Sitting by my own cabin door

BALLAD

Written & Composed

Stephen C. Foster

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SITTING BY MY OWN CABIN DOOR

POETRY AND MUSIC BY

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1st Verse.

Through varied scenes of care and strife, I've roam'd the wide world o'er, But

2d My time of life is waning fast Upon this troubled shore, But

now I calmly glide through life, While I'm sitting by my own cabin door, I

still I smile on days gone past, While I'm sitting by my own cabin door; The

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feel as happy as a king,
And free as the birds that
waves of trouble on the sea,
The whirlwinds on the
sear.
No sounds of battle round me ring,
While I'm
moor,
Can bring no sorrow now to me,
For I'm
sitting by my own cabin door.
Sitting by my own cabin
sitting by my own cabin door.
Sitting by my own cabin
I've had my hours of grief and mirth,
And felt the tear drops pour,
But nothing grieves me now on earth,
For I'm sitting by my own cabin door.
The blooming hopes of early days,
May come to me no more,
Yet memory sings me pleasant lays,
While I'm sitting by my own cabin door.

Sitting by my own cabin door —
Sitting by my own cabin door.