

MIDNIGHT SUN

57

Burke/Hampton/Mercer 1947

C CΔ7 C-6

Your lips were like a red and ru-by chal-ice, warm-er than the sum-mer night,
 I can't ex-plain the sil-ver rain that found me, or was that a moon-light veil?
 The flame of it may dwin-dle to an em-ber, and the stars for-get to shine,

F7#11 Bb BbΔ7

the clouds were like an al-a-bas-ter pal-ace ris-ing to a
 The mus-ic of the un-i-verse a-round me, or was that a
 and we may see the mea-dow in Dec-ember, ic-y white and

Bb-6 Eb7#11 Ab

snow-y height, each star its own au-ro-ra bo-re-
 night-in-gale? And then your arms mi-rac-u-lous-ly
 cry-stal-ine, but oh my dar-ling al-ways I'll re-

AbΔ7 Ab-6 Db7#11

a-lis, sud-den-ly you held me tight, I could see the
 found me, sud-den-ly the sky turned pale, I could see the
 mem-ber when your lips were close to mine, and we saw the

¹. CΔ7 A-7 D-7 G7b9 ². CΔ7 A-7 F#-7 B7

Mid-night Sun., *Fine* I Mid-night Sun.,

EΔ7 E-7 A7 DΔ7 E-7 A7

Was there such a night? it's a thrill I still don't quite be-lieve, but

DΔ7 D-7 G7 E-7 Eb7 D-7 Db7#11 *D.C. al Fine*

af-ter you were gone, there was still some star-dust on my sleeve. The