When young Obadiah was twenty-one, 
He fell in love, as most young fellows 
Obadiah had little time to spoon, 
For should he dare to stop the swing, she'd 

Regular every Thursday after-sigh 
"Keep the pot a-boiling, there's a
-noon, He'd call up - on his sweet - heart Lu - cy
dear? And once more Lu - cy's toot - sies flow on

Loo. In the gar - den he would find her,
high. All the young men round a - bout there,

Seat-ed on a quaint old swing; With true love's de - vo - tion, He'd
On the gar - den walls would climb, And with eag - er fa - ces They'd

set the swing in mo - tion, And his Lu - cy dear would sing:
... glance at frill and la - ces, As she warbled all the time:

rall.

C8 C6 Dm7 G7 C Gm7 C7
Tempo di Valse

CHORUS

Swing me just a little bit higher, Obadiah,

I'll love you; Tie me on and I'll never fall, Swing me over the garden wall,
3rd VERSE
But young Obadiah got his reward —
In church one morning, they stood side by side:
At the wedding breakfast later on
Somebody missed the bridegroom and the bride.
All the party went to find them
In the garden bye and bye;
But soon they stopped seeking.
The dear old swing was creaking,
And they heard the sweet bride sigh:

Chorus. Swing me just a little bit higher, &c.

EXTRA VERSE
When the shades of evening softly fall,
And lights begin to glimmer all around;
That old swing is swaying to and fro,
It's shadow there, reflected on the ground.
While the Man up in the bright Moon
Gazing from his realms above,
Is merrily winking,
And silver stars are blinking —
As they hear this song of love:

Chorus Swing me just a little bit higher, &c.