JAZZ
FAKEBOOK
**SONG INDEX**

In this SONG INDEX, the song titles are listed alphabetically, followed by the name of the well-known performer(s) associated with each song. The page on which each song can be found is the number to the left of the song title.

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Earl Zindars
109 Elsa


A FELICIDADE

Words by Vinicius De Morales
Music by Antonio Carlos Jobim

Moderate Bossa Nova

\[ Cm \]

\[ Ab9 \] Cm Cm7 Cm7 Cm6 Gm/D D7\#9 Gm Fm B7 EbM7

Tristeza não tem fim. Felicidade sem fim.

\[ Es5 C7\#9 Fm7 Fm7 Eb Dm7\#5 G7 Cm Fm Bm7 Es7 A7\#5 \]

Felicidade como gosta. Dever valha uma pena de flor.

\[ As G7 Cm Dm7\#5 G7 Cm Dm7\#5 G7 G7\#5 Cm \]

Brilha tranquila depois de levar cilla. E cujo como na a grama de amor.

\[ Fm7 Bb\#9 Eb Ab7 Es7 Bm7 Es7 Es7\#5 \]

A felicidade do pobre parece. A grandeza não do carnaval.

\[ As6 Fm7 Bb7 Es7 Bm7 Es7 Es7\#5 \]

A gente trabalha o alto em teiro. Por um momento de sonho.

\[ Am7\#5 D7\#5 Gm7\#5 C7\#9 Fm7\#5 Bb7 Es7 Dm7\#5 \]

Pra fazer a fantasia. De rei ou de pirata ou jardineira.

\[ G7 Cm Dm7\#5 G7 G7\#5 Cm D.S. al Coda Coda Cm \]

E tudo se acabará na quarta-feira.

\[ Dm7\#5 G7 G7\#5 Cm Cm Dm7\#5 G7 G7\#5 \]

Precisa que haja vento sem parar. Precisa que haja vento sem parar.

\[ Cm Ab9 Cm Cm7 Cm Cm6 Cm Cm7 Cm Cm6 Cm \]

Tristeza não tem fim.
AFTER HOURS

Words by Robert Bruce and Buddy Feyne
Music by Avery Parrish

Slow blues

After Hours, when it's time to close the doors and turn the light's down low,

C7

After Hours, where the lonely shadows spend the night, that's where I go!

Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 C C7/E F F# dim7

You can find me walkin' with those After Hours blues, After Hours with the

C/G C dim7 G7/D G7 C7

blues.

Lookin' around for a place to forget her, I keep comin' back to the one where we met. It's
dark and deserted, but something about it still makes me aware that I care for her yet.

F7

Out of the past comes a dim recollection, she's sitin' with me at a table for two;

C7

Then in the dark of a window's reflection, I see I'm alone and I know that we're thru. And I go on

Dm7 G7 C C7/E F F# dim7 C/G A9 G9 C

walkin' with those After Hours blues, After Hours, just the blues and me.

F C

I try to find, the night is still,

some peace of mind; a friendly voice, someone who's kind.

Dm7 G7/5 C G7 C C dim7 Dm7 G7

I close my eyes, oh, Lord, gotta have a drink. Oh, Lord, please

try not to think, but memories stay, oh, Lord, make them go away. She's gone, why
help me to forget. Oh, Lord, my heart is heavy yet. Oh, Lord, I've
can't she let me be? She's gone and yet she's here with me. So on I

F7

get to find a place where I won't see that haunting face. A place where

G7

I can go to lose those melancholy After Hours blues.

C

AFTER YOU'VE GONE

By Creamer and Layton

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* Renewed 1946 MORLEY MUSIC CO.
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Moderately

Em7

After You've Gone, and left me crying; After You've Gone, There's no denying

Ab9

After I'm gone, after we break up, After I'm gone, You're gonna wake up

Dm7

you'll feel blue, you'll feel sad. You'll miss the dearest pal you've ever had

G7

You will find, you were blind to let somebody come and change your mind.


There'll come a time, now don't forget it. There'll come a time when you'll regret it.

Cm G7 Cm7 Ab9 Bb D7 Gm Gm/F Em7 A7/9

Some day when you grow lonely, your heart will break like mine and you'll want me on

Dm7 Gm7 Cm7 F7 Bb

ed, you'll long to be with me right back where you started.


After You've Gone,

After I'm gone,

After You've Gone away.

After I'm gone,
ACROSS THE ALLEY FROM THE ALAMO

By Joe Greene

Moderately

F

Bb/F F

C7 Cdim C7

Gm7 C7 sus C7 F

F

Fdim F

Bb/F F

F7 Bb Bb m6 F

A7

Dm G9 C7 F

Bb/F F

Bb/F F

C7 Cdim C7

Gm7 C9 C7 sus 9 F

F6

1 F6

2 F6

ACROSS THE ALLEY FROM THE ALAMO
Lived a pin-to-pony and a Navajo, Who
Who

sang a sort of Indian Hide-bo to the people passing by. The
used to bake fri-joles in corn-meal dough for the people passing by. They

pin-to spent his time a-swish'in' flies and the Navajo watched the lazy skies. And
thot't they would make some easy bucks if they're washin' their fri-joles in Dus and Lux; A

very rarely did they ever rest their eyes on the people passing by. One
pair of very conscientious clucks to the people passing by. Then they

day, they went a-walkin' a long the railroad track, They were swishin' not
took this cheap vacation, their shoes were polished bright. No, they never heard the

look-in'. Toot! Toot! they never came back. A-cross The Al-ley From The
whistle. Toot! Toot! they're clear out of sight. A-cross The Al-ley From The

Ala-mo, When the summer sun decides to settle low. A fly sings an Indian
Ala-mo, When the sunlight beams it's tender tender glow. The beams go to sleep and there

Hi-de-bo to the people passing by. A
ain't no dough for the people passing by. A
**Ain't Misbehavin'**

Words by Andy Razaf
Music by Thomas Waller and Harry Brooks

**Slowly**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Eb</th>
<th>Edim7</th>
<th>Fm7</th>
<th>Fdim7</th>
<th>Es/G</th>
<th>G7</th>
<th>Ab6</th>
<th>D69</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

No one to talk with, all by myself, no one to walk with, but I'm happy on the shelf.

