

# The Sweet Sunny South

[Jerry Garcia](#)

Take me back to the place where I first saw the light  
To the sweet sunny south, take me home  
Where the mockingbirds sing me to rest every night  
Oh, why was I tempted to roam?  
And I think with regret of the dear home I left  
Of the warm hearts that sheltered me there  
Of wife and of dear ones, of whom I'm bereft  
For the old place again do I sigh?  
Take me back to the place where the orange trees grow  
To my plot in the evergreen shade  
Where the flowers from the river's green margins did grow  
And spread their sweet scent through the glade  
Oh the path to our cottage, they say, has grown green  
And the place is quite lonely around  
I know that the smiles and the forms I have seen  
Now lie in the dark mossy ground  
Take me back, let me see what is left that I knew  
Can it be that the old house is gone?  
Dear friends of my childhood indeed must be few  
And I must face death all alone  
But yet I'll return to the place of my birth  
The children have played round the door  
Where they gathered wild blossoms that grow round the path  
They'll echo our footsteps no more  
Take me back to the place where my little ones sleep  
Poor Massa lies buried close by  
By the graves of my loved ones, I long for to weep  
And among them to rest when I die  
Take me back to the place where I first saw the light  
To the sweet sunny south, take me home  
Where the mockingbirds sing me to rest every night  
Oh, why was I tempted to roam?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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