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Before the Green Leaves Turn to Gold.

WALTZ SONG

WORDS BY
GEO. COOPER.

MUSIC BY
J. P. SKELLY.

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Soprano or Tenor.

Mezzo Soprano or Alto.

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MEZZO-SOPRANO OR ALTO.

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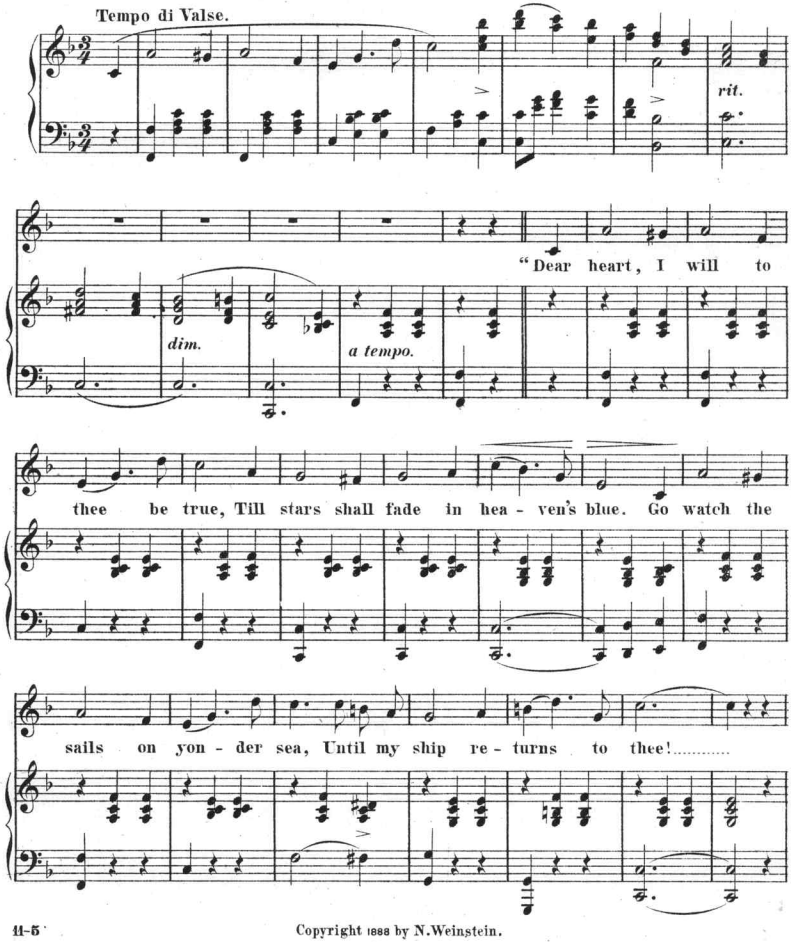

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Back to my own o'er the bil-lows of blue, Back to the love that is

faith-ful and true, Close to my heart I'll my dar-ling en-fold, Be-

-fore the green leaves turn to gold!"

f

p

Ah! be-fore the green leaves turn to gold, What storms may gloom the

p

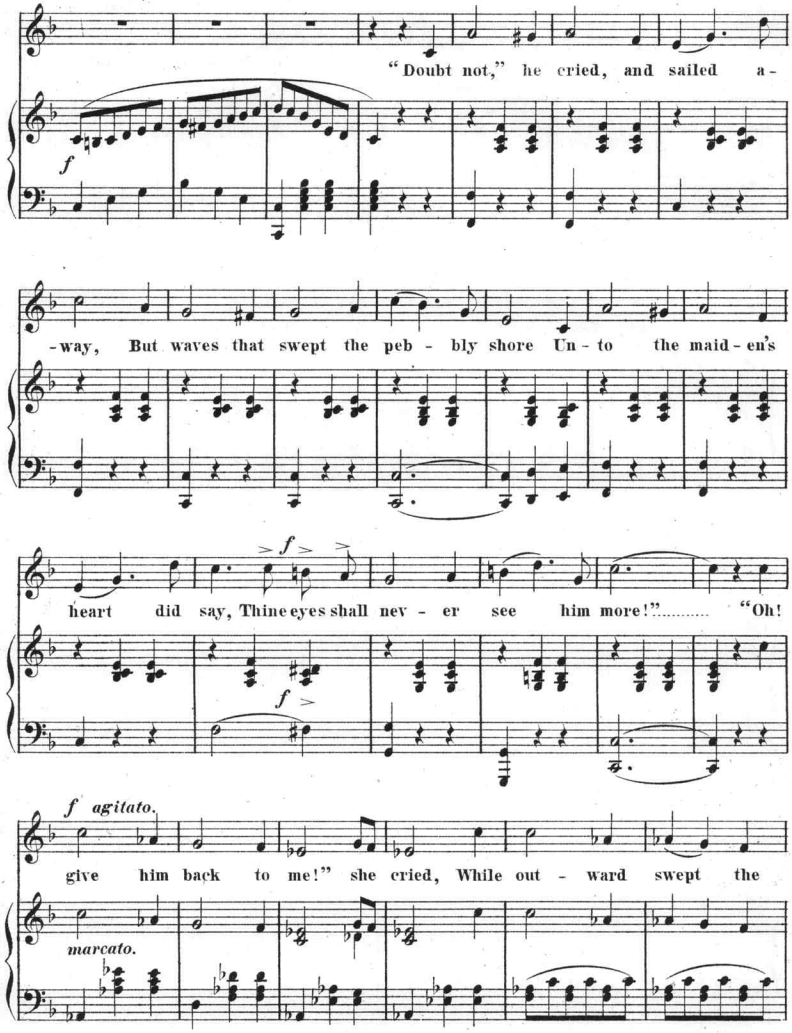
sky!..... Oh, whis - per will thy heart grow cold, While days are

