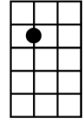


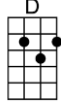

SING A

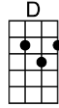
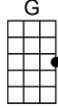
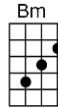
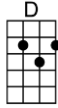


# THE TWELFTH OF NEVER<sup>(BAR)</sup>-Jerry Livingston

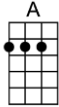
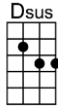
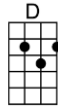
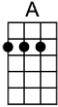
4/4 1...2...1234

-Paul Francis Webster

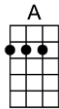
Intro: |  |  |



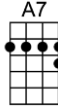
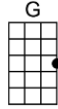
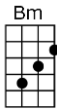
You ask how much I need you, must I explain?



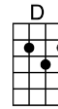
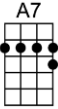
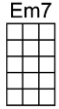
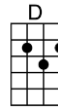
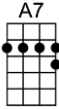
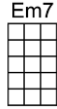
I need you, oh my darling, like roses need rain.



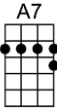
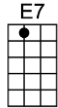
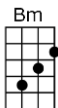
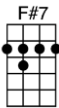
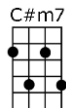
You ask how long I'll love you; I'll tell you true:



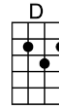
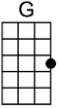
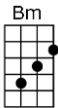
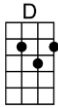
Un-til the twelfth of never, I'll still be loving you.



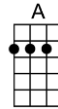
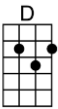
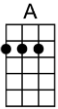
Hold me close, never let me go.



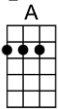
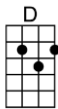
Hold me close, melt my heart like April snow.



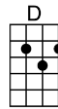
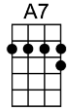
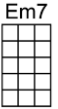
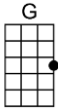
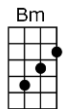
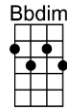
I'll love you till the bluebells for-get to bloom;



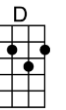
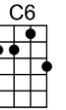
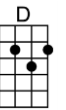
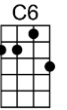
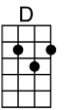
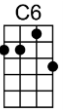
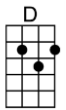
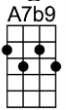
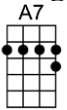
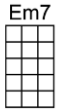
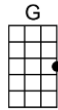
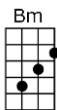
I'll love you till the clover has lost its per-fume.



I'll love you till the poets run out of rhyme,



Un - til the twelfth of never and that's a long, long time.



Un-til the twelfth of never and that's...a...long....long time.

# THE TWELFTH OF NEVER - Jerry Livingston

4/4 1...2...1234

-Paul Francis Webster

Intro: | D | / |

D Bm G D  
You ask how much I need you, must I explain?

A D Dsus A  
I need you, oh my darling, like roses need rain.

D A  
You ask how long I'll love you; I'll tell you true:

Bm G Em7 A7 D  
Un-til the twelfth of never, I'll still be loving you.

Em7 A7 D Em7 A7 D  
Hold me close, never let me go.

C#m7 F#7 Bm E7 A7  
Hold me close, melt my heart like April snow.

D Bm G D  
I'll love you till the bluebells for-get to bloom;

A D Dsus A  
I'll love you till the clover has lost its per-fume.

D A  
I'll love you till the poets run out of rhyme,

Bbdim Bm G Em7 A7 D  
Un - til the twelfth of never and that's a long, long time.

Bm G Em7 A7 A7b9 D C6 D C6 D C6 D  
Un-til the twelfth of never and that's...a...long....long time.