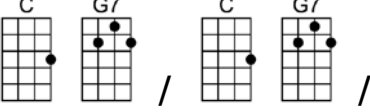
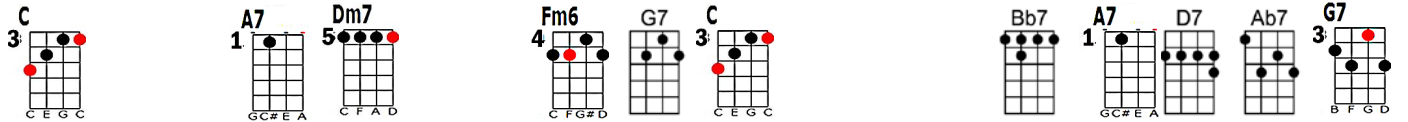


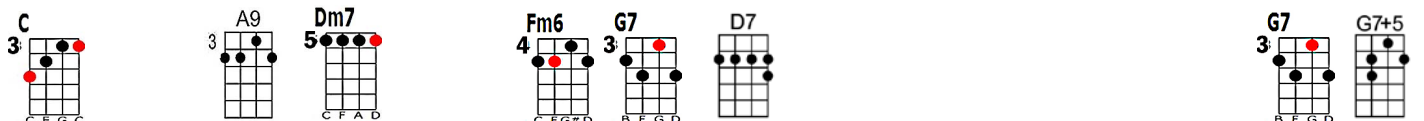
DON'T SIT UNDER THE APPLE TREE

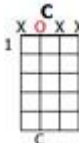
4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: 

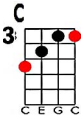
SLOWLY:

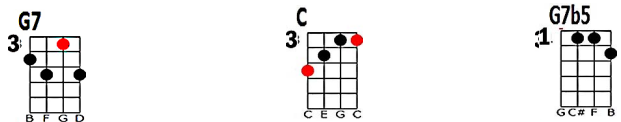
 I wrote my mother, I wrote my father, and now I'm writ-ing you too

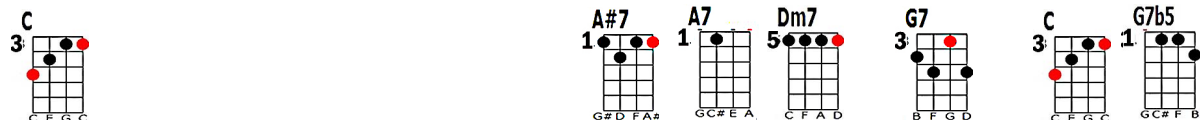
 I'm sure of mother, I'm sure of father, and now I want to be sure, very, very sure of you

 Start note for chorus.

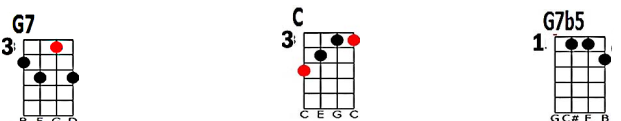
FASTER:

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

 Anyone else but me, anyone else but me, no, no, no

 Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me, till I come marching home

 Don't go walking down lovers' lane with anyone else but me

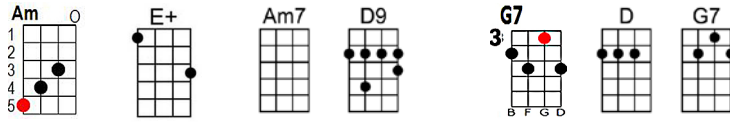
 Anyone else but me, anyone else but me, no, no, no

 Don't go walking down lovers' lane with anyone else but me, till I come marching home

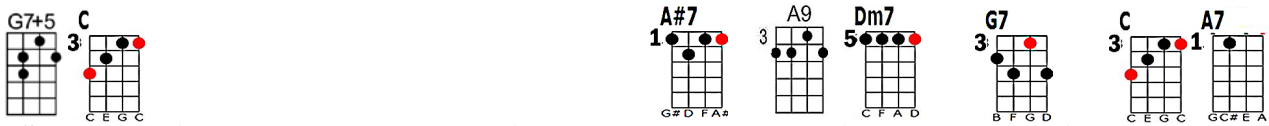
p.2. Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree



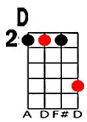
I just got word from a guy who heard from the guy next door to me



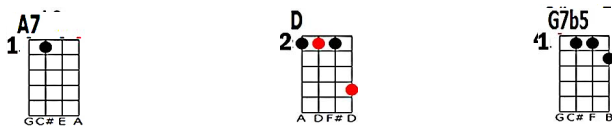
The girl he met just loves to pet, and it fits you to a "T"



So don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me. till I come marching home,



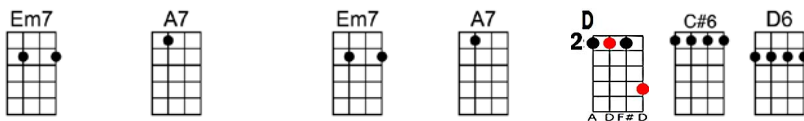
Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me



Anyone else but me, anyone else but me, no, no, no,



Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me, till I come marching,



Hup, two, three, four, till I come marching home!