GOLDEN LEAVES OF AUTUMN

WORDS AND MUSIC BY FRANK HOWARD

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Andantino.

PRELUDE.

I. Oh,

II. And

when the golden leaves of autumn Are fading, turning to decay,
when the leaves in spring return again. So pure, and smiling with new life.

They
should their teachings be forgotten
That all in life must pass away.

As
tell to us in nature's language plain
Our duty in this world of strife;

A

fragrant roses in the summertime,
Bud and bloom from day to day,
They
duty, asked of us by One on high,
A duty, we're but to fulfill,

To

ritard.

give us warning from a power divine,
That we, like them, must pass away.

find like autumn leaves that fade and die,
Another life that's purer still.