

# Sandra's Choice: Changes

Inspiration by «The Seven Muses» Text by Jürg Lendenmann © 2002 Snoopy Press JüLe 2003-05-01

---

All the Things You Are	The Lady Is a Tramp
All My Tomorrows	Love Is Here to Stay
As Time Goes By	Lover Man
Bewitched	Lullaby of Birdland
Black Coffee	Mack the Knife
Body and Soul	The Man I Love
But Beautiful	Midnight Sun
But Not For Me	Misty
Can't We Be Friends?	My Funny Valentine
Cheek to Cheek	Nice Work If You Can Get It
Come Fly With Me	Oh You Crazy Moon
Dream a Little Dream of Me	Peel Me a Grape
Early Autumn	People Will Say We're In Love
The End of a Love Affair	Quiet Nights of Quiet Stars (Corcovado)
Fever	Sentimental Journey
Fly Me to the Moon	Solitude
A Foggy Day	Star Dust
Girl from Ipanema	That Old Black Magic
Happy Birthday	They Can't Take That Away From Me
I Fall In Love Too Easily	Too Close For Comfort
I Get a Kick out of You	Twisted
I Got Rhythm	We'll Be Together Again
I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues	What Am I Here For?
I Hear Music	What Is There to Say
I Miss You So	What Is This Thing Called Love
I Wanna Be Around	What's New?
I'll Remember April	When A Women Loves A Man
I'm Beginning to See the Light	When Sunny Gets Blue
I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm	Whispering
I've Got the World on a String	You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To
I've Grown Accustomed to Her/His Face	You'll Have to Swing It (Mr. Paganini)
Just A Gigolo	You're Getting to Be a Habit With Me
Just One of Those Things	You and the Night and the Music

# All My Tomorrows

Music by Jimmy van Heusen Lyrics by Sammy Cahn © 19?? JüLe 2003-04-19

A <sub>1</sub>	F- <sup>9</sup>	F- <sup>7b5</sup>	B <sup>b7-9</sup>	G- <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>b0</sup>				
	F- <sup>9</sup>	B <sup>b7sus</sup> B <sup>b7</sup> / A <sup>b</sup>	G- <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7-9</sup>	F- <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7-9</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	G- <sup>7</sup> C <sup>7-9</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	F- <sup>9</sup>	F- <sup>7b5</sup>	B <sup>b7-9</sup>	G- <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>b0</sup>				
	F- <sup>9</sup>	B <sup>b7sus</sup> B <sup>b7</sup> / A <sup>b</sup>	G- <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7-9</sup>	F- <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7-9</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	
B	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	C- <sup>7</sup>	A- <sup>7b5</sup>	A <sup>b-6</sup>			
	E <sup>b6</sup> / G	C- <sup>7</sup>	F- <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b13-9</sup>	G <sup>7+5+9</sup>	C <sup>7</sup> / B <sup>b</sup> F <sup>7+5</sup>	B <sup>b9sus</sup>	C <sup>7-9</sup>	
A <sub>3</sub>	F- <sup>9</sup>	F- <sup>7b5</sup>	B <sup>b7-9</sup>	G- <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>b0</sup>				
	F- <sup>9</sup>	B <sup>b7sus</sup> B <sup>b7</sup> / A <sup>b</sup>	G- <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7-9</sup>	F- <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7-9</sup>	G- <sup>7b5</sup>	C <sup>7-9</sup>	
	F- <sup>9</sup>	F- <sup>7b5</sup>	B <sup>b7-9</sup>	E <sup>b6</sup>	(G- <sup>7b5</sup>	C <sup>7-9</sup> )			

Today I may not have a thing at all,  
 Except for just a dream or two.  
 But I've got lots of plans for tomorrow,  
 And all my tomorrows belong to you.

Right now it may not seem like spring at all,  
 We're drifting and the laughs are few.  
 But I've got rainbows planned for tomorrow,  
 And all my tomorrows belong to you.

No one knows better than I  
 That luck keeps passing me by, that's fate!  
 But with you there at my side,  
 I'll soon be turning the tide, just wait!

As long as I've got arms that cling at all,  
 It's you that I'll be clinging to.  
 And all the dreams I dream, beg, or borrow  
 On some bright tomorrow they'll all come true,  
 And all my bright tomorrows belong to you.

# All the Things You Are

Music by Jerome Kern Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II © 1939 T. B. Harms JüLe 2002-06-03

I	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>-7b5</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>1</sub>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	
	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>-7b5</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>7j</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	
	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>-7b5</sup> A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>7j</sup>	
B	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7-9</sup>	D <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>7j</sup>	
	C <sup>#-7b5</sup>	F <sup>#7</sup>	B <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>+5</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	
	A <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup> <sub>/G</sub>	G <sup>b0</sup>	
	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup> (D <sup>-7b5</sup> G <sup>7</sup> )	

1x tutti; 1/2 piano, 1/2 bass, x vocal

You are the promised kiss of springtime  
That makes the lonely winter seem long.  
You are the breathless hush of evening  
That trembles on the brink of a lovely song.

You are the angel glow  
That lights a star,  
The dearest things I know  
Are what you are.

Some day my happy arms will hold you,  
And some day I'll know that moment divine,  
When All The Things You Are, are mine.

# As Time Goes By

Music and Lyrics by Herman Hupfeld Film: Casablanca © 1941 JüLe 2000-05-30

I	B <sup>b7</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7-9</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	C <sup>-7b5</sup> F <sup>7-9</sup> B <sup>b7</sup> E <sup>b7-9</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup> B <sup>b-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>-7</sup>	
	B <sup>b7</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7-9</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	C <sup>∅</sup> F <sup>7-9</sup> B <sup>b7</sup> E <sup>b7-9</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup> B <sup>b-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>-7</sup>	
	B <sup>b7</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup> A <sup>b7</sup>	
B	D <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>-7b5</sup> F <sup>7+5-9</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	B <sup>∅</sup>	
	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup> F <sup>7-9</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>3</sub>	B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	C <sup>-7b5</sup> F <sup>7-9</sup> B <sup>b7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup> B <sup>b-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>-7</sup>	
	B <sup>b7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7-9</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup> (C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7-9</sup> )	

This day and age we're living in gives cause for  
 apprehension,  
 What speed and new invention, and things like third  
 dimension,  
 Yet, we grow a trifle weary,  
 with Mister Einstein's the'ry,  
 So we must get down to earth, at times relax, re-  
 lieve the tension.  
 No matter what the progress, or what may yet be  
 proved,  
 The simple facts of life are such they cannot be  
 removed.

You must remember this  
 A kiss is still a kiss  
 A sigh is still (just) a sigh  
 The fundamental things apply  
 As time goes by

And when two lovers woo  
 They still say: "I love you"  
 On that you can rely  
 No matter what the future brings  
 As time goes by

Moonlight and love songs – never out of date  
 Hearts full of passion – jealousy and hate  
 Woman needs man – and man must have his mate  
 That no one can deny

It's still the same old story  
 A fight for love and glory  
 A case of do or die  
 The world will always welcome lovers  
 As time goes by

# Bewitched

Music by Richard Rodgers Lyrics by Lorenz Hart Musical: Pal Joey © 1941 Chappell & Co. JüLe 01-06-12

ohne Bass	I	G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>   F <sup>7j</sup> D <sup>-7</sup>   G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>   A <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>7-9</sup>
		G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>   F <sup>7j</sup> D <sup>-7</sup>   G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>   F <sup>7j</sup>
		G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>   F <sup>7j</sup> D <sup>-7</sup>   G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>   A <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>7-9</sup>
		G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>   F <sup>7j</sup> D <sup>-7</sup>   G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>   G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>1</sub>	F <sup>7j</sup> D <sup>-7</sup>   G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>   F <sup>7j</sup> A <sup>7+5</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> B <sup>0</sup>	
	F <sup>7j</sup> <sub>/c</sub> D <sup>-7</sup>   G <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>#0</sup>   G <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>-7j</sup>   G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	F <sup>7j</sup> D <sup>-7</sup>   G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>   F <sup>7j</sup> A <sup>7+5</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> B <sup>0</sup>	
	F <sup>7j</sup> <sub>/c</sub> D <sup>-7</sup>   G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup>   A <sup>-7b</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	
B	G <sup>-</sup> G <sup>-7j</sup>   G <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>-6</sup>   D <sup>-</sup> D <sup>-7j</sup>   D <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>-6</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>   G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>   A <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>0</sup>   G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>3</sub>	F <sup>7j</sup> D <sup>-7</sup>   G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>   F <sup>7j</sup> A <sup>7+5</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> B <sup>0</sup>	
	F <sup>7j</sup> A <sup>b0</sup>   G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>   F <sup>7j</sup> B <sup>b7j</sup>   F <sup>7j</sup> (A <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>b0</sup> )	

Intro: nur mit Klavier, rubato. 1x tutti. Intro: nur mit Klavier, rubato. 1x tutti.

*Verse:* After one whole quart of brandy Like a daisy I awake. With no Bromo Seltzer handy I don't even shake.

Men are not a new sensation; I've done pretty well I think But this half-pint imitation Put me on the blink.

*Chorus*

I'm wild again, Beguiled again, A simpering, whimpering child again, Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I.

Couldn't sleep And wouldn't sleep When love came and told me I shouldn't sleep, Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I.

(I) Lost my heart but what of it? He is cold, I agree. He can laugh but I love it Although the laugh's on me.

\*I'll sing to him, Each spring to him, And long for day when I'll cling to him, Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I.

*Verse*

He's a fool and don't I know it, but a fool can have his charms, I'm in love and don't I show it, like a babe in arms.

Love's the same old sad sensation, lately I've not slept a wink, since this half-pint imitation, put me on the blink.

*Chorus*

I've sinned a lot, I mean a lot But I'm like sweet seventeen a lot, Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I.

I'll sing to him, Each (bring?) spring to him And worship the trousers that cling to him, Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I.

When he talks he is seeking Words to get off his chest. Horizontally speaking: He's at his very best.

Vexed again, Perplexed again, Thank God I can't be oversexed again, Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I.

Wise at last, My eyes at last, Are cutting you down to your size at last, Bewitched, bothered and bewildered no more.

Burned a lot But learned a lot And now you are broke, so (though?) you earned a lot, Bewitched, bothered and bewildered no more.

Couldn't eat, Was dyspeptic, Life was so hard to bear; Now my heart's antiseptic Since you moved out of there.

Romance – finis, Your chance – finis, Those ants that invaded my pants – finis, Bewitched, bothered and bewildered no more.

*\*A pill he is, But still he is, All mine and I'll keep him until he is. Bewitched, bothered and bewildered Like me.*

# Black Coffee

Music by Francis J. Burke Lyrics by Paul Francis Webster © 1948 JüLe 2000-08-04

I	C <sup>7+9</sup>	G <sup>7+5+9</sup> / <sub>C<sup>#</sup></sub>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	G <sup>7+5+9</sup> / <sub>C<sup>#</sup></sub>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	G <sup>7+5+9</sup> / <sub>C<sup>#</sup></sub>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	G <sup>7+5+9</sup> / <sub>C<sup>#</sup></sub>
A <sub>1</sub>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	G <sup>7+5+9</sup> / <sub>C<sup>#</sup></sub>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	G <sup>7+5+9</sup> / <sub>C<sup>#</sup></sub>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	G <sup>7+5+9</sup> / <sub>C<sup>#</sup></sub>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	
	F <sup>7</sup>		F <sup>7</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7+9</sup>
	D <sup>7</sup>		D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>7+5+9</sup>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	G <sup>7+5+9</sup>
A <sub>2</sub>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	G <sup>7+5+9</sup> / <sub>C<sup>#</sup></sub>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	G <sup>7+5+9</sup> / <sub>C<sup>#</sup></sub>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	G <sup>7+5+9</sup> / <sub>C<sup>#</sup></sub>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	
	F <sup>7</sup>		F <sup>7</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7+9</sup>
	D <sup>7</sup>		D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>7+5+9</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	
B	F <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7-5-9</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>		D <sup>-7b5</sup>	G <sup>7-5-9</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	
	E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup>		E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>
S	D <sup>7</sup> ● ● ●	G <sup>7-9</sup> / <sub>D<sup>b</sup></sub> ● ● ●	C <sup>-7</sup> ● ● ●		F <sup>7</sup> ● ● ●	C <sup>-7</sup> ● ● ●		

1x tutti  :kein Swingrhythmus

I'm feelin' mighty lonesome,  
Haven't slept a wink,  
I walk the floor and watch the door  
and in between I drink...  
Black coffee.  
Love's a hand-me-down brew  
I'll never know a Sunday  
in this weekday room.

I'm talking to the shadows  
one o'clock to four,  
and lord how slow the moments go  
when all I do is pour  
Black coffee.  
Since the blues caught my eye,  
I'm hanging out on Monday,  
My Sunday dreams to dry.

Now a man is born to go alovin',  
A woman's born to weep and fret.  
To stay at home and tend her oven,  
And drown her past regrets  
in coffee and cigarettes.

I'm moonin' all the mornin'  
and mournin' all the night  
and in between it's nicotine and not much heart to  
fight  
Black coffee  
Feelin' low as the ground.  
It's drivin' me crazy, this waitin' for my baby  
To maybe come around.

My nerves have gone to pieces  
My hair is turnin' grey  
All I do is drink black coffee,  
Since my man's gone away.

# Body and Soul

Music by Johnny W. Green Lyrics by Edward Heyman, Robert Sour & Frank Eyton © 1938 JüLe 2000-08-01

I	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>o</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>o</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>o</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>b7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>o</sup>	
	B <sup>b-7</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup> / <sub>A<sup>b</sup></sub>	G <sup>-7b5</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>o</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>o</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>b7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>o</sup>	
	B <sup>b-7</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup> / <sub>A<sup>b</sup></sub>	G <sup>-7b5</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup> E <sup>7</sup>	
B	A <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7j</sup> / <sub>C<sup>#</sup></sub>	D <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7j</sup> / <sub>C<sup>#</sup></sub> F <sup>#7</sup>	B <sup>7</sup> E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup> E <sup>7</sup>	
	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7j</sup> G <sub>/B</sub>	B <sup>b0</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup> G <sup>b7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>o</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>b7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>o</sup>	
	B <sup>b-7</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup> / <sub>A<sup>b</sup></sub>	G <sup>o</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	(A <sup>o</sup> )	

1x tutti; 1/2 piano, 1/2 bass, 1 x tutti

Verse

*You're making me blue*

*All that you do,*

*Seems unfair*

*You try not to hear,*

*Turn a deaf ear*

*To my prayer It seems you don't want to see*

*What you are doing to me*

*My arms are waiting to caress you*

*And to my heart they long to press you sweet heart.*

Verse?

*Life's dreary for me*

*Day's seem to be long as years*

*I've looked for the sun*

*But can see none*

*Through my tears*

*Your heart must be like a stone*

*To leave me like this alone*

*When you could make my life worth living*

*By taking what I'm set on giving, sweet heart*

My heart is sad and lonely

For you I cry (sigh) For you, dear, only

I tell you I mean it I'm all for you Body and soul

I spend my days in longing

And wondering it's me you're wronging

Why haven't you seen it I'm all for you Body and soul

I can't believe

it It hard to conceive it

That you'd turn away romance

Are you pretending

Don't say it's the ending

I wish I could have one more change to prove, dear

My life a hell/wrack you're making

You know I'm yours for just the taking

I'd gladly surrender Myself to you Body and soul

Varianten: (... it looks like the ending unless I could have one more chance to prove, dear

# But Beautiful

Music by Jimmy Van Heusen Lyrics by Johnny Burke © 1947 Bourne Co & Dorsey Brothers. JüLe 2002-05-23

I	D <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup> /E <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>7j</sup>		E <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>A</sub>	A <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	D <sup>7j</sup>		D <sup>#0</sup>		E <sup>-7</sup>		F <sup>0</sup>		
	D <sub>/F#</sub>		F <sup>#-7b5</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>#-7</sup>	G <sup>-7j</sup>	G <sup>#-7b5</sup>	
	A <sup>6</sup>	G <sup>0</sup>	F <sup>#-7</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7j</sup>		
	E <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>		E <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>A</sub>		A <sup>7</sup>		
A <sub>2</sub>	D <sup>7j</sup>		D <sup>#0</sup>		E <sup>-7</sup>		F <sup>0</sup>		
	D <sub>/F#</sub>		F <sup>#-7b5</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>#-7</sup>	G <sup>-7j</sup>	G <sup>#-7b5</sup>	
	A <sup>6</sup>	G <sup>0</sup>	F <sup>#-7</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>#7+5</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>79</sup>	
	D <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup> /E <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>7j</sup>		(E <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>A</sub>	A <sup>7</sup> )	

1x tutti; 1/2 piano, 1/2 bass, 1 x tutti

Life is funny or it's sad Or it's quiet or it's mad; It's  
a good thin or it's bad, But Beautiful! Beautiful to  
take a chance and if you fall, you fall, And I'm  
thinking I wouldn't mind at all.

Love is tearful or it's gay; It's a problem or it's  
play; It's a heartache either way, But Beautiful! And  
I'm thinking if you were mine I'd never let you go,  
And that would be But Beautiful, I know.