Ain't Mis-be-hav-in' I'm sav-in' my love for you. I know for certain

the one I love, I'm thru with flirtin' it's just you I'm thinkin' of. Ain't Mis-be-hav-in'

I'm savin' my love for you. Like Jack Horn'er in the corner.
* 1963 Prestige Music

AIREGIN

By Sonny Rollins

Bright tempo
ALL ABOUT RONNIE

By Joe Greene

Moderately with feeling

Bright tempo

All About Ronnie, there's so much to tell, All About Ronnie, I know he's so well, Her magical fingers, their sense of embrace, know but I His whisper那触 that fingers caressing your face, All About Ronnie, best told in a toast, Let me propose it, I'm her favorite host, We'll drink from dry glasses, There's no need for wine, the champagne is Ronnie, And Ronnie is mine. All About mine.
ALL THE THINGS YOU ARE

From VERY WARM FOR MAY

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Words by Oscar Hammerstein II
Music by Jerome Kern

Moderately

East, West, North and the South of you. I'd love to gain complete control of you, and handle even the heart and soul of you. So love, at least, a small percent of me, do, for I love All Of

You. I love the You.

1. Eb  Fm7  Bb7  
2. Eb  D6  D6  Eb 6/9

You are the promised kiss of spring-time That makes the lonely winter seem long. You are the breathless burst 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.
ALL OR NOTHING AT ALL

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Words by Jack Lawrence
Music by Arthur Altman

Moderately Slow

\[ \text{Am} \quad \text{Or Nothing At All} \quad \text{Half a love never appeared to me.} \]

\[ \text{Bb9} \quad \text{Bb6} \quad \text{Bs} \quad \text{Bs7} \quad \text{Gm} \quad \text{Em7b5} \quad \text{A7b9} \quad \text{Dm} \]

\[ \text{If your heart never could yield to me, then I'd rather have nothing at all!} \]

\[ \text{Am6} \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{Am6} \quad \text{Am} \]

\[ \text{Am} \quad \text{If it's love, there is no in-between.} \]

\[ \text{Em7b5} \quad \text{A7b9} \quad \text{Dm} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{G7b5} \quad \text{CM7} \]

\[ \text{No, I'd rather have nothing at all.} \]

\[ \text{Bbm7} \quad \text{Eb7} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{Ab+ Ab} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Ab+ Ab} \quad \text{Ab+ E7} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{Ab+} \]

\[ \text{But, please, don't bring your lips so close to my cheek. Don't smile or I'll be lost beyond recall.} \]

\[ \text{Bbm7} \quad \text{Eb7} \quad \text{Gm7b5} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{Fm} \quad \text{Ds7} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{E7} \]

\[ \text{The kiss in your eyes, the touch of your hand makes me weak.} \]

\[ \text{And my heart may grow dizzy and fall.} \]

\[ \text{Am} \quad \text{Am7} \quad \text{Am6} \quad \text{Am} \]

\[ \text{fell under the spell of your call.} \]

\[ \text{Bb9} \quad \text{Bb6} \quad \text{Bs} \quad \text{Bs7} \quad \text{Gm} \quad \text{Em7b5} \quad \text{A7b9} \quad \text{Dm} \quad \text{Bb7b5} \quad \text{E7} \quad \text{Am} \]

\[ \text{I would be caught in the undertow.} \]

\[ \text{So, you see, I've got to say: No! No! All} \]

\[ \text{Ds7b5} \quad \text{G7sus} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{C6} \]

\[ \text{Or Nothing At All!} \]
Words and Music by Sid Wyche and Mayme Watts

Moderate Boogie Woogie

Well, Alright, __ O - k a y, _ You Win, _ I’m in

love with you __ Well, Alright, __ O - k a y, _ You Win, _ B a - b y.

what can I do? _ I’ll __ do a n - y - t h i n g _ you say, _ it’s just got - ta be that way.__

as long as it’s me and you.

Well, Alright __ All that __ I am ask - in,’

all I want __ from you, __ just love __ me like I love __ you an’ it

won’t be hard to do! __ Well, Alright, __ O - k a y, _ You win.

I’m in __ Sweet ba - by take me by the hand,

Well, Alright __ O - k a y, _ You Win, _
ALONG CAME BETTY

By Benny Golson

Medium bounce

AMAPOLA (Pretty Little Poppy)

By Joseph M. Lacalle

New English Words by Albert Gamse
AMAZING GRACE

Moderately

G G/B C G D7sus D7 G

Amazing Grace! How sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but now am found; was blind, but now I see.

G7/B C G D7 Em G/B Am9 D7 I-G

Eb/G G D dim 7

AMONG MY SOUVENIRS

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Words by Edgar Leslie
Music by Horatio Nicholls

Moderately

Eb C9 Fm7 Bb7 Bb9#5 Eb Eb/G G D dim 7

There's nothing left for me; some letters tied with blue,

Fm7 Bb7 Eb C9 Fm7

Fm7 Bb7 Bb9#5 Eb Eb/G G D dim 7 Fm7 Bb9

Among My Souvenirs, a photograph or two, I see a rose from you Among My Souvenirs.

Eb Eb7 A6 Fm7 Bb7 Bb9#5 Eb

A few more tokens rest within my treasure chest, and tho' they do their best to give me consolation, I count them all a part.

Bb7 Dm9#5 G7 Cm7 F9 Bb7 Bb9#5 Eb C9 Fm7

And as the tear drops start, I find a broken heart Among My Souvenirs.

Eb Cm7 Fm Bb7 2 Eb Abm6 Eb

Fm Bb7
**ANGEL EYES**

**Slow Blues**

Cm7  Ab7/C  Cm6  Ab9/C  Cm9  Am7/Eb  Eb12  Ab7/G7  G75  Dm11

Try to think that love's not around still it's un-comfort'ly near.
Angel Eyes that old dev il sent they glow un-bear-a-ly bright.

Cm9  Ab7/C  Cm6  Ab9/C  D75  Ab9  G75  [1] 3m7  Ab9  G75  [2] Cm

My old heart ain't gain' in' no ground because my Angel Eyes ain't here.
Need I say that my love's mis-spent, mis-spent with Angel Eyes tonight.

Bbm9  Eb7  Abm9  F#7  Bm9  Eb7/E  Ab9  Dm9  Abm9  Dm9  Ab9  D75

drink up all you people or der any-thing you see. Have fun you happy

Gm7  Cm9  Gm7  F#75  Dm7  G75  Cm9  Ab7/C

people the drink and the laugh's on me. Pardon me but

Cm6  Ab9/C  Cm9  Am7/Eb  Gm75  G7  Cm9  Ab7/C

I got ta run the fact's un-com-mon-ly clear. Gotta find who's

Cm6  Ab9/C  D75  Ab9  G75  Cm9  Cm7/Bb  Ab9  G75  Cm7

now "Number One" and why my Angel Eyes ain't here. 'Scuse me while I dis-ap-pear.

