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1911

# By The Old Rustic Seat I'll Be Waiting

Ed Smalle

*Composer*

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# BY THE OLD RUSTIC SEAT I'LL BE WAITING



BY  
**ED SMALLE**

Bagaduce Music  
Lending Library  
Blue Hill, Maine  
Dec 11 1914

Published by  
**A. C. HARRIMAN Co.**  
218 TREMONT ST., BOSTON, MASS.

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Vp. 000663  
1911  
By THE

# TRY THIS OVER ON YOUR PIANO

Respectfully dedicated to M. E. W. Dorchester, Mass.

## You Will Always Be The Same Dear Little Girl To Me

CHORUS  
*with feeling*

Words and Music by AL. HARRIMAN

You will al - ways be the same dear lit - tle girl to me, \_\_\_\_\_

My love for you dear - ie, true will al - ways be, \_\_\_\_\_

As down life's stream we both glide, You will find me by your side,

You will al - ways be the same dear lit - tle girl to me. \_\_\_\_\_

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Boston, Mass.

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## BY THE OLD RUSTIC SEAT I'LL BE WAITING

by ED. SMALLE

Andante moderato

'Tis har-vest time way down in old New Eng-land The  
'Tis spring-time 'now the birds are sweet-ly sing-ing She's

As-tumn day is draw-ing to a close — O'er the dis-tant hills the sun is slow-ly  
wait-ing by the rus-tic seat a-lone — But with-in her heart a throb of joy is

sink-ing All na-ture seems to rest in sweet re- pose By a  
ring-ing He's come-ing back a-gain to claim his own In

rus - tic seat a lad and lass are stray - ing He's  
fan - cy now she hears his foot - steps near - ing In

loved and wooed and won her heart di - vine "When the  
fan - cy now she feels his food car - eers Now she

spring-time comes a - gain," he's soft - ly say - ing "I am  
hears his voice and from the dream a wa - kens Just to

come - ing back to claim you sweet heart mine"  
hear him say to her with ten - der - ness

CHORUS *Valse lento (Slow)*

By the old rustic seat I'll be wait - ing Down by our old trysting place \_\_\_\_\_ Where the

*ten.*  
birds in the tree tops are mate - ing will sing of your beau - ty and grace. \_\_\_\_\_ Then to -

geth - er we'll stroll thro' the wild - wood When the vi - o - lets bloom at your feet \_\_\_\_\_ As they

did in the days of our child - hood Down by the old rus - tic seat. \_\_\_\_\_

*rit.*

Boston, Anytime

Dear Friends—

Regret to say that  
I find it impossible to keep  
my engagements this week, but—  
"I'd Like to See You Sunday  
In the Afternoon!"

Sincerely hoping  
this will find you in the mood to  
purchase the catchiest, prettiest,  
 breeziest—walty—song of the season.

I am, yours truly,

A. C. Harriman & Co.  
218 Tremont-st.  
Boston.

P.S. Ask to hear it played— shall  
be glad to mail you a copy for  
25¢ in stamps