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Musical Compositions

The Baseball Glide	.50
I Thought It Was What I Thought It Was But It Wasn't What I Thought It Was At All	.50
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X The Harvest Time	.50
At The Yiddisha Wedding Dance	.50
Way Down In Mexico	.60
Im Weary For You, Dearie	.50

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The Harvest Time.

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Words by
William Foster.

Music by
Edna May Fowler.

Piano.

Out on a sum - mer night in the moon's sil - v'ry light,
It is the month — of May two years have passed — a - way,

Two lov - ers went to spoon, — He told her words — of love,
But they are not a - lone, — Two lit - tle bright — blue eyes

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said that she was his dove, Spoke of their hon - ey moon.
that they both i - dol - ize, Have come to bless their home.

When do you think we'll wed, She hung her head and said
Same moon shines from above, They still are making love

We'll marry in the fall. For you I'm sighing,
Think of the day they wed. While baby's cooing,

My heart is pining, I love you best of all.
They keep on wooing, These are the words he said.

Chorus.

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When the wed-ding march is peal - ing out that hap-py hour, — I will

love you dear, — And be true you need not fear, — When the

preacher says "you two are one" And the wed-ding bells do chime, — Then I'll be

cheer - y Just with my dear - ie In the Har - vest Time. — Time. —