

WHEN KATE AND I WERE COMING THRO' THE RYE

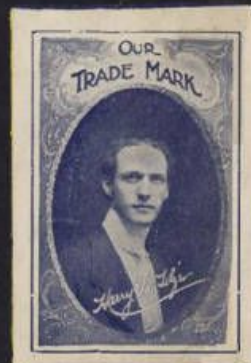
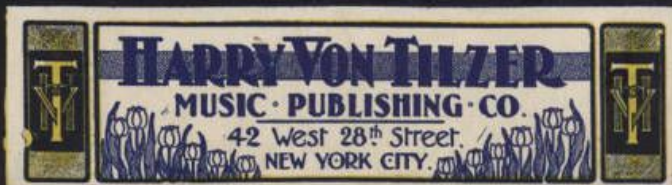


HARRY VON TILZER'S
MOST BEAUTIFUL
BALLAD

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May Addie Bell-Marks



When Kate and I Were Coming Thro' the Rye.

Words by ANDREW B. STERLING.

Music by HARRY VON TILZER.

Andante moderato.



It was har-vest time way down in old New Eng - land, And the
Man - y years have passed a - way in old New Eng - land Since the

sun was shin - ing on the gold - en grain, I was
vil - lage folks did hear our wed - ding chimes Still they

com - ing thro' the rye with sweet - heart Ka - tie, And my
see us wan - der forth the same old sweet - hearts Thro' the

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heart was fill'd with pleas-ure and with pain, — I had wait-ed, oh, so long, to say, "I
fields of wav-ing rye at har-vest times, — But a blue-eyed lit-tle strang-er walks be-

love you!" Wont you whis-per that we nev-er more will part — So I
tween us, 'Tis a ba-by girl that an-gels sent one day, — And I

took her hand in mine and soft-ly told her, While I
oft-en kiss my sweet-heart wife and whis-per Ten-der

gent-ly drew her clos-er to my heart. —
words I spoke in days long passed a way. —
rit.

CHORUS.

When Kate and I were com ing thro' the rye, — The

pp very slow.

sun shone down up - on us from on high, —

How she trem-bled when I kissed her, How she drooped her eye, — and

whispered "yes," When Kate and I were com-ing thro' the rye. —

INTERLUDE.

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