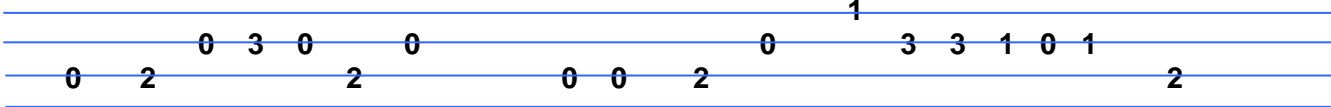
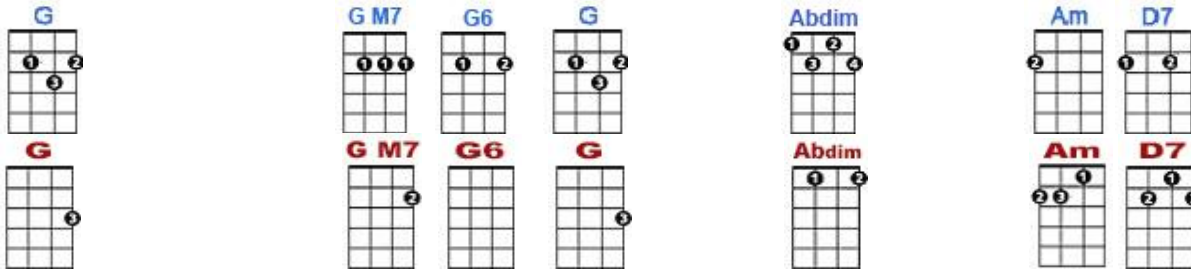
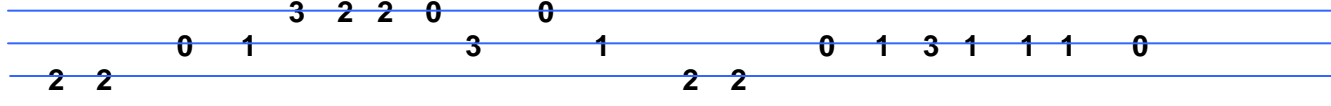
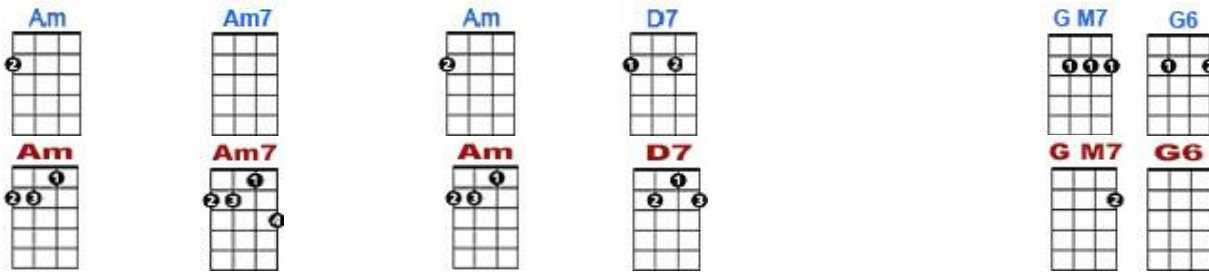


Begin The Beguine by Cole Porter



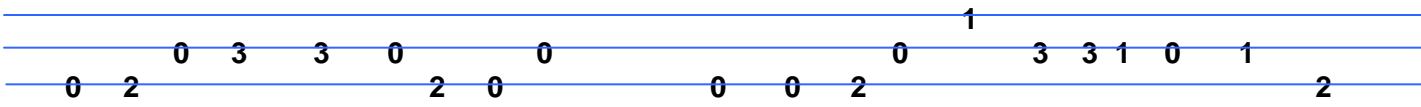
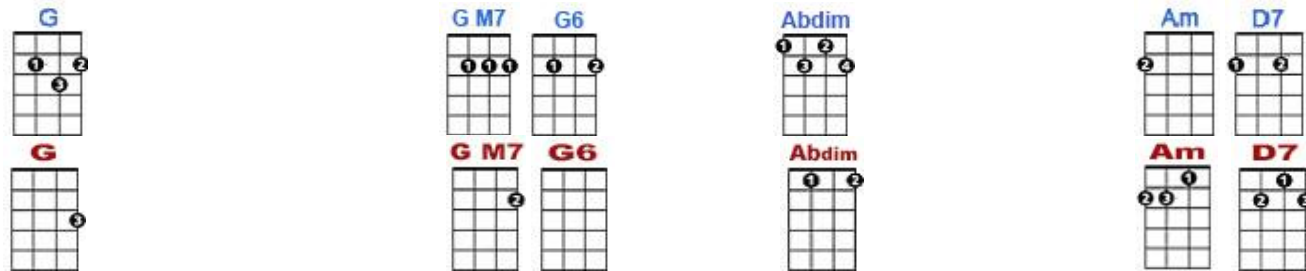
When they begin the beguine.

