

Swinging On The Old Rustic Gate - song lyrics

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Swinging on the Old Rustic Gate.
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Words and Music by Will H. Bray.

How oft I think of the days gone by
Swinging on the old rustic gate,
Of the happy moments that -were passed
In company with lovely Kate.
In Summer fishing we used to go,
In Winter time we loved to skate;
The sport that pleased us most of all was
Swinging on the old rustic gate.

Chorus.
Swinging on the old rustic gate.
Swinging on the old rustic gate.
Not a care to annoy,
Naught but sunshine and joy.
While swinging on the old rustic gate-.

One Summer's morning I'll ne'er forget,
'Twas down by the old rustic gate,
I leisurely walked along the road,
By chance I met sweet bonny Kate.
To school by mother I had been sent,
I arrived there just one hour late;
The excuse I gave to teacher was
Swinging on the old rustic gate.-Chorus.

As years rolled by we married got.
I ne'er could forget charming Kate,
Nor the innocent pleasures that we had
Way down by the old rustic gate.
With two lovely children we have been blest
I've christened them Edwin and Kate;
Most any bright morn you may see both
Swinging on an old rustic gate.-Chorus.