MAY 29 1918
©CLE426194

"I'LL BE DOWN AND MEET YOU"

Song

Lyric & Music - By
ALBERT HASKINS.

Vamp

Piano

Voice

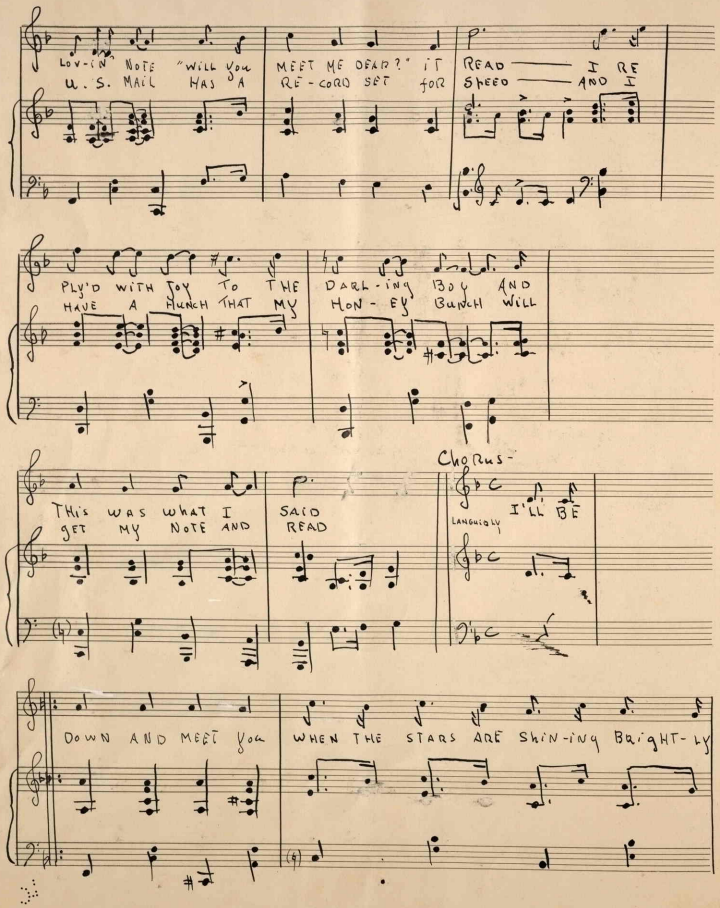
THERE'S A SOL - DIER TRUE WITH DEEP EYE'S of BLUE Who's EV - ER in MY DREAMS
MORN - ING NOON AND NIGHT I'VE A DREAD - FUL FRIGHT MY HEART GETS OF ITS BEAT

HE'S THE ON - LY ONE UN - DER - NEATH THE SUN AT
FOR I AM A - FRAID THAT MY LET - TER STRAY'D AND

LEAST THAT'S HOW IT SEEMS YES - TER DAY HE WROTE ME A
THEN WE WILL - NOT MEET STILL - IT CAN - NOT FAIL - FOR - THE

M1646
.H

Nr. 3—Carl Fischer, New York.


LOV-IN NOTE "WILL YOU MEET ME DEAR?" IT READ — I RE
U. S. MAIL HAS A RE-CORD SET FOR SPEED — AND I
PLY'D WITH JOY TO THE DARL-ING BOY AND
HAVE A HUNCH THAT MY HON-EY BUNCH WILL
THIS WAS WHAT I SAID
GET MY NOTE AND READ
Chorus-
LANGUIDLY
I'LL BE
DOWN AND MEET YOU WHEN THE STARS ARE SHIN-ING BRIGHT-LY

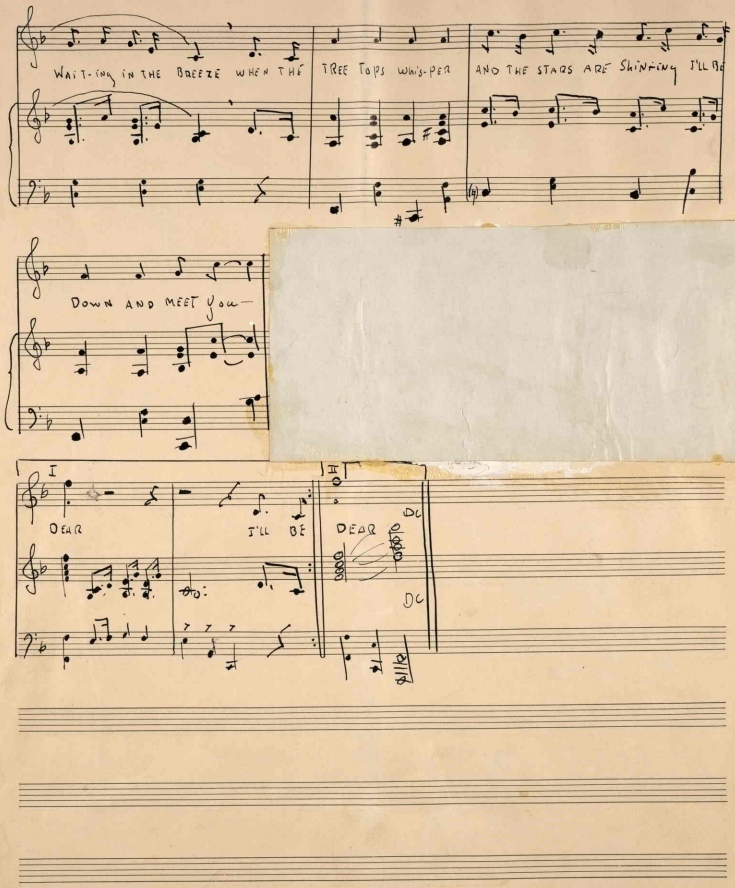
ON MY WIN-DOW PANE WHEN A CLOUD HAS

COV'ERD UP THE MOON THEN HAVE PA-TIENCE FOR I'M COM-ING SOON WHEN THE

WIND BLOWS LIGHT-LY THRU MY OP-EN WIN-DOW THEN I'LL LIS-TEN FOR YOUR CALL

8v p.p.

DOWN BY THE BROOK OR UN-DER-NEATH THE TREES THERE I'LL BE WAIT-ING


WAI-TING IN THE BREEZE WHEN THE TREE TOPS WHIS-PER AND THE STARS ARE SHINING I'LL BE
DOWN AND MEET YOU—
I
DEAR I'LL BE DEAR
DC
DC

432154

MAY 29 1918

I'll BE Down And Meet You

Song

Albert Haskins

1. There's a soldier true, with deep eyes of blue, who's ever in my dreams
He's the only one, underneath the sun, at least that's how it seems
Yesterday he wrote, me a lovin' note, "Will you meet me dear?" it read
I replied with joy, to the darling boy, and this was what I said:

Chorus:-

I'll be down and meet you when the stars are shining brightly on my window pane
When a cloud has cov'erd up the moon
Then have patience for I'm coming soon
When the wind blows lightly thru my open window then I'll listen for your call
Down by the brook or underneath the treas
There I'll be waiting waiting in the breeze
When the tree tops whisper and the stars are shining- I'll be down and meet you dear.

2. Morning noon and night, I've a dreadful fright, my heart gets off its beat
For I am afraid, that my note has stray'd, and then we will not meet
Still it cannot fail, for the U. S. mail, has a record set for speed
And I have a hunch, that my honey bunch, will get my note and read:-

Chorus:-