

# 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  
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.