Begin The Beguine

Music by Cole Porter

When they begin
the be - guine,
it brings back the sound
of music so ten - der,
it
brings back a night,
of tropi - cal splen - dor.
It brings back a mem - o - ry ev - er green.

I'm with you once more
under the stars,
and down by the shore
an orches - tra
playing and even the palms seem to be sway - ing
when they be - guine.
To live it a - gain
is past all en - dev - our,
ex - cept when that tune clutches your
heart, and there we are,
swearing 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
now when I hear people curse the chance that was wasted 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 de-
sire I only re-member, 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 re-turn 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 begin
the be-guine when they begin the be