G G G G

 G

There's a garden, what a garden, only happy faces bloom there,

And there's never any room there, for a worry or a gloom there.

Oh, there's music and there's dancing, and a lot of sweet romancing;

When they play a polka, they all get in the swing.

D⁷
Ev'-ry time they hear that oom - pa - pa,
G
Ev'-ry body feels so tra - la - la,

They want to throw their cares away,

G G

They all go lah - de - ah - de - ay.

 D^7 G

Then they hear a rumble on the floor. It's the big surprise they're waiting for. \mathbf{p}^7

And all the couples form a ring, for miles a-round you'll hear them sing;

 G^7 G^7

Roll out the barrel, we'll have a barrel of fun.

Roll out the barrel, we've got the blues on the run.

Zing! Boom! Ta-rar-rel, sing out a song of good cheer.

 D^{m} B^{7} C D^{7} G^{7} C G

Now's the time to roll the barrel, 'cause the gang's all here.



