In A Bungalow.

Lyric by
GILLESPIE & DAVIS.

Music by
JOS. E. HOWARD.

Moderato.

A boy and a girl sitting under the moon
On a summer's
From under the hill Mister Sand-man he comes to a bunga-
At night from the cotton fields old Uncle Joe Wends his weary

night, And Cupid was singing love's old spoony tune, To the
low, To shut up the peepers of little ones When the
way, Home to a Mammy in his bung-a-low At the

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boys delight. She cuddled as he told his
night winds blow. And Mother is singing a
close of day. The years have rolled by since the

bright ros-y schemes. Right out of the sweet land of dreams.
sweet lullaby. As she builds air castles on high.
days they were young. When he first came to her and sang.

Refrain. (Slowly.)

Come and live with me dear in a bunga-

In A Bungalow. 
"Louer Berth 13."
low, Snug up beside while the cold winds blow,
I will make it warm and cheery

All alone it would be dreary So come and live with me, my dearie, In a Bungalow low.