

SWEET SUNNY SOUTH

Traditional Old-Time and Bluegrass Song; **DATE:** 1800's; **CATEGORY:** Early Country and Bluegrass Songs; **RECORDING INFO:** Da Costa Woltz's Southern Broadcasters [GE 12779] - ca 1927; Red Patterson's Piedmont Log Rollers [Vi 21132] - 1927, issued 1928; Charlie Poole & The North Carolina Ramblers [Co 15425-D] -1929. There were also recordings by Tennessee Ramblers [1929], Arkansas Woodchopper [1931] and J.E. Mainer's Mountaineers [1936]. Jerry Garcia and David Grisman; Tommy Jarrell; Tim & Molly O'Brien; Kimble Family; **NOTES:** "Sweet Sunny South" is a sentimental song about the South that seems to have struck the right chord with Southerners, for it has turned up often in the repertory of traditional singers in the twentieth century. Kinney Rorrer notes sheet versions of this dating back at least to the Civil War period, and possibly to several decades before that, but gives no details. The tune is akin to the older "Hicks's Farewell" tune that appears in nineteenth-century shape-note hymnals. For twentieth-century sets, see Sharp, *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, vol. 2, 262 (#186 "The Sunny South"), vol. 2, 142-143. A well-known hillbilly recording of the song and tune from the 1920's is by Charlie Poole and the North Carolina Ramblers, reissued on County 505. "The Bright Sunny South, words by F. M. Prince and music by A. Scherzer," printed by Klemm and Bro., (1848) sung by Doc Watson and others (Doc Boggs) is a different song.

Take me back to the place where I first saw the light To the
 sweet sun - ny south, take me home Where the mock - ing birds sang me to
 sleep ev' - ry night Oh, why was I tempt - ed to roam?

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G **D** **G** **C**
 Take me back to the place where I first saw the light, to the sweet sunny south take me home
G **C** **G** **D** **G** **D** **G**
 Where the mockingbirds sang me to sleep ev'ry night, oh why was I tempted to roam?

I think with regret of the dear home I left, of the warm hearts that sheltered me there
 Of wife and of dear ones of whom I'm bereft, for the old place again do I sigh.

Take me back to the place where the orange trees grow, to my plot in the evergreen shade
 Where the flowers from the river's green margin did grow
 And spread their sweet scent through the glade.

The path to our cottage they say has grown green, and the place is quite lonely around
 Where the flowers from the river's green margin did grow
 And spread their sweet scent through the glade.

But yet I'll return to the place of my birth, for the children have played round the door
 Where they gathered wild blossoms that grew round the path
 They will echo our footsteps no more.

Take me back, let me see what is left that I knew, can it be that the old house is gone?
 Dear friends of my childhood indeed must be few, and I must face death all alone.