

Paul Whiteman

"Lover"

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Can it be the trees,
That fill the breeze,
With rare and magic perfume?
Oh, no, it isn't the trees,
It's love in bloom!

Can it be the Spring,
That seems to bring,
The stars right into the room?
Oh, no, it isn't the Spring,
It's love in bloom.

My heart was a desert,
You planted a seed,
And this is the flower,
This hour of sweet ful-fill-ment!

Is it all a dream,
A joy supreme,
That came to us in the gloom?
Oh, no, it isn't a dream,
It's love in bloom!

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