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# When It's Autumn In The Santa Clara Valley

Words by

**ALICE L. LEWIS**

Music by

**LEO FRIEDMAN**

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Moderato

The dusk of evening settles o'er our camp here by the riv-er, The  
I know the paths are gold with falling leaves down in the orchard, The

dis-tant sky is all a-flame with Autumn's burnished gold My thro's tonight are stray-ing far from  
mel-low ev-'ning sun-light casts a glam-our o-ver all The old sea-neath the trees where we so

soldier camp and bat-tle way back in Cal-i - forn-ia with the sweetest girl I know I seem to see her  
often plann'd our fu-ture On those sweet mel-low ev'nings one year a-go this Fall We did not reckon

brave sweet smile at part-ing — And hear the words she said with tear dimm'd eyes — "I'll pray each day that  
on our coun-try's call-ing — All her brave lads to has-ten to the fray — I know your prayers

you will be re - turn-ing, dear, — It may be years, but I'll be wait-ing for you, Jim? —  
will all be an-swer'd, Mollie, — And I'll be go - ing back to you some hap-py day. —

CEORUS

When its Au-tumn time In the San-ta Clar-a Val-ley And you're a sol-dier far a-way from home A

sort of long-ing "gits" you A home sick feel-ing grips you, For those good old times you've left be hind — Oh,

Mol-lie how I love you, May Heaven smile a - bove you, Till we march home a - gain, Right straight from

old Ber - lin And we'll be happy then for - ev - er, Mol-lie, mine In the mean time writo me

of - ten Your sweet let - ters help soft - en, This lone-ly ache that's gnaw-ing at my heart — When it's

Au - tumn in the San-ta Clar-a Val-ley And you're a sol-dier far a-way from home.

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