Song Version

INDIAN SUMMER

(A TALE OF THE WOODS)

Lyrics by
EARLE C. JONES

Music by
NEIL MORET

Tempo di Marcia

VOICE

By the Swan-ee, once a noble Pau-nee loved a Shawn-ee
South winds blow-ing and the river flow-ing by the glow-ing

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Stars were beam-ing while they were a dream-ing, "In No- vem- ber and the gray De- cem- ber,

in the gleam-ing ev er-glade, Down where the mag- nol- ias
I'll re-mem- ber ev-er-more, For I will soon be your

Sprightly-little faster

grow.

bride:" When the rust-ling leaves of Au- tumn were

Then the har- vest moon in sil-ver-y

turn-ing, In the shad-y woods of red and gold,

Saw him kiss her once a-gain and say:

Indian
"Will you love me when I'm far away?

To your charms my heart has made a surrender And we'll be

A galloping movement

parted there, this love tale he told,
marrried if you'll just name the day.

CHORUS.

Meet me when the Autumn leaves are falling in the forest

mf-f Rippling effect.
When the golden rod is blooming, I'll be waiting, my Indian maid.

When the pretty whip-poor-will is singing soft as the blue-bells chime I will be your fellow in the gold and yellow Indian Summer Time.