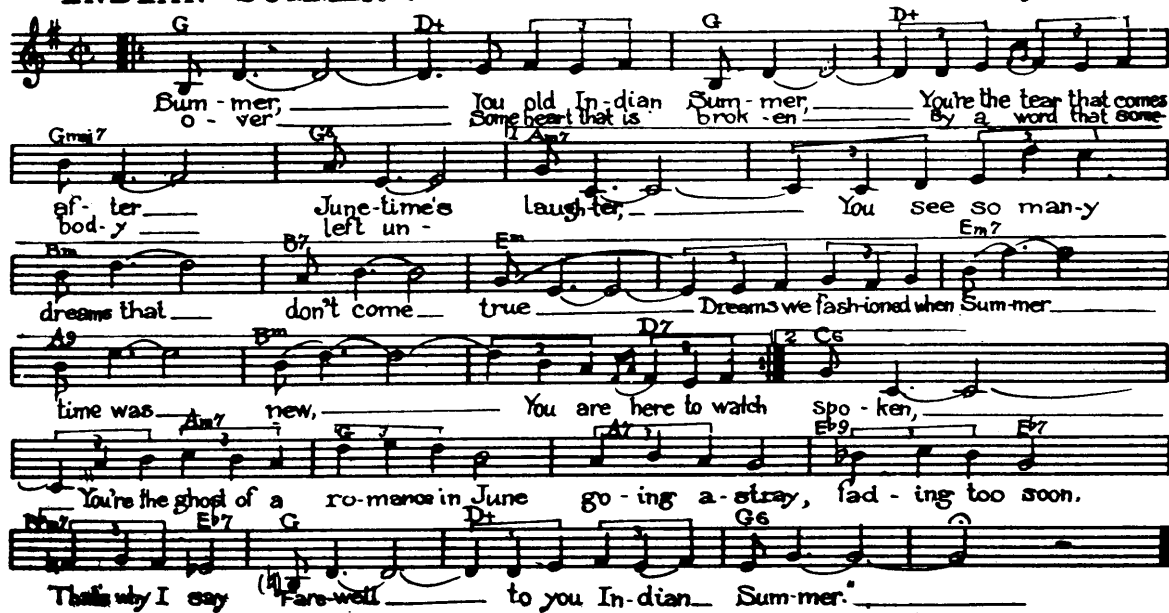


INDIAN SUMMER (V. Herbert)

"An American Idyll"



Sum-mer, o-ver, You old In-dian Sum-mer, You're the tear that comes
Some heart that is brok-en, By a word that some
ef-ter bod-y June-time's laugh-ter, You see so man-y
left un- dreams that don't come true Dreams we fash-ioned when Sum-mer
time was new, You are here to watch Spo-ken,
You're the ghost of a ro-mance in June go-ing a-stray, fad-ing too soon.
That's why I say Fare-well to you In-dian Sum-mer.

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