

SM 2132

Next Sunday at Nine

or

"Dearie, Won't You Call Me Dearie"

by EVANS LLOYD

Moderato
gva

p L. H. (Chimes)
mf
pp
loco

p sostenuto

1. Hel - lo dear - ie my how sweet you look to - day,
2. Dream days al - ways since you named the wed - ding day,

p *sostenuto*

poco rall

Face so fair, gold - en hair bon - net trimmed with ro - ses.
All so bright, hearts so light for our hon - ey - moon - ing.

poco rall

pp a tempo

Gold - en sun - beams, on your face just love to play,
Or - ange blos - soms, for the bride, a - long the way,

pp *a tempo*

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And your eyes can't dis - guise love - light oft' re - po ses;
 Ro - ses too just for you 'Round the door a bloom - ing;

Won - der if' you knew That I'm so proud of you.
 Hon - ey can't you see You're all the world to me.

REFRAIN

p-f
 Dear - ie _____ won't you call me dear - ie, _____ 'Cause it's draw - ing

"near - ie" _____ to our wed - ding day _____ Next Sun - day

Dear - ie — dont you let us tar - ry — you and I to mar - ry —

In the Summer time — And the same old chimes —

(Chimes)

We have heard many times — And next Sunday at — nine —

You'll for - ev - er be mine. — mine. —

1 2 D.C.

sfz D.C.

sfz

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