

IN THE SHADE OF THE OLD APPLE TREE

1905

Egbert Van Alstyne, a Chicagoan, and Harry Williams, from Faribault, Minnesota, joined the circus together and continued their association for many years, Van Alstyne as a composer and publisher, Williams (not to be confused with Harry H. Williams, one of the writers of "It's A Long, Long Way To Tipperary") as a vaudeville performer and composer of Broadway show music. He later worked as a film director.

The team of Van Alstyne and Williams also produced "Won't You Come Over To My House?" "What's The Matter With Father?" and "I'm Afraid To Come Home In The Dark," but there is no question that "In The Shade Of The Old Apple Tree" is their most memorable song. A fine ballad for impromptu harmonizing, it's still often heard today.

Words by HARRY WILLIAMS
(1879-1922)

Music by EGBERT VAN ALSTYNE
(1882-1951)

VERSE:

1 The o - ri - ole with joy was sweet - ly sing - ing; sing - ing; The

2

3 lit - tle brook was bab - bling its tune. The

4

5
8 vil - lage bells at noon were gai - ly ring - ing; ring - ing; The

7
8 world seemed bright - er than a har - vest moon. har - vest moon. For

9
8 there with - in my arms I gen - tly pressed you, And

11
8 blush - ing red, you slow - ly turned a - way. I

13
8 can't for - get the way I once ca - ressed you; ca - ressed you; I

15 I hope and pray. CHORUS:
 8 on - ly pray we'll meet an - oth - er day. I hope and pray. In the

17 shade of the old ap - ple tree, Where the love in your
 8

22 eyes I could see, When the voice that I heard, like the
 8

27 sound of the bird, Seemed to whis - per sweet mu - sic to me. to
 8 to

me. 32 me. I could hear the dull buzz of the bee In the
 8 the buzz of the bee

blos - soms as you said to me: _____ With a heart that is

true I'll be wait - ing for you In the shade of the old ap - ple

TAG:
tenor melody

tree. _____ In the shade of the old ap - ple tree. _____

Additional verse:

I've really come a long way from the city,
 And though my heart is breaking, I'll be brave;
 I've brought this bunch of flow'rs, I think they're pretty,
 To place upon a freshly moulded grave.

If you will show me, father, where she's lying,
 Or if it's far, just point it out to me;
 Said he, "She told us all when she was dying
 To bury her beneath the apple tree."