Billy Eckstine

The song a robin sings,
Through years of endless springs,
The murmur of a brook at evening tides.
That ripples through a nook where two lovers hide.

That great symphonic theme, That's stella by starlight, And not a dream,

My heart and I agree, She's everything on this earth to me.

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That's stella by starlight,
And not a dream,
My heart and I agree,
She's everything on this earth to me.