

George Olsen

"Last Roundup"

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LULLABY OF THE LEAVES

Connee Boswell

Words by Joe Young

Music by Bernice Petkere

Rustling of the leaves used to be my lullaby,
In the sunny south when I was a tot so high,
And now that I have grown
And myself alone.
Cradle me where southern skies can watch me with a
million eyes,
Oh sing me to sleep,
Lullaby of the leaves
Cover me with heavens blue and let me dream a dream
or two,
Oh sing me to sleep,
Lullaby of the leaves.
Im breezing along, along with the breeze,
Im hearing a song, a song thru the trees,
Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh.
That pine melody caressing the shore familiar to me,
Ive heard it
before ooh ooh ooh ooh.
Thats southland, dont I feel it in my soul,
And dont I know Ive reached my goal,
Oh sing me to sleep,
Lullaby of the Leaves.

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