And now the purple dusk of twilight time steals across the meadows of my heart

High up in the sky the little stars climb, always reminding me that we're apart

You wandered down the lane and far away, leaving me a song that will not die

Love is now the Star Dust of yesterday, the music of the years gone by.

Some-times I wonder why I spend the lonely night dreaming of a song

The melody haunts my reve-rie, and I am once again with you

When our love was new, and each kiss an inspir - a - tion

But that was long ago, now my consolation is in the stardust of a song
Be - side a garden wall when stars are bright you are in my arms

The nightingale tells his fairy tale of paradise where roses grew

Though I dream in vain, in my heart it will re-main

My stardust melo-dy, the memo-ry of love's re-frain

My stardust melo-dy, the memo-ry of love's re-frain
And now the purple dusk of twilight time steals across the meadows of my heart

High up in the sky the little stars climb, always reminding me that we're a-part

You wandered down the lane and far away, leaving me a song that will not die

Love is now the Star Dust of yester-day, the music of the years gone by.

Some-times I wonder why I spend the lonely night dreaming of a song

The melody haunts my reve-rie, and I am once a-gain with you

When our love was new, and each kiss an inspir-a-tion

But that was long ago, now my consolation is in the stardust of a song

Be-side a garden wall when stars are bright you are in my arms

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