



ARTIST'S COPY

# When The Leaves Come Tumbling Down

By  
RICHARD HOWARD

Moderato

*f*

*mf* *p*

Au-tumn, Au-tumn, look what you've done,  
 Au-tumn, Au-tumn, seems like you know,

You've made a ba-by of me, Au-tumn, Au-tumn,  
 You took my best pal from me, Au-tumn, Au-tumn,

your set-ting sun Pie-tures a sad mem-o-ry.  
 long, long a-go Now you feel sor-ry I see.

*poco rall*

When-ev-er leaves be-gin to fall, Home a-gain I seem to be-  
 I know your leaves are just your tears, Fall-ing in sweet sym-pa-thy.

CHORUS

*mf*

I get so blue thru and thru when the leaves come a tum-bl-ing down from the trees,  
 down thru the breeze, I al-ways sigh and I cry when the sun says "Good-Bye" to the  
 birds and the bees, their sweet mel-o-dies, I nev-er shed a tear when the  
 sum-mer days are here, But when it's au-tumn time, Ev-ry thought of mine,  
 seems so dark and drear, I al-ways sing that lone-some Spring Song mel-o-  
 dy because you see It makes me think of some-one in a ging-ham gown in my home  
 town, I hear my old girl say a pray'r beside my moth-er's vacant chair I get so  
 blue thru and thru When the leaves come a tum-bl-ing down. I get so

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