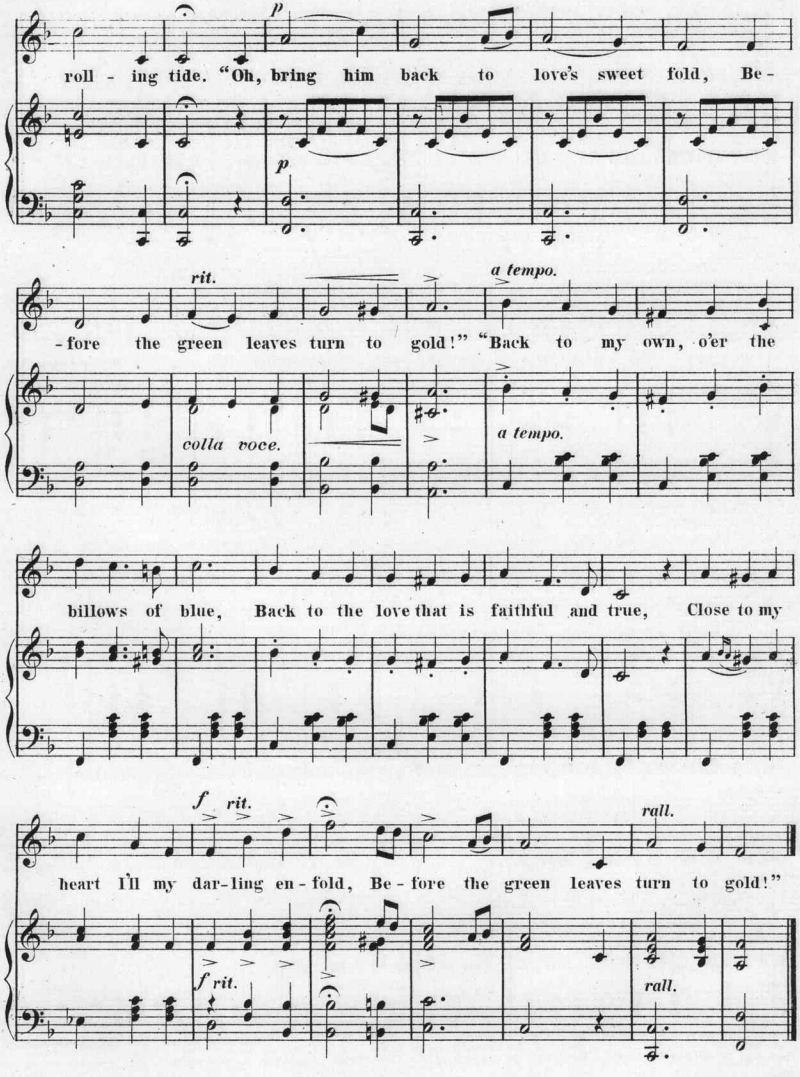
pass - ing by?..... Far bright - er smiles may greet thine own In

p

lands be - yond the sea,"..... The maid - en sighed, "while

sad and lone I watch and weep for thee!"..... .....


"Doubt not," he cried, and sailed a-
f
-way, But waves that swept the peb - bly shore Un - to the maid - en's
f
heart did say, Thine eyes shall nev - er see him more!"..... "Oh!
f
f agitato.
give him back to me!" she cried, While out - ward swept the
marcato.


p
roll - ing tide. "Oh, bring him back to love's sweet fold, Be-
p
rit.
a tempo.
-fore the green leaves turn to gold!" "Back to my own, o'er the
colla voce.
a tempo.
billows of blue, Back to the love that is faithful and true, Close to my
f rit.
rall.
heart I'll my dar-ling en-fold, Be-fore the green leaves turn to gold!"
f rit.
rall.

