WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG (BAR)

(AH, THE APPLE TREES)

-M. Philippe-Gerard/Johnny Mercer

It isn't by chance I happen to be a boulevar-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
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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 Pa-ris

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,” some-body 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 yester-day, when the world was young

Am  E7  Am  E7  Am  E7  Am  E7  Wher-ever 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,” wher-ever 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 memo ries, 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 Ju-ly, when the world was young