

WHEN THE MAPLE LEAVES WERE FALLING



by TELL TAYLOR

WRITER OF
DOWN by the OLD MILLSTREAM



LA-CE SISTERS

TELL TAYLOR
MUSIC PUBLISHER
NEW YORK CHICAGO

When The Maple Leaves Were Falling

By TELL TAYLOR

Comp. of "Down By The Old Mill Stream" etc.

In slow waltz time

mf

p

rall

cresc.

Sweet-heart, the sun - set is gleam ing —
Long years have passed since we wan - dered —

Far in the gold - en west, — That is the time that I'm
Down that old sha - dy lane, — Your eyes to me are as

dream - ing, Of one that I love best; _____
 bright dear, Your love is just the same; _____

Time can not change my af - fec - tion, Tho' it is
 No flow'r that grows could be sweet - er, Kissed by the

years since we met. You gave me your love and
 morn - ing dew. This is my sto - ry and

I gave you mine, That's why I can not for - get. _____
 all I can say, Is that I want you, just you. _____

REFRAIN *Slow and with expression.*

When the map - le leaves were fall - ing, And the sky was turn - ing

gold, Down the lane we strolled to - geth - er, There our tales of love we

told; — You were dressed up in your ging - ham, Just as sweet as you could

be, When the map - le leaves were fall - ing, You gave your love to me.

When The Maple Leaves Were Falling

5

MALE QUARTET

Arr. by Chas. Miller.

Slow
p

1st TENOR
2nd TENOR

When the ma-ple leaves were fall-ing, And the sky was turn-ing

BARITONE SOLO

When the ma-ple leaves were fall-ing, And the sky was turn-ing.

BASS

p

gold, Down the lane we strolled to-geth-er, There our tales of love we

gold, Down the lane we strolled to-geth-er, There our tales of love we

told, we told; You were dressed up in your ging-ham, Just as sweet as you could

told; — You were dressed up in your ging-ham, Just as sweet as you could

rall *rit.*

be, — When the ma-ple leaves were fall-ing, You gave your love to me, to me.

rall *rit.*

be, — When the ma-ple leaves were fall-ing, You gave your love to me, to me.

rit. me.

BEAUTIFUL HOME SONGS

REFRAIN. *p* **Mother of Mine** GEO. A. LITTLE
and
J. D. STANLEY.

Moth-er of mine, moth-er of mine, Seems that you're al-ways be-side me Your eyes di-vine ev-er will shine,

Through all my sor-row you guide me When on the day I pass a-way, To that new land of sun shine, A

f

REFRAIN. Slow with expression. **Bless the Day I First Met You** TELL TAYLOR & CHAS. MILLER.

Bless the day I first met you; How the sun was shin-ing down, Ev-ry thing was bright and gay In that

lit-tle coun-try town, (where you lived) You were like a red, red rose, And your cheeks were blushing too;

REFRAIN. Very slow. **To Morrow May Bring Me You** GEORGE A. LITTLE & CHAS. A. PIERCE

-mor-row may bring us the sun shine, And still it might bring us some rain, To -

-mor-row may bring us some sor-row, That might fill our hearts, with pain; A -

Tell Taylor

Music
Publisher

GRAND OPERA HOUSE
CHICAGO

Lilly
M
248
by 215
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