**ANOTHER HAIRDO**

Blues

Bb7

Bb7

G7  Cm7  F7  Bb7  I7

By Charlie Parker
Come on, babe, why don't we paint the town, And All That Jazz! I'm gonna rouge my knees and roll my stockings down. And All That Jazz! Start the car, I know a whooppee spot where the gin is cold but the piano's hot. It's just a noisy hall where there's a nightly brawl. And All That Jazz!

Slick your hair and wear your buckle shoes. And All That Jazz! I hear that Father Dip is gonna blow the blues. And All That Jazz! Hold on hon, we gonna hunny bug. I bought some aspirin down at United Drug in case we shake apart and want a brand new start to do that jazz.

Oh, I'm gonna see my Sheba shimmy shake. (And All That Jazz!) Oh, she's gonna shimmy till her garters break. (And All That Jazz!) Show her where to park her girdle. Oh, her mother's blood'd curdle if she'd bear her baby's queer for all that jazz! Find a flask, we're playing.
store the juice, And All That Jazz! And All That Jazz! Come on babe we're gonna
brush the sky. I betcha lucky Lindy never flew so high, 'cause in the
strato-sphere how could he lend an ear to all that jazz!

no-one's wife, but oh, I love my life And All That Jazz! That jazz!

APPLE CORE

By Gerry Mulligan

Medium Fast

G7 C7 Fm

G7 C7 Fm

G7 C7

Ab Fm7 Bb7 Eb7

F7/A9 Bb9/F7 Eb7 Ab C7 Fm

G7 C7

Fm G7 C7 Ab Fm Bb7 Eb7 To Coda Ab

D.C. al Coda
AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU'RE YOU

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Words by Johnny Burke
Music by James Van Heusen

Moderately

Every time you're near a rose, aren't you glad you've got a nose? And if the dawn is fresh with dew, aren't you glad you're you? When a meadowlark appears, aren't you glad you've
got two ears? And if your heart is singing, too, Aren't You Glad You're You? You can see a summer sky or touch a friendly hand or taste an apple pie.

Par don the grammar but ain't life grand? And when you wake up each morn, aren't you glad that you were born? Think what you've got the whole day through, Aren't You Glad You're You? You?

---

**AS CATCH CAN**

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By Gerry Mulligan
AU PRIVAVE
By Charlie Parker

AUTUMN LEAVES
(LES FEUILLES MORTES)

English Lyric by Johnny Mercer
French Lyric by Jacques Prevert
Music by Joseph Kosma

BABY, WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME
Words and Music by Charles Warfield and Clarence Williams
When you left you broke my heart because I never thought we'd part.

Every hour in the day, you will hear me say, Baby Won't You Please Come Home.

Home, Daddy needs mamma, Baby Won't You Please Come Home.

BAGS' GROOVE

By Milt Jackson

BAGS' NEW GROOVE

By Milt Jackson
A BALLAD

Very slow

C   A7#9   Dm7   D7      Fm7   C#9   BM7

Em7   A7#5#9   D   Am6   B7   Em7   A7   D

Em   D7   D/A   F#7/A   GM7   A7   Dm7   G7

CM7   C6   Fm7   C#9   BM7

CM7   C6   Fm7   C#9   BM7

Dm7/G   G7   C   A7   Dm   Fm   C   Ebdim7

Dm7   G7#9   CM7   Em7   Fm7   Bb13#9   EbM7   B7

Fm7   Bb13#9

Em7   A9   A7#9   Fm7   Bb7#9

Em7   Ab7#9

Em7   A7 D. S. al Fine

BARBADOS

Fast

F   Gm7   C7   F7   Cm7   F7   Bb7

F   Gm7   C7#9   F   Gm7   C7
BALLIN' THE JACK

Words by Jim Burris
Music by Chris Smith

Moderately
G7

First you put your two knees close up tight, then you sway 'em to the left, then you sway 'em to the right.

F7

Step a-round the floor kind of nice and light, then you twist a-round and twist a-round with all your might.

G7

Stretch your lovin' arms straight out in space, then you do the Eagle Rock with style and grace. Swing your

foot way 'round then bring it back, now that's what I call 'Ball-in' The Jack.'

A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP

Lyric by Stanley Stynne
Music by Donald Kahn

Moderately
CM7

This is the end of A Beautiful Friendship, it ended a moment ago. This is the

end of A Beautiful Friendship, I know for your eyes told me so. We were always like

sister and brother, until tonight when we looked at each other. That was the end of A

Beautiful Friendship and just the beginning of love.
BASIN STREET BLUES

Words and Music by Spencer Williams

Moderately

VERSE

Won't-cha come long with me
to the Mississippi?

We'll take the boat
to the land of dreams.
Steam down the river
to New Orleans.
The band's there to meet us,
old friends to greet us.
We'll see the place the
folks all meet,
this is Basin Street.
Basin Street is the street
where
the elite always meet
in New Orleans,
land of dreams.
You'll never know how nice it seems
or just how much it really means.
Glad to be,
yes, sir-
where welcomes free,
dear to me,
where
I can lose,
my Basin Street Blues.

CHORUS

BE-BOP

By John "Dizzy" Gillespie

Fast Bop

To Coda

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**BERNIE'S TUNE**

Words by Mike Stoller and Jerry Lieber  
Music by Bernie Miller

Moderately, with a beat

Dm6

In the park, in the dark, underneath the moon.  
Hark the lark, in the park, crazy as a loon.  

Bb7b5

Heard a boy and a girl humming Bernie's Tune.  
Went to sleep counting sheep, by a blue lagoon.  
Little kids go to school singing Bernie's Tune.

Bb7b5

Gurgling brooks, bubbling pools, babbling Bernie's Tune.

Bb7

It's so easy to whistle, it's so easy to sing.  
You don't have to read music, you don't have to be smart.  
Even humming-birds hum.  

Bb7

It's the thing from the heart.  
Office clerks, soda jerks picked it up so soon.  
So if you happen to get the urge to croon.  

Dm6

Millionaires, even squares, whistle Bernie's Tune.

A7

Take a tip, man, get hip, make it Bernie's Tune.

Dm6
BESS YOU IS MY WOMAN

Slowly
Bb F7/C Bb/D Dm7/F5 Eb Ebm Gm Gm7/F

Porgy: Bess, You is My Woman, now, you is, you is! I am! I ain' never go-in' no where
Em7/F5 Eb7 Bb/D A7 D6 F7 Bb F7/C Bb/D Dm Gm7/F

two instead of one. Want no wrinkle on yo' brow no-
less you shares de fun. Dere's no wrinkle on my brow no-

A7/E To Coda Bm Bm/A G7 D D Gm7/F5 C7

how, because de sorrow of the past is all done, done. Oh, Bess, my
how, but

F7/A# B7 C7 F7 Fm Gm C7 F7

Bess! De real happiness is jes' begun.

