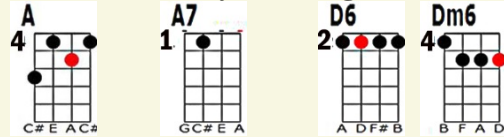


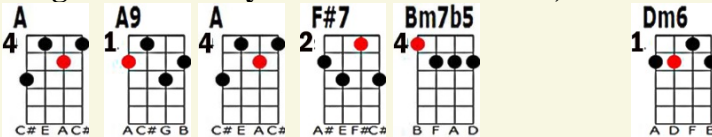
A Handful of Stars: Words and Music by Jack Lawrence & Ted Shapiro. 1940



I recall the story, that night of love and glory,



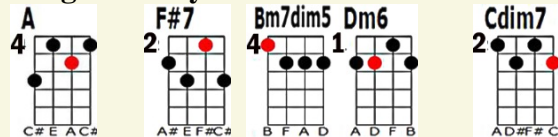
A night that left my heart romantic scars;



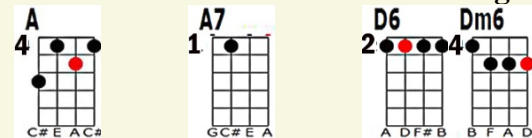
We stood so near to Heaven that I reached clear to Heaven



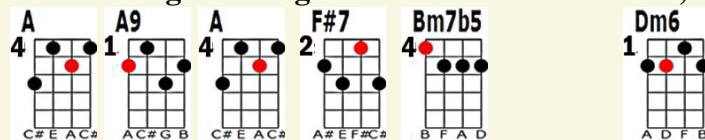
And gathered you a handful of stars.



Sweet remembered hour when love began to flower



With moonlight through the trees like silver bars;

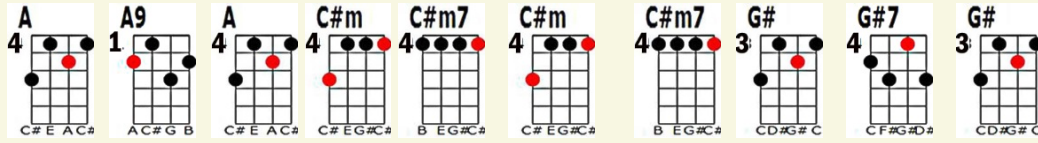


And as the moon grew older, I reached across your shoulder



And gathered you a handful of stars.

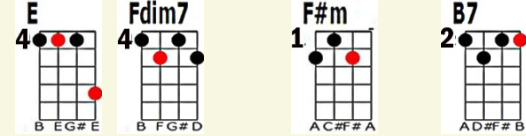
Bridge:



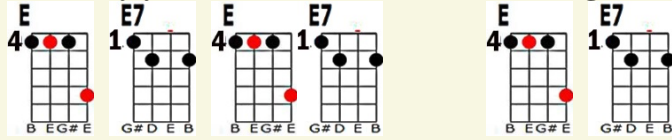
I placed my finger-tips upon your lips and stars fell in your eyes;



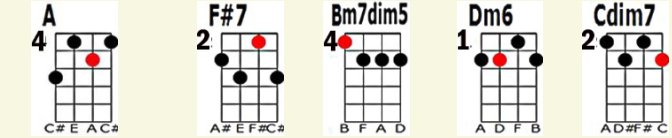
Moonglow made a halo of your hair,



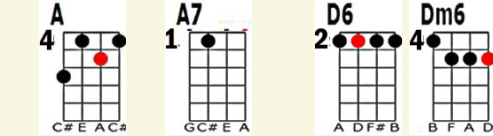
Suddenly you looked at me and dreams began to rise --



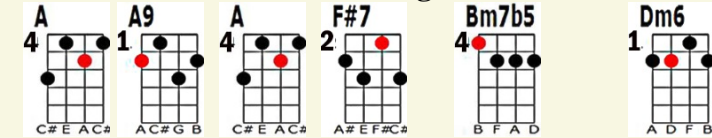
Oh, what things un-spo-ken trem-bled in the air.



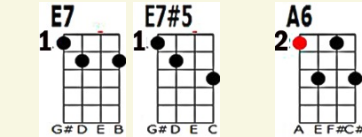
Our hearts were madly beating, and then our lips were meeting,



And Venus seemed to melt right into Mars.



And while we stood caressing, blue Heaven sent a blessing --



A shower of handful of stars.