



TWO SONGS
BY
**JEANNE
MALCOLM**

• TELL ME •
• GOLDEN LEAVES •

EACH 50¢

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY
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Golden Leaves

E. B.

JEANNE MALCOLM

The leaves have made a

p *mysterioso* *p*

path of gold That winds right up - ward through the wood: It looks as if it

p *p* *p*

reached the sky, I won - der if it could? Per-haps the an - gels

Pausa

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come that way To guard us chil-dren in the dark, You'd hear the rust-ling

of the leaves If you would on - ly hark! They

quasi religioso

al-ways come here ev - 'ry night When wear - y hands in pray'r we fold, I

think it is their trail-ing wings That turn the leaves to gold. The

cresc. *dim.*

leaves have made a — path of gold That winds right up - ward through the wood, right

p *cresc.*

up-ward, up - ward through the wood.

f *dim.* *molto rall.*