Rebecca of Sunny-Brook Farm

Lyrics by SEYMOUR BROWN

Music by ALBERT GUMBLE

There's a farm up-on a hill,
I can see her just the same,

down in Maine,

standing there,

and there a little girl...

waits for me, Rebecca is her name.

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When we wandered down the lane, Just we two, And she was
My Rebecca looked so sweet, Dressed so plain, I knew it

When I was leaving And then I promised to be true.
miss her, I longed to kiss her And so I'm going back again.

CHORUS

Where the honeysuckle vine
Where the honeysuckle vine twines itself around the

Where the honeysuckle vine
twines itself around the door, A sweet-heart mine, Is waiting
Tell me softly from the hill, I can hear the whip-poor-will. 

Her mem'ry haunts you, Rebecca wants you. So come back to Sunny-Brook Farm. Where the honey suckle blooms.