When the leaves begin to turn

Ah... When the leaves begin to turn...

And the summer days have passed...

When the roses droop and die...

Killed by

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winter's chilling blast, Then the heart is oftentimes sad. When in thought I'm o'er the sea... But I know he will return. My love who loves but me... Tra-la-la, Tra-la-la, Now my song shall ev'er be, Oh waft from o'er the sea, My love who loves but me, Tra-la-la, Tra-la-la, Now my song shall ev'er be, Oh
bring him safe to me, Ah Ah .

When the leaves begin to turn . . . And the summer days have passed . . . When the roses droop and die . . . Killed by winter’s chilling blast . . . Then the heart is oft-times sad . . . When in thought I’m o’er the sea . . . But I

When the leaves begin to turn. 3,939–7.
know he will return. My love who loves but me.

Oh, what would this life be Should hope now forsake me?

Surely he'll return to me, My love who loves, who loves but me.

No it shall not grieve me, He will not deceive me, De-

When the leaves begin to turn 3,539-7.
ritard. ad lib.

receive me, My love who loves but me, My love who loves but me.

Tempo di valse.

Ah AD LIB. When the leaves, When the leaves they begin to turn.

colla voce. colla voce.

When the leaves begin to turn. 3,939 — 7.
Ah... When the leaves begin to turn...

...And the summer days have passed, When the roses droop and die...

Killed by winter's chilling blast...

...Then the heart is oft-times sad... When in thought I'm

When the leaves begin to turn. 3,939-7.
o'er the sea. . . . . . . But I know he will be true.

ad lib. . . . . . . ritard.

My love who loves but me, When the leaves begin to

ad lib. . . . . . . f ritard.

When the leaves begin to

ad lib. . . . . . . . .

When the leaves begin to turn.

ad lib. . . . . . . . . .

FINE.

When the leaves begin to turn. 3,939 — 7.