

When Fall Comes to New England
Written by Cheryl Wheeler

When Fall comes to New England
The sun slants in so fine
The air's is so clear, you can almost hear
the grapes grow on the vine

The nights are sharp with star light
and the days are cool and clean
And in the blue sky overhead
The northern geese fly south instead
And leaves are Irish Setter red
When Fall comes to New England.

Frost is on the pumpkins, squash is off the vine
Winter warnings race across the sky
Squirrels are on to something They're working overtime
The foxes blink and stare and so do I

When Fall comes to New England And the wind blows off the sea
Swallows fly in a perfect sky and the world was meant to be

When the acorns line the walkways then winter can't be far
From yellow leaves a bluejay calls
Grandmothers walk out in their shalls
And chipmunk run the old stone walls
When Fall comes to New England.

When Fall comes to New England Oh I can't turn away
From fading light on flying wings
And late goodbyes the robin sings
And then another ten thousand things
When Fall comes to New England.