PRETTY LITTLE HATTIE DEAN. Ballad by Howard S. Vickers. (Lithograph Title.) Price 40 cts.

1. In a co - zy.... lit - tle cot-tage, Far down in a sha - dy lane, Where a weep - ing wil - low guards it From the sun - shine and the
2. While the twilight sha - dows lin - ger, And the cares of day she's free, You can see her with her fa - ther, Sit - ting 'neath the wil - low
3. When the stars from the sky are peep-ing, And the moon is shin - ing bright, And the dew does kiss the ros - es In the still - ness of the

etc.

rain, There's a lit - tle black-haired maid-en, In her beau - ty reign - ing queen, And the vil - lage peo - ple call her Pret - ty lit - tle Hat - tie Dean,
tree, For there is a place that's va - cant, And a mother dear should be seen, But she died and left her bless - ing On sweet lit - tle Hat - tie Dean,
night, May the an - gels guard this mai - den From the world's ma - ny sad scenes, And al - ways show'r hap - py bless - ings On sweet lit - tle Hat - tie Dean,

BURNISHED AND BRIGHT ARE MY ARMS. Song for Baritone, by Edmond Reyloff. Price 40 cts.

Allegro marziale.

Bur - nish'd and bright are my arms, Boot - ed and spurr'd am I, am I; My steed is champ - ing his bit, I

rit. *a tempo.* *fp*

wait to breathe "Good - bye," Good - bye, my love, till I come With glo - rious news from a - far; Good-bye, my love, till I come With

f *f*

glo - rious news from a - far! How the foe - men bit the dust To conquerors in the war. How the foe - men bit the dust, *etc.*

I'D SOONER BE LUCKY THAN RICH. Motto Song & Chorus, by Ned. Straight. Price 40 cts.

Moderato.

1. Some folks in this wide world are nev - er con - tent, With a nice lit - tle wife and no mon - ey. But love can't be bought, it will
2. I know a young man who has plen - ty of gold, And he loves a young girl to dis - trac - tion. He of - fer'd his for - tune to

etc.

CHORUS.

I'd soon - er be luck - y than rich. I'd soon - er be luck - y than rich. Tho' its nice to have wealth, Yet I'd rath - er have health,

etc.

LITTLE BRIGHT EYE. Waltz Song & Chorus, by Fred. A. Rothstein. (Lithograph Title.) Price 40 cts.

etc.

1. Prai - rie flow'r of grace and splen - dor, Lit - tle Bright Eye trips a - long! Oh! her glance, so soft and ten - der, Thrills us
2. Where the sil - v'ry brook - let, sing - ing, Wan - ders on its rip - pling way, Joy - ous as the blue - bird wing - ing, Lit - tle
1. Prai - rie flow'r so sweet and lov - ing, Lit - tle Bright Eye ev - er bloom! Through the dell and for - est rov - ing, Nev - er

CHORUS.

Lit - tle Bright Eye! Lit - tle Bright Eye! Still for - ev - er hap - py be; Peer-less fai - ry of the prai - rie, *etc.*

THE LAND WE'VE FOUGHT AND BLED FOR. Patriotic Song & Chorus, by J. F. Mitchell. Price 40 cts.

Moderato Allegro.

etc.

1. Some peo - ple rave of "I - tal - y," of "Eng-land," "France," and "Spain," Like "birds of pas - sage," ev - 'ry year, they flock a-cross the main,
2. Wher - e'er our flag waves in the breeze, there "Lib - er - ty" is seen, Each man throughout the land is king, each wo-man is a queen,
3. We've no dis - tinct - ive "North or South," in u - ni - ty we stand, As broth - ers bound to - geth - er by the best blood in the land,

CHORUS. Marciale.

etc.

The land of the "stars and the stripes" for me, The ref - uge of na - tions, The home of the free; My heart's in Co - lum - bia,

MY DEAR ONE GONE AWAY. Song & Chorus, by Harry Allen. Price 40 cts.

Andante.

etc.

1. Now I see my lov'd one's face a - gain, When I'm sit - ting all a - lone, In the si - lent hour of mid - night, Of the dear one who has gone!
2. She has gone a - cross the riv - - er, To the shores for - ev - er green, And I long to see her dear face, But the riv - er rolls be - tween,
3. Some day I will sure - ly meet her On the riv - er's far-ther side, Where no grief can o - ver - whelm - us, O'er the riv - er dark and wide!

CHORUS.

etc.

And my heart is vain - ly call - ing Through the shadows dim and gray; For the loved one who has left me, Her my dear one gone a - way.

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