

# FADED SUMMER LOVE, A - (P. Baxter) Andante moderato

Leaves come tumb'ling down, Round my head, Some of them are brown, Some are red, -  
Sway-ing high a-bove in the trees, They were so in love with the breeze

Beau-ti-ful to see, But re-mind-ing me of a fad-ed sum-mer love. -  
Now the au-tumn wind brings to them the end of a fad-ed sum-

mer love. - I'm like the poor leaves that swayed with the breeze, I thought that life was

sweet. You are the sweet breeze that tried hard to please, Then swept me off my

feet. Sum-mer morn-ing dew turns to frost, Leaves that once were new Pay the cost,

Beau-ti-ful to see, But re-mind-ing me of a fad-ed sum-mer love. -

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