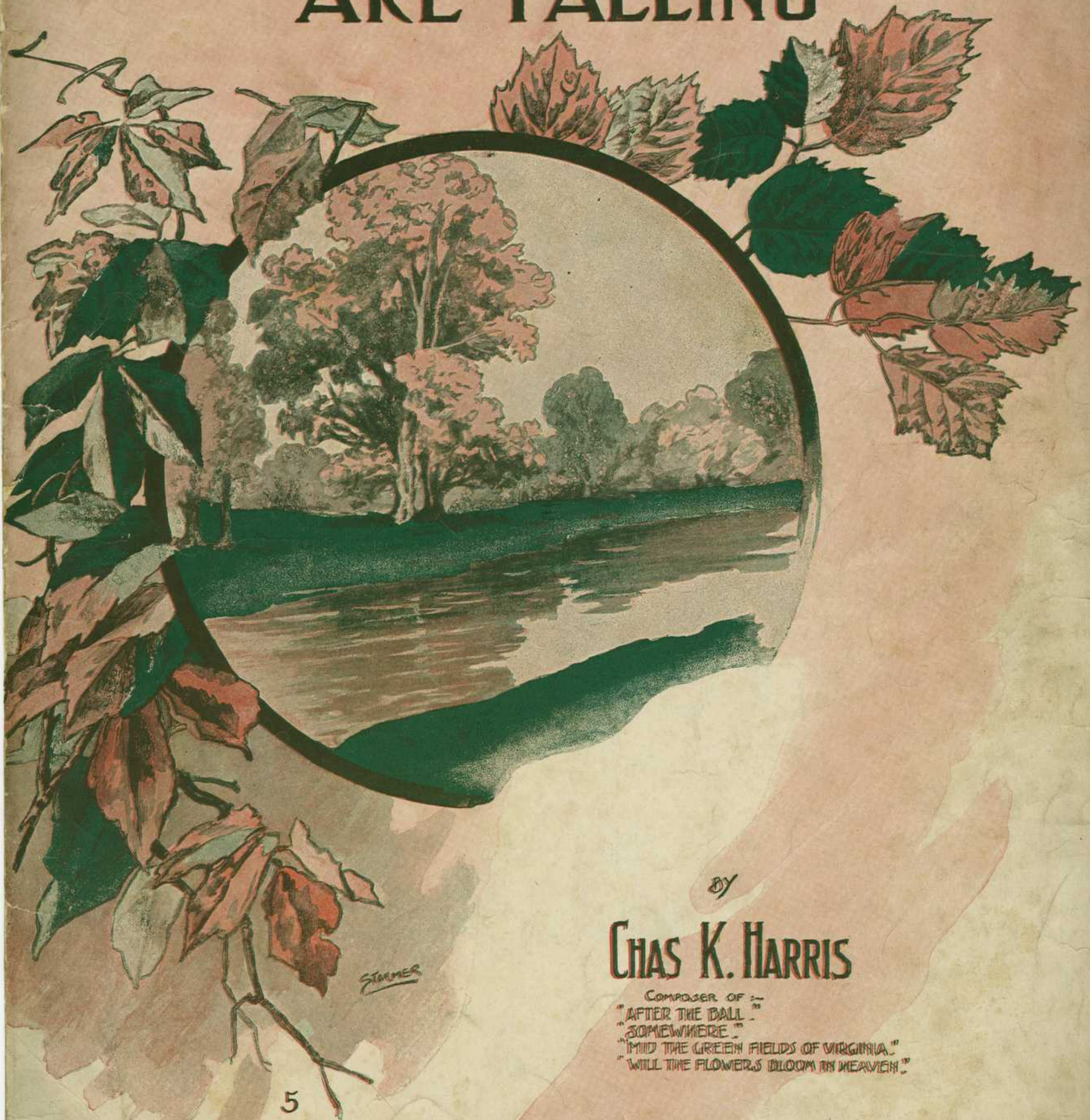


WHEN THE GOLDEN LEAVES ARE FALLING



by
CHAS K. HARRIS

COMPOSER OF:
"AFTER THE BALL"
"SOMEWHERE"
"MID THE GREEN FIELDS OF VIRGINIA"
"WILL THE FLOWERS BLOOM IN HEAVEN?"

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PUBLISHED BY
CHAS. K. HARRIS
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"MILWAUKEE"
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CHAS. SHEARD & CO. LONDON.



Try this over on your Piano.
I Never Knew Till Now.

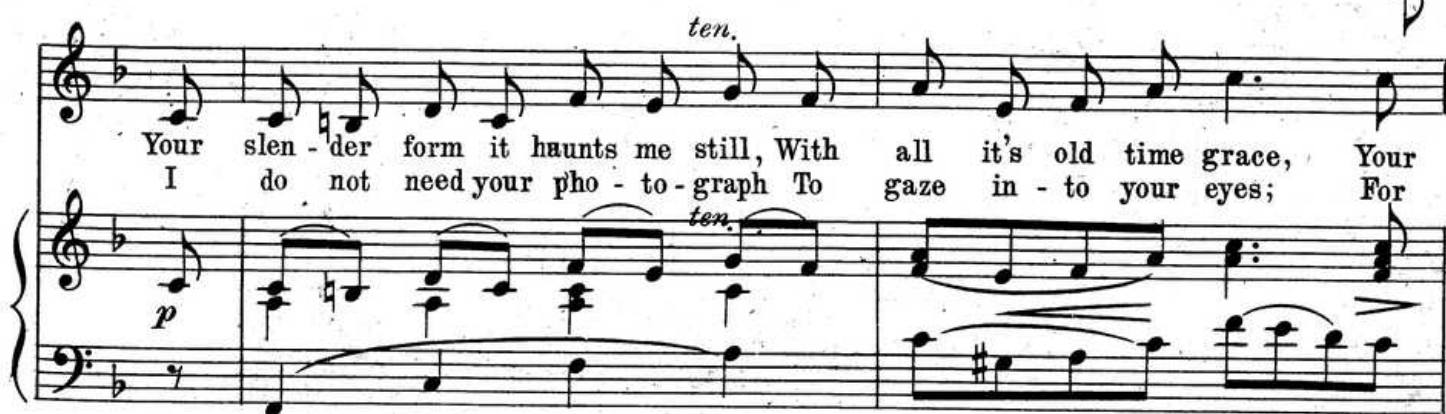
Moderato.

