"I'm Coming Back To Dear old Maple Land"

WORDS & MUSIC BY

REGINALD C. STEER

LONDON, TORONTO, MELBOURNE,
HARRY H. SPARKS.

J. A. Goodcraft
PIANOS, ORGANS
FRONT ST. BELLEVILLE

I'm Coming Back To Dear Old Maple Land.

Words and Music by
R. C. STEER.

Andante

f *p*

The sum-mer day was end - ed, and the sun had sunk to rest, The
Now two long years are o - ver since I left my own dear land, And

eve-ning shadows crept a-broad, and stole from east to west; The bells were soft-ly ring-ing, in the
for-tune has up-on me smiled, here in this for-eign strand; But tho' be-neath an al - ien flag be-

vill-age 'cross the bay, As the steam-er left the land-ing, and I slow-ly sailed a-way.
neath a smil-ing sky, For dear Map - le Land I'm long-ing, for dear Map-le Land I'd die.

rit. *rit.*

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On the pier my friends had gath-ered, Friends I'd known for many-a-day, They
In all my wan-der-ings a-broad, I've found no land like thee There's

said "Re-mem-ber Map-le Land when you are far a-way." My
many-a land that seems as fair, but none that is so free. So

heart felt sad and lone as those fast dim-ing shores I scan'd, I
when the Au-tumn comes a-gain so glo-ri-ous so grand, I'm

rall. *ten.*

cried, "Fare-well, I'm com-ing back, some day to Map-le Land.
com-ing back, I'm com-ing back, to dear old Map-le Land.

ten.

rall.

CHORUS.

a tempo

In the Au - tumn when the map - le leaves are fall - ing, And the

a tempo

trees up - on the hill are blush - ing red When from

high a - mong the boughs, the birds are call - ing, Then it

is I'm long - ing for dear Map - le Land; In a

cot - tage 'neath the map - les by the riv - er, Waits a

maid - en with a heart thats ev - er true, And she's

wait - ing there to wel - come back her lov - er, So I'm

rit.

com - ing back to dear old Map - le Land.

rit.

Respectfully dedicated to Mrs A. RAMSEY.

Beyond the Sky.

Words by
BOYLE LAPERRIERE.

Music by
LEWIS OWEN

Slowly

Though the cur-tain's dropped to day, love
Flow'rs that with-ered in our grasp, love

Very Slow.

pp

p

And the light is veiled from view; Though all joy has gone a - stray, love
Ere their sweet-est pet - als shed; Bloom a - bove in fade-less clasp, love

f cresc.

p

And but grief is born a - new. Heav-en's star is bright-ly gleam-ing,
Where in mist - y dreams they fled. Hopes that here are lost and blight-ed,

dim.

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