TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO

To Miss Bessie H. Goss, Syracuse, N.Y.

"The Path That Leads To You"

Lyric by
ARThUR E. BUCKNAM

Music by
JACOB HENRY ELLIS

Valse moderato

Moderato con molto espress

The days flow into years, dear heart, Their bright-hued sunsets fade, Smiles
Sweet-heart, though fond-est hopes may die, And dark clouds hide the sun, Though

often turn to tears, dear heart, As sunshine into shade; Mid
silent tears bedim the eye And dreams fade one by one, There

In the Haven of My Heart

Lyric by
ARTHUR E. BUCKNAM

Music by
JACOB HENRY ELLIS

To Miss Ida M. Stewart, Portland, Me.

Valse moderato

The whole world gleamed so bright and fair; Sweet-heart, when first you came My
For you and me a-lone, dear heart, the sun-beams seem to shine Love's

path seemed filled with roses rare, When love first breathed your name; From
garden seems a world a-part, Just your world, dear, and mine: The

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mid the blossoms wonderful sweet, Your eyes looked into mine. And
roses wear a deeper hue, The stars more brightly glow. The

in their depths I found complete, A tale of love divine
dawn seems filled with glories new; Sweet heart, I love you so

CHORUS

My dearest hope has been fulfilled, My fondest

con passioné

dream come true The long love quest that Fate had

In the Haven etc.
willed  End-ed when I found you  Though lone-ly

seemed the way and drear, We were so far a-

part  You'll find at last love's goal so
dear, In the haven of my heart

In the Haven etc.
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

roses gently unfold, Soft tranquil splendor,

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