

INSCRIBED TO ALL THE GIRLS

SONG

Tapping at the Window

OR
VILLAGE COURTSHIP

WORDS BY

A. B. N.

Music by

T.H.E. HOLDER. ESQ.



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TAPPING AT THE WINDOW



Words by A PEN.

Music by THE HOLDER.

PIACERE.

Di molto.

Yes,—there he is — I see him; The lamp his shadow throws A —

He's tapping at the window, And peeping o'er the blind;— 'Tis

cross the sur-fain't window; He's stepping on his toes! He'll

rea-ly most sur-prising, He nev-er learns to mind! 'Twas

nev-er think of tap-ping, Or mak-ing a-ny din; A

on-ly yes-ter evening, As in the dark we sat, My

knock, though e'en the slightest, Is worse than look-ing in! Tap!

mother asked me sharply "Pray, Ma-ry, who is that?" Who's

tap! would a-ny think it? He nev-er learns to mind, 'Tis

that, indeed! your certain How much you made me start; Men

rea - ly most sur - prising — He thinks my mother blind!

seem to lose their wisdom, When - e'er they lose their heart.

3

'Tis plain I must go to him;
 It's no use now to cough; —
 I'll ope the door just softly,
 If but to send him off!
 'Tis well if from the door step
 He be not shortly hurled —
 Oh, men, there ne'er was trouble
 'Till ye came in the world!
 Stop tapping at the window,
 And peeping o'er the blind;
 Oh, man, but you're a trouble,
 And that we maidens find!