In The Summertime

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Music by ALBERT GUMBLE

Marcia

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did'nt dare go in, I'm told. For dad to him was just as cold As
frozen toes to pay the cost And then dis- cov- er I'm a frost, In

Winter the Winter-time.
Summer the Summer-time.

Til- ly did was watch the moon And hum a sen-ti-mental tune Of
if you'll just thaw out in Spring, Per- haps you'll get a wed-ding ring, In

Winter all ev'ning long.
Summer in Sum- mer time.

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tongue was frozen to his cheek, But just as soon as then you'll take those furs of brown And trade them for a

he could speak He moaned "Don't sing that song."
wedding gown, Some-time in Summer-time.

CHORUS

Summer, that's the time for spoon-ing, Summer, that's the time for moon-ing. Old Apple-tree time,

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Old Honey-bee time, That for mine! Oh lovey, turtle dovey!

Then, dear, we'll go picking posies, And, dear,

won't it be sublime! I'll pick you for a "daisy"? If I don't I'll be-

crazy, In the Summertime.