

# James Darren, I'll Be Seeing You

Cathedral bells were tolling  
And our hearts sang on,  
Was it the spell of Paris  
Or the April dawn?

Who knows, if we shall meet again?  
But when the morning chimes ring sweet again:

I'll be seeing you  
In all the old familiar places  
That this heart of mine embraces all day through:

In that small cafe,  
The park across the way,  
The children's carousel,  
The chestnut trees,  
The wishing well.

I'll be seeing you in every lovely summer's day,  
In everything that's light and gay,  
I'll always think of you that way  
I'll find you in the morning sun,  
And when the night is new,  
I'll be looking at the moon  
But I'll be seeing you.

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The park across the way,  
The children's carousel,  
The chestnut trees,  
The wishing well.

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