Swinging On The Toll-gate - song lyrics

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SWINGING ON THE TOLL-GATE.
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Words by George M. Vickers. Music by Adam Geibel.

In a neat little cot by the wayside,
Daddy Wicket, the toll-taker lives,
And each traveler who rides o'er the turnpike
A mite to the toll-taker gives;
He holds out his hand very gracefully,
While a twinkle is seen in his eye,
And he says a kind work to all comers.
And he smiles as they swiftly glide by;
And he says a kind word to all coiners,
And he smiles as they swiftly glide by.

Chorus.
Swinging on the toll-gate, swinging to and fro,
Happy, happy moments, long and long ago;
Swinging on the toll-gate, swinging to and fro,
Happy, happy childhood in the long ago.

When the sun o'er the hill-top is peeping.
When sweet is the flower-kissed air.
When the day goes to rest in the gloaming.
Still dear Daddy Wicket is there;
He stands in the door of the toll-house,
Or he sits on his three-legged chair,
And his pride is to cure for a stranger,
Yet is he quite a stranger to care;
And his pride is to care for a stranger,
Yet is he quite a stranger to care.-Chorus.

Oh, then who can forget Daddy Wicket,
Or the wonderful shake of his head?
he who oft gives the homeless a shelter,
Who oft hungry mortals has fed!
Oh, may we, as through life we journey.
Never meet with a less noble soul
Than the friend and the joy of our childhood,
Daddy Wicket, who gathers the toll;
Than the friend and the joy of our childhood,
Daddy Wicket, who gathers the toll.-Chorus.