

Sweet Sunny South

M: G; F: C or D, capo 5 or 7
CD 2-Track 67

W.L. Bloomfield, 1853

G D7 G

1. Take me back to the place where I first saw the light, ——— To the sweet sun - ny
2. I ——— think with re - gret of the dear ones I left, ——— Of the warm hearts that
3. Take me back to the place where the orange trees ——— grow, ——— To my cot in the

T
A
B

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7 C G C

south take me home, ——— Where the mock - ing - birds sing me to
shel - tered me then, ——— Of ——— wife and of dear ones of
ev - er - green shade, ——— Where the flowers from the riv - er's green

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12 G D7 G D7 G

sleep ev - ery night, ——— Oh, why was I tempt - ed to roam? ———
whom I'm be - reft, ——— I long for the old place a - gain. ———
mar - gins may blow, ——— They are sweet on the banks where we played. ———

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G D7
4. The path to our cottage they say has grown green,
G C
And the place is quite lonely around,
G C G D7
I know that the smiles and the forms I have seen,
G D7 G
Now lie deep in the soft mossy ground.

5. Take me back, let me see what is left that I know,
Could it be that the old house is gone?
The dear friends of my childhood indeed must be few,
And I must lament all alone.

6. But yet I'll return to the place of my birth,
Where my children have played 'round the door,
Where they pulled the white blossoms that garnished
the earth,
Which will echo their footsteps no more.

7. Take me back to the place where my little ones sleep,
Where poor massa lies buried close by,
O'er the graves of my loved ones, I long to weep,
And among them to rest when I die.