

# It's Delovely

## 1940s Music

The night is young, the skies are clear  
So if you want to go walking, dear,  
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.  
I understand the reason why  
You're sentimental, 'cause so am I,  
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.  
You can tell at a glance  
What a swell night this is for romance,  
You can hear dear Mother Nature  
Murmuring low,  
"Let yourself go!" So please be sweet, my chickadee,  
And when I kiss you, just say to me,  
"It's delightful, it's delicious,  
It's delectable, it's delirious,  
It's dilemma, it's delimit, it's deluxe,  
It's de-lovely". I feel a sudden urge to sing  
The kind of ditty that invokes the spring. I'll control my desire to curse  
While you crucify the verse. This verse I started seems to me  
The Tin-Pantithesis of a melody So spare us all the pain,  
Just skip the darn thing and sing the refrain Mi, mi, mi, mi,  
Re, re, re, re,  
Do, sol, mi, do, la, si. The night is young, the skies are clear  
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It's, it's de-lovely".