A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY
(Music Box Song)

Lyric by
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Music by
MILTON AGER

Moderato

In a quaint old fash-ioned store,
Rel-ic of the days of
Underneath the haw-thorn bow'r,
There they spend each bliss-ful

yore,
Cur-i-os and old-time clocks
Life for them is one glad tune
Hide a chi-na mu-sic
One long hap-py hon-ey-

This composition may also be had for your Talking Machines or Player Piano.
box. In a dain-ty pamm-lered dress, There's a Dres-den shep-herd-
-moon. Some-time when they wind the clocks, They will wind the mu-sic
-ess, With a shep-herd by the side, Of his lit-tle chi-na bride,
-box, And if you should chance to peep, When the world is fast a- sleep,

When the mu-sic starts to play, I can al-most hear him say:
As the witch-ing hour draws near, This is what you'll sure-ly hear:

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REFRAIN

In the spring a young man's fan-cy light-ly turns to love,
Poets sing of love's romance the skies are blue above.

Moonbeams bring love dreams and spring seems to call;

Hearts that are tender quickly surrender all,

When you hear the tinkle, tinkle,
of the wedding chime, Modest eyes with love-light twinkle

All the world's in rhyme. Tho' we're only made of china

Youth must have its fling, And for love our fancy turns in

spring.