

# STAR DUST

(H. Carmichael)

Moderate

Some-times I won-der why I spend the lone-ly night,  
side a gar-den wall, when stars are bright,  
Dreaming of a song? The mel-o-dy haunts my rev-e-rie,  
You are in my arms, the night-in-gale tells his fair-y tale,  
And I am once again with you, When our love was new, and each kiss an in-spi-  
ra-tion, — But that was long a-go: now my con-so-la-tion is  
in the star-dust of a song. Be-dream in vain, — In my heart it will re-  
main: My star dust mel-o-dy — The mem-o-ry of love's re-frain.

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