'WAY DOWN SOUTH

Verse by
FRANK L. STANTON

Music by
VICTOR HARRIS

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY
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The wind is like a lover,
To kiss the rose's mouth;
To garden bright he takes his flight,
'Way down South.

And Heaven seems not so far away
As all the idle dreamers say,
And Winter wears the bloom of May,
'Way down South.

How green the gracious meadows,
'Way down South.
The valleys sing of deathless Spring,
'Way down South.

Love binds his brow with violets blue,
That glow with sun-light, drip with dew;
And rests him on the heart of you,
'Way down South.

—Frank L. Stanton
To my friend, Miss Stella Schrefflein

'Way down South

FRANK L. STANTON

VICTOR HARRIS

Andante con moto

The wind is like a lover, To kiss the rose's mouth;

To gardens bright he takes his flight,

Way down South, And heaven seems not so
Far away As all the idle dreamers say, And

Winter wears the bloom of May, 'Way down

South, How green the gracious
meadows, 'Way down South, The

valleys sing of deathless Spring, 'Way down South.

Love binds his brow with violets blue, That
glow with sunlight, drip with dew; and rests him on the heart of you, and rests him on the heart of you, way down south.