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When The Leaves Come Tumbling Down

By

RICHARD HOWARD

Moderato

\[\text{Music notation follows here.}^{1}\]

You've made a baby of me,
You took my best pal from me,
Autumn, Autumn, look what you've done,
Autumn, Autumn, seems like you know,

Your setting sun
Long, long ago
Picture a sad memory,
Now you feel sorry I see.

When ever leaves begin to fall,
Home again I seem to be

Chorus

I know your leaves are just your tears,
Falling in sweet sympathy.

I get so blue thru and thru when the leaves come a tumbling down from the trees,

Down thru the breeze, I always sigh and I cry when the sun says 'tis Autumn time,

To the birds and the bees, their sweet melodies, I never shed a tear when the summer days are here,

But when it's Autumn time, Ev'ry thought of mine,

Seems so dark and drear, I always sing that lonesome Spring Song melody

Because you see, It makes me think of someone in a gingham gown in my home town,

I hear my old girl say a pray beside my mother's vacant chair I get so

blue thru and thru When the leaves come a tumbling down.

I get so

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