

Sweet Sixteen - song lyrics

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SWEET SIXTEEN.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by E. Jakobowski.

All, but the time of your delight is sweet, is sweet sixteen,
All too quickly It takes flight, does sweet, does sweet sixteen,
Day after day with joy is fill'd, pure as the note by throstle thrilled,
Countless the castles in Spain we build, at sweet, at sweet sixteen.
Blind, blissfully blind, a swan in ev'ry goose we find,
Bright, sunnily bright, the flow'r-strewn way that our steps invite.
Many a maid with a laughing lip, but an aching heart I ween, I ween,
Whose memory strays to the vanished days of sweet, of sweet sixteen.

Ah, but the time when skies are blue, is sweet, is sweet sixteen,
Hands are helpful and hearts are true, at sweet, at sweet sixteen.
Never a care or grief we know, all of life's roses thornless grow,
Only the balmy trade winds blow, at sweet, at sweet sixteen,
Dumb, graciously dumb, no whisper tells of storms to come,
Fair, rosily fair, the dreams we dream of a future bright.
Many a matron, with furrowed brow and silver'd locks, I ween, I ween,
Looks back thro' the years, thro' a mist of tears, to sweet, to sweet sixteen.