

To
Miss Annie H. Newcomer.
Indianapolis.

You'll never GUESS?

BALLAD

WORDS BY

Anon.

MUSIC BY

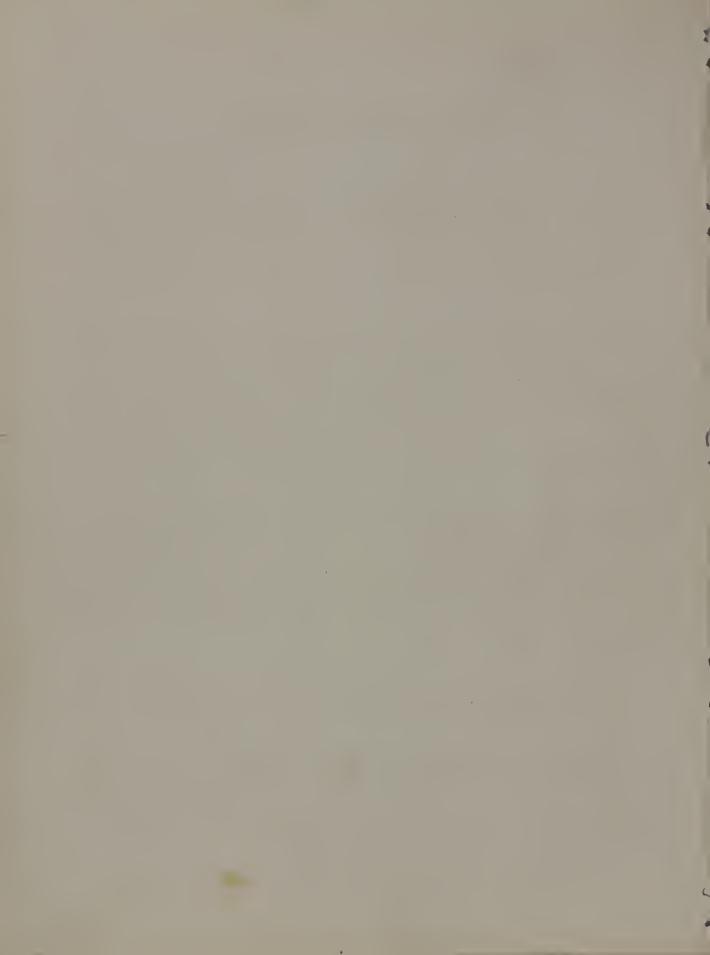
ALFRED CROBYN.

35

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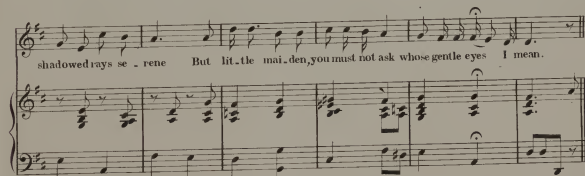
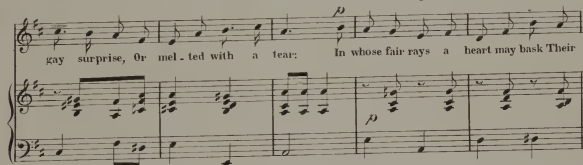
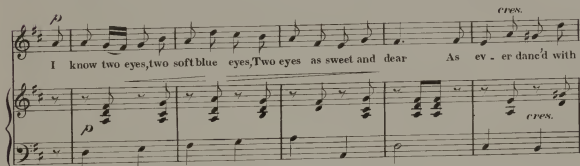


YOU'LL NEVER GUESS.

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BY A. G. ROBYN.

Allegretto.



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mf

I know a voice of fa - ry tone, Like brooklet in the June, That sings to please it

ppp

self a - lone, A lit - tle old world tune Whose mus - ic haunts the listener's ear; And

8

will not leave it free; But I shall nev - er tell you, dear whose accents they may be

8-..... loco.

mf

I know a gol-den heart-ed maid, For whom I've built a shrine. A leaf-y nook of

p *cren.*

murmurous shade Deep in this heart of mine; And in that calm and cool re-cess To

p

make her home she came But oh! you'd nev-er nev-er guess That lit-tle maid-ens name

