

SMS 243



# FALLEN LEAF



Poem by  
VIRGINIA K. LOGAN  
*Not too fast*

## An Indian Love Song

Music by  
FREDERIC KNIGHT LOGAN  
Opus 101



*f*

*rit.*

*l.h.*

*l.h.*

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

*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

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

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

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

*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.*

*r.h.*

*l.h.*

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

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,

*Red.* *Mournfully* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.*

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

Indian Flute

*Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.*

REFRAIN

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

*p* *Very strict tempo and well marked*

8 *stacc.* 8 8 8

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, —

*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 at Coda*

*D.S. al Coda*

*CODA*

Hear my

*Slower*

*3*

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

cry Ah! Ah - hoo!

*trem.*

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

*rit.*

Indian Drum  
2 Pedals