In the Good Old Summertime

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There's a time in each year that we always hold dear,
To swim in the pool you'd play "hook-eye" from school.

Good old summer time. With the birds and the
good old summer time.

Good old summer time. You'd play "ring a-

trees and sweet scented breeze. Good old summer
ros-ie" with Jim, Kate and Josie. Good old summer-
time. When your day's work is over then you are in
time. Those days full of pleasure we now fondly

clover and life is one beautiful rhyme. No
treasure, when we never thought it a crime, To
trouble annoying, each one is enjoying, the good old summertime.
go stealing cherries, with face brown as berries, Good old summertime.

In the good old summertime, in the time.

good old summertime. Strolling through the

shady lanes with your baby mine. You hold her

hand and she holds yours, and that's a very good sign that

she's your tootse wootse in the good old summertime.