

Patricia Barber

"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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