

# (The) Sweet Sunny South (A)

W.L. Bloomfield (1853)

**A** **E7** **A** **D**  
Take me back to the place where I first saw the light, to the sweet sunny south take me home  
**A** **D** **A** **E7** **A** **E7** **A**  
Where the mockingbirds sing me to sleep every night, oh why was I tempted to roam?

**A** **E7** **A** **D**  
I think with regret of the dear home I left, of the warm hearts that sheltered me there  
**A** **D** **A** **E7** **A** **E7** **A**  
Of wife and of dear ones of whom I'm bereft, I long for the old place again

**A** **E7** **A** **D**  
Take me back to the place where the orange trees grow, to my cot in the evergreen shade  
**A** **D** **A** **E7** **A** **E7** **A**  
Where the flowers from the river's green margins did grow and spread their sweet scent through the glade

**A** **E7** **A** **D**  
Oh the path to our cottage they say has grown green and the place is quite lonely around  
**A** **D** **A** **E7** **A** **E7** **A**  
I know that the smiles and the forms I have seen now lie in the dark mossy ground

**A** **E7** **A** **D**  
Take me back, let me see what is left that I knew, can it be that the old house is gone?  
**A** **D** **A** **E7** **A** **E7** **A**  
Dear friends of my childhood indeed must be few and I must face death all alone

**A** **E7** **A** **D**  
But yet I'll return to the place of my birth where the children have played round the door  
**A** **D** **A** **E7** **A** **E7** **A**  
Where they gathered wild blossoms that grow round the path, they'll echo our footsteps no more

**A** **E7** **A** **D**  
Take me back to the place where my little ones sleep, where poor Massa lies buried close by  
**A** **D** **A** **E7** **A** **E7** **A**  
By the graves of my loved ones, I long for to weep and among them to rest when I die

**A** **E7** **A** **D**  
Take me back to the place where I first saw the light, to the sweet sunny south take me home  
**A** **D** **A** **E7** **A** **E7** **A**  
Where the mockingbirds sing me to sleep every night, oh why was I tempted to roam?