When The Swallows Return In Spring.

Words by
H. B. SMITH.

Music by
MAURICE LEVI.

Tempo di Valse.

Piano.

Par-is is ev-er Par-a-dise... Par-is is ev-er gay;
Win-ter goes by so wea-ri-ly Drag-ging its days a-long.

Still you must own You are a-lone When your best girls a-way,
No charm in wine, 'Tis not di- vine, Vain are the dance and song.

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Where are the fun and jollity?
Sighing for springtime drearily,
Always you wear a frown.

Paris is dead; all joy is fled
When she is out of town.
Paris a bore seems more and more
When she is out of town.

CHORUS.

Flying with the swallows, to the Southland’s warmer clime.
You’re so

lonely, She’s the only! Oh so slowly goes the time.
Soon she will come flying As a bird comes on the wing.
And you bless her And caress her
When the swallows return in Spring.