# But Not For Me

Music by George Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin © 1930 Gershwin Publishing Corp. JüLe 2002-05-23

I	B <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup>		C <sup>-7</sup> <sub>/F</sub>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>		B <sup>b7j</sup>		
	C <sup>7</sup>		C <sup>-7</sup> <sub>/F</sub>	F <sup>7-9</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>		B <sup>b7</sup>		
	E <sup>b7j</sup>		C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7-9</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>		G <sup>-7</sup>		
	C <sup>-7</sup>		G <sup>7</sup>		C <sup>-7</sup>		F <sup>7</sup>		
A <sub>2</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup>		C <sup>-7</sup> <sub>/F</sub>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>		B <sup>b7j</sup>		
	C <sup>7</sup>		C <sup>-7</sup> <sub>/F</sub>	F <sup>7-9</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>		B <sup>b7</sup>		
	E <sup>b7j</sup>		C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7-9</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>		G <sup>7+5-9</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
	C <sup>-7</sup>		F <sup>7-9</sup>		B <sup>b7j</sup>		B <sup>b7j</sup>		

2x tutti; 1/2 piano, 1/2 bass, 1x vocal

VERSE (Molly):

Old Man Sunshine - Listen, you!  
 Never tell me Dreams Come True!  
 Just try it -  
 And I'll start a riot.  
 Beatrice Fairfax - don't you dare  
 Ever tell me he will care;  
 I'm certain  
 It's the Final Curtain.  
 I never want to hear  
 From any cheer-  
 Ful Polyannas,  
 Who tell you Fate  
 Supplies a Mate -  
 It's all bananas!

Introduced by Ginger Rogers and Willie Howard  
 in the Broadway production of Girl Crazy, 1930  
 (from the book, The Complete Lyrics of Ira  
 Gershwin,  
 by Robert Kimball, Knopf 1993)

It started off so swell,  
 This "Let's Pretend";  
 It all began so well; But what an end!  
 The climax of a plot  
 Should be the marriage knot,  
 But there's no knot for me.

*Judy's version contributed by Ruth*

**They're writing songs of love,  
 but not for me.**

**A lucky star's above,  
 but not for me.**

**With love to lead the way  
 I've found more clouds of gray  
 Than any Russian play  
 could guarantee.**

**I was a fool to fall  
 And get that way.  
 Heigh-ho! Alas! and also Lackaday!  
 Although I can't dismiss  
 the mem'ry of his kiss,,  
 I guess he's not for me.**

**He's knocking on a door,  
 But not for me.  
 He'll plan a two by four,  
 but not for me.  
 I know (I've heard) that love's a game;  
 I'm puzzled, just the same,  
 Was I the moth or flame?  
 I'm all at sea.**

**It all began so well,  
 But what an end!  
 This is the time a feller needs a friend,  
 When ev'ry happy plot  
 ends with the marriage knot,  
 And there's no knot for me.**

# Can't We Be Friends?

Music by Kay Swift Lyrics by Paul James © 1929 Warner Bros JüLe 2002-05-23

I	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>7</sup> F <sup>7-9</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> E <sup>b-7</sup>   D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>1</sub>	C <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> G <sup>b7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> / <sub>F</sub> D <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>b0</sup>
	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>7</sup> F <sup>7-9</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> E <sup>b-7</sup>   D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>2</sub>	C <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> G <sup>b7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> / <sub>F</sub> D <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>b0</sup>
	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>7</sup> F <sup>7-9</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup>   F <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>
B <sub>2</sub>	E <sup>b7j</sup>   E <sup>0</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> / <sub>F</sub> G <sup>0</sup> A <sup>0</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup>
	E <sup>b-7</sup>   A <sup>b7</sup> D <sup>7+5</sup>   G <sup>7</sup>   G <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>3</sub>	C <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> G <sup>b7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> / <sub>F</sub> D <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>b0</sup>
	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>7</sup> F <sup>7-9</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> A <sup>b9</sup> A <sup>9</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup>

1x tutti; 1/2 piano, 1/2 bass, 1x vocal

I thought I'd found the man of my dreams  
Now it seems  
This is how the story ends:  
He's goin' to turn me down and say  
"Can't we be friends?"

I thought for once it couldn't go wrong.  
Not for long!  
I can see the way this ends:  
He's goin' to turn me down and say  
"Can't we be friends?"

Never again!  
Through with love, through with men!  
They play their game  
without shame,  
and who's to blame?

I thought I'd found a man I could trust,  
What a bust!  
This is how the story ends:  
He's goin' to turn me down and say  
"Can't we be friends?"

I thought I knew the wheat from the chaff,  
What a laugh!  
This is how the story ends:  
I let him turn me down and say  
"Can't we be friends?"

I acted like a kid out of school,  
What a fool!  
Now I see the way this ends:  
I let him turn me down and say  
"Can't we be friends?"

Why should care!  
Though he gave me the air?  
Why should I cry,  
heave a sigh,  
and wonder why?

I should have seen the signal to stop,  
What a flop!  
This is how the story ends:  
He's goin' to turn me down and say  
"Can't we be friends?"

# Cheek to Cheek

Music and Lyrics by Irving Berlin © 1935 Irving Berlin Inc., New York JüLe 01-06-12

I	F <sup>7j</sup>	(D <sup>7-9</sup> )	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	(D <sup>7-9</sup> )	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>1</sub>	F <sup>7j</sup>	(D <sup>7-9</sup> )	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	(D <sup>7-9</sup> )	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>2</sub>	F <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>#0</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>b7+11</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>		A <sup>7</sup>	/E <sup>b</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>		F <sup>7j</sup>	(D <sup>7-9</sup> )	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>
B	F <sup>7j</sup>	(D <sup>7-9</sup> )	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	(D <sup>7-9</sup> )	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>
	F <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>#0</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>b7+11</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>		A <sup>7</sup>	/E <sup>b</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>		F <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>b0</sup>
C								
A <sub>3</sub>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>
	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>b0</sup>
	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>

1x tutti; 1/2 piano, 1/2 bass, 1 x vocal. Schluss: letzte 2 Takte 2 x wiederholen

	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>
Heaven, I'm in Heaven, And my heart beats so that I can hardly speak; And I seem to find the happiness I seek When we're out together dancing, Cheek To Cheek.	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>
Heaven, I'm in Heaven, And the cares that gang around me thro' the week, Seem to vanish like a gambler's lucky streak, When we're out together dancing, Cheek To Cheek.	G <sup>7-9</sup>	C <sup>7-9</sup>	C <sup>#0</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>
Oh! I love to climb a mountain And to reach the highest peak, But it doesn't thrill me half as much As dancing Cheek To Cheek.	F <sup>7j</sup>	(D <sup>7-9</sup> )	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	(D <sup>7-9</sup> )	G <sup>-7</sup>
	F <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>#0</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>
	G <sup>-7</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>		A <sup>7</sup>	/E <sup>b</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>
Oh! I love to go out fishing In a river or a creek, But I don't enjoy it half as much As dancing Cheek To Cheek. Dance with me	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>
I want my arm about you; The charm about you Will carry me thro' to Heaven. I'm in Heaven and my heart beats so that I can hardly speak; And I seem to find the happiness I seek When we're out together dancing, Cheek To Cheek.	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>

# Come Fly With Me

Music by Jimmy Van Heusen Lyrics by Sammy Cahn © 1958 JüLe 2002-10-23

V	F <sup>6</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>6</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>6</sup>	C <sub>/E</sub>	C <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sub>/C</sub>	G <sup>-7b5</sup>
	F <sup>7j</sup>		G <sup>-</sup>	F <sub>/A</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup>			C <sup>7j</sup>		C <sup>9</sup>	B <sup>b</sup>
	G <sup>-7</sup>		D <sup>-</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup> <sub>/C</sub>	B <sup>-7b5</sup>	F <sub>/A</sub>		G <sup>7</sup>			
	G <sup>-7</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>		F <sup>6</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>		F <sup>6</sup>			
	D <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7+5</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>			
A <sub>1</sub>	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>6</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>b0</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>			C <sup>7</sup>			
	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>6</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>			E <sup>b7</sup>			
	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>6</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>		A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>		G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>		
A <sub>2</sub>	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>6</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>b0</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>			C <sup>7</sup>			
	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>6</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>			E <sup>b7</sup>			
	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>6</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>		F <sup>7j</sup>			F <sup>7j</sup>			
B	D <sup>b7j</sup>		D <sup>b+5</sup>		G <sup>b7j</sup>			G <sup>b7j</sup>			
	E <sup>b-7</sup>		A <sup>b7</sup>		G <sup>b7j</sup>			E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>		
	D <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>b+5</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup>		C <sup>7j</sup>			C <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>		
	D <sup>-7</sup>		G <sup>7</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>			
A <sub>3</sub>	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>6</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>b0</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>			C <sup>7</sup>			
	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>6</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>			E <sup>b7</sup>			
	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>6</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>		A <sup>-7b5</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>		D <sup>7-9</sup>			
	G <sup>7</sup>		G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>			(G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup> )		

When dad and mother discovered one another,  
 they dreamed of the day when they would love and  
 honor and obey, and during all their modest spoon-  
 ing, their'd blush and speak of honeymooning, and  
 if your memory recalls, they spoke of Niag'ra falls.  
 But today, my darling, to day, when you meet the  
 one you love, you say:  
 Come fly with me! Lets's fly! Let's fly away! If you  
 can use some exotic booze, there's a bar in far  
 Bombay, Come fly with me! Lets's fly! let's fly away!

Come fly with me! Lets's float down to Peru! In  
 Llama Land there's a one man band and he'll toot  
 his flute for you. Come fly with me! Lets's take of in  
 the blue!

Once I get you up there, where the air is rarified,  
 we'll just glide, starry eyed, once I get you up there,  
 I'll be holding you so near, you may hear angels  
 cheer, 'cause we're together. Weather wise it's such  
 a lovely day!.

Just say the words and we'll beat the birds down  
 to Acapulco Bay. It's perfect for a flying honey-  
 moon, they say, come fly with me! Lets's fly! let's fly  
 away!

# Dream a Little Dream of Me

Music by Gus Kahn Lyrics by Wilbur Schwandt & Fabian Andree © 1931 JüLe 01-06-12

I	D <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>7</sup> A <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>7</sup> A <sup>b7</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	D <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>7</sup> A <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	
	E <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b-7b5</sup> /G <sup>b-7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup> A <sup>b7</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	D <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>7</sup> A <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	
	E <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b-7b5</sup> /G <sup>b-7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup> A <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup> B <sup>-7b5</sup> E <sup>7</sup>	
B	A <sup>7j</sup> F <sup>#-7</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup> E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7j</sup> F <sup>#-7</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup> E <sup>7</sup>	
	A <sup>7j</sup> F <sup>#-7</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup> E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup> / <sub>A<sup>b</sup></sub> A <sup>b7</sup>	
A <sub>3</sub>	D <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>7</sup> A <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	
	E <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b-7b5</sup> /G <sup>b-7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup> A <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup>	

1x tutti; 1/2 piano, 1/2 bass, 1 x vocal

Stars shining bright above you  
Night breezes seem to whisper "I love you"  
Birds singing in the sycamore tree  
Dream a little dream of me

Say "Night-ie night" and kiss me  
Just hold me tight and tell me you'll miss me  
While I'm alone and blue as can be  
Dream a little dream of me

Stars fading but I linger on, dear  
Still craving your kiss  
I'm longing to linger till dawn, dear  
Just saying this

Sweet dreams till sunbeams find you  
Sweet dreams that leave all worries behind you  
But in your dreams whatever they be  
Dream a little dream of me

*Artist: Mama Cass Elliot with the Mamas and the Papas*  
*peak Billboard position # 12 in 1968*  
*peak Billboard position # 1 in 1931 by Wayne King*  
*Seit Jahren ca. Platz 10 der SUIZA-Liste*

Les Yeux Ouverts  
(Adaptation by Brice Homs / Kurin Ternoutzeff)  
French Kiss: Original Motion Picture Soundtrack

Ce souvenir je te le rends.  
Des souvenirs, tu sais j'en ai tellement.  
Puisqu'on reva de jours errants.  
Pas la peine de changer trop...

Ce souvenir je te le prends.  
Des souvenirs, comme ca j'en ai tout le temps.  
Si par erreur la vie nous separe,  
J'le sortirai d'mon tiroir.

J'reve les yeux ouverts.  
Ca m'fait du bien.  
Ca ne va pas plus loin.  
J'vais pas voir derriere  
Puisque j'aime bien.  
Vivement demain.

Un dernier verre de sherry.  
Du sherry mon amant quand je m'ennuie.  
Tous les jours se ressemblent a present.  
Tu me manques terriblement...

<http://www.cdnow.com/cgi-bin/mserver/SID=730032835/pagename=/share/soundclip.html/UPC=3145281362/disc=01/track=03/source=ENSO/ra.ram>

# Early Autumn

Music by Ralph Burns & Woody Hermann Lyrics by Johnny Mercer © 19?? JüLe 2003-05-01

A <sub>1</sub>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>-7b5</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>-7b5</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	
	E <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>b-7b5</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7-9</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>-7b5</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>-7b5</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	
	E <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>b-7b5</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup> A <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup> C <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>0</sup>	
B	B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>0</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	
	A <sup>b-7</sup> D <sup>b7</sup>	G <sup>b7j</sup> C <sup>b7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup> A <sup>7</sup> A <sup>b7</sup> G <sup>7+9</sup>	G <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>7j</sup> E <sup>7-9</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	
A <sub>3</sub>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>-7b5</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>-7b5</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	
	E <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>b-7b5</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup> (F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup> )	

When an early autumn alks the land  
and chills the breeze, and touches with her hand  
the summer trees, perhaps you'll understand  
what memories I own.

There's a dance pavilion in the rain  
all shuttered down, a winding country land  
all russet brown, a frosty window pane  
shows me a town grown lonely.

That spring of ours that started  
so April hearted,  
seemed made for ust a boy and girl.  
I never dreamed, did you,  
any fall would come in view,  
so early, early?

Darling, if you care please let me know,  
I'll meet you anywhere, I miss you so,  
let's never have to share another early autumn.

# The End of a Love Affair

Music and Lyrics by Edward C. Redding © 1950 JüLe 2002-05-23

I	B $\flat$ -7	E $\flat$ 7	B $\flat$ -7	E $\flat$ 7-9	A $\flat$ 7j	C7+5	C7j	A-7	
A <sub>1</sub>	D-7	G7-9	C7j		C-7	F7-9	B $\flat$ 7j		
	B $\flat$ -7	E $\flat$ 7	B $\flat$ -7	E $\flat$ 7-9	A $\flat$ 7j	C7+5	C7j	A-7	
A <sub>2</sub>	D-7	G7-9	C7j		C-7	F7-9	B $\flat$ 7j		
	B $\flat$ -7	E $\flat$ 7	B $\flat$ -7	E $\flat$ 7-9	A $\flat$ 7j	C7+5	C7j	D-7 / <sub>D</sub>	
B <sub>1</sub>	A-7	D7 <sup>9</sup>	A-7	D7 <sup>9</sup>	A-7	D7 <sup>9</sup>	A-7	D7-9	
	G7j	B-7	E-7	A7	A-7		D7		
A <sub>3</sub>	D-7	G7-9	C7j		C-7	F7-9	B $\flat$ 7j		
	B $\flat$ -7	E $\flat$ 7	B $\flat$ -7	E $\flat$ 7-9	A $\flat$ 7j	D $\flat$ 7	E-7 $\flat$ 5	A7	
	F $\sharp$ -7 $\flat$ 5		F-7	B $\flat$ 7	E-7		E $\flat$ 0		
	D-7	D $\flat$ 0	D-7	G7-9	C7j		C7j		

So I walk a little too fast, and I drive a little too fast, and I'm reckless, it's true, but what else can you do, at the end of a love affair?

So I talk a little too much, and I laugh a little too much, and my voice is too loud when I'm out in a crowd, so that people are apt to stare.

Do they know, do they care, that it's only that I'm lonely and low as can be? And the smile on my face isn't really a smile at all!

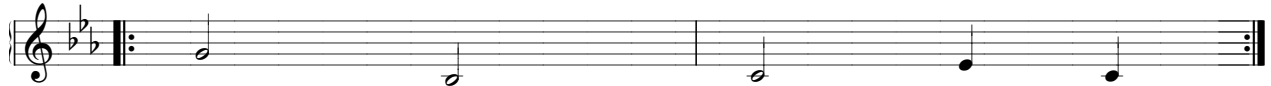
So I smoke a little too much, and I joke a little too much, and the tune I request are not always the best, but the ones where the trumpets blare!  
So I go at a maddening pace, and I pretend that it's taking his/her place, but what else can you do, at the end of a love affair.

# Fever

Music by J. Davenport Lyrics by E. Cooley © 1956 JüLe 01-06-12



Schluss



Never know how much I love you  
Never know how much I care  
When you put your arms around me  
I get a fever that's so hard to bear.  
**You give me fever, when you kiss me**  
**Fever when you hold me tight**  
**Fever in the morning**  
**Fever all through the night**

Sun lights up the daytime  
Moon lights up the night  
I light up when you call my name  
And you know you're gonna treat you right  
**You give me fever, when you kiss me**  
**Fever when you hold me tight**  
**Fever in the morning**  
**Fever all through the night**

Everybody's got the fever  
That is something you should know  
Fever isn't such a new thing  
Fever started long ago

*(8 Takte Bass, einen halben Ton höher)*

Romeo loved Juliet  
Juliet she felt the same  
When he put his arms around her  
He said, "Julie baby you're my flame"  
**Thou givest fever when we kisseth**  
**Fever with thy flaming youth**  
**Fever I'm on fire**  
**Fever yea I burn forsooth**

*(8 Takte Bass, einen halben Ton höher)*

Captain Smith and Pocahontas  
Had a very mad affair  
When her daddy tried to kill him  
She said "Daddy oh don't you dare"  
**"He gives me fever with his kisses"**  
**"Fever when he holds me tight"**  
**"Fever, I'm his missus"**  
**"Daddy won't you treat him right?"**

Now you've listened to my story  
Here's the point that I have made  
Cats (chicks) were born to give chicks (me) fever  
Be it Fahrenheit or centigrade  
**We give you fever when we kiss you**  
**Fever if you live and learn**  
**Fever till you sizzle**  
**What a lovely way to burn**  
What a lovely way to burn  
What a lovely way to burn, ah  
What a lovely way to burn



# Fly Me to the Moon

Music and Lyrics by Bart Howard © 1954 by Hampshire House Publishing Corp. JüLe 2002-10-16

I	F <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7b5</sup> C <sup>7-9</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7b5</sup> C <sup>7-9</sup>
A <sub>1</sub>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>
	D <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7b5</sup>	C <sup>7-9</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>
	B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>
	B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7b5</sup> C <sup>7-9</sup>
A <sub>2</sub>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>
	D <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7b5</sup>	C <sup>7-9</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>
	B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	C <sup>-7b5</sup> /G <sup>b7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>
	B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup> (G <sup>-7b5</sup> C <sup>7-9</sup> )

Fly me to the moon, and let me play among the stars; let me see what spring is like on Jupiter and Mars. In other words, hold my hand! In other words, darling kiss me!

