mong the hills of Ma-ry-land.
f
mf
colla voce