

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

WORDS & MUSIC BY

REGINALD C. STEER

**LONDON, TORONTO, MELBOURNE,
HARRY H. SPARKS.**

I'm Coming Back To Dear Old Maple Land.

Words and Music by
R. C. STEER.

Andante

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

evening 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.

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

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 that's ev - er true, And she's

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

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

Respectfully dedicated to M^{rs} 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.