

Song of Songs

Perry Como

Do you recall that night in June when first we met?
Do you remember Love the words we spoke?
Have you forgotten all the tender vows we made
in the silent magical moonbeams light?

Gone are the golden dreams
with summer roses,
And all of our tender-est vows
were made but to be broken . . .

Song of songs,
Song of memory,
and broken melody of love and life
nevermore to me
can that melody
fill the heart
with the joy once it knew . . .

Oh night of bliss, night of June and love
beneath the stars amid the roses . . .
Oh dream of delight that faded at dawn
Oh song of songs,
Oh night of bliss,
When you were my whole world of love!

When you were my whole world of love . . .
Of love!