

Recd. Oct. 27. 1869.

**SOMEBODYS COMING,
BUT I'LL NOT TELL WHO.**

SUNG WITH GREAT APPLAUSE

BY

Miss Jane A. Andrews.

Written, Composed & Dedicated to

MISS EVELINE HAYNER.

By

John C. Andrews.

25¢ net.

NEW YORK.

Published by FIRTH POND & CO. No. 1 Franklin Square.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in 1869 by Firth Pond & Co. in the Clerk's Office of the Dist. Court of the South Dist. of New York.

260.

Deposited in the Clerk's Office So. Dist. N. Y. June 26. 1869.

Allegro
Scherzando

Somebody's coming, coming, coming, Somebody's coming, But I'll not tell who, His

form it is manly, His features are fair, His dark eyes flash fire & his glossy black hair, His

voice is all music, Enchanting to hear, And when I am with him I've nothing to fear, Do you

con express. *retard.* *tempo.*

wish me to tell you, No, no you may guess, Yet somebody's coming, nevertheless.

colla voce.

Somebody whisper'd

whisper'd, whisper'd, Somebody whisper'd But I'll not tell what. He said there were stars That

shone in the heavns, That listned to vows By true lovers giv'n, And a sweet little boy, With

hand full of darts, That mischievously plays With poormaidens hearts, Do you wish me to tell you, No,

no you may guess. Yet somebody whisper'd, nevertheless.

Somebody's going, going, going,

somebody's going, But I'll not tell where. There's a neat little church On the side hill stands, Where

somebody askd me To go and join hands; He said that he lov'd me, And I must be his, Ah!

what could I do then, But answer him, yes? Do you wish me to tell you, No, no you may guess, Yet

somebody's going, nevertheless.

Birch Eng^r