©CLE432500 Q. SEP 19 1918

One Afternoon

Words & Music by Wm Hartman

Valse Lente

Tempo

1. Far from my home, in a
2. Night with its calm, and the

Tempo

land cross the sea, While fight-ing for free-dom and de-moc-ra-cy,
camp fires a-gleam, ~~sweet dreams come throng-ing~~ sweet dreams come throng-ing, while yule stars beam.

my thoughts drift to you, of dreams that we knew, and the prom-ise you gave me, In
al-ways it seems dear, that I hear you say, I am watch-ing and waiting, For I

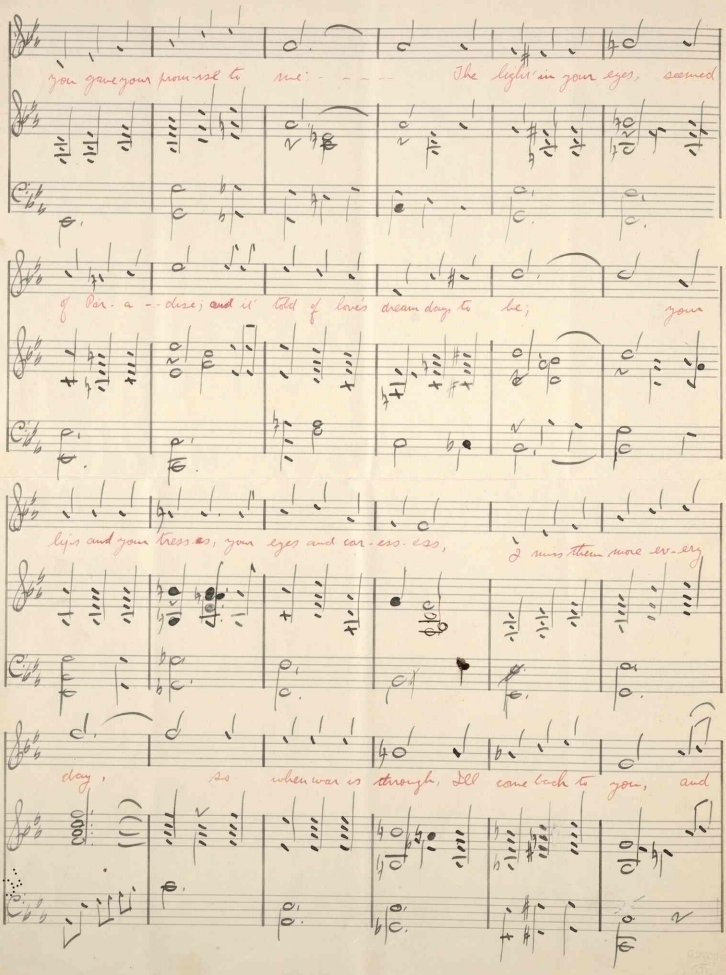
Chorus

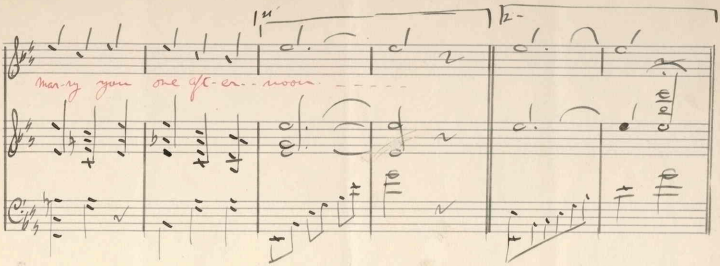
hold-ing you to.
Miss you each day.

One aft-er-noon, while love birds were sing-ing,

M1646
.H

4807 North Paulina street
Chicago Illinois


You gave your promise to me - - - - The light in your eyes, seemed
of Par-a--dise, and it told of love's dream days to be; your
lips and your tresses, your eyes and car-ess-ess, I miss them more ev-ery
day, so when war is through, I'll come back to you, and


mar-ry you one aft-er-noon

45556