

If you feel kind of blue, come along with me I'll take you to
A pally little valley that my memory craves
Fields of golden bantam where the corn silk waves
Hello! A sort of welcome back to heaven

Oh, it's grand, oh, it's great
To be swinging on the garden gate
And see the silky tresses on the yellow corn
Flirtin like a curtain in the early morn
Inviting you to come along and dream

Oh, I remember it was fun when July was done
And the august sun made the huckleberries ripe
I'd go a-sneakin' with my brother Bill
Beside the cider mill
Smoking a mellow corn silk in my Daddy's pipe

Give me wealth and renown when it's sorta time to settle down
I'll take a little acre where the corn cobs grow
Capture all the rapture that I used to know
Down in that little valley of my dreams