

Sweet Sunny South

Loudon Wainwright III

Take me home to the place where I first saw the light,
To the sweet sunny south, take me home,
Where the mockingbirds sang me to sleep every night -
Oh, why was I tempted to roam?

Oh I think with regret of the dear home I left
And the warm hearts that sheltered me then,
Of the wife and dear ones of whom I'm bereft,
And I sigh for the old place again.

Take me home to the place where the orange trees grow,
To my cot in the evergreen shade,
Where the flowers on the river's green margins once
Bestowed
All their sweetness on the banks where we played.

The path to our cottage they say it 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 cold mossy ground.

But yet, I'll return to the place of my birth,
Where my children used to play at the door,
Where they pulled the white blossoms that garnished the
Earth,
Which will echo their footsteps no more.

Take me home to the place where my little ones sleep
And their mother lies buried nearby -
O'er the graves of my loved ones I long there to weep
And among them to rest when I die.

Loudon Wainwright III vocal
Matt Munisteri banjo