

Autumn Serenade

Harry James

Through the trees comes autumn with her serenade.
Melodies the sweetest music ever played.
Autumn kisses we knew are beautiful souvenirs.
As I pause to recall the leaves seem to fall like tears.
Silver stars were clinging to an autumn sky.
Love was ours until October wandered by.
Let the years come and go,
I'll still feel the glow that time can not fade
When I hear that lovely autumn serenade.