LULLABY OF THE LEAVES

Words by JOE YOUNG
Music by BERNICE PETKERE

Moderato

Rust-ling of the leaves

used to be my lullaby.

In the sunny south
when I was a tot so high,
And now that I have grown
And find myself alone.
Cradle me where southern skies can watch me with a
million eyes, Oh sing me to sleep. Lullaby Of The
Cover me with heaven's blue

let me dream a dream or two, Oh sing me to sleep, Lullaby Of The

I'm breezing a long, a long with the breeze, I'm

hearing a song, a song thru the trees, Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh. That
pine mel-o-dy car-ess-ing the shore fa-mil-iar to me. I've heard it be-fore ooh ooh ooh ooh.

That's south-land, don't I feel it in my soul, and don't I know I've

reached my goal, Oh sing me to sleep, Lul-la-by Of The

Leaves... Leaves...