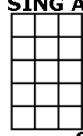
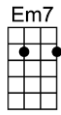
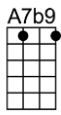
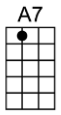



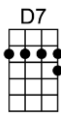
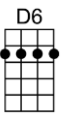
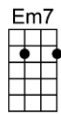
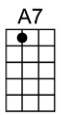
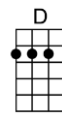
SING A



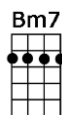
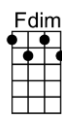
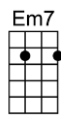
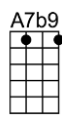
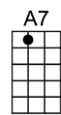
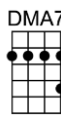
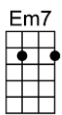
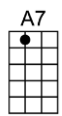
IT'S DE-LOVELY - Cole Porter

4/4 1...2...1234

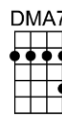
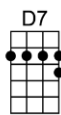
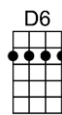
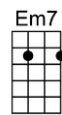
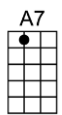
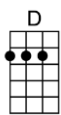
Intro: |  |  |  |

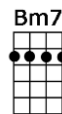
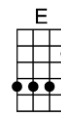
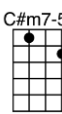
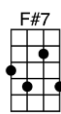
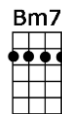
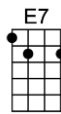
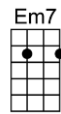
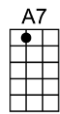
I feel a sudden urge to sing the kind of ditty that in-vokes the spring

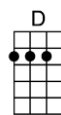
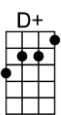
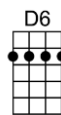
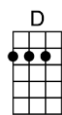
So, con-trol your de-sire to curse, while I cruci -fy the verse

This verse I've started seems to me the 'Tin Pan-tithesis' of melody

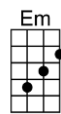
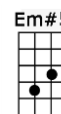
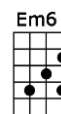
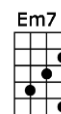
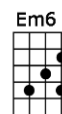
So, to spare you all the pain, I'll skip the darn thing and sing the re-frain

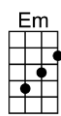
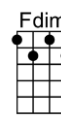
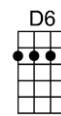
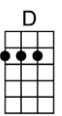
The night is young, the sky is clear, and if you want to go walking, dear

It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely

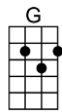
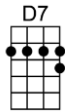
    

I understand the reason why you're sentimental 'cause so am I

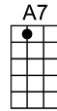
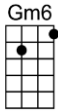
   

It's de-lightful, it's de-licious, it's de-lovely

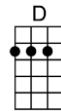
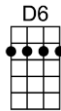
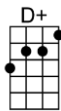
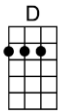
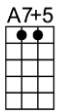
p.2. It's De-Lovely



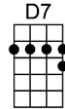
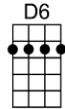
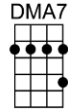
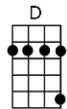
You can tell at a glance what a swell night this is for romance



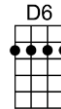
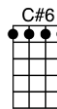
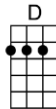
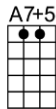
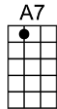
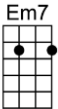
You can hear dear Mother Nature murmuring low. Let yourself go!



So please be sweet, my chickadee, and when I kiss you, just say to me



It's de-lightful, it's de-licious, it's de-lectable, it's de-lirious,



It's di-lemma, it's de-limit, it's de-luxe, it's de-lovely

IT'S DE-LOVELY -Cole Porter

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: | Em7 | A7b9 A7 |

DMA7 D7 D6 Em7 A7 D
I feel a sudden urge to sing the kind of ditty that in-vokes the spring

F#m7 Fdim Em7 A7b9 A7 DMA7 Em7 A7
So, con-trol your de-sire to curse, while I cruci -fy the verse

DMA7 D7 D6 Em7 A7 D
This verse I've started seems to me the 'Tin Pan-tithesis' of melody

Bm7 E C#m7b5 F#7 Bm7 E7 Em7 A7
So, to spare you all the pain, I'll skip the darn thing and sing the re-frain

D D+ D6 D
The night is young, the sky is clear, and if you want to go walking, dear

D#dim Em7 A7
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely

Em Em#5 Em6 Em7 Em6
I understand the reason why you're sentimental 'cause so am I

Em Fdim D6 D
It's de-lightful, it's de-licious, it's de-lovely

D7 G
You can tell at a glance what a swell night this is for romance

Gm6 A7
You can hear dear Mother Nature murmuring low. Let yourself go!

A7+ D D+ D6 D
So please be sweet, my chickadee, and when I kiss you, just say to me

DMA7 D D7
It's delightful, it's de-licious, it's de-lectable, it's de-lirious,

Em7 A7 A7+ D C#6 D6
It's di-lemma, it's de-limit, it's de-luxe, it's de-lovely