

# Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree Lyrics

Words and music by: Lew Brown. Charlie Tobias. Sam H Stept

*"Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree (With Anyone Else but Me made famous by Glenn Miller and by the Andrews Sisters during World War II. Its lyrics are the words of two young lovers who pledge their fidelity while one of them is away serving in the war.*

*Originally titled "Anywhere the Bluebird Goes",<sup>[1]</sup> the melody was written by Sam H. Stept as an updated version of the nineteenth-century English folk song "Long, Long Ago".<sup>[2]</sup> Lew Brown and Charles Tobias wrote the lyrics and the song debuted in the 1939 Broadway musical Yokel Boy. After the United States entered the war in December 1941, Brown and Tobias modified the lyrics to their current form, with the chorus ending with "...till I come marching home".<sup>[1]</sup>*

*In February 1942, the Glenn Miller Orchestra recorded the song with vocals by Tex Beneke, Marion Hutton, and The Modernaires. This record spent thirteen weeks on the Billboard charts and was ranked as the nation's twelfth best-selling recording of the year.*

Verse:

F Cm D7 Gm7b5 Gm7 C7

I wrote my mo ther, I wrote my fa ther,

F Cm6 D7 G9 Gm7 C7

And now I'm writing you too.

F Cm6 D7 Gdim7 Gm7 C7

I'm sure of mo ther, I'm sure of fa ther,

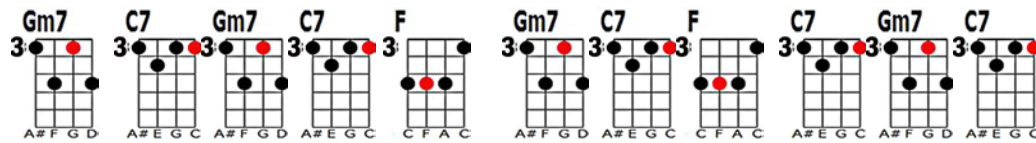
G9 C7 Cdim7 C7

And now I want to be sure of you.

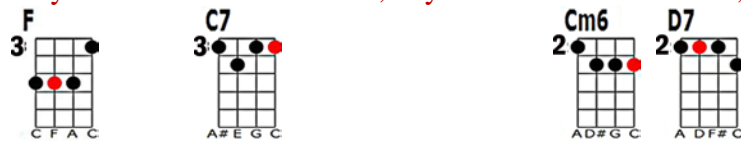
Chorus:



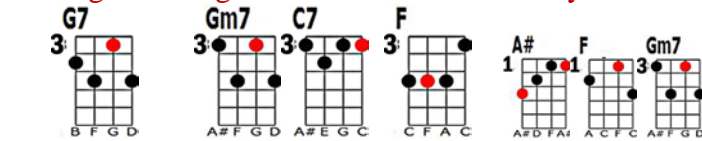
Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me,  
 Don't go walking down lovers' lane with anyone else but me,



Anyone else but me, anyone else but me, NO NO NO!  
 Anyone else but me, anyone else but me, NO NO No



Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me  
 Don't go walking down lovers' lane with anyone else but me

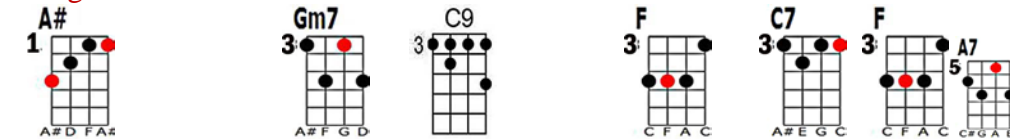


Till I come marching home.

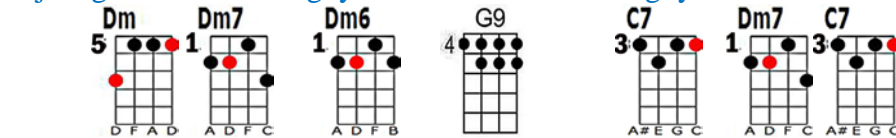


Till I come marching home.

Bridge:



I just got word from a guy who heard From the guy next door to me,



That a girl he met just loves to pet, And it fits you to a "T".

So don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me

Till I come marching home.

(Last time, last two lines)

Then we'll go arm in arm, and

Sit down under the apple tree,

Baby, just you and me,

When I come marching home.

PARODY, GIRL'S REPLY

(sung by Marion Hutton with Glenn Miller Orch.)

Don't give out with those lips of yours  
To anyone else but me,  
Anyone else but me, anyone else but me, No No NO!  
Lots of girls on the foreign shores,  
You'll have to report to me  
When you come marching home.  
Don't hold anyone on your knee,  
You better be true to me,  
You better be true to me, you better be true to me.  
Don't hold anyone on your knee,  
You're getting the third degree  
When you come marching home.  
You're on your own where there is no phone,  
And I can't keep tab on you.  
Be fair to me, I'll guarantee  
This is one thing that I'll do:  
I won't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but you  
Till you come marching home.  
I know the apple tree is reserved for you and me,  
And I'll be true till you come marching home.

SONG

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