Coda D/A A7/G D9/F# A7/E Bm/D F7/C Bm Bb7 D

I ain' go-in', you hear me say-in', if you ain' go-in', wid you I'm stay-in'. Porgy,

Gm7/F5 D Gm7/F5 D D9/F# GM7 Em7 D A7 Dm

It's yo' Woman now! It's yours for- ev-er, morn-in' time an' eve- nin' time an' sum- mer time an' win- ter time.

Porgy: D D9/F# GM7 Em7 D A7 Dm

Morn-in' time an' eve- nin' time an' sum- mer time an' win- ter time; Bess, you got yo' man.

THE BEST IS YET TO COME

Moderately
Ab

Out of the tree of life _ I just picked me a plum_._ You came a long and ev-

F7 Bb7/ Ab7 E7

ry- thing's start-in' to hum _ Still it's a real good bet _ The Best Is Yet To
Come. The Best Is Yet To Come — and babe, won’t it be fine.

You think you’ve seen the sun, but you ain’t seen it shine. Wait ’til the warm-up’s

under way. Wait ’til our lips have met. Wait ’til you see that sunshine day;

you ain’t seen nothin’ yet! The Best Is Yet To Come — and babe, won’t it be fine.

The Best Is Yet To Come, come the day you’re mine.

THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE

Music and Lyrics by B.G. DeSylva, Lew Brown and Ray Henderson

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and Stephen Schwartz Music Publishing Company

Brightly

The moon belongs to every one, The Best Things In Life Are Free. The stars belong to every one, they gleam there for you and me. The flowers in Spring, the robins that sing, the sunbeams that shine: they’re yours, they’re mine! And love can come to everyone, The Best Things In Life Are Free.
BEWITCHED

Moderately Slow

I'm wild again, beguiled again, a simpering, whimpering child again, Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I. Could not sleep, and would not sleep, when love came and told me I should not sleep, Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I. Last 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 the day when I'll cling to him, Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I. I'm wild again, beguiled again, a simpering, whimpering child again, Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I. Could not sleep, and would not sleep, when love came and told me I should not sleep, Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I. Last my heart, but what of it?

BIG P

By Jimmy Heath

Bounce tempo

Dm Dm/F E7 Eb7 Dm Am7b5 D7 Gm Bb A Ab

Dm A7 Dm Dm7/C Dm6/B Bb7 A7 Dm

Dm F E Eb Dm Am7 D7 Gm Bb A Ab

Dm Dm7/C Dm6/B Bb7 Bb7b5 A7b9 Dm
THE BLESSING

Medium Swing

F₇₇₇₃₅ B₇ F₇₇₃₅ B₇ Em₇ Am₇ D₇ G₆/D D₇/F₄ G₆ F₇₇₃₅ B₇₉
B₇₃₅ E₇₃₅ Em₇₅ A₇₉ Am₇ D₇
G₆/C F₇₇₃₅ B₇ F₇₇₃₅ B₇
Em₇ Am₇ D₇ G₆/D D₇/F₉ G₆

BLOOMDIDO

By Charlie Parker

Fast

B₇ B₇
B₇ D₉ m₇
C₇ F₇ B₇ C₇ F₇

BLUE 'N BOOGIE

Moderately Fast

B₇

Music by John "Dizzy" Gillespie & Frank Paparelli

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BLUE AND SENTIMENTAL

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By Count Basie, Jerry Livingston, and Mack David

Slowly, with a lift

Blue And Sentimental, my dreams are blue dreams, Just won't come true dreams, I find.

Blue And Sentimental, I can't forget you, My heart won't let you out of my mind. It rains all the time since you said good-bye. The skies, and my eyes, and my heart all cry.

Blue and Sentimental. If you don't want me. Why do you haunt me and keep me feeling Blue And Sentimental?
BLUE IN GREEN
By Miles Davis and Bill Evans

BLUE CHAMPAGNE
Copyright © 1941 (Renewed) Music Sales Corporation, New York, NY
Words and Music by Grady Watts, Frank Ryerson & Jimmy Eaton

Blue Champagne, purple shadows and Blue Champagne, with the echoes that still remain.
Bubbles rise like a fountain before my eyes and they suddenly crystallize.

I keep a blue rendezvous to form a vision of you.
All the plans we started.

Blue is the sparkle, gone is the tang. Each old refrain keeps returning as I remain.

with my memories and Blue Champagne to toast the dream that was you.
BLUE HAZE

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Music Corp.

BLUEBERRY HILL

Words and Music by Al Lewis, Larry Stock and Vincent Rose

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BLUES IN THE CLOSET

By Oscar Pettiford

Medium swing

G  E7  Am7  D7  G

BLUES IN THE NIGHT

Words by Johnny Mercer
Music by Harold Arlen

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Blues tempo

\[ \text{My ma-ma done tol' me... when I was in (name - pants, pig tails, my ma-ma done tol' me...}

\text{Nat-chez to Mabille,... from Memphis to St. Joe,... where ever the four winds...}

\text{wear - an' 'll sweet talk,... and give ya the big eye...}

\text{been in some big towns... an' heard me some big talk,...}

\text{but when the sweet talk in's done...}

\text{but there is one thing I know...}

\text{To Coda}

\[ \text{worn-man's a two-face,...}

\text{man is a two-face,...}

\text{a worry some thing who'll leave ya t' sing the Blues... In The}

\text{Night,}

\text{Now the rain's a-fall-in', hear the train a-call-in', whoo-ee,... (my ma-ma done tol' me...}

\text{Hear dat lone-some whistle blow-in' 'cross the trestle, whoo-ee,... (My ma-ma done tol' me...}

\text{whoo-ee... whoo-ee, ol' clickety clack's a ech o' in' back th' Blues... In The}

\text{Night... The eve-nin' breeze 'll start the trees to cry-in' and the moon 'll hide it's light,}

\text{Take my word, the mock-in' bird 'll sing the saddest kind o' song...}
BODY AND SOUL

Word by Edward Heyman, Robert Sour and Frank Eyton
Music by John Green

Slowly, with expression

Em7  Bb 9  Em7  A7  Dm7  Gb7  Fm7  Edim7

My heart is sad and lonely, for you I sigh, for you, dear, only.
I spend my days in longing and wandering why it's me you're wronging,
you know I'm yours for just the wanting.

Em7  Em7/Dm  Cm7b5  F7  Bb7  Em7  A7b5

Why haven't you seen it? I'm all for you, Body And Soul!
I tell you I mean it, I'm all for you, Body And Soul!
I'd gladly surrender myself to you, Body And Soul!

