

Fitzgerald Ella

"Early Autumn"

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When an early autumn walks the land and chills the
breeze

and touches with her hand the summer trees,

perhaps you'll understand what memories I own.

There's a dance pavilion in the rain all shuttered down,

a winding country lane all russet brown,

a frosty window pane shows me a town grown lonely.

That spring of ours that started so April-hearted,

seemed made for just a boy and girl.

I never dreamed, did you, any fall would come in view

so early, early.

Darling if you care, please, let me know,

I'll meet you anywhere, I miss you so.

Let's never have to share another early autumn

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