Down By the Southern Jersey Shore

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(W. J. "Uncle Bill" Britton)

I'm going back this very day to my home so far away,
In the pines down by the southern Jersey shore.
There I was born, there let me die, where the pines so softly sigh
In the breezes blowing by the Jersey shore.

There's a girl that's sweet and fair who is waiting for me there
With a heart that's always been so good and true.
When I get back I know that she will be waiting there for me
In a cottage by the southern Jersey shore.

The moon is shining bright, a golden crescent in the night,
And the stars are shining in the summer sky;
Like a rainbow in the mom, the crowning glory of the storm
Is the smile f know she's saved for, my return.

I've travelled here, I've travelled there, north and south most everywhere,
Looking for the kind of land I've seen in dreams.
What I've been seeking while I roam, I really left behind at home
In the pines down by the southern Jersey shore.

So now I'm going back to stay, to that land beside the bay;
And I'll never care to wander anymore.
Throughout all the coming years, we'll share our hopes and we'll share our fears
In the pinelands by the southern Jersey shore.

From Sounds of the Jersey Pines, editor; Mike Nappa
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