

SM 3709

Where The Black-Eyed Susans Grow

Lyric by
DAVE RADFORD

SONG

Music by
RICHARD A. WHITING

VOICE *Moderato*

PIANO

I know a
Her dad-dy's

plain old fash-ion'd farm-house Down a pret-ty lit-tle lane Where yel-low dai-sies make a
just a plain old farm-er, Moth-er's just a farm-er too; They sure-ly rais'd some pret-ty

path-way To the fields of gol-den grain. There a lit-tle girl is wait-ing Where I
Dai-sy When they rais'd my lit-tle Sue. You may have your pret-ty Ros-es, Vi-o-

found her years a-go; Some-thing tells me that I'm wel-come Where the Black-eyed Su-sans grow.
-lets and Pan-sies too; You can keep your snowwhite Lil-lies, I will leave them all for you.

CHORUS

Im go-ing back to a shack where the Black-eyed Su-sans grow I love 'em so, They're all a-

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-round on the ground where I found the one I know so long a-go. The hon-ey bees all know I'm

com-in', I seem to hear them soft-ly hum-min', "You'll be los-in'-your lit-tle Su-san, You'd

bet-ter be get-ting bus-y buzz-in' a-round." To stroll a-gain down the lane to the plain old rus-tic

seat will be a treat, And then I'll bring out the ring for the fin-ger of my sweet, She's might-y

sweet. And when I'm tied to the pride of the coun-try side May-be I'll in-tro-duce you to my

corn-fed bride, When I come back from the shack where the Black-eyed Susans grow. Im going grow. *D.S.*