

EMALINE

Eve-nin' breez-es hum a lul-a-by. There's a mil-lion

cand-les in the sky I put on my Sun-day suit of

blue Em-a-line just for you. Here I'm wait-ing

at your gar-den gate while the vil-lage clock is strik-ing

eight. Hur-ry up Hur-ry down Hon-ey don't be

Emaline

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late Don't you hear my heart whis-per thru your

win-dow, Em-a-line? It's a love-ly night, Em-a-line,

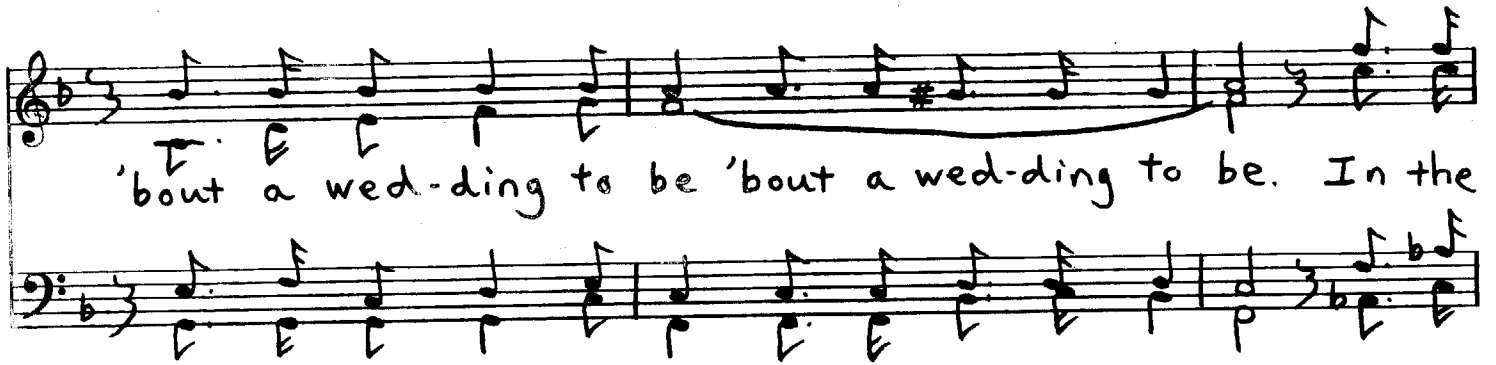
to me-an-der with me.

