

Autumn Leaves

(Les Feuilles Mortes)

Music by Joseph Kosma
English Lyric by Johnny Mercer

Med. Swing

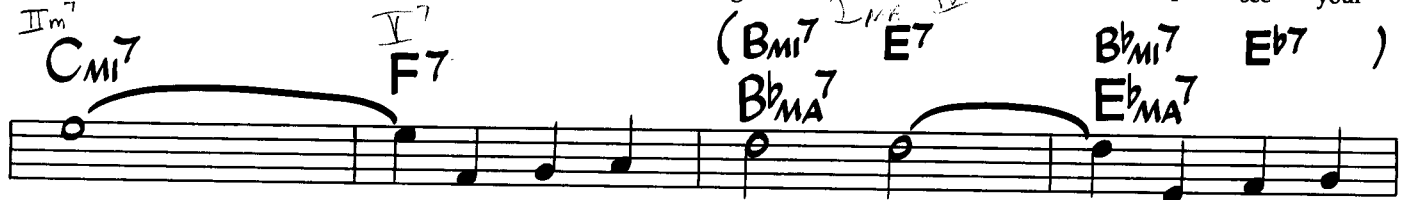
A



The fall - ing leaves drift by my win - dow, The au - tumn



leaves of red and gold; I see your



lips, the sum - mer kiss - es, The sun - burned



hands I used to hold. Since you

B



went a - way the days grow long, And soon I'll



hear old win - ter's song, But I



miss you most of all, my dar - ling, When



au - tumn leaves start to fall.

Melody is freely interpreted rhythmically.