

Mid beautiful flowers, bright fields and clear streams
We pass precious hours of summer and dreams

The birds' gentle twitter, the frog's silver peep
All seem to have faded, while we were asleep

The song we're now hearing is mournful and strange
As the sun starts to set and the leaves start to change

From the hill over yonder we hear the bulls cry
As the leaves start to fall and the moon starts to rise

Oh the bulls all howl at the moon, it is full and hung
over the hill
The autumn leaves will all be falling soon and then
winter will come in for the kill

But there are still green trees and one last round for
the bees
Before we all freeze over for a spell

So let us treasure these moments together
As we sing along so long and fare thee well

For tonight is the last night of summer my love
Of the summer of love
Of the summer my love

For tonight is the last night of summer my love
Of the summer of love
Of the summer my love

The beautiful flowers will all fade away
The streams will all freeze and the fields turn to gray

The frogs all will slumber, the birds will take flight
And winter's cold wonder will bid us goodnight

(Merci à aurélie bareaud pour cetttes paroles)