Don't believe it, it's hard to conceive it that you'd turn a way romance.

D  Dm7  G9  CM7  Edim7  Dm7  G7  G7b5

Are you pretending, it looks like the ending unless I could have one more chance to prove, dear,

C9  Bb9  Bb9

D.C. al Coda

CODA  D6

Soul!
love will come your way,
nestle in and stay.

Get set, Blues-ette, true love is coming.

Your troubled heart soon will be humming.

Doo-ya, doo-ya, doo-ya, doo-ya, doo-ya,

Doo-oo-oo Blues-ette.

Pretty little Blues-ette mustn't be a mourner.

Have you heard the news yet? Love is 'round the corner.
Love wrapped in rainbows and tied with pink ribbon to make your next spring-time your gold wedding ring time.

So, dry your eyes. Don't cha pout, don't cha fret, good-y good times are coming, Blues-ette.

Long as there's love in your heart to share, dear blues-ette, don't des-pair.
Some blue boy is long-ing, just like you, to find a some-one to be true to. One lucky day love-ly love will come your way.

That magic day may just be to-day.
BLUES FOR PABLO

Very slowly

D7 | 5th
G6
Gm

Cm | Fm75
Gm | F6 | Em7 | D7 | Gm

Music by Miles Davis
Lyrics by Ray Passman & Holli Ross

BOPLICITY (BEBOP LIVES)

Medium swing

It began as an experiment, a little new, but with the

It woke up musical minds and, boy, it sure made a dent and so

we know that Be-bop lives. Dizzy, Bird and Miles, they did it their way, swing

- time people didn't figure it could stay, but they split wouldn't you know because the

- time was passé and so they know that Be-bop Lives. And when there was a cat who

then started to scat, it made impressions that, establishing a school, became a

pop-ular passtime, for bop when in its prime would differentiate the hot from the cool.
"Ko-ko," don't forget "Four" and then there's Night-In Tunisia, so we know that Be-bop Lives.

BORN TO BE BLUE

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Some folks were meant to live in clover, but they are such a chosen few, and clover being green, is something I've never seen.

When there's a yellow moon a love me, they say there's moon-beams I should view, but moon-beams, being gold, are something I can't behold.

I guess I'm luckier than some folks; I've known the thrill of loving better than some folks; in clover, above me, but they are such a chosen one.

When I met you the world was bright and sunny; when you left the curtain fell.

I'd like to laugh, but nothing strikes me funny; now my world's a faded past.

Some folks were meant to live in clover, some folks; in clover, but they are such a chosen one.

They were meant to love me, they say there's moon-beams I should

I've known the thrill of loving better than some folks; in clover, above me, but they are such a chosen one.

When I met you the world was bright and sunny; when you left the curtain fell.

I'd like to laugh, but nothing strikes me funny; now my world's a faded past.

Some folks were meant to live in clover, some folks; in clover, but they are such a chosen one.

They were meant to love me, they say there's moon-beams I should

I've known the thrill of loving better than some folks; in clover, above me, but they are such a chosen one.

When I met you the world was bright and sunny; when you left the curtain fell.

I'd like to laugh, but nothing strikes me funny; now my world's a faded past.

Some folks were meant to live in clover, some folks; in clover, but they are such a chosen one.

They were meant to love me, they say there's moon-beams I should

I've known the thrill of loving better than some folks; in clover, above me, but they are such a chosen one.

When I met you the world was bright and sunny; when you left the curtain fell.

I'd like to laugh, but nothing strikes me funny; now my world's a faded past.

Some folks were meant to live in clover, some folks; in clover, but they are such a chosen one.

They were meant to love me, they say there's moon-beams I should

I've known the thrill of loving better than some folks; in clover, above me, but they are such a chosen one.

When I met you the world was bright and sunny; when you left the curtain fell.

I'd like to laugh, but nothing strikes me funny; now my world's a faded past.
THE BREEZE AND I

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Rhumba

Words by Al Stillman
Music by Ernesto Lecuona

The Breeze And I are saying with a sigh
That you no longer care.

The The The Breeze And I are whispering good-bye
To dreams we used to share.

The The Breeze And I are saying with a sigh
That you no longer care.

The The Breeze And I are whispering good-bye
To dreams we used to share.

The Ours was a love song that seemed constant as the moon,
Ending in a strange, mournful tune;

And all about me, they know you have departed without me and we wonder why,

The Breeze And I.

BUD'S BLUES

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Moderately

As

By Sonny Stitt

The Breeze And I are saying with a sigh
That you no longer care.

The The Breeze And I are whispering good-bye
To dreams we used to share.

The Ours was a love song that seemed constant as the moon,
Ending in a strange, mournful tune;

And all about me, they know you have departed without me and we wonder why,

The Breeze And I.

BUDO

Medium Swing

Bb  B7  Bb  Cm7  Dm7  G7  Cm7  F7  Bb

By Miles Davis & Bud Powell

BUTTON UP YOUR OVERCOAT

(From "FOLLOW THRU")

Words and Music by B.G. DeSylva, Lew Brown and Ray Henderson

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and Stephen Sondheim Music Publishing Company

Moderately

G  E7  A7  D7  Ddim7  D7  G6  Em7

But- ton Up Your O-ver-coat when the wind is free. Take good care of your-self you be-long to me.

Am7  D7  G  E7  A7  D7  Ddim7  D7

Eat an apple ev-ry day; get to bed by three. Take good care of your-self you be-

G6  Dm7  G7  C6  G6  Em7  A9

long to me. Be care-ful cross-ing streets, oo-oo! Don't eat meats, oo-oo! Cut out sweets, oo-oo!

D7  Em7/D  GM7/D  Am7/Ddim7/D  G  E7  A7

Don't sit on hor-nets' trails, oo-oo! Or on nails, oo-oo! Or third rails, oo-oo!

You'll get a pain and ru-in your tum-tum! Keep a-way from boot-leg bootch when you're on a spree.

You'll get a pain and ru-in your tum-tum! Don't go out with col-lege boys when you're on a spree.

