

On The Alamo

Bing Crosby

Where the moon swings low
On the Alamo,
In a garden fair where roses grow,
In the tender light
Of a Summer night,
I can see her wander to and fro.

For she said, "I'll wait
By the garden gate",
On the night I said, "I love you so!",
And in all my dreams it seems I'll go
Where the moon swings low
On the Alamo.

Oh, she said she's gonna wait
Down by the garden gate,
On the night I said, "I love you so!",
And in all my dreams it seems that I'll go
Where the moon swings low
On the Alamo.