

It's De-Lovely

Cole Porter

The night is young, the skies are clear
And if you want to go walkin', 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 delightful, it's delicious, 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 ya, just say to me
"It's delightful, it's delicious, it's delectable,
it's delirious,
It's dilemma, it's de limit, it's deluxe, it's
de-lovely"
I feel a sudden urge to sing the kind of ditty that
invokes the Spring
So, control your desire to curse while I crucify 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 refrain
Time marches on, and soon it's plain
You've won my heart and I've lost my brain.
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.
Life seems to sweet that we decide
It's in the bag to get unified.
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.
See the crowd in that church, see the proud parson
plopped on his perch.
Get the sweet beat of that organ sealing our doom.
'Here goes the groom, boom!'
How they cheer and how they smile as we go galloping
down that aisle.
It's divine, dear. It's diveen, dear. It's de-
wunderbar. It's de victory.
It's de valoop. It's de vinner. It's de voiks. It's de-
lovely.