

## Anvil Chorus

Glenn Miller

Summer, you old Indian Summer  
You're the tear that comes after June times laughter  
You see so many dreams that don't come true  
Dreams we fashioned when summer time was new

You are here to watch over

Some heart that is broken  
By a word that somebody left unspoken  
You're the ghost of a romance in June

Going astray, fading too soon  
That's why I say, "Farewell to you, Indian Summer!"