It brings back the sound of music so ten - der.



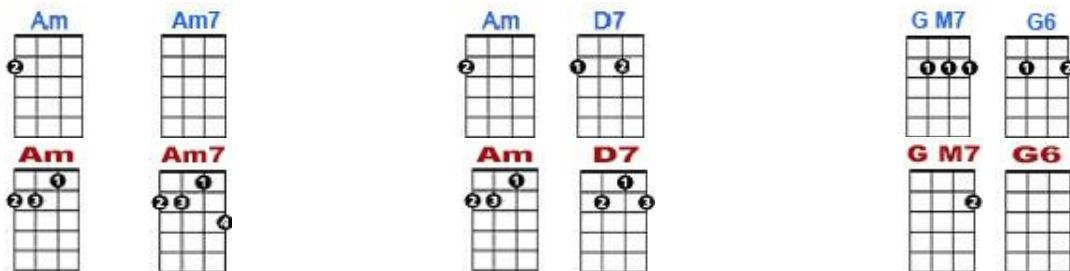
It brings back a night of tro-pi-cal splendor.

It brings back a memory ever green.



I'm with you once more, under the stars,

and down by the shore an orchestra's play-ing.

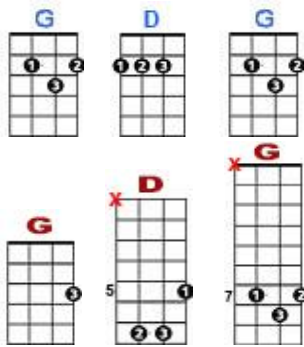


0 1 3 2 0 0

0 1 3 1 0 1 3 1

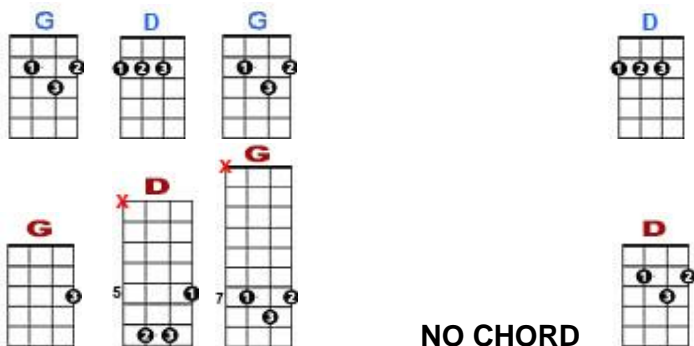
2 2 2 0

And even the palms seem to be swaying when they begin the beguine.



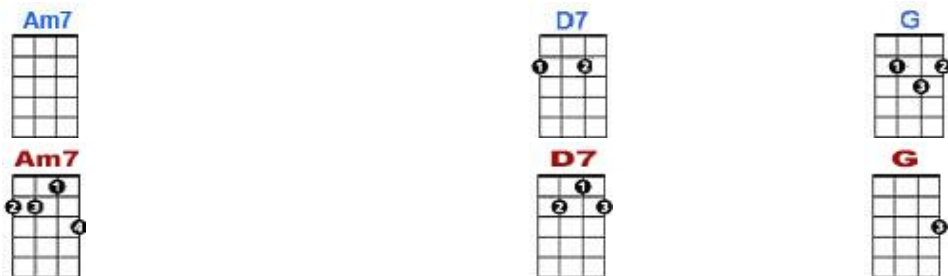
3 5 7 7 7 7 7 7 7

10 8



3 5 7 7 7 8 7 5 3 2

1



0 2 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 2 2 0 0

1 1 0 1 3 1

2 2 0