When The Maple Leaves Were Falling

By TELL TAYLOR
Comp.of “Down By The Old Mill Stream” etc.

In slow waltz time

Sweet-heart, the sunset is gleaming
Long years have passed since we wandered

Far in the golden west,
That is the time that I'm
Down that old shady lane,
Your eyes to me are as

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dreaming, Of one that I love best;
bright dear, Your love is just the same;

Time can not change my affection, Tho' it is
No flow'r that grows could be sweeter, 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 maple leaves were falling, And the sky was turning gold,
Down the lane we strolled together, There our tales of love we told;
You were dressed up in your gingham, Just as sweet as you could be,
When the maple leaves were falling, You gave your love to me.
When The Maple Leaves Were Falling

MALE QUARTET

Arr. by Chas. Miller.

1st TENOR

2nd TENOR

BARITONE

SOLO

BASS

Slow

When the maple leaves were falling, And the sky was turning gold,
Down the lane we strolled together, There our tales of love we told, we told; You were dressed up in your gingham, Just as sweet as you could be,
When the maple leaves were falling, You gave your love to me, to me.

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