**Some Enchanted Evening**

***Music by Richard Rodgers***

***Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II***

**From ‘*South Pacific*’, 1949**

**Some enchanted evening, you may see a stranger,
You may see a stranger across a crowded room,
And somehow you know, you know even then,
That somewhere you'll see her again and again.**

**Some enchanted evening, someone may be laughing,
You may hear her laughing across a crowded room,
And night after night, as strange as it seems,
The sound of her laughter will sing in your dreams.**

**Who can explain it? Who can tell you why?
Fools give you reasons, wise men never try.**

**Some enchanted evening, when you find your true love,
When you feel her call you across a crowded room,
Then fly to her side and make her your own,
Or all through your life you may dream all alone.**

**Once you have found her, never let her go,
Once you have found her, never let her go.**

**Stars Fell on Alabama**

***Composed by Frank Perkins***

***Lyrics by Mitchell Parish***

***1934***

**Moonlight and magnolia, starlight in your hair,**

**All the world a dream come true,**

**Did it really happen? Was I really there?**

**Was I really there with you?**

***Refrain***

**We lived our little drama,**

**We kissed in a field of white,
And stars fell on Alabama last night.**

 **I can’t forget the glamour,**

**Your eyes held a tender light,
And stars fell on Alabama last night.**

**I never planned in my imagination
A situation so heavenly,
A fairyland where no one else could enter,
And in the center just you and me.**

**My heart beat like a hammer,**

**My arms wound around you tight,**

**And stars fell on Alabama last night.**

**Another bride, another June,**

**Another sunny honeymoon,**

**Another season, another reason**

**For making whoopee!**

**A lot of shoes, a lot of rice,**

**The groom is nervous, he answers twice;**

**It’s really killing … that he’s so willing**

**To make whoopee!**

**Picture a little love nest,**

**Down where the roses cling,**

**Picture the same sweet love nest,**

**Think what a year can bring.**

**He’s washing dishes, and baby clothes,**

**He’s so ambitious, he even sews,**

**But don’t forget, folks –**

**That’s what you get, folks –**

**For making whoopee!**

**Another year, or maybe less –**

***What’s this I hear? Well, can’t you guess?***

**She feels neglected; and he’s suspected**

**Of making whoopee!**

**She sits alone, ‘most every night,**

**He doesn’t phone her, he doesn’t write;**

**He says he’s *‘busy’*, but she says *‘Is he?’***

**He’s makin’ whoopee!**

**He doesn’t make much money,**

**Only five thousand per,**

**Some judge who thinks he’s funny,**

**Says *“You’ll pay six to her”*.**

**He says *“Now judge – suppose I fail?”***

**The judge says *“Budge. Right into jail.***

***You better keep her —***

***I think it’s cheaper***

***Than making whoopee!”***

**I’ll Be Seeing You**

***Music by Sammy Fain, lyrics by Irving Kahal***

***1938***

**I'll be seeing you**

**In all the old, familiar places**

**That this heart of mine embraces**

**All day through . . .**

**In that small café,**

**The park across the way,**

**The children’s carousel,**

**The chestnut tree, the wishing well.**

**I’ll be seeing you**

**In every lovely summer’s day**

**In everything that’s light and gay**

**I’ll always think of you that way.**

**I’ll find you in the morning sun,**

**And when the night is new,**

**I’ll be looking at the moon**

**But I’ll be seeing you.**