

# Ella Fitzgerald, Midnight Sun

Your lips were like a red and ruby chalice, warmer than the summer night  
The clouds were like an alabaster palace rising to a snowy height.  
Each star it's own aurora borealis, suddenly you held me tight,  
I could see the Midnight Sun.

I can't explain the silver rain that found me--or was that a moonlight veil?  
The music of the universe around me, or was that a nightingale?  
And then your arms miraculously found me, suddenly the sky turned pale,  
I could see the Midnight Sun.

Was there such a night, it's a thrill I still don't quite believe,  
But after you were gone, there was still some stardust on my sleeve.

The flame of it may dwindle to an ember, and the stars forget to shine,  
And we may see the meadow in December, icy white and crystalline.  
But oh my darling always I'll remember when your lips were close to mine,  
And we saw the Midnight Sun.