TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO

To our Friend Joseph T. Sayward, Portland, Me.

In Autumn Time
(I Love You So)

Words by
ARTHUR E. BUCKNAM

Music by
JACOB HENRY ELLIS
Composer of
"Song I Heard One Sunday Morn"

Andante moderato

Autumn leaves turning crimson and gold, Summer's last

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"When It's Twilight Neath the Old New England Hills"

Lyric by
ARTHUR E. BUCKNAM

Music by
JACOB HENRY ELLIS

Andante con espress.

1 My tender fancies stray afar, unto a village fair, Where
2 I wonder if you still recall the days that once we knew, When

neath the hills the sunset shadows fall; A down a path I wander to a
we were sweethearts, dear, just you and I; Though passing years oft bring a change, my

Little home-stead there, The dearest spot my heart can e'er recall.
I heart still holds but you, The same as when we kissed a sad good-by.

Catch the scent of roses fair that twine about the door,
While going back again, dear heart, where dreams oft bid me stray.

Crimson sun-beams softly glow on high,
Beside the quaint old rustic gate I view again those dear old scenes of yore;

Where neath the hills all glowing with the sun-set's golden ray,
True love may bring us heart to heart once more.

greet as once of yore, The girl I loved in days so long gone

When it's Twilight etc., 3
When the village chimes ring out across the valley, And with an echo sweet the woodland fills, In my heart a sweet refrain wakens loves old song again, When it's twilight neath the old New England hills.
TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO

To Miss Beatrice H. Gross, Syracuse, N. Y.

"The Path That Leads To You"

Music by JACOB HENRY ELLIS

Lyric by ARTHUR E. BUCKNAM

Moderato con molto espress

The days flow in - to years, dear heart, Their bright - ened sun - sets fade,

Sweet-heart though fond - est hopes may die, And dark clouds hide the sun,

Though oft - en turn to tears, dear heart, As sun - shine in - to shade; And dreams fade one by one,

Silent tears pe - dim the eye. There