

# 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.