

SM 575

As We Swing Sweetheart.

3

Lyric by
VERNON ROY.

Swing, swing, swing.

Music by
W. F. FRANCIS.

Moderato molto.

mf *legato*

p

A maid-en coy, a
A sum-mer night the
bash-ful boy. Were swing-ing one sum-mer day— He
stars-a-light A ham-mock be-neath the trees— Same
whis-pered shy, "I wish that I might swing you thro' life this way.— She
maid-en coy, same bash-ful boy are swing-ing in i-dle ease— How

7185

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sighed and tho' she mur-mured No' Tis true she lin-gered long _____ Be-
old or far the lov-ers are He begs for one car-ess _____ But

neath the trees when he said Please And sang her this lit-tle song.—
still must sing a-bout the swing. Be-fore she will an-swer "Yes?—

REFRAIN.

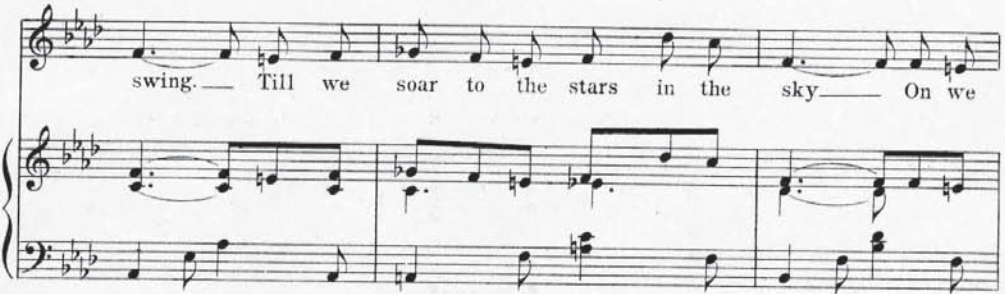
Swing, swing, swing — Like the birds we go sail-ing a

way — Skies are blue, hearts are true, You love me, I love you And


life is one long sum - mer day Ah! Swing, swing,



swing. — Till we soar to the stars in the sky — On we



go to and fro. Till the earth fades be - low, As we



swing sweet - heart, You and I. I.

