

On The Bridge At Twilight - song lyrics

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ON THE BRIDGE AT TWILIGHT.

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Words and Music by Monroe H. Rosenfeld.

On the bridge at twilight I saw the sweetest face,
Two lovely eyes, like starry skies, a form of fairy grace;
The Brooklyn lights were gleaming, and soon I saw that she
Was just as sweet and just as neat as a Brooklyn girl could be.
We talked about the weather, we watched the river flow,
her hand I took, she gave a look that never whispered No!
Her voice was like sweet music, and, while we lingered there.
My heart was caught before I thought, for love was in the air.

Chorus.

On the bridge at twilight, strolling to and fro,
Lips so shyly meeting, cheeks that gently glow;
Eyes so softly glancing, with a joy entrancing,
Oh, what sweet romancing on the bridge below.-(Dance.)

On the bridge at twilight we roamed in joy supreme,
A glance so shy, a tender sigh made life a happy dream;
A blushing rose I gave her, she said she'd keep the flower.
To think of me, where'er I'd be, and that delightful hour.
My heart was thrilled with rapture, I told love's story sweet,
She hung her head and only said-but that I won't repeat;
Enough to know we parted, and that I found for life
Upon the Brooklyn Bridge that eve a sweetheart and a wife.-Chorus.