

Down Where The Woodbine Twineth - song lyrics

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Down Where the Woodbine Twineth.
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Words and Music by John J. Hagan.

Down where the honeysuckle twines 'round the cross,
Down where the roses bloom so sweet,
Down where the grave is covered with dewy moss,
Oh! there's where I of'n go and weep.
There's where the birds sing sweetly in the trees,
Oh! there's where my dear mother lies.
There's where my voice oft floats upon the breeze.
Oh, mournfully the orphan vainly cries.

Refrain.
Down where the woodbine twineth,
Down where my tears I vainly smother,
There's where my heartstrings bindeth
To that lone grave of my mother.

Down by that lonely spot I've wandered night and day,
Down where stillness will ever reign,
'Mid winter's snow, or decked in garb of May,
Oh, oft to that spot I've gone in vain.
Although the birds sing sweetly in the trees.
And roses scent the summer air.
They've no charm for me as I fall on my knees.
And breathe to the winds my lone despair.-Refrain.