When I Leave The World Behind.

By IRVING BERLIN.

Moderato.

I know a millionaire, Who's burdened down with care,
To every wrinkled face I'll leave a fire place,

A load is on his mind. He's thinking of the day
To paint their favorite scene, Within the golden rays,

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When he must pass away
And leave his wealth behind,

Scenes of their childhood days,
When they were sweet sixteen.

I haven't any gold
To leave when I grow old,

I'll leave them each a song
To sing the whole day long,

Somehow it passed me by.
I'm very poor, but still

As toward the end they plod.
To every broken heart

I'll leave a precious will
When I must say goodbye.

With sorrow torn apart,
I'll leave the love of God.

* * *

When I Leave The World 4
Chorus.

With feeling

I'll leave the sunshine to the flowers, I'll leave the spring-time to the trees; And to the old folks I'll leave the memories Of a baby upon their knees.

When I Leave The World
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I leave the world behind.
I'll leave the world behind.

When I leave the world behind,
When I leave the world behind,

I'll leave the moon above.
I'm blind.

I'll leave the dreamers, I'll leave the songbirds to the night time.

Fullerson Co. N.Y.