

# AUTUMN LEAVES

(Les Feuilles Mortes)

French Lyric by JACQUES PREVERT  
English Lyric by JOHNNY MERCER

Music by  
JOSEPH KOSMA

Slowly, with much feeling

The fall - ing

*mp*

Am7 D7 Gmaj7 C F#m7-5 B7 Em Tacet

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

F#m7-5 B7 Em F#m7-5 B7 Em Tacet

miss you most of all my dar - ling, When Au - tumn Leaves start to fall. C'est une chan -

Am7 D7 Gmaj7 C F#m7-5 B7 Em Tacet

son, Qui nous res - sem - ble, Toi tu m'ai - mois Et je t'ai mais. Nous vi - vions

Am7 D7 Gmaj7 C F#m7-5 B7 Em

tous, Les deux en - sem - ble. Toi qui m'ai - mais Moi qui t'ai - mais. Mais la

B7 Em Am7 D7 G

vie sé - pare. Ceux qui s'ai - ment Tout dou - ce - ment Sans faire de bruit. Et la

F#m7-5 B7 Em F#m7-5 B7 Em

mer ef - fa - ce sur le sa - ble Les pas des a - mants dé - su - nis. rit.