Autumn Leaves  
(Les Feuilles Mortes)  

Music by Joseph Kosma  
English Lyric by Johnny Mercer

Med. Swing

The falling leaves drift by my window, 
The autumn leaves of red and gold; 
I see your lips, the summer kisses, 
The sunburned hands I used to hold.

B

Went away the days grow long, 
And soon I'll hear old winter's song. 
But I miss you most of all, my darling. 
When autumn leaves start to fall.

Melody is freely interpreted rhythmically.