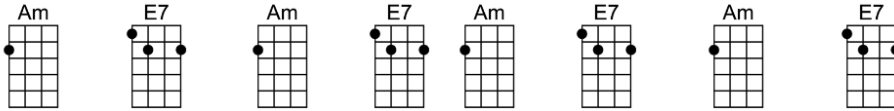


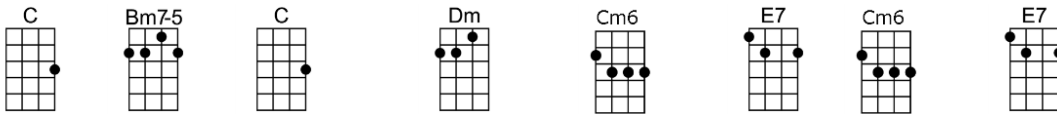
# WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG

(AH, THE APPLE TREES)

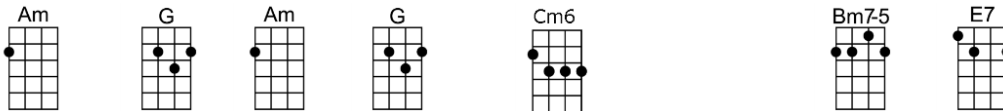
-M. Philippe-Gerard/Johnny Mercer



It isn't by chance I happen to be a boulevard-dier, the toast of Pa-ris



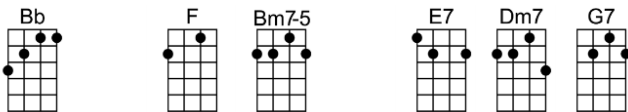
For, over the noise, the talk and the smoke, I'm good for a laugh, a drink, or a joke



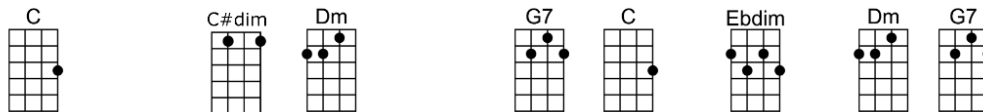
I walk in a room, a party, or ball, "Come sit over here," some-body will call



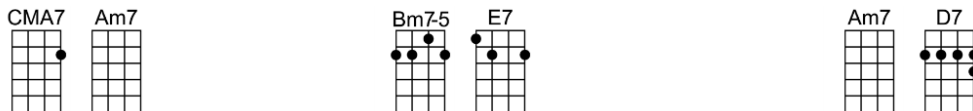
"A drink for Monsieur (Mam'selle), a drink for us all!"



But how many times I stop and re-call



Ah, the apple trees, blossoms in the breeze, that we walked a-mong

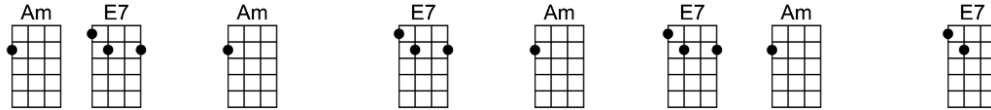


Lying in the hay, games we used to play, while the rounds were sung

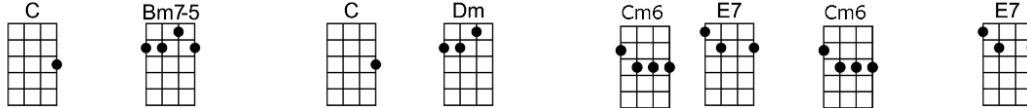


Only yester-day, when the world was young

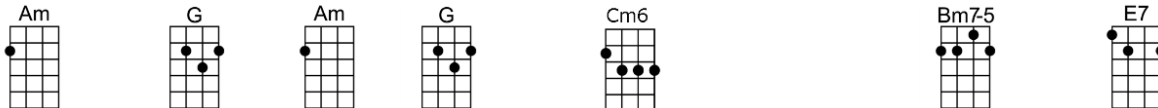
**p.2. When the World Was Young**



**Wher-ever I go, they mention my name, and that, in it-self, is some sort of fame**



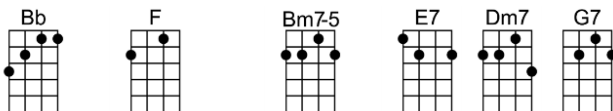
**“Come by for a drink, we’re having a game,” wher-ever I go, I’m glad that I came**



