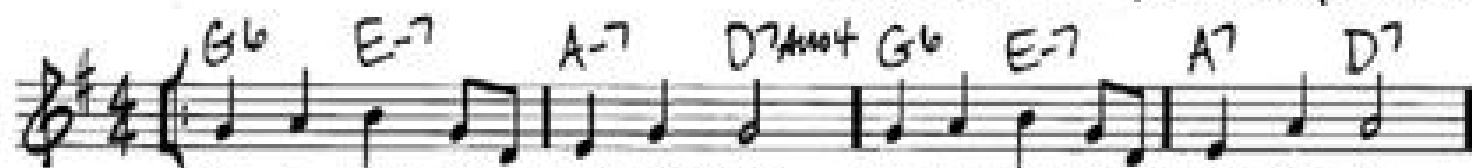


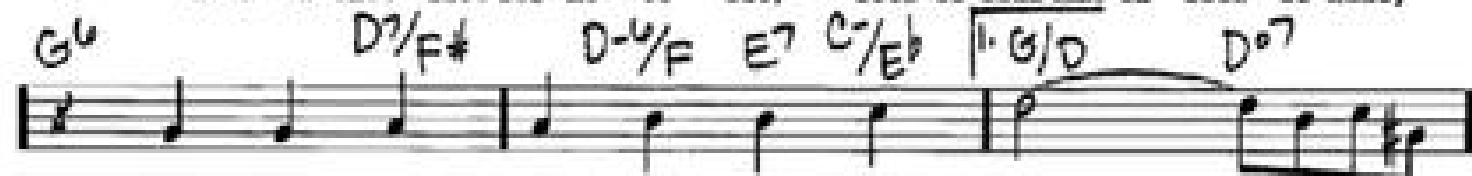
(MED.)

# WOULDN'T IT BE LOVERLY

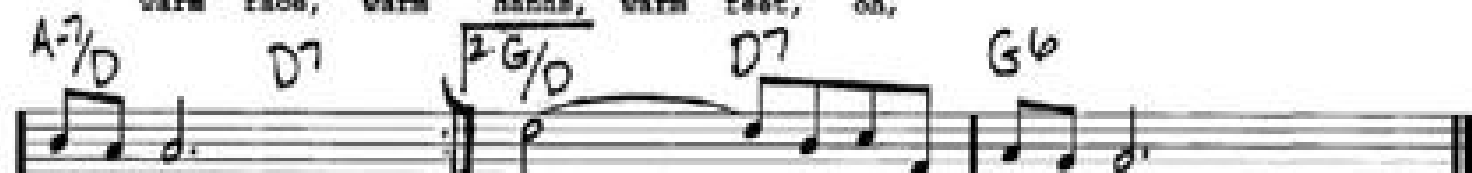
- FREDERICK LOEWIE / ALAN JAY LERNER



All I want is a room some-where, far a-way from the cold night air,  
Lots of choc'-late for me to eat; lots of coal mak-in' lots of heat;



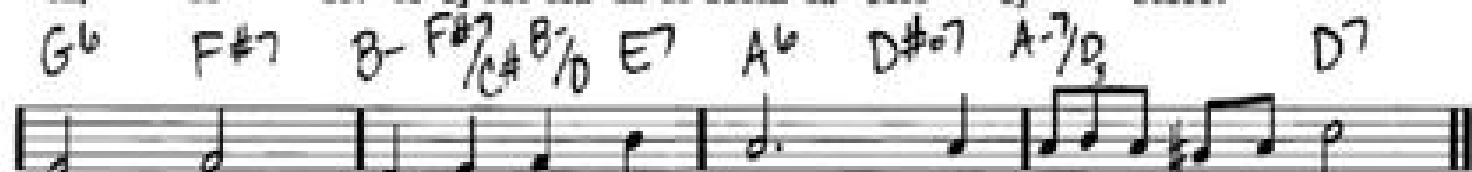
with one \* - nor - mous chair; oh, would - n't it be  
warm face, warm hands, warm feet, oh,



