As We Swing Sweetheart.

Lyric by VERNON ROY.

Music by W. F. FRANCIS.

Swing, swing, swing.

Moderato molto.

A maiden coy, a
A summer night the
bashful boy. Were swinging one summer day
stars a light A hammock beneath the trees
whispered shy, "I wish that I might swing you thro' life this way."
She maiden coy, same bashful boy are swinging in idle ease

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sighed and tho' she mur-mured No Tis true she lingered 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 Before 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 summer day Ah! Swing, swing,

swing, swing, Till we soar to the stars in the sky On we

go to and fro. Till the earth fades below As we

swing. sweetheart. You and I.