D7  Ddim7  D7  G  C7  I-G  Am7  D7  G

Take good care of your-self you be-long to me.
BUT BEAUTIFUL

Words and Music by Johnny Burke and James Van Heusen

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Slowly

\[ \text{GM9} \]
\[ \text{Bm7b5} \]
\[ \text{E759} \]
\[ \text{Am9} \]
\[ \text{C#m713} \]
\[ \text{F759} \]
\[ \text{GM9} \]
\[ \text{Bm7b5} \]
\[ \text{E7} \]

Love is funny or it's sad or it's quiet or it's mad; it's a good thing or it's bad, But

\[ \text{A9} \]
\[ \text{D7} \]
\[ \text{D7/C Bm7} \]
\[ \text{Em7} \]
\[ \text{Am7} \]
\[ \text{D7} \]
\[ \text{G} \]
\[ \text{Em6} \]
\[ \text{Em7} \]

Beautiful! Beautiful to take a chance and if you fall, you fall, and I'm thinking I

\[ \text{A9} \]
\[ \text{Am7} \]
\[ \text{D7} \]
\[ \text{GM9} \]
\[ \text{Bm7b5} \]
\[ \text{E759} \]
\[ \text{Am9} \]
\[ \text{C#m713} \]
\[ \text{F7}59 \]

wouldn't mind at all. Love is tearful or it's gay; it's a problem or it's play; it's a

\[ \text{GM9} \]
\[ \text{Bm7b5} \]
\[ \text{E7} \]
\[ \text{A9} \]
\[ \text{D} \]
\[ \text{D7/C Bm7} \]
\[ \text{Em7} \]
\[ \text{Am7} \]
\[ \text{B7}5 \]
\[ \text{B7} \]

heart-ache either way, But Beautiful! And I'm thinking if you were mine I'd never let you

\[ \text{Em7} \]
\[ \text{Cm7} \text{F7} \]
\[ \text{G} \]
\[ \text{E7} \]
\[ \text{Am7} \]
\[ \text{D7 A7} \]

[1] G

[1] G Am7 D7

go, and that would be But Beautiful I know. Love is know.

BUZZY

By Charlie Parker

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Fast

\[ \text{Bb7} \]

\[ \text{Bb7} \]

\[ \text{Bb7} \]

\[ \text{Cm7} \text{F7} \]

\[ \text{Cm7} \text{F7} \]
**BYE BYE BLACKBIRD**

Words by Mort Dixon
Music by Ray Henderson

Moderately

\[ F \]
\[ D7 \quad Gm7 \quad C9 \quad F \quad F/A \quad A diminished \quad Gm7 \quad C7 \quad Gm \quad Ex/G \]

Pack up all my care and woe, here I go singing low, Bye Bye Blackbird. Where somebody waits for me, sugar's sweet, so is she, Bye Bye Blackbird. No one here can love and understand

\[ D7 \quad Gm \quad Gm\#5 \quad C7 \quad F \quad Ex7 \quad D7 \]

me, oh what hard luck stories they all band me. Make my bed and light the light, I'll arrive late tonight.

\[ Gm7 \quad C7 \quad F \quad Dm7 \quad Gm7 \quad C7 \quad F \quad Bb \quad Bm6 \quad F6 \]

blackbird bye bye. bye.

---

**BYE BYE BLUES**

Words and Music by Fred Hamm, Dave Bennett, Bert Lown and Chauncey Gray

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Moderately

\[ C \quad A diminished7 \quad C \quad Bb7 \quad A7 \quad D9 \quad D7 \quad G7 \quad G7\#9 \quad CM9 \]

Bye Bye Blues, Bye Bye Blues. Bells ring, birds sing, sun is shining, No more pining, just we two smiling thru. Don't

\[ D7 \quad G7 \quad G7\#9 \quad C \quad A diminished7 \quad C \quad G7 \quad F7 \quad C \quad C \]

sigh, don't cry Bye Bye Blues. Blues
Caldonia (What Makes Your Big Head So Hard?)

Medium Boogie Woogie

C7: Walk-in' with mah baby, she's got great big feet. She's long, lean, and lan-ky, ain't had noth-in' to eat, but she's my baby and I love her just the same. Crazy 'bout that woman 'cause Cal-donian! Cal-donian!

G: What makes your big head so hard? But I love you, love you just the same.

C: Crazy 'bout that woman 'cause Cal-donian is her name. Cal-donian! Cal-donian! What makes your big head so hard?

Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man

Moderately and rather freely

CM7: Fish got to swim, and birds got to fly. I got to love one man 'til I die, Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man of mine.

Dm7: Tell me he's lazy 'cause I know, Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man of mine.
When he goes a-way—dat's a rainy day—and when he comes back dat day is fine, the sun will shine.

He can come home—as late as he can be—home without him, ain't no home to me. Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man of mine.

---

**CANDY**

Words and Music by Mack David, Joan Whitney and Alex Kramer

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Slowly

Candy I call my sugar Candy because I'm sweet on Candy

Candy's sweet on me. (She) understands me, my understanding Candy

and Candy's always handy when I need sympathy. I wish that there were

four of {him} so I could love much more of {her} {He} has taken my complete heart,

Candy and make {him} mine all mine.
C.C. RIDER

Words and Music by Chuck Willis

Moderate Blues

THE CAPE VERDEAN BLUES

By Horace Silver

Moderate Samba
CARIOCA

Words by Gus Kahn and Edward Eliscu
Music by Vincent Youmans

Moderate Latin Beat

Say, have you seen that Carioca?
It's not a fox-trot or a polka.
It has a little bit of
new rhythm, a blue rhythm that sighs.
It has a meter that is tricky.
A bit of wicked, wacky.
But when you dance it with a new love
there'll be true love in her eyes.
You'll dream of the new Carioca.
It's theme is a kiss and a sigh.
You'll dream of the new Carioca,
when music and lights are gone and we're saying good-bye.

CAROLINA MOON

Words & Music by Benny Davis & Joe Burke

Moderately Slow

Carolina Moon keep shining, shining on the one who waits for me.
Carolina Moon I'm pining, pining for the place I long to be.
How I'm hoping tonight you'll go, go to the right window, scatter your light,
say I'm all right, please do.
Tell her that I'm blue and lonely,
dream y Carolina Moon.
THE CHAMP

By Dizzy Gillespie

CHASING THE BIRD

By Charlie Parker
CHEGA DE SAUDADE
(No More Blues)

English Lyric by John Hendricks and Jessie Cavanaugh
Original Text By Vinicius DeMoraes
Music by Antonio Carlos Jobim

No More Blues, I'm goin' back home. No, No More Blues, I promise no more to roam.
Home is where the heart is, the funny part is my heart's been right there all along.
No more tears and no more sighs, and no more fears, I'll say no more good-byes.
If travel beckons me I swear I'm gonna refuse, I'm gonna settle down and there'll be No More Blues.
Every day while I am far away my thoughts turn home-ward, forever home-ward.
I traveled 'round the world in search of happiness, but all my happiness I found was in my home-town.
No More Blues, I'm goin' back home. No, no more dues, I'm through with all my wan-drin', now I'll settle down and live my life and build a home and find a wife.
When we settle down there'll be No More Blues...
CHELSEA BRIDGE

By Billy Strayhorn

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Moderately

Bm7 E7 AM7 Am7 D7 GM7 Gm7 Dk9#11 C9 B9 Bs 9 D.S. at Fine

CHEROKEE

(Indian Love Song)

By Ray Noble

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Smoothly

Bm7 E7 AM7 Am7 D7 GM7 Gm7 C9 To Coda D.C.

