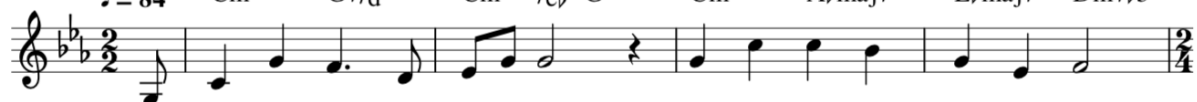


# November

Lyrics: John Frederick Mason


Music: Carsten Borbye Nielsen

♩ = 84 Cm G7/d Cm /e♭ G Cm A♭maj7 E♭maj7 Dm7♭5



The fruit is picked, the trees are bare; af - ter - noons draw down their blinds.

6 G7 Dm7♭5 G7 A♭ Fm Fm/a♭ /b♭ Cm



Light seeps a - cross a se - pia air. Days are re - signed.

The fruit is picked, the trees are bare;  
afternoons draw down their blinds.  
Light seeps across a sepia air.  
Days are resigned.

The swallows flown to southern shores;  
high above a skein of geese.  
Mice make a nest under the floor.  
Days find release.

The fog hangs thick; a night owl hoots.  
Children's tunes make ghosts of grey.  
Puddles are deep with muddy boots.  
Days lose their way.

The rains lash down, the branches groan;  
under eaves the gutters spout.  
Dead leaves are heaped where they were blown.  
Days swept about.

The curtains drawn, the fire glows;  
time for books and thinking minds.  
Warm spreads, and eyelids slowly close.  
Days left behind.