In the Good Old Summertime (Ren Shields and George Evans, 1902)
3 / 4 Time (Waltz) – Key of C

C
There's a time each year, that we always hold dear,
F    C
Good old summer time.

C
With the birds and the trees'es, and sweet scent-ed breez-es,
G    D7    G7
Good old summer time.

C
When you day's work is over, then you are in clover,
F    C
And life is one beautiful rhyme,

F    C    F#dim    C
No trouble an-noying, each one is en-joying,

Cm    G    D7    G7
The good old summer time.

Chorus:
C    -C7    F    C
In the good old summertime, in the good old summer-time,
E7    Am    D7    G7
Strolling thru' a shady lane, with your baby mine.

C    C7
You hold her hand and she holds yours,
F    C
And that's a very good sign

E7    Am    D7    G7    C
That she's your tootsie wootsie, in the good, old summer-time.

C    C7
To swim in the pool, you'd play "hooky" from school
F    C
Good old summer time;

C    Cm
You play "ring-a rosie," with Jim, Kate and Josie,
G    D7    G7
Good old summer time

C
Those days full of pleasure, we now fondly treasure,

F    C    F#dim    C    -Cm
When we never thought it a crime

F    C    G    D7    G7
To go stealing cherries, with face brown as berries,

G    Cm    E7    Am
Good old summer time. Chorus.
In the Good Old Summertime (Ren Shields and George Evans, 1902)  
3/4 Time (Waltz) - Key of G

There's a time each year, that we always hold dear,  
Good old summer time.

With the birds and the trees'es, and sweet scent-ed breez-es,  
Good old summer time.

When you day's work is over, then you are in clover,  
And life is one beautiful rhyme,

No trouble an-oying, each one is en-joying,  
The good old summer-time.

**Chorus:**

In the good old summertime,  
Strolling thru' a shady lane, with your baby mine.

You hold her hand and she holds yours,  
And that's a very good sign

That she's your tootsie wootsie, in the good old summer-time.

To swim in the pool, you'd play "hooky" from school  
Good old summer time;

You play "ring-a rosie," with Jim, Kate and Josie,  
Good old summer time.

Those days full of pleasure, we now fondly treasure,  
When we never thought it a crime

To go stealing cherries, with face brown as berries,  
Good old summer time. **Chorus**