The SUM-MER WIND came blow-ing in a-cross the sea, -

lin-gered there to touch your hair and walk with me -

summer long we sang a song and strolled the gold-en sand,
Two sweethearts and the SUMMER WIND.

Like painted kites the days and nights went flying by.

The world was new beneath a blue umbrella sky.

Then,

softer than a piperman one day it called to you,

I lost you to the SUMMER WIND.
The autumn wind, the winter winds have come and gone.

And still the days, the lonely days go on and on.

And guess who sighs his lullabies through nights that never end,

My fickle friend, the SUMMER WIND. The SUMMER WIND. The SUMMER WIND.