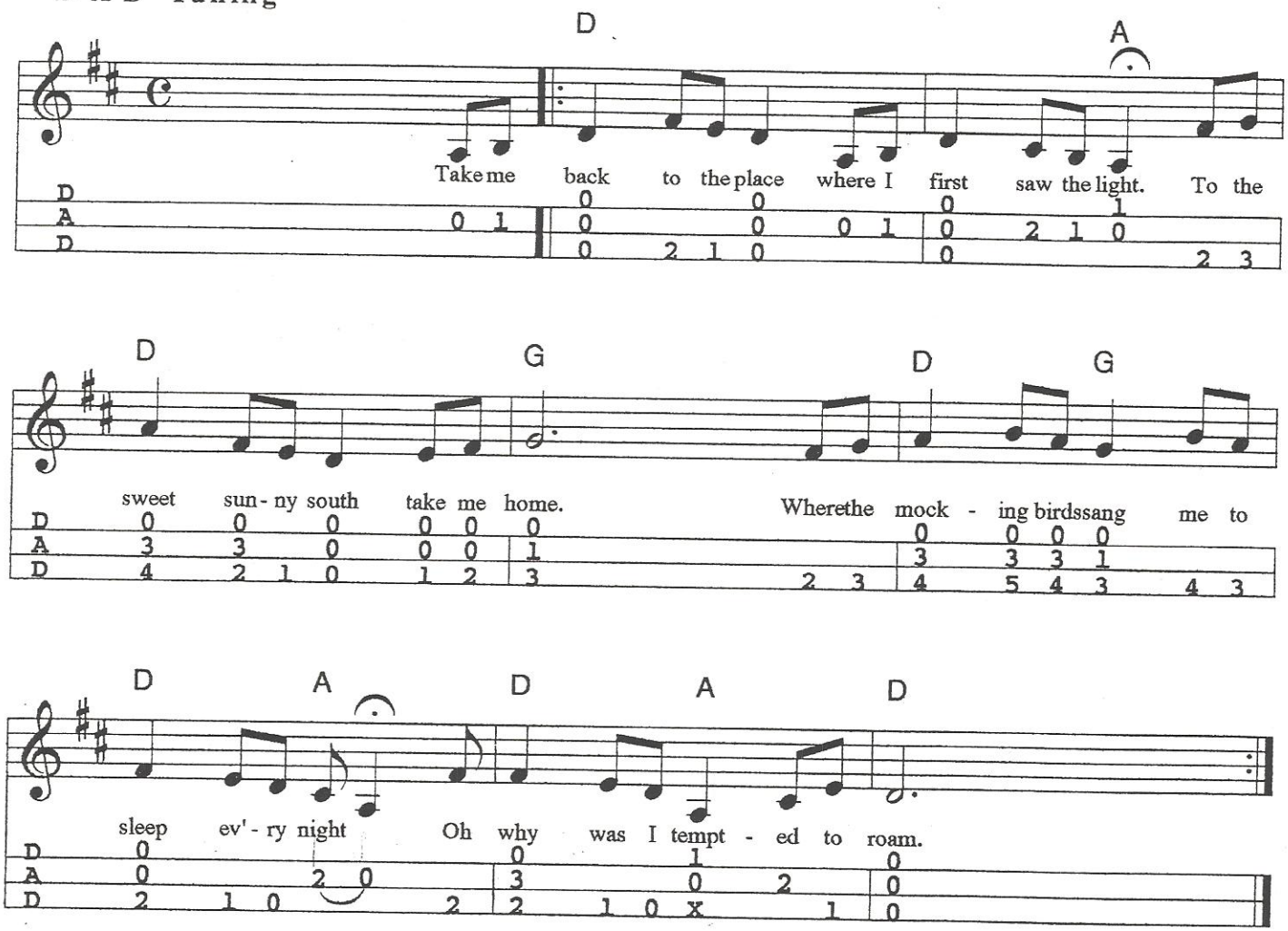
Sweet Sunny South

Traditional

Arranged for Dulcimer by
Bill Taylor

D A D Tuning



2) Ithink with regret of the dear ones I left,
Of the warm hearts that sheltered me there,
Of the wife and of dear ones of whom I'm bereft
And I sigh for the old place at home.

3) Take me back to the place where the orange trees grow,
To my cot in the evergreen shade,
Where the flowers on the river's green margin did blow
Their scents on the banks where we played.

4) The path to our cottage they say has grown green,
And the place is quite lonely around
And I know that the smiles and the forms I have seen
Now lie in the dark, mossy ground.

5) Take me back, let me see what is left that I knew.
Can it be that the old home is gone?
Dear friends of my childhood indeed must be few
And I must lament all alone.

6) But yet I'll return to the place of my birth
Where as children we played by the door,
Where we gathered white blossoms that grew by the
That will echo our footsteps no more.

Repeat First Verse