Fill my heart with song, and let me sing for evermore; you are all I long for all I worship and adore. In other words, please be true! In other words I love you.

# A Foggy Day

Music by Georges Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin © 1937 by Gershwin Publishin Corp. JüLe 2002-09-04

I

B <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7+5</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7+5</sup>
B <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>
C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7+5</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>-6</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7-9</sup>
D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7-9</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7+5</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>

A<sub>1</sub>

B <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>7+5-9</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7-9</sup>
B <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7b5/D<sup>b7</sup></sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>
B <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>
D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7-9</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>

B <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>7+5-9</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7-9</sup>
B <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7b5/D<sup>b7</sup></sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>

I was a stranger in the city.  
 Out of town were the people I knew.  
 I had that feeling of selfpity,  
 what to do! What to do? What to do?  
 The outlook was decidedly blue.  
 But as I walked through the foggy streets alone,  
 it turned out to be the luckiest day I've know.

(D<sup>7</sup> C<sup>-7</sup> B<sup>b7j</sup> F<sup>7</sup>)

A foggy day in London town  
 Had me low and had me down,  
 I viewed the morning with a frown,  
 the British Museum hat lost its charm.

(C<sup>-7</sup> B<sup>b7j</sup> G<sup>-7</sup> C<sup>-7</sup>)

How long I wondered, could this thing last?  
 But the age of miracles hadn't passed.  
 For, suddenly, I saw you there  
 And through foggy London town the sun was  
 shining ev'ry where.

# Girl from Ipanema

Music by Antonio Carlos Jobim Lyrics by Norman Gimbel & Vincius DeMoraes © 1965 by JüLe 2002-12-14

I	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	F <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	F <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	
B	E <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
	E <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	
	F <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>b7</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	F <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	
S			E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	
	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	

Intro, 1x tutti; 1x piano, 1x vocal

Olha que coisa mais linda *Look at this thing, most lovely*  
 mais cheia de graça *most graceful*  
 É ela menina *It's her, the girl*  
 que vem que passa *that comes, that passes*  
 Num doce balanço *with a sweet swinging*  
 caminho do mar *walking to the sea*

Moça do corpo dourado *Girl of the golden body*  
 do sol de Ipanema *from the sun of Ipanema*  
 O seu balançado *Your swaying*  
 é mais que um poema *is more than a poem*  
 É a coisa mais linda *It's a thing more beautiful*  
 que eu já vi passar *than I have ever seen pass by*

Ah, porque estou tão sozinho *Ah, why am I so alone*  
 Ah, porque tudo é tão triste *Ah, why is everything so sad*  
 Ah, a beleza que existe *The beauty that exists*  
 A beleza que não é só minha *The beauty that is not mine alone*  
 que também passa sozinha *that also passes by on its own*

Ah, se ela soubesse *Ah, if she only knew*  
 que quando ela passa *that when she passes*  
 O mundo sorrindo *the world smiles*  
 se enche de graça *fills itself with grace*  
 E fica mais lindo *and remains more beautiful*  
 por causa do amor *because of love*  
 (translated by Jason Brazile)

Tall and tan and young and lovely,  
 The boy from Ipanema goes walking,  
 And when he passes, each one she passes goes –  
 "aaah".

When he walks, he's like a samba  
 That swings so cool and sways so gentle  
 And when he passes, each one she passes goes –  
 "aaah".

Ooh, But I watch him so sadly  
 How can I tell him I love him?  
 Yes I would give my heart gladly –  
 But each day, when he walks to the sea

He looks straight ahead, not at he (me)  
 Tall and tan and young and lovely  
 The boy from Ipanema goes walking  
 And when he passes, I smile – but he doesn't see.

# Happy Birthday

Music and Lyrics by Stevie Wonder Hotter Than July © 1980 JüLe 99-10-12

A	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	
	A-	A-	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	
	A-	A-	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
Ü	F <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
H	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	
	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	
C	D-	D-	A-	A-	
	D-	D-	A <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	
	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>			

Intro (A) Strophen 1 + 2 (A Ü H) C Strophen 3 (A Ü H) A A A

You know it doesn't make much sense  
 There ought to be a law against  
 Anyone who takes offense  
 At a day in your celebration  
 Cause we all know in our minds  
 That there ought to be a time  
 That we can set aside  
 To show just how much we love you  
 And I'm sure you would agree  
 It couldn't fit more perfectly  
 Than to have a world party on the day you  
 came to be

Happy birthday to you  
 Happy birthday to you  
 Happy birthday  
 (Repeat)

I just never understood  
 How a man who died for good  
 Could not have a day that would  
 Be set aside for his recognition  
 Because it should never be  
 Just because some cannot see  
 The dream as clear as he  
 that they should make it become an illusion  
 And we all know everything  
 That he stood for time will bring  
 For in peace our hearts will sing  
 Thanks to Martin Luther King

Happy birthday to you . . .

Why has there never been a holiday  
 Where peace is celebrated  
 all throughout the world

The time is overdue  
 For people like me and you  
 Who know the way to truth  
 Is love and unity to all God's children  
 It should never be a great event  
 And the whole day should be spent  
 In full remembrance  
 Of those who lived and died for the oneness of all  
 people  
 So let us all begin  
 We know that love can win  
 Let it out don't hold it in  
 Sing it loud as you can

Happy birthday to you . . .

Happy birthday to you . . .

Happy birthday  
 Happy birthday  
 Happy birthday  
 Ooh yeah  
 Happy birthday...  
 We know the key to unify all people  
 Is in the dream that you had so long ago  
 That lives in all of the hearts of people  
 That believe in unity  
 We'll make the dream become a reality  
 I know we will  
 Because our hearts tell us so

# I Fall In Love Too Easily

Music by Jule Styne Lyrics by Sammy Cahn © 1944 JüLe 2003-04-19

A <sub>1</sub>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b</sup>		A <sup>-7b5</sup>	D <sup>7+5</sup>	G <sup>-</sup>		
	A <sup>-7b5</sup>	D <sup>7+5</sup>	G <sup>-</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>		A <sup>-7b5</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	G <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>		G <sup>7</sup>		C <sup>-</sup>		
	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>7-9</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	(C <sup>-7</sup> )	

There are those who can leave love or take it  
Love to them is just what they make it  
I wish that I were the same  
But love is my fav'rite game

I fall in love too easily,  
I fall in love too fast,  
I fall in love too terribly hard,  
For love to ever last.

My heart should be well schooled  
'Cause I've been fooled in the past,  
And still I fall in love too easily,  
I fall in love too fast.

# I Get A Kick out of You

Music and Lyrics by Cole Porter Production: Anything Goes © 1934 Harms Inc. JüLe 2002-10-20

V	B <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	B <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	B <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
	D <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>		
	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>		B <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>7+5-9</sup>	C <sup>7+5</sup>	F <sup>7+5-9</sup>
A <sub>1</sub>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>		B <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7-9</sup>	
+	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>		B <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7-9</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>		D <sup>-7b5</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7-9</sup>	
	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>		B <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7-9</sup>	
B	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>		F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>		
	D <sup>-7b5</sup>	D <sup>∅</sup>		G <sup>7-9</sup>	G <sup>7-9</sup>		
	C <sup>-6</sup>	C <sup>-6</sup>		D <sup>-7b5</sup>	G <sup>7-9</sup>		
	C <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>		C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>		
A <sub>23</sub>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>		B <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7-9</sup>	
	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>		B <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>		
	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>		A <sup>b7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>		
	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>		B <sup>b7j</sup>	(G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup> )	

Verse:

My story is much to sad to be told,  
 But practic'ly ev'rything leaves me totally cold.  
 The only exception I know is the case  
 When I'm out on a quiet spree,  
 Fighting vainly the old ennui,  
 And I suddenly turn and see  
 your fabulous face.

Chorus:

I get no kick from champagne,  
 Mere alcohol doesn't thrill me at all,  
 So tell me why should it be true,  
 That I get a kick out of you?

Some like the perfume from Spain  
 I'm sure that if I took even one sniff  
 It would bore me terrifically too  
 But I get a kick out of you

( Some like the bop-type refrain )

( I'm sure that if, I heard even one riff )  
 ( That would bore me terrific'ly too )  
 ( Yet I get a kick out of you. )

( Some they may go for cocaine )

( I'm sure that if, I took even one sniff )  
 ( It would bore me terrifically too )  
 ( But I get a kick out of you )

I get a kick ev'ry time I see  
 you're standing there before me.  
 I get a kick thou' it's clear to see,  
 You obviously don't adore me.

I get no kick in a plane,  
 Flying too high with some gal/guy in the sky  
 Is my idea of nothing to do.  
 Yet I get a kick out of you

# I Got Rhythm

Music by George Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin © 1930 by New World Music Corp JüLe 2002-06-09

I	C-	F- <sup>7</sup>	C-	A <sup>b7</sup>	
	C-	G <sup>7</sup>	C-	C- (G <sup>7</sup> )	
	C-	F- <sup>7</sup>	C-	A <sup>b7</sup>	
	C-	F- <sup>7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	
	G <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	
	G <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	F- <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	

A <sub>1</sub>	E <sup>b7j</sup> C- <sup>7</sup>	F- <sup>7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>	G- <sup>7</sup> G <sup>b0</sup>	F- <sup>7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>	
	E <sup>b7j</sup> E <sup>b7</sup> / <sub>G</sub>	A <sup>b7j</sup> A <sup>0</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup> / <sub>B<sup>b</sup></sub> B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>	

A <sub>2</sub>	E <sup>b7j</sup> C- <sup>7</sup>	F- <sup>7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>	G- <sup>7</sup> G <sup>b0</sup>	F- <sup>7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>	
	E <sup>b7j</sup> E <sup>b7</sup> / <sub>G</sub>	A <sup>b7j</sup> A <sup>0</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup> / <sub>B<sup>b</sup></sub> B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	

B	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	
	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	

A <sub>3</sub>	E <sup>b7j</sup> C- <sup>7</sup>	F- <sup>7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup> / <sub>G</sub> G <sup>b0</sup>	F- <sup>7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>	
	E <sup>b7j</sup> E <sup>b7</sup> / <sub>G</sub>	A <sup>b7j</sup> A <sup>0</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup> / <sub>B<sup>b</sup></sub> G <sup>0</sup> / <sub>D<sup>b</sup></sub>	C <sup>7</sup>	
	F <sup>7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>			

Days can be sunny, with never a sigh.  
 Don't need what money can buy.  
 Birds in the tree sing their dayful of song.  
 Why shouldn't we sing along?  
 I'm chipper all the day,  
 happy with my lot.  
 How did I get this way?  
 Look at what I've got

I got rhythm, I got music, I got my man. Who could ask for anythin more?

I got daisies in green pastures. I got my man.  
 Who could ask for anything more?

Old Man Trouble, I don't mind him. You won't find him 'round my door.

I got starlight, I got sweet dreams, I got my man.  
 Who could ask for anything more? Who could ask for anything more?

B <sub>2</sub>	G <sup>7</sup> A- <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b0</sup> G <sup>7</sup> / <sub>B</sub>	C <sup>7</sup> D- <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>b0</sup> C <sup>7</sup> / <sub>E</sub>	
	F <sup>7</sup> G- <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>b0</sup> A <sup>7</sup> / <sub>A</sub>	F <sup>0</sup> / <sub>B</sub>	B <sup>b7</sup>	

# I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues

Music by Harold Arlen Lyrics by Ted Koehler © 1932 Warner Bors Ink & S.A. Music Co. JüLe 01-06-12

I	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup> C <sup>7</sup> E <sup>b0</sup> D <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup> B <sup>b7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7+5</sup>	G <sup>7+5</sup>	
	C <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>∅</sup> /B <sup>b</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7+5</sup>	G <sup>7+5</sup>	
	C <sup>7j</sup> D <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>b-7b5</sup> C <sup>7j</sup> / <sub>E</sub>	F <sup>-</sup> F <sup>#0</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup> / <sub>G</sub> B <sup>b7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7+5</sup>	G <sup>7+5</sup>	
	C <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7b5</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7b5</sup>	D <sup>-7b5</sup>	
	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup> B <sup>b7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>	

1x tutti; 1/2 piano, 1/2 vocal

I gotta right to sing the blues, I gotta right to feel  
low down. I gotta right to hang around, down  
around the river. A certain man in this old town  
keeps draggin' my poor heart around, all I see for  
me is misery. I gotta

right to sing the blues, I gotta right to moan and  
sight, I gotta right to sit and cry down around the  
river. I know the deep blue sea will soon be calling  
me. It must be love, say what you choose, I gotta  
right to sing the blues.



# I Hear Music

Music by Burton Lane Lyrics by Frank Loesser © 1940 Famous Music Corp. JüLe 2000-08-04

I	C <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>7+5</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>7+5</sup>	D <sup>7</sup> G <sup>7</sup> C <sup>7j</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	E <sup>-7b5</sup>	A <sup>7+5</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7b5</sup>	A <sup>7+5</sup>	D <sup>7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	
	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>7</sup> G <sup>7</sup> C <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	E <sup>-7b5</sup>	A <sup>7+5</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7b5</sup>	A <sup>7+5</sup>	D <sup>7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	
	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>7</sup> G <sup>7</sup> C <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	
B	G <sup>-7</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>		F <sup>7j</sup>		F <sup>7j</sup>	
	F <sup>-7</sup>		B <sup>b7</sup>		E <sup>b7j</sup>		D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>3</sub>	E <sup>-7b5</sup>	A <sup>7+5</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7b5</sup>	A <sup>7+5</sup>	D <sup>7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	
	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>7</sup> C <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>		
	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup> • • • (C <sup>7j</sup>		C <sup>7j</sup> )			

I hear music, mighty fine music,  
The murmur of a morning breeze up there,  
The rattle of the milkman on the stair.

Sure that's music, mighty fine music,  
The singing of a sparrow in the sky,  
the perking of the coffee right nearby.

There's my fav'rite melody  
You my angel phoning me.

I hear music, mighty fine music  
And anytime I think my world is wrong,  
I get me out of bed and sing this song.

# I'm Beginning to See the Light

Music and Lyrics by Harry James/ Duke Ellington/Johnny Hodges/Don George © 1944 JüLe 2002-05-23

I | E<sup>7</sup> | E<sup>7</sup> | E<sup>b7</sup> | E<sup>b7</sup> |  
 | D<sup>7</sup> | D<sup>7</sup> | E<sup>b-7</sup> A<sup>b7</sup> | G<sup>7</sup> |

A<sub>1</sub> | C<sup>7j</sup> | C<sup>7j</sup> | C<sup>7j</sup> | E<sup>b-7</sup> A<sup>b7</sup> |  
 | C<sup>7j</sup> F<sup>7</sup> | E<sup>-7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> | D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> | C<sup>7j</sup> G<sup>7+5</sup> |

A<sub>2</sub> | C<sup>7j</sup> | C<sup>7j</sup> | C<sup>7j</sup> | E<sup>b-7</sup> A<sup>b7</sup> |  
 | C<sup>7j</sup> F<sup>7</sup> | E<sup>-7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> | D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> | C<sup>7j</sup> |

B | E<sup>7</sup> | E<sup>7</sup> | E<sup>b7</sup> | E<sup>b7</sup> |  
 | D<sup>7</sup> | D<sup>7</sup> | E<sup>b-7</sup> A<sup>b7</sup> | G<sup>7</sup> |

A<sub>2</sub> | C<sup>7j</sup> | C<sup>7j</sup> | C<sup>7j</sup> | E<sup>b-7</sup> A<sup>b7</sup> |  
 | C<sup>7j</sup> F<sup>7</sup> | E<sup>-7</sup> A<sup>7</sup> | D<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> | C<sup>7j</sup> |

I never cared much for moonlit skies  
 I never wink back at fireflies  
 But now that the stars are in your eyes  
 I'm beginning to see the light

Used to ramble through the park  
 Shadowboxing in the dark  
 Then you came and caused a spark  
 That's a four-alarm fire now

I never went in for afterglow  
 Or candlelight on the mistletoe  
 But now when you turn the lamp down low  
 I'm beginning to see the light

I never made love by lantern-shine  
 I never saw rainbows in my wine  
 But now that your lips are burning mine  
 I'm beginning to see the light

# I Miss You So

Music/Lyrics by Jimmy Henderson, Bertha Scott & Sid Robin © 1937 Gershwin Publishing Corporation JüLe 2002-05-23

I	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7+5</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7+5</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	
	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>
				C <sup>-7b5</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7+5</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	
	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>7+5</sup>
				B <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>-7b5</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>
B	D <sup>-</sup>	D <sup>-7j</sup>	E <sup>∅</sup>	A <sup>7-9</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>
	C <sup>-</sup>		G <sup>7</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>
						F <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>3</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7+5</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	
	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>
					C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>
S	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7+5</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	
	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>
	C <sup>-7</sup>		F <sup>7</sup>		B <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>
					B <sup>b7j</sup>	

Those happy hours I spent with you  
That lovely afterglow  
Most of all, I miss you so

Your sweet caresses, each rendezvous  
Your voice so soft and low  
Most of all, I miss you so

You once filled my heart with  
No regrets, no fears  
Now you'll find my heart  
Filled to the top with tears

I'll always love you and want you, too  
How much you'll never know  
Most of all, I miss you so

# I Wanna Be Around

Music & Lyrics by Johnny Mercer & Sadie Vimmerstedt © 1959/63 WB Music JüLe 2002-12-15

I	E <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>b0</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>		B <sup>b7</sup>		
A <sub>1</sub>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>b0</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>		B <sup>b7</sup>		
	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	B <sup>b7+5</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>0</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	
	G <sup>b-7b5</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>b-7b5</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	
	F <sup>7</sup>	(A <sup>b-7b5</sup> A <sup>b7</sup> )	F <sup>79</sup>		F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	B <sup>b7+5</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>b0</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>		B <sup>b7</sup>		
	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	B <sup>b7+5</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b0</sup>	G <sup>7</sup> / <sub>B</sub>	
	C <sup>7-9</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7-9</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>		
	F <sup>-7</sup>		F <sup>0</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>		

1x tutti; 1/2 piano, 1/2 bass, 1x vocal

I Wanna Be Around, to pick up the pieces,  
when somebody breaks your heart;  
Somebody twice as smart  
as I,  
A somebody who  
will swear to be true,  
Like you used to do with me.  
Who'll leave you to learn  
that mis'ry company  
wait and see!

