

I WISH SOMEBODY'D COME
SONG
 SUNG BY
MISS CAROLINE HIFFERT.
at Buckley's Opera House New York
 COMPOSED BY
J. R. THOMAS.
Author of SAY A KIND WORD. &C. &C. &C.

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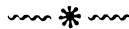
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J. R. THOMAS.

ALLEGRO.
TTO.

I've tried my books— my mu-sic too, I've tried it o'er and
The flow'rs are blooming on the lawn, The birds are singing
o'er— But pshaw! I can not see my notes, My eyes keep wand'ring so; Un-
free, And ev'ry thing is full of life And happi-ness but me; The

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answer'd notes be - fore me lie, I'll count them one, two, three; And here are let - ters
de - licious.

flow'rs look strangely dull to day, They're shadowy as my dreams, And ve - ry lonely

waiting too, But what are they to me? My books are stale— my mu - sic too Dis -

seem to me The sunlight's golden beams As for the birds, I heed them not, They

cordant as a drum, My voice is ve - ry bad to day, I wish that somebody'd

had as well be dumb, They cannot charm my heart to day, I wish that somebody'd

come, My voice is ve - ry bad to day, I wish that somebody'd come, I

come, They cannot charm my heart to day, I wish that somebody'd come, I

wish that somebody'd come!

ad lib.

wish that somebody'd come!

colla voce.

THIRD VERSE.

The sun is setting in the west, And twilight deepens now, And night comes forth, an ebon queen, With jewels on her brow; The cat is sleeping on the hearth, The bell has rung for tea, And not one living soul has come, What can the matter be? The day is gone, the night comes on And I will look no more, There! Bettie, dont you hear the bell, Somebody's at the door! There! Bettie, dont you hear the bell, Somebody's at the door! Somebody's at the door!