When The Mellow Moon Is Swinging Low

Lyric by STANLEY MURPHY

Moderato

PIANO

Voice

Up in a willow tree.
A song bird's wedding tune.

As sweet as
A tree top

She could be
Lived a little blue bird who
Felt so lonesome and so blue

Hon-ey moon.
Lit-tle blue bird lit-tle jay
Flap their wings and fly a-way

And just a-cross the way
Now they have work to do
All the whole day through

Lived a lit-tle jay
Just as lone-ly
They're in heav-en

by "his on-ly"
Till one sum-mer day
Twit twit twit said he
That means if you love me

bless'd with sev-en
Lit-tle bird-ies blue
Twit twit twit they sing
When you grow up in spring

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When the moon is swinging low
Through the forests glad we'll go
While shadows grow
With fairy fire-flies a-glow
When the sun has gone to rest
In a valley in the west
I know a nest
Where we can bill and coo
When the flowers in their beds
Nod their drowsy little heads
And wise old Mister Owl his watch is keeping
While tiny stars are peeping
Up in the weeping willow
You'll hear me calling
When the mellow moon is swinging low
When the moon is swinging low
When The Mellow etc., 2