

Swinging On Riley's Gate - song lyrics

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SWINGING ON RILEY'S GATE

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Written and Composed by C. W. Murphy.

Who has not some treasured relic of their sunny, by-gone days?
Some will prize a withered flowret, other's on a portrait gaze.
But, though I have no such keepsake, mem'ries oft my heart elate,
Bringing back the bright and happy hours we spent on Riley's gate.

Refrain.

There all the day we would swing away till it was growing late;
No thought of care troubled us there, swinging on Riley's gate!

There It was I met a colleen, fair as any flower was she!
From the first I knew I loved her, found ere long that she loved me.
When my daily toil was over, I would haste to meet my Kate;
Eight o'clock each night you'd see us arm-in arm at Riley's gate.

Refrain.

There, blithe and gay, we would courting stay till it was growing late;
No thought of care troubled us there, courting at Riley's gate!

Soon I asked my love to marry-Kate became my own sweet bride;
On the journey o'er life's highway ever to be at my side!
And, now years have flown, our children, let the hour be soon or late,
Do as I did in my boyhood-swing on Riley's dear old gate.

REFRAIN.

There all the day we will swing away till it is growing late;
No thought of care troubles them there, swinging on Riley's gate!