Sweet Cider Time, When You Were Mine!

Words by
JOE MCCARTHY

Tempo di Marcia

Music by
PERCY WENRICH

By the Writers of "When You Were A Tulip"
and
"There's A Little Spark Of Love Still Burning"

I'm thinking of a little town, where birds are

singing, lonely
Bells are ringing on the hill,

just feel lonely
Round my heart that old love thrill,

a tempo
wandering, in dreams I go back wondering, It seems I'm with you still.

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CHORUS

By the mill, where they made sweet eider, I made sweet love to you;
Mill wheel was turning, as I sat there yearning For one kiss, the sweetest I knew.
On the hill, from the old town chapel Those evening bells would chime,
I'll always remember that golden November, Sweet eider time, when you were mine!
By the mill!