Melancholy Serenade


Music by Jackie Gleason
Words by Duke Enston

Very slowly

ME-LAN-CHO-LY SER-E-NADE,
Ev'-ry time I hear it
played,
Right out of space,
your haunt-ing
why must I pay,

day after day

A - lone in my room,
I watch the ghost of
you.  
A - lone in the gloom, once more I'm close to  

you.  
ME-LAN-CHO-LY SER-E - NADE,  
As the mu- sic starts to  

fade,  
I feel your kiss, and then you dis - ap -  

pear.  
ME-LAN-CHO-LY SER-E - pear.