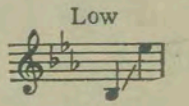
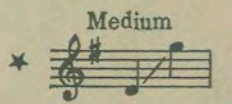
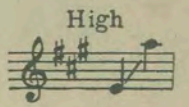


# FALLEN LEAF



WORDS BY VIRGINIA K. LOGAN  
MUSIC BY FREDERIC KNIGHT LOGAN  
60



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# FALLEN LEAF



Poem by  
VIRGINIA K. LOGAN

An Indian Love Song

Music by  
FREDERIC KNIGHT LOGAN  
Opus 101

*Not too fast*



*Not too fast*

*p a tempo* *pp*

2 Ped. Indian Drum

*Mournfully*

Dim - ly fade the stars at dawn,  
When the woods are deep with snow

Soft - ly glows the morn-ing's ray,  
And the-stars give forth no ray,  
Thru the pines the West wind blows  
Thou art then my Moon by night

*rubato*

O - ver moun-tains gray. — From my lodge thin lines of smoke  
And my Sun by day. — When the Spring-time blooms a - gain,

Echo *pp* *f* *r.h.* *l.h.*

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Rise to heav'n's blue sky, To the hill-tops lift thine eyes,  
 When the soft winds sigh, From the hills a voice you'll hear,

*Mournfully*

Hear thy lov-er's cry.  
 'Tis thy lov-er's cry.

Indian Flute

*f accel.* *rit. pp*

**REFRAIN**

Thru the for-est - Lone I'm roam-ing,

*p Very strict tempo and well marked*

8 *stacc.*

My heart's call-ing, - Fall - en Leaf,



*p*

With the dawn-ing, — I am com-ing —

*p*

8

To thy lodge, — Fall - en Leaf, —

*p* *marcato*

Red. \* Red. \* Red. \* Red.\*Red.\* Red. \* Red. \*

8

*f*

Thru the for-est — Lone — I'm roam-ing, —

*f*

8

My heart's call-ing; — Fall - en Leaf, —

8

*p*

With the dawn-ing, I am com-ing

*p*

8

To thy lodge, Fall - en Leaf.

*2<sup>d</sup> Verse al Coda*

*Slower*

Hear my

*l.h.* *rit.* *3* *rit.* *r.h.*

*Red.* \* *Red.* \*

*D.S. al Coda* **CODA**

cry Ah! Ah - hoo!

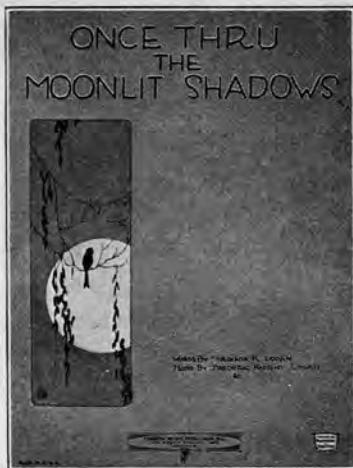
*trem.* *rit.* *l.h.* *pp ppp*

*Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \*

*rit.* *Indian Drum* *2 Pedals* \* *Red.* \*



9404



# "Once Thru the Moonlit Shadows"

A good ballad must be rich in those sentiments which appeal to the heart, and its melody must be such as charms and endears alike. Logan has written many ballads but none finer, sweeter, or more musically sound than this.

It is a song of universal adaptability, as fit for the concert stage as for the home gathering.

*p*

Once thru the moon-lit shad - ows, From my case-ment I heard be-low ..... A

*p*

Red \* Red \* Red \* Red \* Red \* Red \* Red \*

night-in-gale sing - ing a song so sweet That I won - der'd and long'd to

Red \* Red \* Red \* Red \*

know Was the song a mes-sage of love, dear, From you .....

Red \* Red \* Red \* Red \* Red \* Red \* Red \*

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