

Irving Berlin

"When I Leave The World Behind 1915"

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1st verse:]

I know a millionaire
Who's burdened down with care
A load is on his mind
He's thinking of the day
When he must pass away
And leave his wealth behind
I haven't any gold
To leave when I grow old
Somehow it passed me by
I'm very poor but still
I'll leave a precious will
When I must say good-bye

[chorus:]

I'll leave the sunshine to the flowers
I'll leave the springtime to the trees

And to the old folks, I'll leave the mem'ries
Of a baby upon their knees

I'll leave the night time to the dreamers
I'll leave the songbirds to the blind

I'll leave the moon above
To those in love
When I leave the world behind

[2nd verse:]

To every wrinkled face
I'll leave a fireplace
To paint their fav'rite scene
Within the golden rays
Scenes of their childhood days
When they were sweet sixteen
I'll leave them each a song
To sing the whole day long
As toward the end they plod
To ev'ry broken heart
With sorrow torn apart
I'll leave the love of God

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