

Frank Sinatra "Begin The Beguine"

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When they begin the beguine, it brings back the sound
of music so tender,

It brings back a night of tropical splendor, it brings
back a memory ever green.

I'm with you once more under the stars, and down by
the shore an orchestra's playing

Even the palms seem to be swaying, when they begin
the beguine.

To live it again is past all endeavor, except when that
tune clutches my heart,

And there we are, swearing to love forever, and
promising never, never to part.

What moments divine, what rapture serene,

Till clouds come along to disperse the joys we had
tasted,

And now when I hear people curse the chance that was
wasted,

I know but too well what they mean.

So don't let them begin the beguine, let the love that
was once a fire remain an ember

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