

"Fallen Leaves" - MANDOLIN

Grandpa Jones

Arranged & Tabledited
by Tom Arri 2018
BanjoTom2.ORG

C: Verse 1...

F/F

F/E

F/D

F/C

By the grave - side of this near for - got - ten man... On this

C: Rhythm Mandolin...

F/F

F/E

F/D

F/C

G C (C)

6

cold No - vem - ber morn - ing here I stand... Think - ing of the friends he

G C (C)

F/F F/E F/D F/C G

11

lost for love of gold... This old sto - ry through the years has oft' been

F/F F/E F/D F/C G

1. C	2.
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16

told... By the told...

C

VERSE 1...
 By the graveside of this near forgotten man...
 On this cold November morning here I stand...
 Thinking of the friends he lost for love of gold...
 This old story through the years has oft' been told...

VERSE 2...
 Falling leaves that lie scattered on the ground...
 The birds and flowers that were here cannot be found...
 All the friends that he once knew are not a-round...
 They're all scattered like the leaves upon the ground...

VERSE 3...
 Some folks drift along through life and never thrill...
 To the feeling that a good deed brings un-til...
 It's too late and they are ready to lie down...
 There be-neath the leaves that's scattered on the ground...

VERSE 4...
 Lord, let my eyes see every need of every man...
 Make me stop and always lend a helping hand...
 Then when I'm laid beneath that little grassy mound...
 There'll be more friends around than leaves upon the ground...

VERSE 5...
 To your grave there's no use taking any gold...
 You cannot use it when it's time for hands to fold...
 When you leave this earth for a better home some-day...
 The only thing you'll take is what you gave a-way...