I Wanna Be Around, so see how he does it  
when he breaks your heart to bits;  
Let's see if the puzzle fits  
so fine.  
And that's when I'll discover  
that revenge is sweet;  
As I sit there applauding  
from a front row seat,  
When somebody breaks your heart  
like you broke mine.

# I'll Remember April

Music and Lyrics by Don Raye, Gene De Paul & Pat Johnson © 1941 Leeds Music Corp., New York JüLe 2002-05-23

I	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	
A	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	
	C <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	
	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup> / <sub>F</sub>	E <sup>-7b5</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>
	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7-9</sup>		C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>
B	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	
	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	
	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	
	B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>
A	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	
	C <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	
	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup> / <sub>F</sub>	E <sup>-7b5</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>
	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7-9</sup>		C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>

1x tutti; 1/2 piano, 1/2 bass, 1 x vocal A: Bossa, B: Swing. Bei Soli durchswingen

This lovely day will lengthen into ev'ning, we'll sigh  
good-bye to all we've ever had. Alone, where we  
have walked together; I'll Remember April and be  
glad.

I'll be content you loved me once in April. Your  
lips were warm and love and Spring were new. But  
I'm not afraid of Autumn and her sorrow, for I'll  
Remember April and you.

The fire will dwindle into glowing ashes, for  
flames and love live such a little while. I won't  
forget but I won't be lonely, I'll Remember April,  
and I'll smile.

# I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm

Music and Lyrics by Irving Berlin © 1936/7 Irving Berlin JüLe 2002-02-23

I	B <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>b0</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>b0</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	B <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>b0</sup>	D <sup>b0</sup>	D <sup>b0</sup>	
	C <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	B <sup>b7j</sup> B <sup>0</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>b0</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	B <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>b0</sup>	D <sup>b0</sup>	D <sup>b0</sup>	
	C <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	B <sup>b7j</sup> B <sup>0</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>-7b5</sup> A <sup>7</sup>	
B	D <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>-7b5</sup> A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
	C <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>3</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>b0</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	B <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>b0</sup>	D <sup>b0</sup>	D <sup>b0</sup>	
	C <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	B <sup>b7j</sup> B <sup>0</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	

The way you wear your hat, the way you sip your tea, the mem'ry of all that, no, no! They can't take that away from me! The way you smile just beams, the way you sing off key, the way you haunt my dreams, no, no! They can't take that away from me!

We may never, never meet again on the bumpy road to love, still I'll always keep the mem'ry of the way you hold your knife, the way we dance till three, the way you changed my life, no no! They can't take that away from me! No! They can't take that away from me!

# I've Got the World on a String

Music by Harold Arlen Lyrics by Ted Koehler © 1932 by Ted Koehler Music/Fred Ahlert Music Corp. JüLe 01-06-12

I	B <sup>b7j</sup> A <sup>b7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup> D <sup>-7b5</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup> E <sup>b9</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>b-7</sup>	
	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup> G <sup>7-9</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup> D <sup>-7b5</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup> E <sup>b9</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>b-7</sup>	
	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	
B	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7+5</sup>	
A <sub>3</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup> D <sup>-7b5</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup> E <sup>b9</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>b-7</sup>	
	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	

1x tutti; 1/2 piano, 1/2 bass, 1x vocal

I've Got The World On A String, sittin' on a rainbow, Got the strings around my fingers, What a world, what a life, I'm in love!

I've Got the song that I sing, I can make the rain go, any time I move my finger, Lucky me, can't you see, I'm in love.

Life is a beautiful thing, as long as I hold the string, I'd be silly so and so, If I should ever let go,

I've Got the World On A String, sittin' on a rainbow, Got the string around my finger, What a world what a life. I'm in love!

# I've Grown Accustomed to Her/His Face

Music: Frederick Loewe Lyrics: Alan Jay Lerner M: My Fair Lady © 1956 Alan Jay Lerner & Frederick Loewe JüLe 2002-05-23

I	B <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	
	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>o</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup> <sub>/F</sub>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>o</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	
	E <sup>o</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7+5</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7b5</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
	E <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup> /E <sup>b<sup>o</sup></sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>		

1x tutti; 1/2 piano, 1/2 bass, 1x vocal

I've grown accustomed to his face, he almost makes the day begin. I've grown accustomed to the tune he whistles night and noon, his smiles, his frowns, his ups, his downs

are second nature to me now: like breathing out and breathing in. I was serenely in dependent and content before we met; surely I could always be that way again and yet, I've grown accustomed to his looks; accustomed to his voice, accustomed to his face.



# Just A Gigolo

Music by Leonello Casucci Lyrics by Irving Caesar © 1930 by Wiener Boheme Verlag JüLe 01-06-12

I	D <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup>				
A <sub>1</sub>	D <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup> / <sub>F</sub>	E <sup>o</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>		
	E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7+5</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	D <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>7</sup> (A <sup>o</sup> )	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup>				
	E <sup>b-7</sup>	G <sup>b-7</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup> / <sub>F</sub>	E <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	D <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>7</sup> (A <sup>o</sup> )	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup>				
	E <sup>b-7</sup>	G <sup>b-7</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup> / <sub>F</sub>	E <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup>	
	E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup>					

1x tutti; piano, bass, 1x vocal. Schluss-A2:      :langsam

Just a Gigolo, Ev'rywhere I go,  
 People know the part I'm playin  
 Paid for ev'ry dance, Selling each romance  
 Ev'ry night som heart betraying  
 There will come a day  
 when youth will pass away  
 Then, what will they say about me  
 When the end comes I know they'll say  
 "Just a Gigolo" as life goes on without me.

Now  
 I Ain't Got Nobody, And nobody cares for me; (I  
 got the blues) (The weary blues) And  
 I'm sad and lonely. Won't somebody come and  
 take a chance with me?  
 I'll sing sweet love songs, honey, all the time, If  
 you'll come and be my sweet baby mine; Cause  
 I Ain't Got Nobody, And nobody cares for me.

A <sub>1</sub>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup> / <sub>G</sub>	C <sup>o</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>		
	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7+5</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>			
A <sub>2</sub>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>b7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>				
	F <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup> / <sub>G</sub>	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	E <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup> D <sup>7</sup> D <sup>b7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>o</sup>				
	E <sup>b7j</sup> / <sub>G</sub>	F <sup>7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7+5</sup>				
A <sub>2</sub>	E <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup> D <sup>7</sup> D <sup>b7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>				
	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>				
B	E <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>				
	C <sup>b7</sup>	C <sup>b7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>				
A <sub>1</sub>	E <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup> D <sup>7</sup> D <sup>b7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>o</sup>				
	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>			

# Just One of Those Things

Music and Lyrics by Cole Porter Can-Can © 1935 Harms JüLe 01-06-12

I	A-	E <sup>7</sup> / <sub>B</sub>	A- <sub>/C</sub>	E <sup>7</sup> / <sub>B</sub>	A-	E <sup>7</sup> / <sub>B</sub>	A- <sub>/C</sub>	E <sup>7</sup> / <sub>B</sub>	
A <sub>1</sub>	A-		A-		B- <sup>7</sup> <sub>b5</sub>		E <sup>7</sup>		
	G- <sup>7</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>		F#- <sup>7</sup> <sub>b5</sub>		F <sup>0</sup>		
	C <sup>7j</sup> / <sub>E</sub>		E <sup>b</sup> <sup>0</sup>		D- <sup>7</sup>		G <sup>7</sup>		
	C <sup>7j</sup>		C# <sup>0</sup>		D- <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	B- <sup>7</sup> <sub>b5</sub>	E <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	A-		A-		B- <sup>7</sup> <sub>b5</sub>		E <sup>7</sup>		
	G- <sup>7</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>		F#- <sup>7</sup> <sub>b5</sub>		F <sup>0</sup>		
	C <sup>7j</sup> / <sub>E</sub>		E <sup>b</sup> <sup>0</sup>		D- <sup>7</sup>		G <sup>7</sup>		
	C <sup>7j</sup>		C# <sup>0</sup>		C- <sup>7</sup>		F <sup>7</sup>		
B	B <sup>b</sup> <sup>7j</sup>		B <sup>b</sup> <sup>7j</sup>		C- <sup>7</sup>		F <sup>7</sup>		
	B <sup>b</sup> <sup>7j</sup>		B <sup>b</sup> <sup>7j</sup>		A- <sup>7</sup>		D <sup>7</sup>		
	G <sup>7j</sup>		G <sup>7j</sup>		C# <sup>0</sup>		C- <sup>7</sup>		
	B- <sup>7</sup>		B <sup>b</sup> <sup>0</sup>		G <sup>7</sup> / <sub>B</sub>		G <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>3</sub>	A-		A-		B- <sup>7</sup> <sub>b5</sub>		E <sup>7</sup>		
	G- <sup>7</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>		F <sup>7j</sup> (F#- <sup>7</sup> <sub>b5</sub> )		F- <sup>7j</sup> (F <sup>0</sup> )		
	E- <sup>7</sup>		A <sup>7</sup>		C# <sup>0</sup>		D- <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
	C <sup>7j</sup>	(A- <sup>7</sup>	D- <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup> )	C <sup>7j</sup>		B- <sup>7</sup> <sub>b5</sub>	E <sup>7</sup>	

1x tutti; piano/vocal

*As Dorothy Parker once said  
to her boyfriend: "Fare thee well!";  
As Columbus announced  
when he knew he was bounced,  
"It was swell, Isabelle, swell!"*

*As Abelard said to Eloise:  
"Don't forget to drop a line to me, please."  
As Juliet cried in her Romeo's ear:  
"Romeo, why not face the fact, my dear?"*

It was just one of those things  
Just one of those crazy flings  
One of those bells that now and then rings  
Just one of those things

It was just one of those nights  
Just one of those fabulous flights  
A trip to the moon on gossamer wings  
Just one of those things

If we'd thought a bit before the end of it  
When we started painting the town  
We'd have been aware that our love affair  
Was too hot not to cool down

So good-bye, dear, and amen  
Here's hoping we meet now and then  
It was great fun  
But it was just one of those things

# The Lady Is a Tramp

Music by Richard Rodgers Lyrics by Lorenz Hart © 1933 by Chappell & Co., Inc. JüLe 2000-08-01

Verse ohne Bass	V	G <sup>7j</sup> E <sup>-7</sup>   C <sup>7j</sup> D <sup>7</sup>   G <sup>7j</sup> F <sup>#7-5</sup>   B <sup>-7b5</sup> E <sup>7</sup>
	A <sup>7j</sup> F <sup>#-7</sup>   D <sup>7j</sup> E <sup>7</sup>   A <sup>7j</sup> A <sup>b7-5</sup>   D <sup>b-7b5</sup> / <sub>G</sub> G <sup>b7</sup>	
	B <sup>7</sup>   E <sup>7</sup>   A <sup>7</sup>   D <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>7j</sup> E <sup>-7</sup>   C <sup>7j</sup> D <sup>7</sup>   G <sup>7j</sup> D <sup>7+5</sup>   B <sup>-7b5</sup> E <sup>7</sup>	
	A <sup>7</sup>   A <sup>7</sup>   A <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>-7</sup>   C <sup>7j</sup> B <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>	
		D <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b7</sup>   A <sup>-7</sup>   D <sup>7</sup>

A <sub>1/2</sub>	G <sup>7j</sup>   G <sup>-7</sup> / B <sup>b7</sup>   A <sup>-7</sup>   D <sup>7</sup>
	G <sup>7j</sup>   G <sup>-7</sup> / B <sup>b7</sup>   A <sup>-7</sup>   D <sup>7</sup>
	G <sup>7j</sup>   D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>7j</sup>   F <sup>7</sup>
	B <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b0</sup>   A <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>7</sup>   G <sup>7j</sup> (E <sup>7</sup>   A <sup>7</sup> D <sup>7</sup> )

A <sub>3</sub>	A <sup>-7</sup> / B <sup>#-7b5</sup>   D <sup>7</sup> / F <sup>#7</sup>   B <sup>-7</sup>   E <sup>13</sup>
	A <sup>-7</sup>   D <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>-7</sup> E <sup>13</sup>   A <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>7-5</sup>
	D <sup>b-7b5</sup> C <sup>-7b5</sup>   B <sup>-7b5</sup> B <sup>b-7</sup>   A <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>G</sub>   F <sup>#-7b5</sup> B <sup>7-9</sup>
	E <sup>-</sup> E <sup>-7</sup>   A <sup>7</sup> D <sup>7-9</sup>   G <sup>7j</sup>   G <sup>7j</sup>

## Verse

I've wined and dined on Mulligan stew  
 And never wished for turkey  
 As I hitched and hiked and grifted, too\*  
 From Maine to Albuquerque.  
 Alas I missed the Beaux Arts Ball  
 And what is twice as sad  
 I was never at a party  
 Where they honored Noel Ca'ad.  
 But social circles spin too fast for me.  
 My Hobohemia is the place to be.

## Refrain 1

I get too hungry for dinner at eight.  
 I like the theatre but never come late.  
 I never bother with people I hate.  
 That's why the lady is a tramp.  
 I don't like crap games with barons and earls.  
 Won't go to Harlem in ermine and pearls.  
 Won't dish the dirt with the rest of the girls.  
 That's why the lady is a tramp.  
 I like the free fresh wind in my hair  
 Life without care.  
 I'm broke – it's oke.  
 Hate California – it's cold and it's damp.  
 That's why the lady is a tramp.

## Refrain 2

I go to Coney—the beach is divine.  
 I go to ball games—the bleachers are fine.  
 I follow Winchell and read ev'ry line.  
 That's why the lady is a tramp.  
 I like a prizefight that isn't a fake.  
 I love the rowing on Central Park Lake.  
 I go to opera and stay wide awake.  
 That's why the lady is a tramp.

I like the green grass under my shoes.  
 What can I lose?  
 I'm flat! That's that!  
 I'm all alone when I lower my lamp.  
 That's why the lady is a tramp.

## Refrain 3 (reprise)

Don't know the reason for cocktails at five.  
 I don't like flying –I'm glad I'm alive.  
 I crave affection but not when I drive.  
 That's why the lady is a tramp.  
 Folks go to London and leave me behind.  
 I'll miss the crowning Queen Mary won't mind.  
 I don't play Scarlett in Gone With The Wind.  
 That's why the lady is a tramp.  
 I like to hang my hat where I please.  
 Sail with the breeze.  
 No dough – heigh-ho!  
 I love La Guardia and think he's a champ.  
 That's why the lady is a tramp.

## Refrain 4 (reprise)

Girls get massages they cry and they moan.  
 Tell Lizzie Arden to leave me alone.  
 I'm not so hot but my shape is my own.  
 That's why the lady is a tramp!  
 The food at Sardi's is perfect no doubt.  
 I wouldn't know what the Ritz is about.  
 I drop a nickel and coffee comes out.  
 That's why the lady is a tramp!  
 I like the sweet fresh rain in my face.  
 Diamonds and lace  
 No got – so what?  
 For Robert Taylor I whistle and stamp.  
 That's why the lady is a tramp!

\*Alternate version: and drifted, too

# Love Is Here to Stay

Music by George Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin © 1938 Gershwin Publishing Corp. JüLe 01-04-11

I	B <sup>b7j</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> A <sup>b7+4</sup>   G <sup>7</sup> • • •
A <sub>1</sub>	C <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup>   D <sup>∅</sup> G <sup>7</sup>
	C <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   A <sup>b7+4</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>7</sup> C <sup>#0</sup>
	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> E <sup>b7j</sup>   A <sup>-7b5</sup> D <sup>7</sup>
	G <sup>-7</sup>   C <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup>   F <sup>7</sup> •••(D <sup>-7b5</sup> G <sup>7</sup> )
A <sub>2</sub>	C <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup>   D <sup>∅</sup> G <sup>7</sup>
	C <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   A <sup>b7+4</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>7</sup> C <sup>#0</sup>
	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   A <sup>b7+4</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>#0</sup>
	D <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>F</sub> G <sup>-7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> / <sub>E<sup>b</sup></sub> (D <sup>-7b5</sup> G <sup>7</sup> ) <sub>/E</sub>
	C <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup>   D <sup>-7b5</sup> G <sup>7</sup>
	C <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   A <sup>b7+4</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>7</sup> C <sup>#0</sup>
	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   A <sup>b7+4</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   E <sup>b7j</sup> E <sup>∅</sup>
	B <sup>b</sup> / <sub>F</sub> G <sup>-7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   E <sup>b-7</sup>   A <sup>b7</sup>
	B <sup>b</sup> / <sub>F</sub>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup>

1x tutti; 1/2 piano, 1/2 bass, 1x vocal

It's very clear  
our love is here to stay;  
not for a year  
but ever and a day.  
The radio and the telephone  
and the movies that we know  
may just be passing fancies,  
and in time may go.

