

**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.**

*Piano.*

*Guitar.*

*25¢ net.*

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# SOMEBODY'S COMING BUT I'LL NOT TELL WHO...

Written and Composed

By

John C. Andrews.

Arranged for the Guitar

By

Thomas Crouch.

VOICE. \_\_\_\_\_

ALLEGRO SCHERZANDO.

GUITAR. *p*

*Dim.*

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

form it is man-ly, His features are fair, His dark flashing eyes and his glossy black hair, His

voice is all music, En - chan - ting to hear, And when I am with him I've

*Con - espress: ritard a tempo.*  
 nothing to fear, Do you wish me to tell you, No, no you may guess, Yet

some - bo - dy's com - ing, ne - ver - the - less.

*3<sup>rd</sup> v.* Somebo - dy's go - ing, go - ing, go - ing.  
*2<sup>nd</sup> v.* Somebo - dy whis - per'd, whis - per'd, whis - per'd

Some - bo - dy's go - ing, But I'll not tell where, There's a neat lit - tle church On the  
 Some - bo - dy whis - per'd But I'll not tell what, He said there were stars That

hill side stands, Where somebo-dy ask'd me To go and join hands; He  
 shone in the heav'ns, That listen'd to vows By true lo - vers giv'n, And a

said that he lov'd me, And I must be his, Ah! what could I do then, But  
 sweet lit - tle boy, With hand full of darts, That mis - chievous - ly play With

answer him yes? Do you wish me to tell you, No, no you may guess, Yet  
 poor maidens hearts, Do you wish me to tell you, No, no you may guess, Yet

somebody's go - ing ne - ver the less.  
 somebody whisper'd; ne - ver the less.

*f* *Dim:*