

# Humoresque

Jack White

Strains of humoresque divine  
You thrill and fill this heart of mine  
With gladness like a soothing symphony

Over the air, you gently float  
Into my soul, you strike a note  
Of passion with your melody

Sunbeams are playing  
Flowers and trees are swaying  
Captured within your magic spell

If the children are dancing  
Lovers are all romancing  
Is it any wonder, everyone is singing?

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