

# Lawn Tennis - song lyrics

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LAWN TENNIS.

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Words and Music by Barney Fagan.

Out among the clover as the noon-time passes  
Over do we gather for a lark.  
With joy each heart is teeming, every hour with fun is beaming.  
And we linger there till nearly dark.  
Each other gaily chatting, at the harmless frolic laughing,  
Heedless of the hours that steal away.  
There is naught such pleasure yields as hid in clover scented fields.  
Playing in the cool of the day.

Refrain.

Lawn tennis! Lawn tennis!

Sweetheart's are wont to play at this.

The moments pass so jolly, 'tis

A pleasure not a folly,

Give me the game: Lawn tennis.

Lads and merry- lassies mingle on the Summer grasses  
After lunch is served each day.  
When the sun is gently glowing and a balmy breeze is blowing.  
You will find us eager for the fray.  
Lots of fun And sayings witty, from the dimpled cheeks so pretty,  
Glances of their winning eyes divine;  
Tho' a little bit confusing makes the game much more amusing,  
Then the gents try to them outshine.-Refrain.