

# Ella Fitzgerald, Early Autumn

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.