Sweet Sunny South

Traditional

1. Take me back to the place where I first saw the light,
   To that sweet sunny south take me home,
   Where the mockingbird sings me to sleep every night,
   Oh why was I tempted to roam.

2. I think with regret of the dear home I left,
   Of the warm hearts that sheltered me there,
   Of wife and of children of whom I'm bereft,
   Of the old place again do I sigh.

3. Take me back to the place where the orange trees grow,
   To my plot in the evergreen shade,
   Where the flowers from the river's green margins did grow,
   And spread their sweet scent through the glade.

4. Take me back let me see what is left that I know,
   Could it be that the old house is gone,
   Dear friends from my childhood indeed must be few,
   And I must face death all alone.

5. The path to our cottage they say has grown green,
   And the place is quite lonely around,
   I know that the smiles and the forms I once knew,
   Now lie 'neath the cold mossy ground.

6. But yet I return to the place of my birth,
   Where the children have played 'round the door,
   Where they gathered wild blossoms that grew 'round the path,
   'twill echo their footsteps no more.

7. Take me back to the place where my little ones sleep,
   Where poor massa lies buried close by,
   O'er the graves of my loved ones I long for to weep,
   And rest there among them when I die.