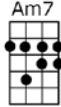

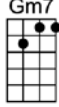
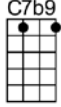
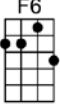
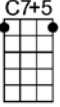
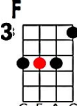
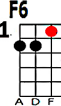
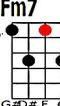
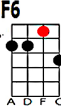
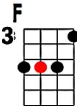
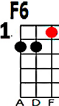
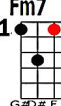
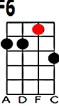


THE VERY THOUGHT OF YOU

4/4 1...2...123 (without intro)

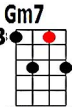
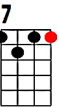
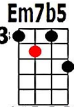
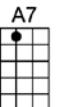
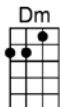
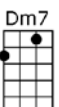
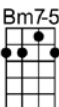
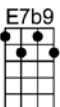
Intro: |  |  |  |  |  |  |

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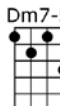
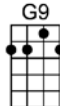
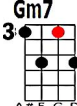
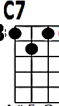
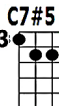
The very thought of you and I for-get to do

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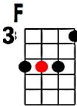
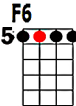
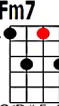
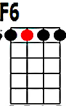
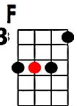
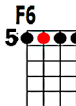
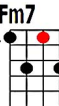
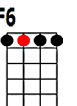
The little ordi-nary things that everyone ought to do.

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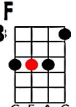
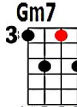
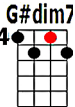
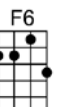
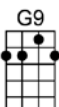
I'm living in a kind of daydream, I'm happy as a king,

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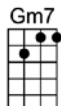
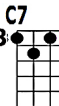
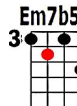
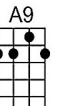
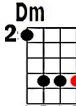
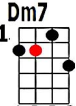
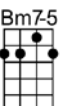
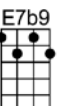
And foolish though it may seem, to me that's every-thing.

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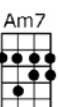
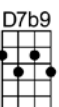
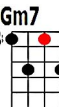
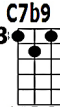

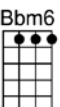
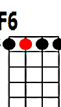
The mere i-idea of you, the longing here for you;

   |  

You'll never know how slow the moments go 'til I'm near to you.

    |    

I see your face in every flower, your eyes in stars a-bove

  |     

It's just the thought of you, the very thought of you, my love.