CHAS. K. HARRIS.



mf

rall. dim.



ten.

Your slen - der form it haunts me still, With all it's old time grace, Your
I do not need your pho - to - graph To gaze in - to your eyes; For

p



art - less guile, your sun - ny smile, Your sweet and charm - ing face. — There's
deep with - in my heart of hearts, Your im - age ev - er lies. — In



ten.

not a dawn that breaks, dear love, But brings me back to you; There's
wak - ing or in dream - ing dear, In pleas - ure or in tears, My

ten.

ten.

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By CHAS. K. HARRIS.

Andante con moto.

mf *dim.* *pp*

When the gold - en leaves are fall - ing, Fall - ing on the Au - tumn
 When the gold - en leaves are fall - ing, And the night grows long and
 dew. 'Mid the cool and sha - dy bow - ers, There my thoughts will turn to
 cold. And the winds moan thro' the raf - ters, Bring - ing back those days of
 you. How the leaves a - wak - en mem' - ries,
 old. Then from out the clouds of dark - ness,

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poco meno mosso

Beat - ing time with hearts so true;
Comes a light so bright and clear;

And when night comes soft - ly
And a breath of Heav - en

poco meno mosso

rall.

steal - ing,
tells me,

Then I wish I were with you.
That you're long - ing for me dear.

mf *dim.* *rall.* *ten.* *ten.*

REFRAIN.

When the gold - en leaves are fall - ing, And the fields have turned to

mf

brown. And the gen - tle breeze of Sum - mer,

Chang-es to its win-try gown. Then dream fac-es glide be-

fore me, With sweet smiles of love so rare.

poco meno mosso
And I'm wond'-ring, Oh my darl-ing, Do you miss me, do you

poco meno mosso *f* *p* *con tenerezza*

1. care? 2. care?

mf *dim.* *pp* *D.S.* *L.H.*

When the golden & c.3

TELLER, SONS & DORNER.
NEW-YORK.

Popular Favorites By The Most Popular Composers.

I Want to Buy a Little Bit of Love.

CHAS. K. HARRIS.

CHORUS. *Moderato*.

I want to buy a lit-tle bit of love, A lit-tle ti-ny bit; My Ma-ma's 'way up in the sky a-bove, 'way up a-bove. You see, I

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Don't Give Me Diamonds, All I Want Is You.

CHAS. K. HARRIS.

CHORUS. *Valse moderato*.

"Don't give me dia-monds, all I want is you;... I want your love, dear, I want you to be true;... Pre-cious jew-els,

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It's The Same Old Me.

Words by ARTHUR GILLESPIE.

(But Not The Same Old Girl.)

Music by TERRY SHERMAN.

REFRAIN.

It's the same old sum-mer's night, It's the same old sum-mer breeze, It's the same old moon a shin-ing Thro' the same old sway-ing trees, It's the

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Dear Heart Of Mine.

Lyric by HARRY D. KERR.

Music by PAUL RUBENS.

REFRAIN. *Maestoso*.

Dear heart of mine, My heart is thine, More than life's ev-'ry plea-sure; Your love a-lone I trea-sure. For you I pine, Fond heart di-vine,

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My Sweetheart's Favorite Waltz.

Lyric by ARTHUR GILLESPIE.

Music by TERRY SHERMAN.

REFRAIN. *Slowly*.

'Twas my sweetheart's fav-or-ite waltz, fav-or-ite waltz, fav-or-ite waltz, Af-ter the ball is o-ver seems to re-call, gold-en days,...

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Star Of My Dreams Shine On.

Lyric by ARTHUR J. LAMB.

Music by JOHN T. HALL.

REFRAIN. *Moderato*.

Star of my dreams, shine on,.... Tho' ev-'ry hope seems vain,.... Star of my dreams, shine on,.... Bring back Love's day, a-gain!...

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Nobody Knows, Nobody Cares.

CHAS. K. HARRIS.

CHORUS. *Slowly*.

No-bod-y knows when I am lone-ly, No-bod-y cares if my heart breaks; No-bod-y knows when tears are fall-ing, Fall-ing per-haps for

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In The City Where Nobody Cares.

CHAS. K. HARRIS.

REFRAIN.

She came to the cit-y where no-bod-y cares, As thousands have wandered be-fore.... And it's there she will stay, till they lay her a-

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Give An Imitation Of Me.

By BLANCHE MERRILL.

REFRAIN.

And give an im-i-ta-tion of me,..... Give an im-i-ta-tion of me,..... Rush a-round the stage and fuz-zle up your hair,

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Wait Till We Gather In The Golden Corn.

Lyric by SAM L. LEWIS.

Music by LEO BENNETT.

CHORUS.

Wait till we gath-er in the gold-en corn, gold-en dawn, gold-en morn. You'll find me wait-ing on the mos-sy lawn, With a har-vest of

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