

Swinging In The Grape-vine Swing - song lyrics

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Swinging in the Grape-vine Swing.
Copyright, 1890, by Herndon Morsell.
Music by Hubbard T. Smith.

When I was a boy on the old plantation,
Down by the old bayou.
The fairest spot in all creation,
Under the arching blue;
When the wind came o'er the cotton and corn.
To the long, slim loop I would spring.
With brown feet bare and hat brim torn,
And swing in the grape-vine swing.

Semi-Chorus.
Swinging in the grape-vine swing.
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I dream and sigh for the days gone by.
Swinging in the grape-vine swing.
Swinging in the grape-vine swing.
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I dream and sigh for the days gone by,
Swinging in the grape-vine swing.

Out over the water-lilies, bonnie and bright,
Back to the moss-grown trees.
With ringing laugh and heart as light
As a rose tossed by the breeze.
The mocking-birds all echoed my glee,
And I longed for no angel's wing;
I was as near heaven as I wished to be,
While swinging in the grape-vine swing.-Semi-Chorus.

I'm weary at morn and I'm weary at night,
Fretted and sore of heart.
And care is sowing my locks with white.
As I wend through the fevered mart.
I'm weary of the world's pride and pomp,
For to me no joy it can bring;
I would barter it all for one day's romp
And a swing in the grape-vine swing.-Semi-Chorus.