But, oh my dear,  
our love is here to stay;  
together we're  
going a long, long way.  
In time the Rockies may crumble,  
Gibraltar may tumble,  
hey're only made of clay,  
but our love is here to stay.

# Love Man

Music by Jimmy Davis & Roger "Ram" Ramirez Lyrics by Jimmy Sherman © 1941 MCA Music Publishing JüLe 2000-07-14

I	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup> D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>-7b5</sup> E <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	A <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>-7b5</sup> E <sup>7</sup>	
	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup> D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>		
A <sub>2</sub>	A <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	
	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup> D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>		
B	E <sup>-7j</sup> E <sup>-7j</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup> E <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>#7</sup> B <sup>7</sup> E <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>		
	D <sup>-7j</sup> D <sup>-7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>-7b5</sup> E <sup>7</sup>		
A	A <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	(B <sup>-7b5</sup> E <sup>7</sup> )	
	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup> D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>		

1x tutti; 1/2 piano, 1/2 bass, 1 x vocal

I don't know why  
But I'm feeling so sad  
I long to try  
Something I never had  
Never had no kissing  
Ooh, what I've been missing  
Love man oh, where can you be

The night is cold  
And I'm so all alone  
I'll give my soul  
Just to call you my own  
Hugging and kissing  
Ooh, what we've been missing  
Love man oh, where can you be

I've heard it say  
That the thrill of romance  
Can be like a heavenly dream  
I go to bed  
With the prayer  
That you'll make love to me  
Strange as it seems

Someday we'll meet  
And you'll dry all my tears  
Then whisper sweet little things in my ears  
Hugging and kissing  
Ooh, what we've been missing  
Love man oh, where can you be

# Lullaby of Birdland

Music by Henry Warren Lyrics by George David Weiss © 1952 Adam R. Levy & Father Ent. Inc. JüLe 01-06-12

I	C-      A-7b5	D7-9    G7-9	C-      A-7b5	D7-9    G7-9
A <sub>1</sub>	C-      A-7b5	D7-9    G7-9	C-      A <sup>b</sup> 7	F-7      B <sup>b</sup> 7
	E <sup>b</sup> 7j/G-7 C-7	F-7      B <sup>b</sup> 7-9	E <sup>b</sup> 7j    A <sup>b</sup> 7 <sup>9</sup>	D-7b5    G7
A <sub>2</sub>	C-      A-7b5	D7-9    G7-9	C-      A <sup>b</sup> 7	F-7      B <sup>b</sup> 7
	E <sup>b</sup> 7j/G-7 C-7	F-7      B <sup>b</sup> 7-9	E <sup>b</sup> 7j    B <sup>b</sup> 7	E <sup>b</sup> 7j
B	G-7b5    C7-9	F-7	F-7b5    B <sup>b</sup> 7-9	E <sup>b</sup> 7j
	G-7b5    C7-9	F-7	F-7b5    B <sup>b</sup> 7-9	E <sup>b</sup> 7j      D-7b5 G7
A <sub>2</sub>	C-      A-7b5	D7-9    G7-9	C-      A <sup>b</sup> 7j	F-7      B <sup>b</sup> 7
	E <sup>b</sup> 7j/G-7 C-7	F-7      B <sup>b</sup> 7-9	E <sup>b</sup> 7j    B <sup>b</sup> 7	E <sup>b</sup> 7j

1x tutti; 1/2 piano, 1/2 bass, 1x vocal. Schluss: nicht abrupt, 3 Schläge ausspielen

Lullaby of Birdland, that's what I  
always hear when you sigh.  
Never in my wordland  
could there be ways to reveal,  
in a phrase, how I feel.

Have you ever heard two turtle doves  
bill and coo when they love?  
That's the kind of magic  
music we make with our lips  
when we kiss!

And there's a weepy old willow;  
he really knows how to cry!  
That's how I'd cry in my pillow,  
if you should tell me farewell and goodbye!

Lullaby of Birdland whisper low,  
kiss me sweet and we'll go  
flyin' high in Birdland,  
high in the sky up above  
(all because) we're in love.

# Mack the Knife

Music by Kurt Weill Lyrics by Bert Brecht/Marc Blitzstein Oper: Dreigroschenoper © 1928 Universal Edition JüLe 01-06-12

I	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>
A <sub>1</sub>	E <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup> E <sup>o</sup> B <sup>b7</sup> C <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup> E <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>-7</sup> E <sup>b7j</sup> E <sup>o</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup> G <sup>7</sup> / <sub>D</sub> F <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>
A <sub>2</sub>	E <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup> E <sup>o</sup> B <sup>b7</sup> C <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup> E <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>-7</sup> E <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup> G <sup>7</sup> / <sub>D</sub> F <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>3</sub>	E <sup>7j</sup> F <sup>#-7</sup> D <sup>b-7</sup> G <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>7j</sup> F <sup>o</sup> B <sup>7</sup> D <sup>b-7</sup> B <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>#-7</sup> E <sup>7j</sup> G <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>7</sup> A <sup>b7</sup> / <sub>C#</sub> G <sup>b-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>4</sub>	F <sup>7j</sup> G <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup> F <sup>#o</sup> C <sup>7</sup> D <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7j</sup> G <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7</sup> A <sup>7</sup> / <sub>E</sub> G <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>5</sub>	G <sup>b7j</sup> A <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b-7</sup> A <sup>b-7</sup>	G <sup>b7j</sup> G <sup>o</sup> D <sup>b7</sup> E <sup>b-7</sup> D <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b-7</sup> G <sup>b7j</sup> A <sup>b-7</sup> G <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>b7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup> / <sub>F</sub> A <sup>b-7</sup> D <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>6</sub>	G <sup>7j</sup> A <sup>-7</sup> E <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7j</sup> D <sup>#o</sup> D <sup>7</sup> E <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7j</sup> A <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>7</sup> B <sup>7</sup> / <sub>Bb</sub> A <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7j</sup>

2x tutti in Es, langsam steigend und 1/2 Ton höher; bei F 1x piano, bass, dann weiter vocal

Oh the shark has pretty teeth dear,  
and he shows them pearly white. Just a  
jack-knife has Mack Heath dear,  
and he keeps it out of sight.

When the shark bites with his teeth dear,  
scarlet billows start to spread.  
Fancy gloves do, wears Mack Heath dear,  
so there's not trace of red.

On the sidewalk Sunday morning  
lies a body oozing life.  
Someone's sneaking around the corner.  
Is that someone Mack the Knife?

Yes from a tugboat by the river  
a cement bag drooping down.  
And the cement's, for the weight dear.  
You know that Mack Heath 's back in town.

Yeah Louis Miller disappeared dear,  
after drawing out all his cash.  
And Mack Heath spends like a sailor.  
Did our boy do something rash?

Suki Todre, Jenny Diver,  
Lotti Lenya, sweet Lucy Brown.  
Yes the line forms on  
the right dear, now that Mack Heath 's back in  
town.

Oh the shark has pretty teeth dear,  
and he shows them pearly white. Just a  
jack-knife has Mack Heath dear,  
and he keeps it out of sight.

When the shark bites with his teeth dear,  
scarlet billows start to spread.  
Fancy gloves do, wears Mack Heath dear,  
so there's not trace of red.

On the sidewalk Sunday morning  
lies a body oozing life.  
Someone's sneaking around the corner.  
Is that someone Mack the Knife?

Yes from a tugboat by the river  
a cement bag drooping down.  
And the cement's, for the weight dear.  
You know that Mack Heath's back in town.

Yeah Louis Miller disappeared dear,  
after drawing out all his cash.  
And Mack Heath spends like a sailor.  
Did our boy do something rash?

Suki Todre, Jenny Diver,  
Lotti Lenya, sweet Lucy Brown.  
Yes the line forms on  
the right dear, now that Mack Heath's back in  
town.

#### Die Moritat von Mackie Messer

Und der Haifisch, der hat Zähne  
Und die trägt er im Gesicht  
Und Macheath, der hat ein Messer  
Doch das Messer sieht man nicht.

Ach, es sind des Haifischs Flossen  
Rot, wenn dieser Blue vergießt!  
Mackie Messer trägt 'nen Handschuh  
Drauf man keine Untat liest.

\*An der Themse grünem Wasser  
Fallen plötzlich Leute um!  
Es ist weder Pest noch Cholera  
Doch es heißt: Macheath geht um.

An 'nem schönen blauen Sonntag  
Liegt ein toter Mann am Strand  
Und ein Mensch geht um die Ecke  
Den man Mackie Messer nennt.

Und Schmul Meier bleibt verschwunden  
Und so mancher reiche Mann  
Und sein Geld hat Mackie Messer  
dem man nichts beweisen kann.

Jenny Towler ward gefunden  
Mit 'nem Messer in der Brust  
Und am Kai geht Mackie Messer  
Der von allem nichts gewußt.

\*Wo ist Alfons Glite, der Fuhrherr?  
Kommt das je ans Sonnenlicht?  
Wer es immer wissen könnte –  
Mackie Messer weiß es nicht.

Und das große Feuer in Soho  
Sieben Kinder und ein Greis –  
In der Menge Mackie Messer, den  
Man nicht fragt und der nichts weiß.

Und die minderjährige Witwe  
Deren Namen jeder weiß  
Wachte auf und war geschändet –  
Mackie, welches war dein Preis?

\*\*Und die Fische, sie verschwinden  
Doch zum Kummer des Gerichts  
Man zitiert am End den Haifisch  
Doch der Haifisch weiß von nichts

Und er kann sich nicht erinnern  
Und man kann nicht an ihn ran  
Denn ein Haifisch ist kein Haifisch  
Wenn man nicht beweisen kann



# The Man I Love

Music by George Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin Production: Both Ends Of The Candle © 1923 by Harms Inc. JüLe 2000-08-01

I	A <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>b7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>0</sup> B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup> / <sub>G<sup>b</sup></sub> (C <sup>-7b5</sup> )	F <sup>7+5-9</sup>	
	B <sup>b-7b5</sup> / <sub>E</sub> /D <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup> (C <sup>7+5</sup> ) D <sup>b7j</sup> (F <sup>79</sup> )	C <sup>-7</sup> (B <sup>b9+5</sup> )B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup> / <sub>G<sup>b</sup></sub> (C <sup>-7b5</sup> )	F <sup>7+5-9</sup>	
	B <sup>b0</sup> / <sub>E</sub> /D <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>	
B	F <sup>-7j</sup> F <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>E<sup>b</sup></sub>	D <sup>0</sup> / <sub>D</sub> E <sup>b7</sup> / <sub>D<sup>b</sup></sub>	F <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>C</sub> /A <sup>b</sup> /G	C <sup>7</sup>	
	F <sup>-7j</sup> F <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>E<sup>b</sup></sub>	D <sup>0</sup> / <sub>D</sub> E <sup>b7</sup> / <sub>D<sup>b</sup></sub>	F <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>C</sub> A <sup>0</sup> /F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	
A <sub>3</sub>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup> / <sub>G<sup>b</sup></sub> (C <sup>-7b5</sup> )	F <sup>7+5-9</sup>	
	B <sup>b0</sup> / <sub>E</sub> /D <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	

1x tutti; 1/2 piano, 1/2 bass, 1x vocal

## Verse

Joan:

When the mellow moon begins to beam,  
 Ev'ry night I dream a little dream;  
 And of course Prince Charming is the theme:  
 The he  
 For me.  
 Although I realise as well as you  
 It is seldom that a dream comes true,  
 To me it's clear  
 That he'll appear.

## Refrain

**Some day he'll come along,  
 The man I love;  
 And he'll be big and strong,  
 The man I love;  
 And when he comes my way,  
 I'll do my best to make him stay.  
 He'll look at me and smile –  
 I'll understand;  
 And in a little while  
 He'll take my hand;  
 And though it seems absurd  
 I know we both won't say a word.  
 Maybe I shall meet him Sunday,  
 Maybe Monday – maybe not;  
 Still I'm sure to meet him one day –  
 Maybe Tuesday  
 Will be my good news day.**

## He'll build a little home

**Just meant for two;  
 From which I'll never roam –  
 Who would? Would you?  
 And so, all else above,  
 I'm waiting for the man I love.**

Jim:

Some day she'll come along  
 The girl I love  
 Her smile will be a song  
 The girl I love  
 And when she comes my way  
 I'll do my best to make her stay.  
 I'll look at her and smile –  
 She'll understand;  
 And in a little while  
 I'll take her hand;  
 And though it seems absurd  
 I know we both won't say a word.  
 Maybe I shall meet her Sunday,  
 Maybe Monday – maybe not;  
 Still I'm sure to meet her one day –  
 Maybe Tuesday  
 Will be my good news day.  
 For her I'll do and dare  
 As ne'er before;  
 Our hopes and fears we'll share –  
 For evermore;  
 And so, all else above,  
 I'm waiting for the girl I love.

# Midnight Sun

Music by Lionel Hampton & Francis J. Burke Lyrics by Johnny Mercer © 1947 Crystal Music Publishers JüLe 2000-08-01

I	G <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7-9</sup>	G <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7-9</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	G <sup>7j</sup>		G <sup>7j</sup>		G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	
	F <sup>7j</sup>		F <sup>7j</sup>		F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>		
	E <sup>b7j</sup>		E <sup>b7j</sup>		E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>		
	G <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7-9</sup>					
A <sub>2</sub>	G <sup>7j</sup>		G <sup>7j</sup>		G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7-5</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7-5</sup>	
	F <sup>7j</sup>		F <sup>7j</sup>		F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7-5</sup>	B <sup>b7-5</sup>		
	E <sup>b7j</sup>		E <sup>b7j</sup>		E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7-5</sup>	A <sup>b7-5</sup>		
	G <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>#0</sup>	F <sup>#7-9</sup>					
B	B <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>6</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>6</sup>	A <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>6</sup>	
	A <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>6</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7+5</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b9</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>b7+9</sup>	
	G <sup>7j</sup>		G <sup>7j</sup>		G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	
	F <sup>7j</sup>		F <sup>7j</sup>		F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>		
	E <sup>b7j</sup>		E <sup>b7j</sup>		E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>		
	G <sup>7j</sup>	(E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7-9</sup> )					

1x tutti; 1/2 piano, 1/2 bass, 1x vocal

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 its 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 moonlit 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, And I saw 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 star dust 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 I saw the midnight sun.

# Misty

Music by Erroll Garner Lyrics by Johnny Burke © 1954 Vernon Music Corp. JüLe 2000-07-14

I	B <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>b-7</sup>	D <sup>b-7</sup>	G <sup>b7</sup>	B <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>b-7</sup>	D <sup>b-7</sup>	G <sup>b7</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	B <sup>7j</sup>		G <sup>b-7</sup>	B <sup>7-9</sup>	E <sup>7j</sup>		E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
	B <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>b-7</sup>	D <sup>b-7</sup>	G <sup>b7-9</sup>	E <sup>b7-5</sup> <sub>/A</sub>	A <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>b7-5</sup> <sub>/G</sub>	G <sup>b7-9</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	B <sup>7j</sup>		G <sup>b-7</sup>	B <sup>7-9</sup>	E <sup>7j</sup>		E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
	B <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>b-7</sup>	D <sup>b-7</sup>	G <sup>b7-9</sup>	B <sup>7-5</sup>	A <sup>b-7</sup> D <sup>b-7</sup> G <sup>b7-9</sup>	B <sup>7j</sup>		
B	G <sup>b-7</sup>		B <sup>7-9</sup>		E <sup>7j</sup>		E <sup>7j</sup>		
	F <sup>-7</sup>		B <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>b7</sup>	G <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>o</sup>	D <sup>b-7</sup>	G <sup>b7</sup>	
A <sub>3</sub>	B <sup>7j</sup>		G <sup>b-7</sup>	B <sup>7-9</sup>	E <sup>7j</sup>		E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
	B <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>b-7</sup>	D <sup>b-7</sup>	G <sup>b7-9</sup>	B <sup>7-5</sup>	A <sup>b-7</sup> D <sup>b-7</sup> G <sup>b7-9</sup>	B <sup>7j</sup>		

1x tutti; 1/2 piano, 1/2 bass, x vocal

Look at me,  
I'm as helpless as a kitten up a tree,  
and I feel like I'm clinging to a cloud;  
I can't understand,  
I get misty just holding your hand.

Walk my way  
and a thousand violins begin to play,  
or it might be the sound of your hello,  
that music I hear,  
I get misty, the moment you're near.

You can say that you're leading me on,  
but it's just what I want you to do.  
Don't you notice how hopelessly I'm lost,  
that's why I'm following you.

On my own,  
would I wander through this wonderland alone,  
never knowing my right foot from my left,  
my hat from my glove?  
I'm too misty and too much in love.

# My Funny Valentine

Music by Richard Rodgers Lyrics by Lorenz Hart © 1937 by Chappell & Co., Inc. «Babes In Arms» JüLe 2000-11-22

A <sub>1</sub>	A <sup>-7j</sup>	E <sup>7</sup> / <sub>G#</sub>	A <sup>-79</sup> / <sub>G</sub>	D <sub>/F#</sub>					
	F <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>-9</sup>	B <sup>-7b5</sup>	E <sup>7-5</sup>					
A <sub>2</sub>	A <sup>-7j</sup>	E <sup>7</sup> / <sub>G#</sub>	A <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>G</sub>	D <sup>9</sup> / <sub>F#</sub>					
	F <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7b5</sup>	G <sup>7-9</sup>					
B	C <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	
	C <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>#7-9</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>-7b5</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	
C	A <sup>-7j</sup>	E <sup>7</sup> / <sub>G#</sub>	A <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>G</sub>	D <sub>/F#</sub>					
	F <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>-7b5</sup> E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>#7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>#7-5+9</sup>					
	F <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>-9</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>					

My Funny Valentine, sweet comic valentine, you  
make me smile with my heart.

Your looks are laughable, unphotographable, yet,  
you're my fav'rite work of art.

