

# All the Things You Are

Frank Sinatra

You are the promised kiss of springtime  
That makes the lonely winter seem long  
You are the breathless hush of evening  
That trembles on the brink of a lovely song  
You are the angel glow that lights the star  
The dearest things that I know are what you are  
Someday my happy arms will hold you  
And someday I'll know that moment divine  
When all the things you are, are mine  
You are the angel glow that lights the star  
The dearest things that I know are what you are  
Someday my happy arms will hold you  
And someday I'll know that moment divine  
When all the things you are, are mine

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