Sweet In - dian maid - en, since first I met you, I can’t for - get you,
Child of the prai - ri - e, your love keeps call - ing, my heart en - thrall - ing,
Cm7 G7 B9 Cm7 F7 B6 Cm7 F7 BM9 B7

Cher - o - kee sweet - heart, o - kee. Dreams of sum - mer - time, of

Bm7 E7 A AM7 A6 Am7 D7 GM7 Gm7 C9

le - ver - time gone by, throu - ght my mem - o - ry so ten - der - ly and

D.C. al Coda

Coda

Cher - o - kee
I'm headin' for the station with my pack on my back, I'm tired of transportation in the gonnas settle down beside the railroad track, and live the life o' Riley in a back of a hack I love to hear the rhythm of the clickety-clack, and back of a shack I love to hear the rhythm of the clickety-clack, and

So when I hear a whistle I can peep thru the crack, and

hear the lonesome whistle see the smoke from the stack, And pat a round with democratic

watch the train a rollin' when it's ballin' the jack. For I just love the rhythm of the fellows named "Mac," clickety-clack.

So take me right back to the track, Jack! Choo-choo,

Choo-Choo Ch' Boogie, woo-woo, boogie woogie, Choo-Choo. Choo-Choo Ch' Boogie;

take me right back to the track, Jack! I'm take me right back to the track, Jack!
THE CHRISTMAS SONG
(CHESTNUTS ROASTING ON AN OPEN FIRE)

Words and Music by
Mel Tormé and Robert Wells

Moderately

Chestnuts roasting on an open fire, Jack Frost nipping at your nose.

Yuletide carols being sung by a choir and folks dressed up like Eskimos.

Everybody knows a turkey and some mistletoe help to make the season bright.

Tiny tots with their eyes all aglow will find it hard to sleep to-night.

They know that Santa's on his way; he's loaded lots of toys and good-ies on his sleigh.

And every mother's child is gonna spy to see if reindeer really know how to fly.

And so, I'm offering this simple phrase to kids from one to ninety-two.

Although it's been said many times, many ways: "Merry Christmas to you."
CLOSE AS PAGES IN A BOOK
From ("UP IN CENTRAL PARK")

Words by Dorothy Fields
Music by Sigmund Romberg

Moderately

We'll be Close As Pages In A Book, my love and I. So close we can share a single look, share every sigh. So close that before I hear your laugh, my laugh breaks through: and when a tear starts to appear, my eyes grow misty too. Our dreams won't come tumbling to the ground, we'll hold them fast. Darling, as the strongest book is bound, we're bound to last.

Your life is my life and while life beats away in my heart, we'll be Close As Pages In A Book, never to part.

COME RAIN OR COME SHINE

Words by Johnny Mercer
Music by Harold Arlen

Moderately slow

I'm gonna love you like nobody's loved you, Come Rain Or Come Shine. High as a mountain and deep as a river, Come Rain Or Come Shine. I guess when you met me it was just one of those
C7b5  G7b5  Dm7b5  G7b9  Cm  Cm7  F7  Bm7  Eb7  Am7  Gm7  C7  F  Bm7b5

things. But don't ever bet me, 'cause I'm gonna be true if you let me. 'You're gonna love me like

Em7b5  A7  Dm7  G9  Cm7b5  F#m7  B7

po' bod-y's loved me, Come Rain Or Come Shine... Happy together, un-happy together...and

A7  Eb7  A7  b7  Em7  D7  G7  Ab9  G9  A7

wont' it be fine... Days may be cloud-y or sun-ny, we're in or we're out of the mon-ey. But

Dm7  G7  G7/F  Em7b5  A7b9  1Dm7  Gm7  C7  2Dm  G7  C7  D

I'm with you al-ways, I'm with you rain or shine! shine!___

COME SUNDAY

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Medium Swing

Lord, dear Lord a-bove, God al-mighty, God of love, Please look down and

F9  Bb  Eb  Bb  Ebdim  Bb  6  D7  Eb7  D9  D7b95  Gm7

see my peo-ple through...  I be-lieve that God put sun and moon up in the

C9  F7  Cm7  F7  Bb sus  G7b5  C9  F7b5  F7

Heaven is a good-ness time. A bright-er light on

F9  Bb  F9  D7b95  G9  Cm9  F9

sky. I don't mind the gray skies 'cause they're just clouds pass-ing by...

Lord, dear Lord a-

(spoken) Do unto others as you would have them do to you, And have a bright-er by and by.

Eb9  F9  D7b95  G9  Cm9  F9  1, 2  Bb  Eb  Bbdim  Bb  3  Bb  Eb  Bbdim  Bb

With God's bless-ing we can make it through e-ter-ni-ty.

bove, God al-mighty, God of love, Please look down and see my peo-ple through...
COMES LOVE

Words and Music by Lew Brown, Sam H. Stept & Charlie Tobias

Moderately

Come a rain-storm, put your rubbers on your feet. Comes a snow-storm, you can get a little heat. Comes
heat wave, you can hurry to the shore. Comes a sun-moss, you can hide behind the door.

Love, nothing can be done. Comes a fire, then you know just what to do. Blow a tire, you can buy another shoe.

Love, nothing can be done. Comes the measles, you can lose it in a day.

Love, nothing can be done. Comes a headache, you can always stay awake.

Love, nothing can be done. Comes a done!

CONFIRMATION

By Charlie Parker

Fast

F Em7b5 A7 Dm7 G7 Cm7 F7

Eb7 Am7 D7 G7 Gm7 C7
COUNT EVERY STAR

Words by Sammy Gallop
Music by Bruno Coquatrix

Slowly and expressively

Count Every Star — in the midnight sky; count every rose, — every firefly, for that’s how many times I miss you. Heaven knows I miss you.

Count every leaf — on a willow tree; count every wave — on a stormy sea. Count Every Star and darling, when you do, you’ll know the times I have cried for you.
A COTTAGE FOR SALE

Words by Larry Conley
Music by Willard Robison

Moderately Slow

Eb6 \(\rightarrow\) G9 \(\rightarrow\) C7

Our little dream castle with every dream gone is barren and silent. The shades are all drawn, and my heart is heavy as I gaze upon. A Cottage For Sale.