Is your figure less than Greek; is your mouth a  
little weak when you open it to speak, are you  
smart?

But don't change a hair for me, not if you care for  
me, stay little valentine, stay! Each day is Valen-  
tine's day.

C <sup>-7j</sup>	G <sup>7</sup> / <sub>B</sub>	C <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>Bb</sub>	A <sup>∅</sup>					
A <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>-9</sup>	D <sup>∅</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>					
C <sup>-7j</sup>	G <sup>7</sup> / <sub>B</sub>	C <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>Bb</sub>	F <sub>/A</sub>					
A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>∅</sup> D <sup>7-5</sup> G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7-5</sup>	F <sup>∅</sup>	B <sup>b7-9</sup>					
E <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	
E <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup> A <sup>7-9</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>		D <sup>∅</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
C <sup>-7j</sup>	G <sup>7</sup> / <sub>B</sub>	C <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>Bb</sub>	F <sub>/A</sub>					
A <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>∅</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>7-5+9</sup>			
A <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>-9</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>		E <sup>b7j</sup>				

# Nice Work If You Can Get It

Music: George Gershwin Lyrics: Ira Gershwin Musical: A Damsel In Distress © 1937 by Gerswhin Publishing JüLe 2003-01-25

V	C <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>
	E <sup>7+5</sup>	A <sup>-6</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup> C <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7j</sup> <sub>/B</sub>	B <sup>b0</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>
	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7+5</sup>					
	C <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>		F <sup>#7b5</sup>	B <sup>7-9</sup>
	E <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>#7b5</sup>	F <sup>#7+5-9</sup>	B <sup>#7+5-9</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7-9</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>
A	C <sup>7</sup>		F <sup>79</sup>					
	E <sup>7+5</sup>	A <sup>7-9</sup>	D <sup>7+5</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>79</sup>	D <sup>#0</sup>
A	C <sup>7</sup> <sub>/E</sub> /E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> <sub>/G</sub>	C <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>79</sup>
	E <sup>7+5</sup>	A <sup>7-9</sup>	D <sup>7+5</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>79</sup>	D <sup>#0</sup>
B	C <sup>7</sup> <sub>/E</sub> /E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> <sub>/G</sub>	C <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>7+5</sup>
	A <sup>-6</sup>		F <sup>7</sup>		A <sup>-6</sup>		D <sup>9,13</sup>	
A	G <sup>-6</sup>		A <sup>-7b5</sup>	D <sup>7+5</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>		G <sup>7+5</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>
	E <sup>7+5</sup>	A <sup>9</sup>	D <sup>7+5</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>79</sup>	D <sup>#0</sup>
	C <sup>7</sup> <sub>/E</sub> /E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>7+5</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> <sub>/G</sub>
	C <sup>7j</sup>		(F <sup>7</sup> )					

1x tutti; 1/2 piano, 1/4 bass, 1/4 piano, 1x vocal

## Verse

The man who only lives for making money  
Lives a life that isn't necessarily sunny.  
Likewise the man who works for fame.  
There's no guarantee that time won't erase his name.  
The fact is, the only work that really brings enjoyment  
Is the kind that is for girl and boy meant.  
Fall in love, you won't regret it.  
That's the best work of all if you can get it.

## Holding hand at midnight

'Neath a starry sky,  
Nice work if you can get it,  
And you can get it if you try.

## Strolling with that one girl (boy),

Sighing sigh after sigh,  
Nice work if you can get it,  
And you can get it if you try.

## Just imagine someone

waiting at the cottage door,  
Where two hearts become one.  
Who could ask for anything more?

## Loving one who loves you

And then taking that vow,  
Nice work if you can get it,  
And if you get it,  
Won't you tell me how?

# Oh You Crazy Moon

Music by Jimmy Van Heusen Lyrics by Johnny Burke © 1939 Warner Bros Inc JüLe 01-09-15

I	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>#-7b5</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>#-7b5</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	
	E <sup>7</sup>		E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>#-7b5</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>#-7b5</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	
	E <sup>7</sup>		E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7j</sup>		A <sup>b-7b5</sup>	D <sup>b7</sup>	
B	F <sup>#-7</sup>		D <sup>7-5</sup>	D <sup>b7</sup>	F <sup>#-7</sup>		B <sup>7</sup>		
	E <sup>-7</sup>		C <sup>7-5</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>		E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>3</sub>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>#-7b5</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	
	E <sup>7</sup>		E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>79</sup>	D <sup>7j</sup>		

When they met, the way they smiled, I saw that I was thru, Oh, you crazy moon, what did you do?

When they kissed, they tried to say that it was just in fun, oh, you crazy moon, look what you've done!

Once you promised me, you know, that it would never end, you should be ashamed to show your funny face, my friend;

there they are they fell in love, I guess you think you're smart, oh, you crazy moon, you broke my heart.

# Peel Me A Grape

Music and Lyrics by David Frishberg © 1962 Grank Music Corp JüLe 2003-05-01

I	C <sup>-9</sup> D <sup>b7</sup>   C <sup>-9</sup> D <sup>b7</sup>   C <sup>-9</sup> D <sup>b7</sup>   C <sup>-9</sup> D <sup>b7</sup>
A <sub>1</sub>	C <sup>-9</sup> D <sup>b7</sup>   C <sup>-9</sup> D <sup>b7</sup>   C <sup>-9</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>   A <sup>b7</sup> G <sup>7+5+9</sup>
	C <sup>-9</sup> D <sup>b7</sup>   C <sup>-9</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>   A <sup>b9</sup> A <sup>0</sup>   E <sup>b-6</sup> E <sup>b7-5</sup> /A
	A <sup>b9</sup> A <sup>0</sup>   E <sup>b-6</sup> /B   E <sup>b-6</sup> /B   E <sup>b-6</sup> /B
	G <sup>7+5+9</sup>   G <sup>7+5+9</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup> /B <sup>b</sup>   A <sup>b7</sup> G <sup>7+5+9</sup>
A <sub>2</sub>	C <sup>-9</sup> D <sup>b7</sup>   C <sup>-9</sup> D <sup>b7</sup>   C <sup>-9</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>   A <sup>b7</sup> G <sup>7+5+9</sup>
	C <sup>-9</sup> D <sup>b7</sup>   C <sup>-9</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>   A <sup>b9</sup> A <sup>0</sup>   E <sup>b-6</sup> /B   E <sup>b7-5</sup> /A
	A <sup>b9</sup> A <sup>0</sup>   E <sup>b-6</sup> /B   E <sup>b-6</sup> /B   E <sup>b-6</sup> /B
	G <sup>7+5+9</sup>   G <sup>7+5+9</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> E <sup>b6</sup> /B   A <sup>b7</sup> G <sup>7+5</sup> C <sup>-7</sup>
B	G <sup>-7</sup>   G <sup>-9</sup> C <sup>7</sup>   F <sup>-9</sup> F <sup>-7</sup> /E   F <sup>-7</sup> /E <sup>b</sup> D <sup>-7b5</sup>
	D <sup>7</sup> E <sup>0</sup>   F <sup>0</sup> D <sup>7</sup> /F <sup>#</sup>   A <sup>b9</sup>   G <sup>7+5+9</sup>
A <sub>3</sub>	C <sup>-9</sup> D <sup>b7</sup>   C <sup>-9</sup> D <sup>b7</sup>   C <sup>-9</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>   A <sup>b7</sup> G <sup>7+5+9</sup>
	C <sup>-9</sup> D <sup>b7</sup>   C <sup>-9</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>   A <sup>b9</sup> A <sup>0</sup>   E <sup>b-6</sup> /B   E <sup>b7-5</sup> /A
	A <sup>b9</sup> A <sup>0</sup>   E <sup>b-6</sup> /B   E <sup>b-6</sup> /B   E <sup>b-6</sup> /B
	G <sup>7+5+9</sup>   G <sup>7+5+9</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup> /B <sup>b</sup>   A <sup>b7</sup> G <sup>7+5+9</sup>

Peel Me A Grape, crush me some ice,  
 Skin me a peach, save the fuzz for my pillow,  
 start me a smoke, talkt to me nice,  
 you gotta wine me and dine me,  
 don't try and foo me,  
 bejewel me, either amuse me  
 or lose me,  
 I'm gettin' hungry, Peel Me A Grape.

Pop me a cork, French me a fry,  
 Crack ma a nut, bring a bowl fulla bon-bons,  
 chill me some wine, keep standin' by,  
 just entertain me, champagne me,  
 show me you love me,  
 kid glove me, best way to cheer me,  
 cashmere me,  
 I'm gettin' hungry, Peel Me A Grape.

Here's how to be an agreeable chap,  
 love me and leave me in luxury's lap.  
 Hop when I holler,  
 Skip when I snap,  
 when I say, «Do it,» jump to it.

Send out for scotch, call me a cab  
 cut me a rose, make my tea with the petals.  
 Just hang around, pick up the tab,  
 Never out think me,  
 just mink me, polar bear rug me,  
 don't bug me, new Thunderbird me,  
 you heard me,  
 I'm gettin' hungry, Peel Me A Grape.

# People Will Say We're In Love

Music by Richard Rodgers Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II © 1943 Williamson Music JüLe 2000-12-06

I	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	
	A <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>		
	A <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>		
	B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	
	A <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>		
	A <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>		
	B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>		
B	A <sup>b-7j</sup>	D <sup>b7</sup>	G <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>b7j</sup>		
	G <sup>-7b5</sup> C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>		
C	A <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>		
	A <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup> (F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup> )	

1x tutti; 1/2 piano, 1/2 bass, 1x vocal

Don't throw bouquets at me,  
don't please my folks too much.  
Don't laugh at my jokes too much.  
People will say we're in love!

Don't sigh and gaze at me,  
your sighs are so like mine.  
Your eyes mustn't glow like mine  
People will say we're in love!

Don't start collecting thins,  
give me my rose and my glove.  
Sweetheart they're suspectin things,  
People will say we're in love!

Don't praise my charm too much,  
don't look so vane with me.  
Don't stand in the rain with me.  
People will say we're in love!

Don't take my arm too much,  
don't keep your hand in mine  
Your hand feels so gran in mine.  
People will say we're in love!

Don't dance all night with me,  
Till the stars fade from above.  
They'll see it's all right with me.  
People will say we're in love!



# Quiet Nights of Quiet Stars (Corcovado)

Music & Lyrics by Antonio Carlos Jobim © 1962 by Antonio Carlos Jobim JüLe 01-04-11

I	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	
A <sub>1/2</sub>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup> / <sub>G</sub>	G <sup>b0</sup>	G <sup>b0</sup>	
	F <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>B<sup>b</sup></sub>	B <sup>b7-9</sup> / <sub>E</sub>	E <sup>b0</sup> E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	
	E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>∅</sup>	G <sup>7+5</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup> / <sub>G</sub>	C <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>G</sub>	G <sup>b0</sup>	
B	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup> / <sub>G</sub>	G <sup>b0</sup>	G <sup>b0</sup>	
	F <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>B<sup>b</sup></sub>	B <sup>b7-9</sup>	E <sup>b0</sup> E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	
	E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	
	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7+5</sup>	
	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>			
S: +	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	
			B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	

Um cantinhom violão, este amor, uma canção, pira  
fazer feliz aquen se ama, muita calma p'rapensar e  
ter tempo p'rasonar da janela venseo corcovado o  
rendentor, que lindo!

quero a vida sempre assim com você per to de  
mimaté o apagar da velha chama e eu, que era  
triste, descrente deste mundo, ao encontrar voce eu  
conheci o queé felicidada men amor.

**Quiet nights of quiet stars,  
quiet chords from my guitar  
floating on the silence that surrounds us.**

**Quiet thoughts and quiet dreams.**

**quiet walks by quiet streams,  
and a window looking on the mountains and the  
sea.**

**How lovely! This is where I want to be.**

**Here. With you so close to me,  
until the final flicker of life's ember.**

**I who was lost and lonely,  
believing life us only a bitter, tragic joke  
have found with you the meaning of existence.  
Oh, my love.**

# Sentimental Journey

Music and Lyrics by Bud Green, Les Brown & Ben Homer © 1944 by Morley Music Co. JüLe 2001-02-05

I	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	
A	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	
	A <sup>b7j</sup> A <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup> A <sup>b7j</sup>	
A	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	
	A <sup>b7j</sup> A <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup> A <sup>b7j</sup>	
B	D <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	
	B <sup>b7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	
A	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	
	A <sup>b7j</sup> A <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup> A <sup>b7j</sup>	

Gonna take a Sentimental Journey, Gonna set my heart at ease. Gonna make a Sentimental Journey to renew old memories.

Got my bag. I got my reservation, spent each dime I could afford. Like a child in wild anticipation, long to hear that "All aboard".

Seven, that's the time we leave, at seven, I'll be waitin' up for heaven. Countin' ev'ry mile of rail-road track that takes me back.

Never thought my heart could be so "yearny". Why did I decide to roam? Gotta take this Sentimental Journey, Sentimental Journey Home.

Gon - na take a Sen - ti - men - tal - Jour - ney, Gon - na set my heart at ease.

Gon - na make a Sen - ti - men - tal Jour - ney To re - new old mem - o - ries

Sev - en that's the time we leave, at sev - en I'll be wait - in' for up

Heav - en Count - in' ev - 'ry mile of rail - road track that takes me back

# Solitude

Music by Duke Ellington Lyrics by Eddie De Lange & Irving Mills © 1934 Famous Music Corp etc. JüLe 2002-06-23

I	D <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>o</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup> / <sub>E<sup>b</sup></sub>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>			
A <sub>1</sub>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>b7+5</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup>			
	B <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>o</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7+5</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>b7+5</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup>			
	B <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>o</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7+5</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>		
B	D <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>o</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup> / <sub>E<sup>b</sup></sub>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>			
	D <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>o</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup> / <sub>E<sup>b</sup></sub>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>			
A <sub>2</sub>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>b7+5</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup>			
	B <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>o</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7+5</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>			

tutti; 1/2 piano, 1/2 bass; vocal

In my solitude, you haunt me  
with reveries of days gone by.

In my solitude, you taunt me  
with memories that never die.

I sit in my chair,  
I'm filled with despair,  
there's no one could be so dad,  
with gloom ev'rywhere,  
I sit and I stare,  
I know that I'll soon go mad.

In my solitude, I'm praying  
dead Lord above,  
send back my love.

# Star Dust

Music by Hoagy Carmichael Lyrics by Mitchell Parish © 1928 by Mills Music Inc. JüLe 2000-08-01

Intro ohne Bass V	F <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>b79</sup>	E <sup>∅</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>					
	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>-7b5</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>b0</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7-5</sup>	
	F <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>b79</sup>	E <sup>-7b5</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>					
	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>		
A	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>		B <sup>b-6</sup>					
	F <sup>7j</sup> <sub>/c</sub>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>#0</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>				
	C <sup>7</sup> <sub>/c</sub>	D <sup>#0</sup>	C <sup>7</sup> <sub>/E</sub>	C <sup>7+5</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7+5</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>		
	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>0</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>					
B	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>		B <sup>b-6</sup>					
	F <sup>7j</sup> <sub>/c</sub>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>#0</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>				
	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>					
	G <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>#0</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>		F <sup>7j</sup>	(F <sup>7</sup> )		

tutti; 1/2 piano, 1/2 bass; vocal

Verse:

And now the purple dusk of twilight time  
steals across the meadows of my heart.  
High up in the sky the little stars climb,  
always reminding me that we're apart.

You wandered down the lane and far away,  
leaving me a song that will not die.  
Love is now the stardust  
of yesterday,  
the music  
of the years  
gone by.

Sometimes I wonder why I spend

The lonely nights  
dreaming of a song.  
The melody haunts my reverie,  
and I am once again with you,  
when our love was new, and each kiss an inspira-  
tion,  
but that war long ago; now my consolation  
is in the star dust of a song.

Beside a garden wall, when stars are bright,  
you are in my arms.  
The nightingale tells his fairy tale  
of paradise, where roses grew/bloom.  
Though I dream in vain, in my heart it will remain;  
my stardust melody,  
The memory of love's refrain.

# That Old Black Magic

Music by Harold Arlen Lyrics by Johnny Mercer Movie "Star Spangled Rhythm" © 1942 Famous Music Corp. JüLe 01-06-12

I	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b6</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>
A <sub>1</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b6</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>
	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>
	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>
	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7+5</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>2</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b6</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b6</sup>
	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b6</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>
	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup> E <sup>b-</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>b0</sup>
	C <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup> D <sup>7</sup>
B	G <sup>-</sup>	G <sup>-</sup> G <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>b9-5</sup>	E <sup>b9-5</sup>
	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>
	C <sup>-</sup>	C <sup>-</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>
	A <sup>b7</sup> /C <sup>-7b5</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup> /C <sup>-7b5</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>
C	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b6</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b6</sup>
	F <sup>-7</sup> <sub>/F</sub>	F <sup>-7</sup> <sub>/E</sub>	F <sup>-7</sup> <sub>/E<sup>b</sup></sub>	B <sup>b7</sup>
	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>
	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup> E <sup>b-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>b0</sup>
	C <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>
	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7-5</sup> <sub>/B</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>

1x tutti; 1/2 piano, 1/2 bass, 1 x vocal  :kein Swingrhythmus

That old black magic has me in its spell  
 That old black magic that you wave so well  
 Those icy fingers up and down my spine  
 The same old witchcraft when your eyes meet mine.

The same old tingle that I fell inside.  
 And then that elevator starts its ride,  
 And down and down I go, 'round and 'round I go  
 Like a leaf that's caught in the tide.

I should stay away but what can I do?  
 I hear your name and I'm a flame,  
 A flame with such a burning desire

That only your kiss can put out the fire.  
 For you're the lover I have waited for,  
 The mate fate had me created for.  
 And ev'ry time your lips meet mine,  
 Darling, down and down I go,  
 'round and 'round I go  
 In a spin, loving the spin I'm in  
 Under that old black magic called love!

