

Where The Sweet Magnolia Grows - song lyrics

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Where the Sweet Magnolia Grows.
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Words by Ed. Harrigan. Music by Dave Braham.

'Twas In the balmy evening, when our day's work was o'er,
We'd gather in the moonlight, down on the river shore;
The old folks, young and babies, just when the horn did blow,
All met there in the valley where the sweet magnolia grows.

Chorus.
In that land, that land,
That sunny, sunny land.
Down where the Swaney River gently flows,
Oh, a band, a band, a happy darkey band
Would meet thee in the valley
Where the sweet magnolia grows.
Oh, yes, oh, yes, would meet them in that valley
Where the sweet Magnolia grows.

So happy and contented we passed the time away,
A-listening to the banjo that Uncle Pete did play;
While Silas, Sam and Pompey, and dear old Aunty Clo,
They sang there in the valley where the sweet Magnolia grows.-Chorus.

That river, oh, so muddy, Toiled silently along;
It seem'd as if its murmur was part of our old song;
So softly, sad and mournful forever on it flows,
Way down there in the valley where the sweet magnolia grows.-Chorus.