Waltz Me Around and Around
In the Old Ball Room

Words & Music by
JOS. E. HOWARD

Tempo di Valse

Don't think the moon-light's the best time to spoon
Under the trees is a back number place

For to

trees so tall,
love and spoon,

Just tell the man away
So, Mister Moon, you can

up in the moon That we don't need his light after all.
hide your old face Until you learn to whistle a tune.

Copyright MCMXII by Harold Rossiter Music Co., Chicago, Ill. British copyright secured
I know a place where fond lovers can spoon. 'Tis the
ill never care what the season may be. December,

old ball room Where the lights shine so bright. And the
May or June, All troubles and care Be-

band plays at night The strains of some dream-y waltz tune.
come light as air When you hear that dream-y old tune.

CHORUS
Waltz me a-round and a-round in the old ball

Waltz me around
Waltz me around till I'm dreamy, To love's

spoony old tune. Hug me and squeeze me with all your might. Then

whisper and tell me I'm yours tonight. Waltz me a-

round and around in the old ball room.