

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Sunny South

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In the sweet sunny south there was peace and content,
In the days of my boyhood I quietly spent, '
Near a broad flowing river and a bright flowing stream,
Ever fresh in my memories and sweet in my dreams.

I pondered a while and I counted the cost;
I buckled my sword and I mounted my horse;
For I must away for I can't no longer stand.
I am going in defense of my own native land.

Oh father, dear father, oh for me do not weep,
For all your kind advice I will forever keep.
You thought me to be loyal from a boy up to a man;
I will go in defense of my own native land.

Oh mother, dear mother, oh for me do not weep,
For on some lonely mountain I longing to sleep,
With my knapsack for my pillow and my rifle in my hand.
I am going in defense of my own native land.

My dear and loving sister stood pale into her woe.
She kissed me and embraced me, she bade me for to go;
So I must away for I can't no longer stand;
I will go in defense of my own native land.

My dear and loving sweetheart, the girl I love the best,
In sorrow and anguish she clasped me to her breast:
"For you must away for you can't no longer stand;
You must go in defense of your own native land."

Time points the way when this conflict will be over,
When from Yankees and Fenians our country will be free.
When this cruel war is over and this bloody work is done,
I will return to my loved ones that is weeping at home.

From From Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia, Mackenzie
From the singing and recitation of Alexander Murphy, Pictou County.

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