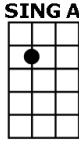


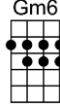
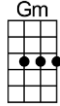
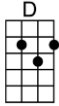
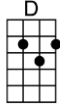
SING A



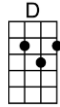
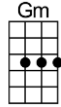
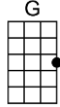
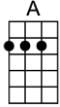
# OH PROMISE ME (BAR)-Clement Scott/Reginald DeKoven

4/4 1...2...123

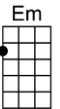
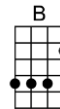
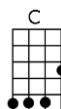
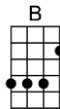
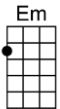
Intro:



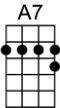
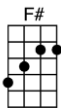
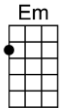
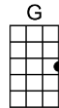
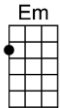
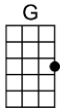
Oh, promise me that some day you and I  
Oh, promise me that you will take my hand



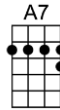
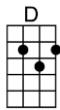
Will take our love to-gether to some sky  
The most unworthy in this promised land



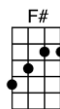
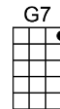
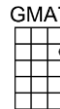
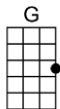
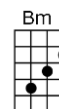
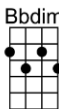
Where we can be a-lone, and faith re - new,  
And let me sit be-side you, in your eyes



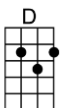
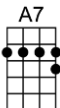
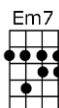
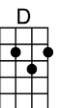
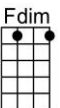
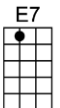
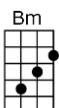
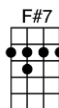
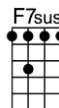
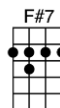
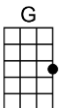
And find the hollows where those flow - ers grew  
To see the vision of our par - a - dise



Those first sweet violets of early spring,  
To hear God's message, while the organ rolls



Which come in whispers, thrill us both and sing  
Its mighty music to our very souls



Of love, un-spea - ble that is to be, oh, promise me, oh, prom - ise me  
No love less perfect than a life with thee, oh, promise me, oh, prom - ise me

# OH PROMISE ME - Clement Scott/Reginald DeKoven

4/4 1...2...123

Intro: D

D Gm Gm6 D  
Oh, promise me that some day you and I  
Oh, promise me that you will take my hand

A G Gm D  
Will take our love to-gether to some sky  
The most unworthy in this promised land

Em B C B Em  
Where we can be a-lone, and faith re - new,  
And let me sit be-side you, in your eyes

G Em G Em F# A7  
And find the hollows where those flow - ers grew  
To see the vision of our par - a - dise

D A7  
Those first sweet violets of early spring,  
To hear God's message, while the organ rolls

Bbdim Bm G GMA7 G7 F#  
Which come in whispers, thrill us both and sing  
Its mighty music to our very souls

G F#7 F#7sus F#7 Bm E7 Fdim D Em7 A7 D  
Of love, un-speaka - ble that is to be, oh, promise me, oh, prom-ise me  
No love less perfect than a life with thee, oh, promise me, oh, prom-ise me