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Somebodys coming, but I'll not tell who.

New York: Firth, Pond & Co. (No. 547 Broadway), 1849

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NEW EDITION.

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.

Vocal.



NEW YORK.

Published by FIFTH POND & CO. 105 1/2 Broadway.

SOMEBODY'S COMING.

Words and Music by JOHN C. ANDREWS.

Allegro
Scherzando.

Somebody's coming, coming, coming, Somebody's coming, But Ill not tell who, His

form it is manly, His features are fair, His dark flashing eye and his glossy black hair, His

voice is all music, En-char-ting to hear, And when I am with him I've nothing to fear, Do you

ritard. colla voce.

con express. ritard. 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 list'ned to vows By true lovers giv'n, And a sweet lit_tle boy, With

con express.
hand full of darts, That mischievously plays With poor maidens hearts, Do you wish me to tell you, No,

retard colla voce

no you may guess, Yet somebody whisperd, nevertheless.

Somebody's going, going, going,

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

somebody ask'd 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.