

November Song

words & music by
Winfield Shaw Clark

Slow, rubato

mp

poco rit.

1

It's a gray No - vem - ber, the leaves have all turned brown, and
It's a gray No - vem - ber, the night is crisp and clear, and

5

all the birds of sum - mer are pack - ing up to leave town.
all the stars and plan - ets so bright you'd think they're right here.

9

Driz - zly gray No - vem - ber, the year is wind - ing down, and
Vel - vet gray No - vem - ber, the woods are dark and still, and

13

in all the sky the sun pales like an em - ber.
a - round the hills are bathed in moon - light.

And And

17

so so it goes.... the frost takes the last rose, and a -
so it goes.... the year draws to a close,

21

all noth - the fields are fro - - - zen. And so it
er year's be - gin - - - ning. And so it

accel. a tempo

25

3

goes... the hills will soon see winter snows, and I just sing my own No - vem - ber
goes... it won't be long now, I sup - pose, 'till I must sing my own No - vem - ber

rit.

30

1. song.———

2. song.———

35