In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree.

Words by
HARRY H. WILLIAMS.

Music by
EGBERT VAN ALSTYNE.

Andante

1. The oriole with joy was sweetly singing,
   The little brook was babbling its tune,
   The world seemed brighter than a harvest moon;
   For pretty

2. I've really come a long way from the city;
   Though my heart is breaking I'll be brave;
   To place upon a freshly moulded grave;
   If
there within my arms I gently pressed you,
and
you will show me, father, where she's lying,
or

blushing red, you slowly turned away,
if it's far just point it out to me,
said

can't forget the way I once caressed you;
he "she told us all when she was dying,
to

only pray well meet another day,
bury her beneath the apple tree."

In the Shade: Sec. 3
CHORUS. *Pulse lento.*

In the shade of the old apple tree, Where the love in your eyes I could see, When the voice that I heard, like the song of the bird, Seemed to whisper sweet music to me, I could hear the dull buzz of the bee, In the blossoms as you said to me, With a heart that is true, I'll be waiting for you, In the shade of the old apple tree.

*In the Shade 4r  a  B.*