# They Can't Take That Away from Me

Music by George Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin © 1937 Gershwin Publishing Corporation JüLe 2003-01-10

V	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>0</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>#7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	B <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>						
	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>0</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>F</sub>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>
	D <sup>6</sup>		E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>6</sup>		E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>
	D <sup>-6</sup>		E <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>7+5</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7+5</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	
	C <sup>-6</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>						
A <sub>1</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>b0</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>		
	F <sup>-7</sup>		B <sup>b7</sup>		E <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>2</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>b0</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>		
	F <sup>-7</sup>		B <sup>b7</sup>		E <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>-7b5</sup> A <sup>7</sup>
B	D <sup>-</sup>	A <sup>7-9</sup>	D <sup>-</sup>	A <sup>7-9</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>-7b5</sup>	E <sup>-7b5</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>
	D <sup>-</sup>	A <sup>7-9</sup>	D <sup>-</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>		F <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>3</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>b0</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>		
	F <sup>-7</sup>		B <sup>b7</sup>		E <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup>
	B <sup>b7j</sup> /D <sup>7+5</sup> G <sup>7</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7-9</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>		B <sup>b7</sup> (F <sup>7</sup> )	
S	B <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>b0</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>		
	F <sup>-7</sup>		B <sup>b7</sup>		E <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup>
	B <sup>b7j</sup> /D <sup>7+5</sup> G <sup>7</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7-9</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>		G <sup>7</sup>	
	C <sup>-7</sup>		F <sup>7</sup>		B <sup>b7j</sup>		B <sup>b7j</sup>	

Our romance won't end on a sorrowful note,  
 though by tomorrow you're gone.  
 The song is ended, but as the songwriter wrote,  
 the melody lingers on.  
 They may take you from me,  
 I'll miss you fond caress.  
 But though they take you from me,  
 I'll still possess;

The way you wear your hat, the way you sip your  
 tea, the mem'ry of all that, no, no! They can't take  
 that away from me! The way you smile just  
 beams, the way you sing off key, the way you  
 haunt my dreams, no, no! They can't take that away  
 from me!

We may never, never meet again on the bumpy  
 road to love, still I'll always keep the mem'ry of the  
 way you hold your

knife, the way we dance till three, the way you  
 changed my life, no no! They can't take that away  
 from me! No! They can't take that away from me!



# Twisted

Music by Wardell Grey Lyrics by Ann Ross/Jon Hendricks(?) © 1952 JüLe 2001-04-08

A	F <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	B <sup>b7-5</sup>	B <sup>b7-5</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7-9</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7-9</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>

My analyst told me  
That I was right out of my head  
The way he described it  
He said I'd be better dead than live  
I didn't listen to his jive  
I knew all along  
That he was all wrong  
And I knew that he thought  
I was crazy but I'm not  
Oh no.

My analyst told me  
That I was right out of my head  
He said I'd need treatment  
But I'm not that easily led  
He said I was the type  
That was most inclined  
When out of his sight  
To be out of my mind  
And he thought I was nuts  
No more ifs or ands or buts

They say as a child  
I appeared a little bit wild  
With all my crazy ideas  
But I knew what was happening  
I knew I was a genius...  
What's so strange when you know  
That you're a wizard at three  
I knew that this was meant to be  
Now I heard little children  
Were supposed to sleep tight  
That's why I got into the vodka one night  
My parents got frantic  
Didn't know what to do  
But I saw some crazy scenes  
Before I came to  
Now do you think I was crazy  
I may have been only three  
But I was swinging

They all laugh at angry young men  
They all laugh at Edison  
And also at Einstein  
So why should I feel sorry  
If they just couldn't understand  
The idiomatic logic

That went on in my head  
I had a brain  
It was insane  
Oh they used to laugh at me  
When I refused to ride  
On all those double decker buses  
All because there was no driver on the top

My analyst told me  
That I was right out of my head  
But I said dear doctor  
I think that it's you instead  
Because I have got a thing  
That's unique and new  
To prove it I'll have  
The last laugh on you  
'Cause instead of one head  
I got two  
And you know two heads are better than one

Annie Ross moved with her aunt, singer Ella Logan, to Los Angeles at the age of three, where she became a juvenile film actress, starting on the "Our Gang" series at five. As a teenager, she moved to New York to study acting, then back to England, where she became a nightclub and band singer. She returned to the U.S. and gained attention in 1952 for her song "Twisted," a "vocalese" setting of humorous lyrics to what had been a saxophone solo by Wardell Gray\*. (More than 20 years later, Joni Mitchell made a popular recording of the song.) In 1958, Ross teamed with Dave Lambert and Jon Hendricks in the vocalese trio Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, and they toured and recorded successfully, their best-known album being their first, "Sing a Song of Basie." Ross left the trio in 1962 and settled in England, continuing to sing and work as an actress. She returned again to the U.S. in 1985. In 1993, she had a featured role in the Robert Altman film "Short Cuts" and she sang most of the songs on the soundtrack album, including compositions by Elvis Costello and members of U2, and was accompanied on one song by Michael Stipe of R.E.M.

*William Ruhlmann, All-Music Guide*

\*Wardell Gray, one of the hardest swinging tenor men in modern jazz, was (like many others of the time) making a personal synthesis of Lester Young and Charlie Parker. Even when his sound was cool, his beat was hot and his lines always lissome ... Wardell's blues line and solo, became the basis for Annie Ross's famed lyrics and vocal performance. ([http://www.fantasyjazz.com/catalog/gray\\_w\\_cat.html](http://www.fantasyjazz.com/catalog/gray_w_cat.html)) Recorded November 11, 1949. Wardell Gray (tenor saxophone); Al Haig (piano); Tommy Potter (bass); Roy Haynes (drums). "Wardell Gray Tenor Sax", Prestige PRLP-115, 1951. (<http://www.smu.edu/~jmilazzo/gray.html>)

[http://www.mrlucky.com/songbirds/html/sep99/9909\\_ross\\_3.html](http://www.mrlucky.com/songbirds/html/sep99/9909_ross_3.html)  
<http://www.jonimitchell.com/Court74LyricsHome.html>  
<http://www.gerbrandt.com/lyrics.htm>  
<http://www.jonimitchell.com/Court74LyricsHome.html>  
<http://www.geocities.com/SunsetStrip/4656/lyrics/30lamberthendricksross.htm>



# We'll Be Together Again

Music by Carl Fischer Lyrics by Frankie Laine © 1945 Loft-Marmor, NY JüLe 2000-07-14

I	A <sup>b7j</sup> E <sup>9</sup>   B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b13(E<sup>0</sup>)</sup>   A <sup>b7j</sup> E <sup>9</sup>   B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b13(E<sup>0</sup>)</sup>
A <sub>1</sub>	A <sup>b7j</sup> E <sup>9</sup>   B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b13(E<sup>0</sup>)</sup>   F <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>E</sub> /E <sup>b</sup>   B <sup>b7</sup> / <sub>D</sub> /B <sup>b</sup>     F <sup>#-7</sup> B <sup>79</sup>   E <sup>7j</sup>   B <sup>b0</sup>   E <sup>b7-9</sup>
A <sub>2</sub>	A <sup>b7j</sup> E <sup>9</sup>   B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b13(E<sup>0</sup>)</sup>   F <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>E</sub> /E <sup>b</sup>   B <sup>b7</sup> / <sub>D</sub> /B <sup>b</sup>     F <sup>#-7</sup> B <sup>79</sup>   E <sup>7j</sup>   B <sup>b-7b5</sup> E <sup>b7+5-9</sup>   A <sup>b7j</sup>
B	B <sup>b-7b5</sup> E <sup>b7+9</sup>   A <sup>b-</sup>   B <sup>b-7b5</sup> E <sup>b7+9</sup>   A <sup>b-</sup> A <sup>b-</sup> / <sub>G<sup>b</sup></sub>     D <sup>b-6</sup> / <sub>E</sub> E <sup>b7+9</sup>   D <sup>13</sup> D <sup>b79</sup>   E <sup>7+11</sup>   B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7-9</sup>
A <sub>3</sub>	A <sup>b7j</sup> E <sup>9</sup>   B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b13(E<sup>0</sup>)</sup>   F <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>E</sub> /E <sup>b</sup>   B <sup>b7</sup> / <sub>D</sub> /B <sup>b</sup>     F <sup>#-7</sup> B <sup>79</sup>   E <sup>7j</sup>   B <sup>b-7b5</sup> E <sup>b7+5-9</sup>   A <sup>b7j</sup>

tutti; 1/2 piano, 1/2 bass; vocal

## Verse

Here in a moment of darkness,  
remember the sun has shone.  
Laugh and the world will laugh with you.  
Cry and you cry alone.

## Chorus

No tears, no fears,  
Remember there's always tomorrow,  
So what if we have to part?  
We'll be together again.

Your eyes, your hair,  
Are mem'ries I'll cherish forever,  
So try thinking with your heart,  
We'll be together again.

Times when I know you'll be *lonely*.  
Times when I know you'll be sad.  
Don't let temptation surround you.  
Don't let the blues make you bad.

Someday, some way,  
We both have a lifetime before us,  
*Though* parting is not good-bye,  
We'll be together again.

Ella Fitzgerald/Anita O'Day

**No tears, no fears,  
Remember there's always tomorrow,  
So what if we have to part?  
We'll be together again.**

**Your kiss, your smile,  
Are memories I'll treasure forever,  
So try thinking with your heart,  
We'll be together again.**

**Times when I know you'll be lonesome.  
Times when I know you'll be sad.  
Don't let temptation surround you.  
Don't let the blues make you bad.**

**Someday, some way,  
We both have a lifetime before us,  
For parting is not good-bye,  
We'll be together again.**

# What Am I Here For?

Music by Duke Ellington Lyrics by Frankie Laine © 1942 (instrumental) JüLe 2000-07-14

I	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>o</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7+11</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>o</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7+11</sup>	
	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>o</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7+11</sup>	
	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7-5</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>2</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>o</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7+11</sup>	
	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>o</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7+11</sup>	
	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7-5</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>o</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>
				B <sup>b7j</sup>	

tutti; 1/2 piano, 1/2 bass; vocal

What am I here for,  
 Living in mis'ry,  
 Now that you've gone from my heart?  
 That was my fear for  
 You were my future  
 There was no reason to part.

'Till I hope you change your mind  
 And that somehow you will find  
 You are meant to be my own  
 I'll be lost if I'm alone

I know that you remember  
 All that you told me  
 Times when you hold me so tight  
 How could you grieve me  
 How could you leave me  
 Knowing your love is my light

In your hear that should be  
 Thoughts of your return to me  
 I will be happy  
 Patiently waiting  
 Knowing then, that's why I am here.

# What Is This Thing Called Love?

Music and Lyrics by Cole Porter © 1929 Wake Up and Dream JüLe 2003-04-19

V	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>#0</sup>	C <sup>0</sup>	B <sup>b-6</sup>	E <sup>0</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7/F</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	B <sup>b-6</sup>	B <sup>0</sup>	C	
	C		D <sup>7/C</sup>		F <sup>-6</sup>	A <sup>b0</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>
	F <sup>7</sup>		B <sup>b7</sup>	G <sup>-7b5</sup>	B <sup>b-6</sup>	C <sup>7+5-9</sup>	F <sup>6</sup>	
					D <sup>b</sup>			
A <sub>1</sub>	C <sup>-7b5</sup>		F <sup>7-9</sup>	B <sup>b-6</sup>		B <sup>b-6</sup>		
	G <sup>-7b5</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>		F <sup>7j</sup>		
A <sub>2</sub>	C <sup>-7b5</sup>		F <sup>7-9</sup>	B <sup>b-6</sup>		B <sup>b-6</sup>		
	G <sup>-7b5</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>		F <sup>7j</sup>		
B	F <sup>-7</sup>		B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>		E <sup>b7j</sup>		
	D <sup>b7</sup>		D <sup>b7</sup>	G <sup>-7b5</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>		
A <sub>3</sub>	C <sup>-7b5</sup>		F <sup>7-9</sup>	B <sup>b-6</sup>		B <sup>b-6</sup>		
	G <sup>-7b5</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>6</sup>		F <sup>6</sup>		

## Verse

I was a hum-drum person  
 Leading a life apart  
 When love flew in through my window wide  
 And quickened my hum-drum heart  
 Love flew in through my window  
 I was so happy then  
 But after love had stayed a little while  
 Love flew out again

## Chorus

What is this thing called love?  
 This funny thing called love?  
 Just who can solve its mystery?  
 Why should it make a fool of me?  
 I saw you there one wonderful day  
 You took my heart and threw it away  
 That's why I ask the Lawd in Heaven above  
 What is this thing called love?

You gave me days of sunshine  
 You gave me nights of cheer  
 You made my life an enchanted dream  
 'Til somebody else came near  
 Somebody else came near you  
 I felt the winter's chill  
 And now I sit and wonder night and day  
 Why I love you still?

# What Is There to Say

Music by Vernon Duke Lyrics by E. Y. Harburg Ziegfeld Follies of 1934 © 1937 by PolyGram Int. Pub., Inc. JüLe 2000-08-01

Verse ohne Bass	B <sup>b7j</sup> B <sup>b7j</sup> D <sup>b0</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> G <sup>7-9</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>
	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7-9</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> G <sup>7-9</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>
	B <sup>b7j</sup> D <sup>b0</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   D <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>0</sup>   E <sup>b-7</sup> A <sup>b7</sup>
	D <sup>b7j</sup> E <sup>0</sup>   E <sup>b-7</sup> A <sup>b7</sup>   D <sup>b7j</sup> G <sup>-7b5</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>1</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup> G <sup>-7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> G <sup>-7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>
	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> G <sup>-7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>2</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup>   F <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>
B	E <sup>b7j</sup> E <sup>0</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>#0</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> E <sup>-7b5</sup> A <sup>7</sup>
	D <sup>-7</sup>   G <sup>7</sup> /F   C <sup>7</sup>   F <sup>7</sup> /D F <sup>7+5</sup>
A <sub>3</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup> G <sup>-7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> G <sup>-7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>#0</sup>
	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> G <sup>-7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>
S	B <sup>b7j</sup> G <sup>-7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> D <sup>-7b5</sup> /A <sup>b</sup>   G <sup>7</sup>
	C <sup>-7</sup>   F <sup>7</sup>   D <sup>-7</sup>   G <sup>7</sup>
	C <sup>-7</sup>   F <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup>

Intro, tutti; Intro, tutti;

Darling pardon my confusion  
but are you an optical illusion  
and if no then what on earth are you doing to me?  
If my speach is willy-nilly  
it's because I can not guild the lily  
I should love to sing you praises but phrases and  
words are silly

- A** What is there to say and what is there to do?  
The dream I've been seeking has, practic'ly  
speaking, come true.
- A** What is there to say and how will I pull  
through? I knew in a moment, contentment and  
home meant just you.
- B** You are so lovable, so livable, your beauty is just  
unforgivable, you're made to marvel at and  
words to that effect. So
- A** what is there to say and what is there to do? My  
heart's in a deadlock I'd even face wedlock with  
you.
- S** I knew in a moment, contentment and home  
meant just you. So what is there to say and what  
is there to do? My heart's in a deadlock I'd even  
face wedlock with you.

# What's New?

Music by Bob Haggart Lyrics by Johnny Burke © 1939 JüLe 2003-04-19

A <sub>1</sub>	F <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7b5</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>		
	F-	G <sup>-7b5</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	F <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7b5</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>		
	F-	G <sup>-7b5</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>		
B	B <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>b-7</sup>	D <sup>b7</sup>	G <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup>	C <sup>-7b5</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>
	B <sup>b-</sup>	G <sup>-7b</sup>	C <sup>-7b5</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b-6j</sup>	G <sup>-7b5</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>3</sub>	F <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7b5</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>		
	F-	G <sup>-7b5</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	(D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup> )	

How is the world treating you?  
 You haven't changed a bit  
 Lovely as ever, I must admit

**What's new?**  
**How did that romance come through?**  
**We haven't met since then**  
**Gee, but it's nice to see you again**

**What's new?**  
**Probably I'm boring you**  
**But seeing you is grand**  
**And you were sweet to offer your hand**

**I understand. Adieu!**  
**Pardon my asking what's new**  
**Of course you couldn't know**  
**I haven't changed, I still love you so**

# When A Woman Loves A Man

Music by Hanighan Bernard & Jenkins Gordon    Lyrics by Johnny Mercer    © 1934/38 Joy Music    JüLe 11-04-01

I	C <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>b0</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>G</sub>	G <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	C <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>b0</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>#0</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>
	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>		C <sup>7j</sup>		D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>2</sub>	C <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>b0</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>#0</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>
	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>		C <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	
B	E <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
	D <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>		D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>3</sub>	C <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>b0</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>#0</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>
	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>		C <sup>7j</sup>		D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>

*Love to a man is just a thing apart,  
To take or leave, according to his whim,  
Love to a woman means her very heart,  
She only wants to live her life for him.*

Maybe he's not much,  
Just another man,  
Doing what he can,  
But what does she care,  
When a woman loves a man.

She'll just string along,  
All through thick and thin,  
Till his ship comes in,  
It's always that way,  
When a woman loves a man.

She'll be the first one to praise him  
When he's going strong,  
The last one to blame him  
When ev'rything's wrong,  
It's such a one-sided game that they play,  
But women are funny that way.

Tell her she's a fool,  
She'll say "Yes, I know,  
But I love him so",  
And that's how it goes,  
When a woman loves a man.

