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I'd Like To Tell Your Fortune Dearie

Words by
HARRY WILLIAMS

Music by
EGBERT VAN ALSTYNE

Moderato elegante

A Summer night, the moon was bright,
A maiden coy, A southern
booth, At their church fair, And Whispered:

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breeze, that fanned the trees, And then a boy, A little
"Tom give me your palm, Why I declare, A trip I

walk, a little talk, A bench for
see, perhaps with me, Its up to
two, Then he said, "Oh, my! There's something I would like to do,
you, And if I look twice I may find rice, and old shoes too."

CHORUS.
I'd like to tell your fortune, dearie, Please let me
try, I'd like to make your future clearer, nearer to me, and dearer, I am going to ask no questions.

You understand, I'd like to tell your fortune, just to hold your hand. I'd hand.