

# Autumn Leaves

(Les Feuilles Mortes)

Music by Joseph Kosma  
English Lyric by Johnny Mercer

Med. Swing

**A**

*C*<sub>M11</sub><sup>7</sup> *F*<sup>7</sup> *B<sup>b</sup>*<sub>M11</sub><sup>7</sup> *E<sup>b</sup>*<sub>M11</sub><sup>7</sup>

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

*A*<sub>M11</sub><sup>7(b9)</sup> *D*<sup>7</sup> *G*<sub>M11</sub>

leaves \_\_\_\_\_ of red and gold; I see your

*C*<sub>M11</sub><sup>7</sup> *F*<sup>7</sup> (*B<sup>b</sup>*<sub>M11</sub><sup>7</sup> *E*<sup>7</sup> *B<sup>b</sup>*<sub>M11</sub><sup>7</sup> *E<sup>b</sup>*<sub>M11</sub><sup>7</sup>)

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

*A*<sub>M11</sub><sup>7(b9)</sup> *D*<sup>7</sup> *G*<sub>M11</sub>

hands \_\_\_\_\_ I used to hold. Since you

**B**

*A*<sub>M11</sub><sup>7(b9)</sup> *D*<sup>7</sup> *G*<sub>M11</sub>

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

*C*<sub>M11</sub><sup>7</sup> *F*<sup>7</sup> *B<sup>b</sup>*<sub>M11</sub><sup>7</sup> *E<sup>b</sup>*<sub>M11</sub><sup>7</sup>

hear \_\_\_\_\_ old win - ter's song, \_\_\_\_\_ But I

*A*<sub>M11</sub><sup>7(b9)</sup> *D*<sup>7</sup> *G*<sub>M11</sub>

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

*A*<sub>M11</sub><sup>7(b9)</sup> *D*<sup>7</sup> *G*<sub>M11</sub>

au - tumn leaves start to fall.

Melody is freely interpreted rhythmically.