# When Sunny Gets Blue

Music by Marvin Fisher Lyrics by Jack Segal © 1956 JüLe 2000-08-01

I	D <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>#-7</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>0</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>#-7</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	
	A <sup>b-7b5</sup>	G <sup>0</sup>	D <sup>7j</sup> / <sub>F#</sub>	F <sup>0</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>#-7</sup>	B <sup>7-9</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>#-7</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	
B	A <sup>b-7b5</sup>	G <sup>0</sup>	D <sup>7j</sup> / <sub>F#</sub>	F <sup>0</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>#-7-9</sup>	F <sup>#7-9</sup>	
	B <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7+9</sup>	D <sup>b-7</sup>	G <sup>b7-9</sup>	B <sup>7j</sup>		
	B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7+5</sup>	A <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>#-7</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>3</sub>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>#-7</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	
	A <sup>b0</sup>	G <sup>0</sup>	D <sup>7j</sup> / <sub>F#</sub>	F <sup>0</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7j</sup>	(E <sup>b7</sup>	
	D <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>7j</sup>		D <sup>7j</sup> )		

tutti; 1/2 piano, 1/2 bass; vocal (verlängerter Schluss nur nach Absprache)

When Sunny gets blue,  
 Her eyes get gray and cloudy  
 Then the rain begins to fall  
 Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,  
 Love is gone so what can matter?  
 No sweet loving man comes to call.  
 When Sunny gets blue, she breathes a sigh of  
 sadness,  
 Like the wind that stirs the trees,  
 Wind that sets the leaves to swaying  
 Like some violins a playing  
 Wierd/strange and haunting melodies  
 People used to love to hear her laugh,  
 See her smile  
 That's how she got her name.  
 Since that sad affair,  
 She('s) lost her smile,  
 Changed her style  
 Somehow she's not the same.  
 But memories will fade  
 And pretty dreams will rise up  
 Where her other dreams fell through,  
 Hurry, new love, Hurry here,  
 To kiss away each lonely tear,  
 And hold her near when Sunny gets blue.  
 Hurry new love, Hurry here  
 To kiss away each lonely tear  
 And hold her near when Sunny gets blue.

*Rabid Squirrel's Jazz Archieve:*

When Sunny gets blue, her eyes get gray and  
 cloudy,  
 Then the rain begins to fall, pitter-patter, pitter-  
 patter,  
 Love is gone, what can matter, no sweet lover man  
 comes to call.  
 When Sunny gets blue, she breaths a sigh of sad-  
 ness,  
 Like the wind that stirs the trees,  
 Wind that sets the leaves to swaying  
 Like some violin is playing strange and haunting  
 melodies.  
 People used to love to hear her laugh, see her  
 smile,  
 That's how she got her name.  
 Since that sad affair, she lost her smile, changed her  
 style, Somehow she's not  
 the same.  
 Pretty dreams will rise up where her other dreams  
 fell through,  
 Hurry new love, hurry here, to kiss away each lonely  
 tear,  
 And hold me near cause Sunny gets blue.

Surprisingly, this great song did not chart, so we  
 must have learned it from hearing it on his SUPER  
 successful LP –"Johnny's Greatest Hits" (Johnny  
 Mathis), which stayed in the Top 100 for over 8  
 years!!

# Whispering

Music by John Schonberger Lyrics by Malvin Schonberger © 1920 Steinman Clay & Co/Fred Fisher JüLe 2002-05.25

I	A <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>o</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b<sup>o</sup></sup>	A <sup>b<sup>o</sup></sup>	
	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>7+5</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	B <sup>b7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	
	A <sup>b7j</sup> <sub>/cc</sub>	B <sup>o</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b<sup>o</sup></sup>	A <sup>b<sup>o</sup></sup>	
	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>7+5</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	B <sup>b7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	
	B <sup>b<sup>o</sup>7<sup>b5</sup></sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	

Whispering the while you cuddle near me,  
 whispering so no one near can hear me;  
 each little whisper seems to cheer me;  
 I know it's true, there is no one, dear but you,  
 you're

whispering just why you'll never leave me,  
 whispering just why you'll never grieve me;  
 whisper and say that you believe me,  
 whisper that I love but you.



Lass mich dein Badewasser schlürfen,  
einmal dich abfrottieren dürfen  
und deine Oberweite messen  
und alle andern Frau'n vergessen, vergessen.  
Lass mich dich einmal nur massieren  
und deine Rippen dabei spüren,  
für einen Kuss auf deine Sohlen  
möcht' ich dein Pantoffel sein.

Lass mich auf deinem Sofa ahnen,  
lass mich doch deine Steuern zahlen,  
lass mich doch deine Wimpern pinseln,  
vor deinem Himmelbettchen winseln, ja winseln.  
Lass mich dich Tag und Nacht verhätscheln  
und deine schlanken Hüften tätscheln,  
lass mich heut' Nacht dein Troubadour sein  
und vor dir mich niederknien.

Lass mich doch deine Wäsche waschen,  
von deinem Frühstücksteller naschen,  
lass dir beim Gurgeln in den Mund sehn  
und deiner Seele auf den Grund geh'n, ja Grund  
geh'n.

Lass deine Pfirsichhaut berühren  
und dich im Mondschein pediküren,  
laß dir ein Heia-Liedchen singen,  
daß du süßer träumen kannst.

# You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To

Music and Lyrics by Cole Porter © 1942 by Chappell & Co., Inc. JüLe 2002-12-14

I	E <sup>b</sup> —	F <sup>-7<sup>b</sup>5</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b</sup> —	F <sup>-7<sup>b</sup>5</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	E <sup>b</sup> —	F <sup>-7<sup>b</sup>5</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b</sup> —	E <sup>b</sup> —		
	D <sup>b-7</sup>	G <sup>b7</sup>		C <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>b7j</sup>		
	F <sup>-7<sup>b</sup>5</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>		F <sup>-7<sup>b</sup>5</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b</sup> —	
	C <sup>-7<sup>b</sup>5</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>		B <sup>b7</sup>		B <sup>b7</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	E <sup>b</sup> —	F <sup>-7<sup>b</sup>5</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b</sup> —	E <sup>b</sup> —		
	D <sup>b-7</sup>	G <sup>b7</sup>		C <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>b7j</sup>		
	A <sup>0</sup>	G <sup>b7j</sup>		B <sup>b7</sup>	C <sup>b7j</sup>		
	A <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b-7</sup>	D <sup>b7</sup>	G <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>b7j</sup>		

You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To, you'd be so nice by the fire. While the breeze on high, sang a lullaby, you'd be all that I could desire.

Under stars, chilled by the winter, under an August moon, burning above. You'd be so nice, you'd be paradise to come home to and love.

# (If You Can't Sing It) You'll Have to Swing It (Mr. Paganini)

Music and Lyrics by Sam Coslow © 1936 Famous Music Corp JüLe 2002-06-03

I	A <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>-7</sup>   B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>   A <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>-7</sup>   B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>-7</sup>   B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>   A <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>-7</sup>   B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>-7</sup>   B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>   A <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>-7</sup>   B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>-7</sup>   B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>   A <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>-7</sup>   B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>
	A <sup>b7j</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   D <sup>∅</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>∅</sup>	D <sup>∅</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>∅</sup>   D <sup>∅</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>∅</sup>	D <sup>∅</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>∅</sup>   D <sup>∅</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>∅</sup>	D <sup>∅</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>∅</sup>   D <sup>∅</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>∅</sup>
	B <sup>b-7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   F <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>   B <sup>b-7b5</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>   B <sup>b-7b5</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>   F <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>   B <sup>b-7b5</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>   B <sup>b-7b5</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>   F <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>   B <sup>b-7b5</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>   B <sup>b-7b5</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>   F <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>   B <sup>b-7b5</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>
A <sub>1</sub>	A <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>-7</sup>   B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>   A <sup>b7j</sup> C <sup>-7b5</sup> /G <sup>b</sup>   F <sup>7</sup> G <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>#∅</sup> F <sup>7</sup> /A	B <sup>b7</sup> C <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>#∅</sup> B <sup>b7</sup> /D   E <sup>b7</sup>   A <sup>b7j</sup> • • •   • • • •	A <sup>b7j</sup> C <sup>-7b5</sup> /G <sup>b</sup>   F <sup>7</sup> G <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>#∅</sup> F <sup>7</sup> /A	B <sup>b7</sup> C <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>#∅</sup> B <sup>b7</sup> /D   E <sup>b7</sup>   A <sup>b7j</sup> • • •   • • • •
A <sub>2</sub>	A <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>-7</sup>   B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>   A <sup>b7j</sup> C <sup>∅</sup> /G <sup>b</sup>   F <sup>7</sup> G <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>#∅</sup> F <sup>7</sup> /A	B <sup>b7</sup> C <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>#∅</sup> B <sup>b7</sup> /D   E <sup>b7</sup>   A <sup>b7j</sup> • • •   G <sup>-7b5</sup> C <sup>7</sup> F <sup>7</sup> /A	A <sup>b7j</sup> C <sup>∅</sup> /G <sup>b</sup>   F <sup>7</sup> G <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>#∅</sup> F <sup>7</sup> /A	B <sup>b7</sup> C <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>#∅</sup> B <sup>b7</sup> /D   E <sup>b7</sup>   A <sup>b7j</sup> • • •   G <sup>-7b5</sup> C <sup>7</sup> F <sup>7</sup> /A
B	G <sup>∅</sup> C <sup>7</sup>   G <sup>∅</sup> C <sup>7</sup>   F <sup>-</sup>   F <sup>-</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup> F <sup>-7</sup>   B <sup>b7</sup> F <sup>-7</sup>   B <sup>b-7</sup>   E <sup>b7</sup>	G <sup>∅</sup> C <sup>7</sup>   G <sup>∅</sup> C <sup>7</sup>   F <sup>-</sup>   F <sup>-</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup> F <sup>-7</sup>   B <sup>b7</sup> F <sup>-7</sup>   B <sup>b-7</sup>   E <sup>b7</sup>
A <sub>3</sub>	A <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>-7</sup>   B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>   A <sup>b7j</sup> C <sup>-7b5</sup> /G <sup>b</sup>   F <sup>7</sup> G <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>#∅</sup> F <sup>7</sup> /A	B <sup>b7</sup> C <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>#∅</sup> B <sup>b7</sup> /D   E <sup>b7</sup>   A <sup>b7j</sup> • • •   • • • •	A <sup>b7j</sup> C <sup>-7b5</sup> /G <sup>b</sup>   F <sup>7</sup> G <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>#∅</sup> F <sup>7</sup> /A	B <sup>b7</sup> C <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>#∅</sup> B <sup>b7</sup> /D   E <sup>b7</sup>   A <sup>b7j</sup> • • •   • • • •
S	A <sup>7j</sup> F <sup>#-7</sup>   B <sup>-7</sup> E <sup>7</sup>   A <sup>7j</sup> C <sup>#-7b5</sup> /G   F <sup>#7</sup> G <sup>#-7</sup> A <sup>∅</sup> F <sup>#7</sup> /B <sup>b</sup>	B <sup>7</sup> C <sup>#-7</sup> D <sup>∅</sup> B <sup>b</sup> /D <sup>#</sup>   E <sup>7</sup>   A <sup>7j</sup> E <sup>7</sup>   A <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>7j</sup> C <sup>#-7b5</sup> /G   F <sup>#7</sup> G <sup>#-7</sup> A <sup>∅</sup> F <sup>#7</sup> /B <sup>b</sup>	B <sup>7</sup> C <sup>#-7</sup> D <sup>∅</sup> B <sup>b</sup> /D <sup>#</sup>   E <sup>7</sup>   A <sup>7j</sup> E <sup>7</sup>   A <sup>7j</sup>

Intro, Langsam AABA, 2tes mal verdoppelt: AAB, A/s wieder langsam, 1/2 Ton höher

Verse:

*The concert was over at Carnegie Hall  
The maestro to bow after bow  
He said "My dear friends, I have given my all,  
I'm sorry it's all over now."  
When from the balcony way up high  
there suddenly come a moanful cry:*

Mister Paganini please play my rhapsody and if you cannot play it, woun't you sing it, and if you can't sing it, you'll simply have to (scat)

Mister Paganini, we breathlessly await, your masterful baton, go on and sling it; and if you can't sling it you'll simply have to (scat)

We've heard your repertoire, and at the final bar, we greeted you with wild applause, but what a great ovation, your interpretation, of (scat)

Mister Paganini, now don't you be a meanie what have you up your sleeve, come on and spring it, and if you don't spring it, that means you'll have to (scat).

# You're Getting to Be a Habit With Me

Music by Harry Warren Lyrics by Al Dubin © 1932 Warner Bros JüLe 2001-01-10

I	F <sup>7j</sup> E <sup>-7</sup>   D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>7j</sup> B <sup>-7</sup>   E <sup>-7b5</sup> A <sup>7</sup>
	D <sup>-7</sup>   G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>7j</sup> • (Bass - - - )
A <sub>1</sub>	• F <sup>7j</sup> • E <sup>-7</sup>   • D <sup>-7</sup> • G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>7j</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>7j</sup> C <sup>7</sup>
	• F <sup>7j</sup> • E <sup>-7</sup>   • D <sup>-7</sup> • G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>7j</sup>   E <sup>7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>
	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   E <sup>-7</sup> E <sup>b0</sup>   D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>7j</sup> C <sup>#0</sup>
	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>7j</sup> /E A <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>-7b5</sup>   G <sup>7j</sup> /D D <sup>7</sup>   G <sup>7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>2</sub>	• F <sup>7j</sup> • E <sup>-7</sup>   • D <sup>-7</sup> • G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>7j</sup>   E <sup>7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>
	D <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>7</sup>   E <sup>7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>   D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>7j</sup> B <sup>b7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>
	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>7j</sup> (C <sup>7</sup> )
	F <sup>7j</sup> E <sup>-7</sup>   D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>7j</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   E <sup>7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>
	D <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>7</sup>   E <sup>7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>   D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>7j</sup> B <sup>b7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>
	D <sup>7</sup> • • •   G <sup>-7</sup> • • •   C <sup>7j</sup>   C <sup>7j</sup>

Every kiss, ev'ry hug  
seems to act just like a drug;  
You're getting to be a habit with me.  
Let me stay in your arms,  
I'm addicted to your charms;  
you're getting to be a habit with me.  
I used to think your love was something  
that I could take or leave alone,  
But now I couldn't do without my supply,  
I need you for my own.

Oh, I can't break away,  
I must have you every day;  
As regularly as coffee or tea.  
You've got me in your clutches,  
and I can't get free;  
you're getting to be a habit with me,

This song has lived on over the years as a much-re-  
corded ballad and not everyone remembers it as one of  
the hit tunes in the original "42nd Street" movie. In  
fact, it was the only song which Bebe Daniels sang in  
that picture, for she played the actress whose broken  
ankle forced her to be replaced at the eleventh hour by  
wide-eyed Ruby Keeler...and a star was born!

Harry said that the song came from a casual remark  
overheard by Al Dubin on the Warner lot. Leo  
Forbstein's secretary (Leo was the head of music pro-  
duction at Warners) was going out with a certain fellow  
at the time. Al, who liked to kid around with the girls,  
asked her why. Her response was "Oh, I don't know, I  
guess he's getting to be a habit with me."

**Show(s):** Forty-Second Street (1980) Cast Album : RCA  
**Performer(s):** Tammy Grimes, Wanda Richert, Lee Roy  
Reams

**Movie(s):** Forty-Second Street (Warner Bros. Pictures :  
1933) Performer(s): Bebe Daniels  
Lullaby Of Broadway (Warner Bros. Pictures : 1951)  
Performer(s): Doris Day

**US Hit Record(s)**

Bing Crosby, Guy Lombardo (Brunswick: 1933) - (# 1 Pop  
1933), Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians (Victor: 1933) (# 15  
Pop 1933)

**Other Recording(s)**

Frank Sinatra (Capitol), Petula Clark (Pye UK), Mel Torme  
(Liberty), June Hutton And The Boys Next Door (Capitol),  
Tony Martin, Dinah Shore (RCA), Oscar Peterson (Verve),  
Jackie Gleason And His Orchestra (Capitol), Lawrence  
Welk And His Orchestra (Ranwood ), The Harry Edison  
Sextet, Doris Day (Columbia ), Maureen McGovern  
(Columbia), Anson Weeks (Fantasy), Elaine Stritch (DRG),  
Scott Hamilton, Warren Vache (Concord), The King's  
Singers (Moss Music )

# You and the Night and the Music

Music by Arthur Schwartz Lyrics by Howard Dietz © 1934 Warner Bros. Inc. JüLe 2003-04-29

I	F <sup>-</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7b5</sup>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	F <sup>-</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7b5</sup>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	F <sup>-</sup>		G <sup>-7b5</sup>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	C <sup>-7b5</sup>	F <sup>7-9</sup>	B <sup>b-</sup>		
	G <sup>-7b5</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>		F <sup>7j</sup>		G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	F <sup>-</sup>		G <sup>-7b5</sup>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	C <sup>-7b5</sup>	F <sup>7-9</sup>	B <sup>b-</sup>		
	G <sup>-7b5</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>		F <sup>7j</sup>		F <sup>7j</sup>		
B	D <sup>b7</sup>		D <sup>b7</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>		G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	
	D <sup>b7</sup>		D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>-7b5</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	
A <sub>3</sub>	F <sup>-</sup>		G <sup>-7b5</sup>	C <sup>7+9</sup>	C <sup>-7b5</sup>	F <sup>7-9</sup>	B <sup>b-</sup>		
	G <sup>-7b5</sup>	C <sup>7-9</sup>	F <sup>-</sup>	D <sup>-7b5</sup>	G <sup>7-9</sup>	C <sup>7-9</sup>	F <sup>-</sup>	(C <sup>7+9</sup> )	

tutti; 1/2 piano, 1/2 bass; vocal

You and the night and the music  
fill me with flaming desire,  
setting my being completely on fire!

You and the night and the music  
thrill me but will we be one,  
after the night and the music are done.

Until the pale light of dawning and daylight,  
our hearts will be throbbing guitars,  
morning may come without warning,  
and take away the stars.

If we must live for the moment,  
love till the moment is through!  
After the night and the music die  
will I have you?