

Berlin Irving

"Come Back To Me, My Melody"

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[1st verse:]

A man composed a sweet melody
One Summer's night in June
And he played that pretty tune
Till he learned to love it soon
He ne'er wrote down that sweet melody
And very strange, one day
He found that pretty melody
Had vanished from his memory
He cried as he tried to recall that tune
Then sang to it tenderly

[chorus:]

Come back to me, my melody
Come back to where you ought to be
I want you, don't you understand?
Locked up in my baby grand
Just where I can lay my hand on thee
Oh! I miss you so
More than you may know
Don't you know it's very wrong
To be where you don't belong?
Oh! please come back to me, my melody

[2nd verse:]

The man who wrote that sweet melody
Tried to recall the strain
But it ne'er came back again
So he gave it up in vain
One night he heard an orchestra play
Strains of a sweet refrain
He recognized his melody
Although they changed it cleverly
He ran to the man and he loudly cried
"That music belongs to me!"

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