Begin The Beguine

When they begin the beguine, it brings back the sound

of music so tender, it brings back a night,

of tropical splendor. It brings back a memory ever green.

I'm with you once more under the stars, and down by the shore

an orchestra

playing and even the palms seem to be swaying when they begin

the

green.

stars,
guine.  
To live it a-gain is past all en-dev-our, ex-
cept when that tune clut-ches your
heart, and there we are, swear-ing to love for-ev-er, and prom-is-ing
nev-
er
nev-
er
to
part.  What mo-ments di-vine, what rap-ture se-rene
till
clouds came a-long to dis-perse the joys we had tast-ed, and
Oh yes, I know but too well what they mean; so don't let them begin the be-guine, let the love that was once a fire remain an ember; let it sleep like the dead desire I only remember, when they begin the be-guine. Oh yes, let them begin the be-guine, make them play, till the stars that were there be-fore return above you, till you whisper to me once more, "Dar-ling, I love you!" and we sud-den-ly know what heav-en we're in when they be-gin
the be-guine when they be-gin the be