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Is There Still Room For Me 'Neath The Old Apple Tree

Words by
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Music by
MAURICE ABRAHAMS

Marcia

VOICE

Hel - lo there long
Lis - ten op - er -

dis - tance, please don't make me wait in vain I asked you to con
at - or, what's the mat - ter with this 'phone It seems to me you

nect me with a home-stead down in Maine. I hate to hold the
nev - er had a sweet-heart of your own. You say there's wire

wire, don't get mad if I com - plain I long to hear my
trou - ble and you've got the num - bers mixed Well, hur - ry up and

sweet-heart's voice a - gain, _____ Oh, hel - lo dear, yes, this is me, I'm
get the wires fixed. _____ Is that you dear? yes I can hear, they

man - y miles a - way, I'm lone - some and I just called up to say. _____
cut us off some - how, I'm wait - ing and I want your an - swer now. _____

CHORUS

Is there still room for me 'neath the old ap - ple tree Where there

once was a bench for two Oh, that

bench was - n't long And you know it was - n't strong When

I sat there with you. I've got

fare back to Maine And I'll jump on a train If your

heart beats as fond and as true _____ Is there

still room for me 'neath the old apple tree If there is I'll come

back to you. Is there you. _____