

WHILE THE LEAVES CAME DRIFTING DOWN

WORDS AND
MUSIC BY
HATTIE NEVADA.



Sung with Success
BY **MAY IRWIN**
WITH SPECIAL SCENE
IN **KATE KIPP BUYER**

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➤ HATTIE NEVADA'S POPULAR HITS ➤

SHE'LL NEVER LIVE TO LOVE ANOTHER COON.

CHORUS: *Words & Music by Claude Melnotte.*

For my own Venus— you've got to keep— away from Johnson or I'll make him
sleep— You love that Nigger— that makes me sore— Now they'll
carry him away up— on a door— I'll get my ra—zor— I'll cut him deep
There'll be a new hearse go down the street— there'll be a strange face— up in the
moon right soon, But she will never live to love another coon.

Copyright 1899, Hot Ragtime Coon Song. 50¢ post paid.

JUST THE PICTURE OF A GIRL I USED TO KNOW.

REFRAIN: *Words & Music by Hattie Nevada.*

You don't know her— I can't tell her name, Once she loved me
I was all to blame— Still he answers while the tear drops flow, Just the
rall.
Pict—ure of a girl I used to know.
rall.

Copyright 1899, A Sentimental Ballad. 50¢ post paid.

SUMMER TIME IN DIXIE.

CHORUS: *Words & Music by Hattie Nevada.*

When de Blue birds swing high up in de wil—lers An' de
roses bloom again around de door. Den I know dat it's summer time in
rall.
Dixie, Yes it's summer long de Lou—si—an—a shore.
rall.

Copyright 1899, A Negro Melody. 50¢ post paid.

THE LETTER EDGED IN BLACK.

Words & Music by Hattie Nevada.

CHORUS:

As I heard the Postman whistling yester— morn—ing
Coming down the pathway with his p^ock, O' he hit—tle knew the
rall.
sorrow that he brought me, When he handed me a letter edged in black
rall.
D. C.

Copyright 1898, The pathetic song of the day. 50¢ post paid.

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WHILE THE LEAVES CAME DRIFTING DOWN.

Words & Music by HATTIE NEVADA.

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Down a wind - ing road at eve ———— We strayed my
From 'mong the trees there came ———— A Gyp - sy
The Gyp - sy's words came true ———— Her vows she

love and I ———— 'Twas cover - ed o'er with leaves ———— The
bent and old ———— O pret - ty Miss she cried ———— Pray
broke to me ———— She sold her heart for gold ———— To a

soft wind mur-mer-ed by _____ We spied the Gyp - sie's
 cross my hand with gold _____ Born 'neath a luck - y
 man of high de - gree _____ Now in the twi - light

camp A - mong the trees so brown _____ And I told her
 star The plan - ets all a - gree _____ Be - fore the
 gray I see her eyes so brown _____ The wind - ing

that I loved her while the leaves came drift - ing down _____
 year is out you'll wed a man of high de - gree _____
 road the Gyp - sy old while the leaves came drift - ing down _____

REFRAIN.

While the leaves came drift - ing down we strayed my love and I _____ We

wan-dered on so hap - py neath the moon - lit eve - ning sky _____ I

think I see my sweet - heart still with eyes of soft - est brown _____ When I

told her that I loved her while the leaves came drift - ing down. _____

While the leaves, &c. 3

≡ HATTIE NEVADA'S POPULAR HITS ≡

MY FATHER WAS A SAILOR ON THE MAINE.

CHORUS: *Words & Music by Hattie Nevada.*

My fa-ther was a sol - dier just like you, My
fa-ther was a sai - lor and wore a coat of blue, My
fa-ther was a sai - lor I'll neer see him a - gain, My
fa-ther was a sai - lor sir, a sai - lor on the Maine

rit.

Copyright 1898, The popular War Song. 50¢ post paid.

I'M JUST AN OLD VAGABOND.

CHORUS: *Words & Music by Hattie Nevada.*

For I had a mother like you boys, Yes, an old out cast like I
Sometimes in dreams I can hear her, Singing her sweet lull a by
See her dear face bending o'er me, Just as I did when a boy
But perhaps you have an old mother too, Who is waiting up for you

cresc.

rit.

Copyright 1898, A Story of Mother's Love. 50¢ post paid.

I'LL COME BACK WHEN THE HAWTHORN BLOOMS AGAIN.

CHORUS: *Words & Music by Hattie Nevada.*

I'll come back dear when the year has passed a - way, I'll come
back dear when the flowers like snow drifts lay, Then the
lit - tle birds will sing and I'll meet you down the lane, I'll come
back dear when the Haw - thorn blooms a - gain.

Copyright 1898, A touching Love Song. 50¢ post paid.

ON THE OLD MISSOURI SHORE.

REFRAIN: *Words & Music by Hattie Nevada.*

Rock a low my ba - by, Rock, rock a low,
Rock a low, my ba - by, rock a low. I
hear sweet voices ring - ing, I hear my moth - er sing - ing In her
cab - in on the old Mis - sou - ri shore.

Copyright 1898, The greatest Ballad Hit of the Century. 50¢ post paid.

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