

Bing Crosby, Ida, Sweet As Apple Cider

(note: frank never sang the intro, only the chorus, after a full musical intro by tommy dorsey's band)

In the region where the roses always bloom,
Breathing out upon the air their sweet perfume,
Lives a dusky maid I long to call my own,
For, I know my love for her will never die;
When the sun am sinking in dat golden west,
Little robin red breast gone to seek their nests,
And I sneak down to dat place I love the best,
Ever'y evening there along I sigh.

Chorus: ida! sweet as apple cider,
Sweeter than all I know,
Come out! in the silv'ry moonlight,
Of love we'll whisper, so soft and low!
Seems as tho' can't live without you,
Listen, please, honey do!
Ida! I idolize yer
I love you, ida, 'deed I do.