

Down By The Rustic Grate - song lyrics

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Down by the Rustic Grate.

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Written and sung by Gus Williams.

I stroll'd far away from the city,
Away to the brooks and the birds,
And met there a maiden so pretty,
I could not describe her in words;
She stood gently swinging her bonnet,
My bosom she makes palpitate,
My heart there I lost and she won it,
While down by the old rustic gate.

Chorus.

Down by the rustic gate,
There for my love oft' I wait;
With kisses so sweet, oh! fondly we meet,
Down by the rustic gate.

We talk'd of the flow'rs and the weather,
The birds sweetly sang in the tree,
While lovingly strolling together,
She seem'd just an angel to me.
The moon in its silvery splendor,
Shone down while we lingered so late;
Her words they were loving and tender,
While down by the old rustic gate.---Chorus.

She gave me her heart true and loving,
She'll make me a nice little wife,
And from her I'll never go roving.
She'll cheer all the days of my life.
Our days will be all Summer weather,
And oft' to pur friends we'll relate
How strangely we both met together,
That night at the old rustic gate.-Chorus.