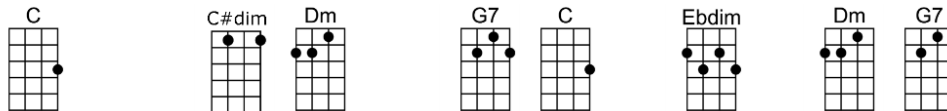
**The talk is quite gay, the company fine, there’s laughter and lights, and glamour and wine**



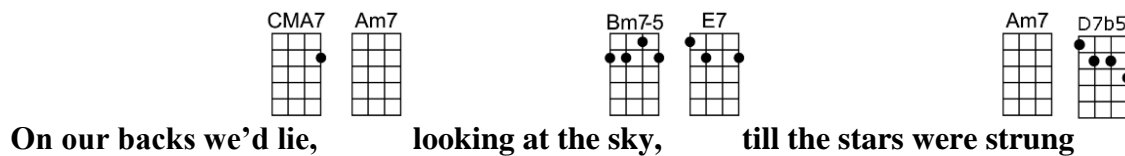
**And beautiful girls (handsome young men), and some of them mine,**



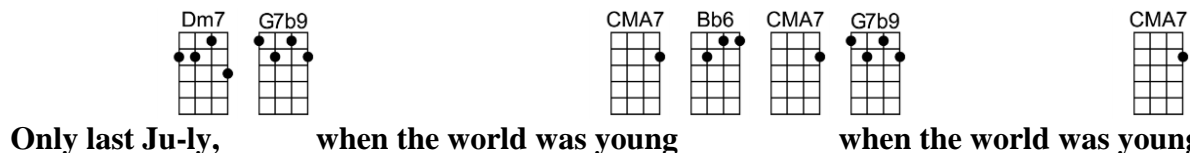
**But often my eyes see a different shine**



**Ah, the apple trees, sunlit memo-ries, where the hammock swung**



**On our backs we’d lie, looking at the sky, till the stars were strung**



**Only last Ju-ly, when the world was young when the world was young**

# (AH, THE APPLE TREES) WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG

-M. Philippe-Gerard/Johnny Mercer

Am E7 Am E7 Am E7 Am E7  
It isn't by chance I happen to be a boulevardier, the toast of Paris

C Bm7b5 C Dm Cm6 E7 Cm6 E7  
For, over the noise, the talk and the smoke, I'm good for a laugh, a drink, or a joke

Am G Am G Cm6 Bm7b5 E7  
I walk in a room, a party, or ball, "Come sit over here," somebody will call

Cm6 E7  
"A drink for Monsieur (Mam'selle), a drink for us all!"

Bb F Bm7b5 E7 Dm7 G7  
But how many times I stop and re-call

C C#dim Dm G7 C Ebdim Dm G7  
Ah, the apple trees, blossoms in the breeze, that we walked a-mong

CMA7 Am7 Bm7b5 E7 Am7 D7  
Lying in the hay, games we used to play, while the rounds were sung

Dm7 G7b9 CMA7 Bm7b5 E7  
Only yesterday, when the world was young

Am E7 Am E7 Am E7 Am E7  
Wherever I go, they mention my name, and that, in it-self, is some sort of fame

C Bm7b5 C Dm Cm6 E7 Cm6 E7  
"Come by for a drink, we're having a game," wherever I go, I'm glad that I came

Am G Am G Cm6 Bm7b5 E7  
The talk is quite gay, the company fine, there's laughter and lights, and glamour and wine

Cm6 E7  
And beautiful girls (handsome young men), and some of them mine,

Bb F Bm7b5 E7 Dm7 G7  
But often my eyes see a different shine

C C#dim Dm G7 C Ebdim Dm G7  
Ah, the apple trees, sunlit memories, where the hammock swung

CMA7 Am7 Bm7b5 E7 Am7 D7b5  
On our backs we'd lie, looking at the sky, till the stars were strung

Dm7 G7b9 CMA7 Bb6 CMA7 G7b9 CMA7  
Only last July, when the world was young when the world was young