Have you told your friends? Have you told your peo-ple,

Em-a-line? Hur-ry up and write them a line

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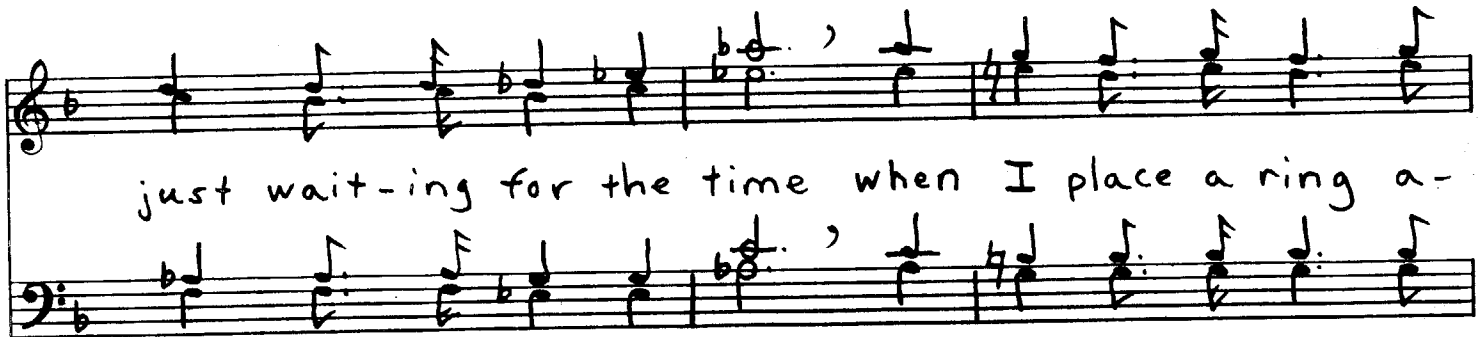
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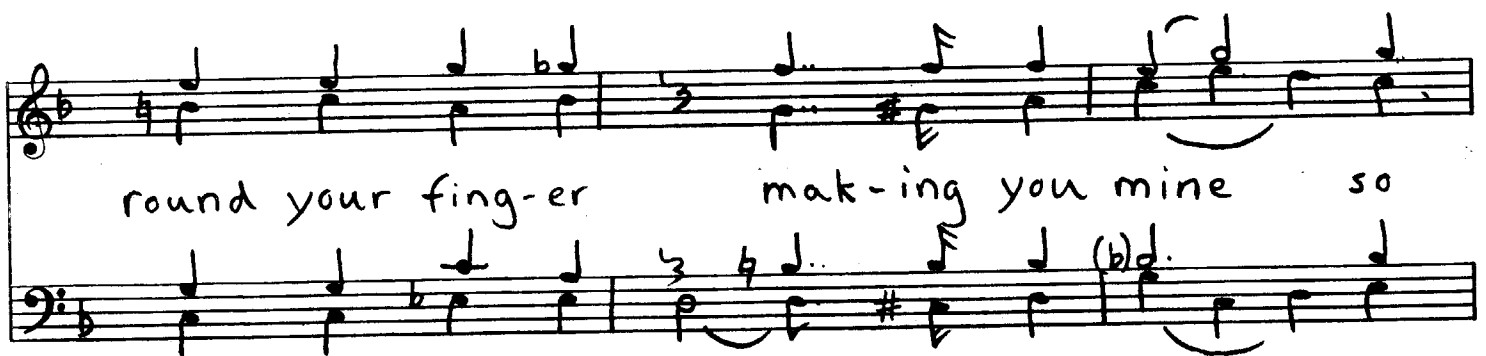
'bout a wed-ding to be 'bout a wed-ding to be. In the



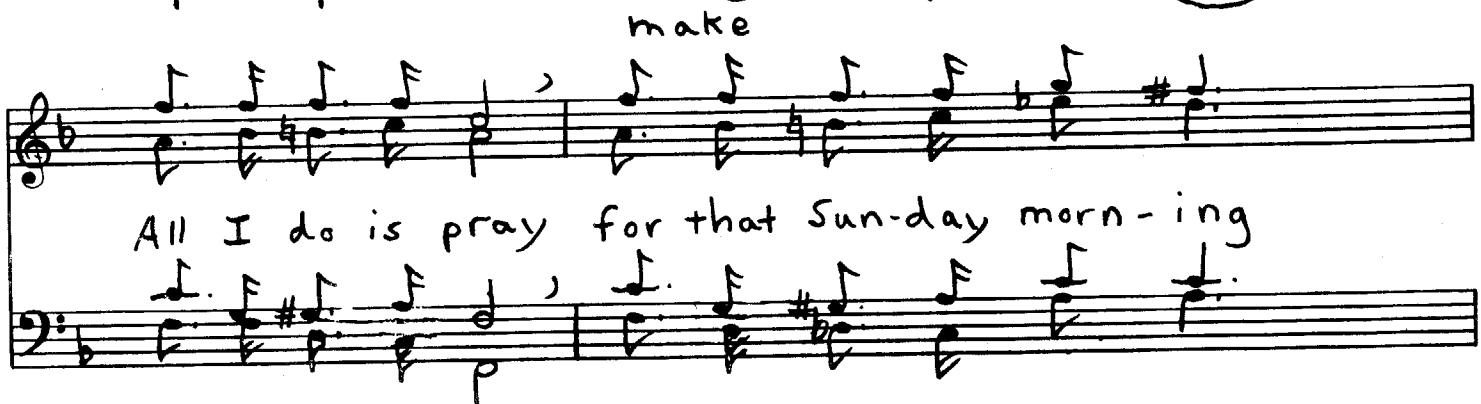
church there's an old bell ring-er ring-er



just wait-ing for the time when I place a ring a-



round your fing-er mak-ing you mine so



All I do is pray for that Sun-day morn-ing

Emaline

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sun to shine when I prom-e-nade down the line

hand in hand with, Em-a-line my Em-a-line

wait-ing for the time when she says that she'll be

(my) mine Em-a-line my Em-a-line