

In The Good Old Summertime

Bing Crosby

There's a time each year
That we always hold dear
Good old summertime
With the birds and the trees'es
And sweet scented breezes
Good old summertime
When your day's work is over
Then you are in clover
And life is one beautiful rhyme
No trouble annoying
Each one is enjoying
The good old summertime

In the good old summertime
In the good old summertime
Strolling through a shady lane
With your baby mine
You hold her hand and she holds yours
And that's a very good sign
That she's your tootsey-wootsey
In the good, old summertime

Oh, to swim in the pool
You'd play hooky from school
Good old summertime
You'd play "ring-a-rosie"
With Jim, Kate and Josie
Good old summertime
Those days full of pleasure
We now fondly treasure
When we never thought it a crime
To go stealing cherries
With faces brown as berries
In good old summertime

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