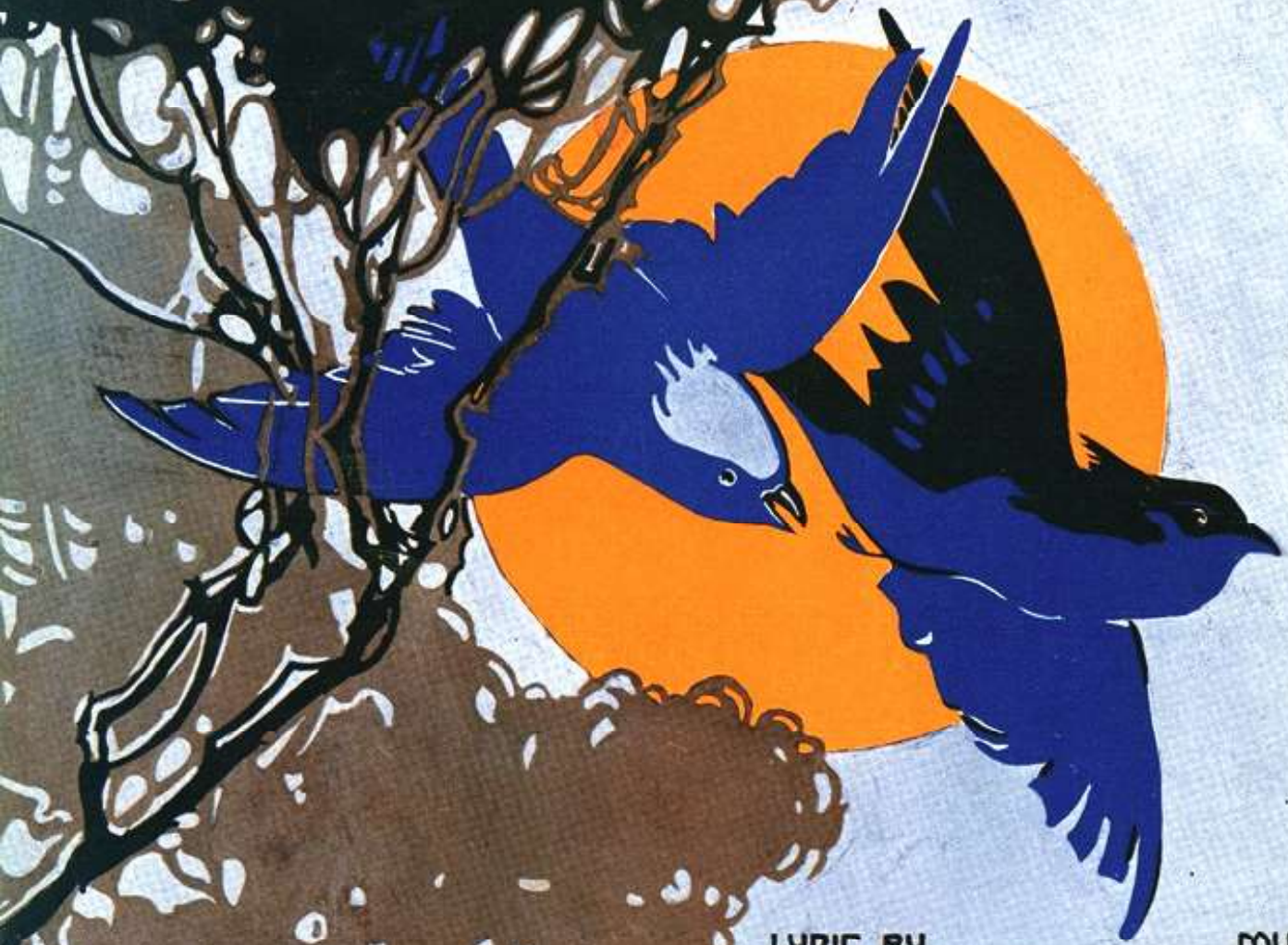


WHEN THE MELLOW MOON IS SWINGING LOW

SONG



LYRIC BY
STANLEY MURPHY

MUSIC BY
NAT GOLDSTEIN

5

DETROIT

JEROME H. REMICK & CO.

NEW YORK

When The Mellow Moon Is Swinging Low

Lyric by
STANLEY MURPHY

SONG

Music by
NAT GOLDSTEIN

Moderato

PIANO

Vamp

Voice

Up in a wil-low tree— As sweet as
A song bird's wedding tune— A tree top

she could be— Lived a lit-tle blue bird who— Felt so lone-some 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— Lived a lit-tle jay— Just as lone-ly
Now they have work to do— All the whole day through— 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

rall.

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Chorus

When the moon is swing-ing low Through the for-ests glades we'll go While sha-dows

p *p-f*

grow With fair-y fire-flies a-glow When the sun has gone to rest In a val-ley in the

west I know a nest Where we can bill and coo When the flow-ers in their

beds Nod their drow-sy lit-tle heads And wise old Mis-ter Owl his

watch is keep-ing While ti-ny stars are peep-ing Up in the weep-ing wil-low You'll hear me

call-ing When the mel-low moon is swing-ing low When the moon is swing-ing

D.S. *f* *D.S.*