AUTUMN LEAVES.

Written by Charles Dickens.

Composed by John Hullah.

VOICE.

PIANO

Forte

Autumn leaves, Autumn leaves, Lie

strewn a- round me here; Autumn leaves,
Autumn leaves, How sad, how cold, how drear! How like the
hopes of childhood's day, Thick clustering on the
bough; How like those hopes is their decay, How
faded are they now!

Autumn leaves,
Autumn leaves, Lie strewn around me here,

Autumn leaves, Autumn leaves, How sad, how cold, how drear!

2
Wither'd leaves, wither'd leaves,
That fly before the gale;
Wither'd leaves, wither'd leaves,
Ye tell a mournful tale
Of love once true, and friends once kind,
And happy moments fled;
Dispers'd by ev'ry breath of wind,
Forgotten, chang'd, or dead!
Autumn leaves, Autumn leaves,
Lie strewn around me here;
Autumn leaves, Autumn leaves,
How sad, how cold, how drear!