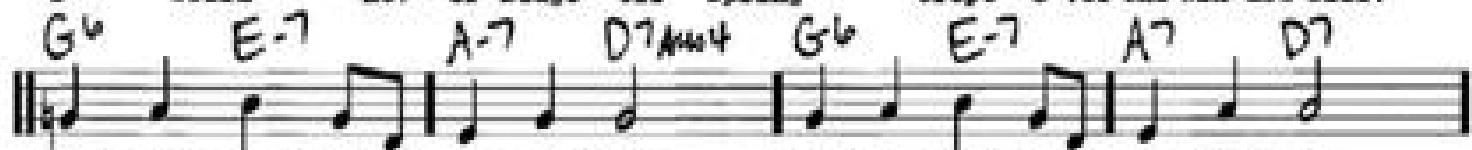
lov-er-ly? would - n't it be lov-er-ly?



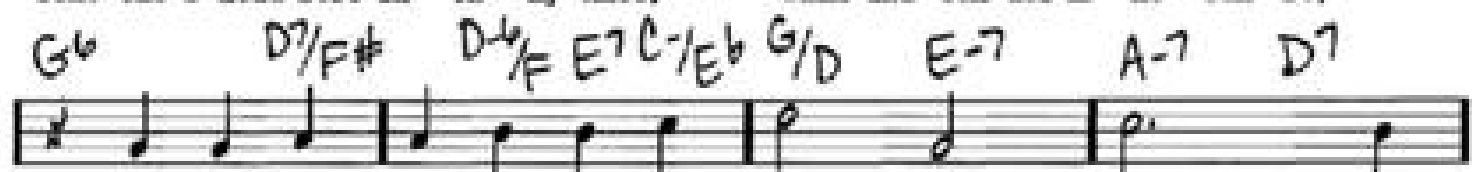
oh, so lov-er-ly sit-tin' ah-so-bloom-in'-lute - ly still!



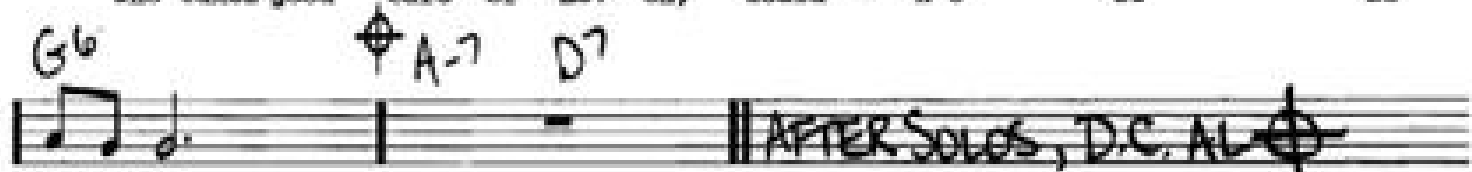
I would nev - er budge 'til Spring crept o-ver the win-dow-sill.



Some-one's head rest-in' on my knee, warm and ten-der as he can be;

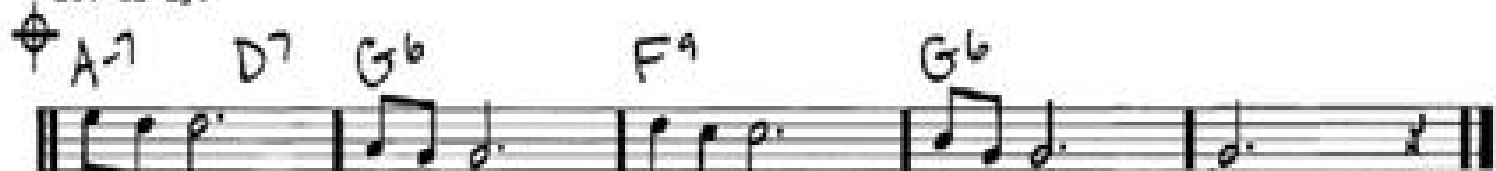


who takes good care of me. Oh, would - n't it be



lov-er-ly?

AFTER SOLOS, D.C. AL



Lov-er-ly!

Lov-er-ly!

Lov-er-ly!

Lov-er-ly!