

# I've Grown Accustomed to her Face

(My Fair Lady Choral Selections arr. Carl Strommen)

Men	<p><i>I've grown accustomed to her face. She almost makes the day begin. I've grown accustomed to tune, she whistles night and noon, Her smiles, her frowns, her ups, her downs are second nature to me now; Like breathing out and breathing in I was serenely independent and content before we met; Surely I could always be that way again and yet; I've grown accustomed to her looks; Accustomed to her voice; Accustomed to her face.</i></p>
Women	<p>I have often walked down this street before. But the pavement always stayed beneath my feet before.</p>
All	<p><b>All at once am I sev'ral stories high, Knowing I'm on the street where you live.</b></p>
All	<p><b>Are there lilac trees in the heart of town? Can you hear a lark in any other part of town? Does enchantment pour out of every door? No, it's just on the street where your live.</b></p>
Men	<p><i>And oh, the towering feeling, Just to know somehow you are near!</i></p>
Women	<p>The overpowering feeling That any second you may suddenly appear!</p>
All	<p><b>People stop and stare, they don't bother me; For there's nowhere else on earth that I would rather be. Let the time go by, I won't care if I can be here on the street where you live.</b></p>