THE CORN IS WAVING ANNIE DOES YOUR HEART BEAT TRUE

WORDS & MUSIC BY THURLAND CHATTAWAY

HARRY VON TILZER MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.
20 W. 42nd ST. NEW YORK, N.Y.
"The Corn Is Waving, Annie."
(Does Your Heart Beat True.)

Andante Moderato.

Words and Music
by Thurland Chattaway.

Piano.

Are you going to the city, Said a
Tell her every thing is ready, And I've

comrade to his pal, As they parted at the closing of a
built the home we planned, In the valley where we roamed in days of

day, I would like to send a message just a
And I've grown some old style flowers that she

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word to one who's there. For it seems a long time since she went a
loved in days gone by, And a bower of Ros-es bloom a-round the

way. Ev-ry flower that bows its head, Brings to mind the words she said, When the
door. Tell her when the day is gone, In the fields of Wav-ing Corn, All a-

Corn is Wav-ing dearest I'll come back and we will wed,
lone I'm sad-ly wait-ing till the break-ing of the dawn.

Chorus.
Marcia Moderato.

Tell her the Corn is Wav-ing, Down in the fields where the

The Corn is Waving etc. 3
breezes blow, Tell her the birds are singing,

There, where the wild flowers grow, Tell her that I'll be

waiting, Where the roses grew, Just

say the corn is waving Annie, Does your heart beat

true, true.

The Corn is Waving etc. 3
"The Corn Is Waving, Annie."
(Does Your Heart Beat True.)

QUARTETTE.

Arr. by Alfred J. Doyle.

TENOR.
Tell her the corn is waving, Down in the fields where the breezes blow.

MELODY.
Tell her the corn is waving, Down in the fields where the breezes blow.

BARITONE.
Tell her the corn is waving, Down in the fields where the breezes blow.

BASS.
Tell her the corn is waving, Down in the fields where the breezes blow.

Tell her that I'll be waiting, Where the roses grew, Just say the corn is waving, Annie does your heart beat true.

Tell her that I'll be waiting, Where the roses grew, Just say the corn is waving, Annie does your heart beat true.

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TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO
"Bye Bye Dearie."

Words by ANDREW B. STERLING.

CHORUS: Slowly.

Music by HARRY VON TILZER.

Bye-bye dearie, when your heart grows weary,

Dream of me, dearie and I'll dream of thee;

Don't be sighing, sweetheart stop your crying,

Bye-bye dearie don't grow weary, I'll be true.

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