EbM7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb6 \(\rightarrow\) G9 \(\rightarrow\) C7

The lawn we were proud of is waving in hay; our beautiful garden has withered away. Where you planted roses the weeds seem to say, "A Cottage For Sale." From every single window, I see your face. But when I reach a window, there's empty space. The key's in the mailbox the same as before, but no one is waiting for me anymore. The end of our story is told on the door, A Cottage For Sale. Our Sale.
CRAZY RHYTHM

Moderately Fast

Words by Irving Caesar
Music by Joseph Meyer & Roger Wolfe Kahn

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GM7

Crazy Rhythm, here's the door-way, I'll go my way, you'll go your way; Crazy Rhythm, from now on we're through.

GM7/B Bdim7 Am7

Here is where we have a showdown, I'm too high-hat, you're too low-down; Crazy Rhythm, here's goodbye to you. They say that when a high-brow

D7 G6 Am7 D7 GM7

meets a low-brow walking a long Broadway, soon the high-brow, he has no brow; ain't it a shame, and you're to blame. What's the use of Prohibition? You produce the

G7 C G7 C Cm F9 E7

same condition, Crazy Rhythm, I've gone crazy, too.

CUTE

Music by Neal Hefti
Words by Stanley Styne

Medium swing

Dm7 G9 C6 Em7 b5 A7b9 Dm7 G9 Cm7 C7 Gm7 C9

Mind if I say you're Cute! In every way you're Cute!

FM7 Bb9 C Am7 Fm7 b5 B7 EM7 E7b5 A7b9

Those big blue eyes, that turned-up nose, that cool and care-free pose.

Dm7 G9 C6 Em7 b5 A7b9 Dm7 G9 Cm7 C7 Gm7 C9

I mean I like your style, that sly intriguing smile,

FM7 Bb9 C Am7 Dm7 G7b9 C6

your every mood, your attitude, just add up to you're Cute!
CRY ME A RIVER

Words and Music by Arthur Hamilton

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Slowly and Rhythmically

Now you say you're lonely, you cry the long night thru; well, you can Cry Me A River,

Cry Me A River, I cried a river over you. Now you say you're sorry,

for bein' so untrue; well, you can Cry Me A River, Cry Me A River,

I cried a river over you. You drove me nearly drove me out of my head, while

you never shed a tear. Remember? I remember all that you said;

told me love was too plain, told me you were thru with me, and

well, just to prove you do, come on, and Cry Me A River, Cry Me A River,

I cried a river over you. you.
D.C. FAREWELL

By Richie Cole

Slow Swing

1. Time to hit the highway,
   time to move on my way.
   D.C.

2. Nine-ty-five will take me from this town of D.C.
   This dream has passed;
   The road beckons and I'll follow.

Bbm7 Cm7 FM7 Bm7 E13b9 AM7
Bm7 Cm7 FM7 Bm7 E13b9 AM7

D.C. You've been so fine,
I'll return again a new place and a new time.
Travelin' farewell.

E13b9 FM7 Bm7 E13b9 AM7
E13b9 FM7 Bm7 E13b9 AM7

Futures are hard to tell,
But for now, D.C. I must bid a fond farewell.

AM7 Bm7 C#m7 F7b9 Bm7 Cm7 FM7
AM7 Bm7 C#m7 F7b9 Bm7 Cm7 FM7

I must bid a fond farewell until then.

DAAHOUD

By C. Brown

Up Tempo

1. N.C.
2. Bb m7 Bb Bb C#m7 C#m7 Gm7
   Bb7 Ab7 Dm7 G7 C#m7 Am7 D7
   Bb7 Ab7 Dm7 G7 C#m7 Am7 D7
   Bb7 Ab7 Dm7 Gm7
   Bb7 Ab7 C#m7 Bb7 Gm7
   Bb7 Ab7 C#m7 Bb7 Gm7
   Bb7 Ab7 C#m7 Bb7 Gm7

93
DARN THAT DREAM

Lyric by Eddie DeLange
Music by Jimmy Van Heusen

Slowly

G Bm7 Eb7 Am7 Bb5 Em7 Em7/D Cm7 CM7 Bm7b5 Eb7 Am7 F7 Bm7 Bb dim7

Darn That Dream I dream each night, You say you love me and you hold me tight, but when I a-wake you're out of sight. Oh,

Am7 D7 Bm7 E7 Am7 D7 G Bm7 E7 Am7 Bb5 Em7 Em7/D Cm7 CM7 Bm7b5 Eb7 Am7 F7

Darn That Dream. Darn your lips and darn your eyes, they lift me high a-bove the moon-lit skies, then I tumble out of

Bm7 Bb dim7 Am7 D7b9 G Bb G Bb7 Bb6 Cm7 Fm7 Bb7 Bb M7 C7b9

Par-a-dise. Oh, Darn That Dream. Darn that one-track mind of mine, it can't un-der-stand that

Fm7 Bb9 Bb7b9 Eb6 Cm7 Gm Gm7/F Em7b5 Am7 D7 Eb9 D9 G Bm7 Eb7

you don't care. Just to change the mood I'm in, I'd wel-come a nice old night - mare. Darn That Dream and

Am7 Bb5 Em7 Em7/D Cm7 CM7 Bm7b5 Eb7 Am7 F7 Bm7 Bb dim7 Am7 D7b9 G

bless it too, with-out that dream, I nev-er would have you. But it haunts me and it won't come true, oh, Darn That Dream.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A FOOL

(Manha De Carnaval)

Words by Carl Sigman
Music by Luiz Bonfa

Slow bossa nova

Am Bm7b5 E7b9 Am Bm7b5 E7b9 Am Am7 G7 CM7 Em7b5 A7 b9

A Day In The Life Of A Fool, a sad and a long, lone-ly day, I walk the

Dm7 G7 CM7 FM7 Bm7b5 E7b9 Am Bm7b5 E7b9

av-e-nue and hope I'll run in-to the wel-come sight of you com-ing my way. I

Am Bm7b5 E7b9 Am Bm7b5 E7b9 Em7b5 A7 b9 Dm

stop just a - cross from your door but you're nev - er home an - y - more.
So back to my room and there in the gloom I cry tears of good-bye. 'Til you
come back to me, that's the way it will be every day in the life of a fool.

DEWEY SQUARE

By Charlie Parker
'DEED I DO

Moderately

C C9 F6 Fm6 C D7 G7

Do I want you? Oh my, do I? Hon-ey, 'Deed I
Do I need you? Oh my, do I? Hon-ey, 'Deed I
Do I love you? Oh my, do I? Hon-ey, 'Deed I

1. C Am7 Dm7 G7 2. C6 F7 C6 C9 F

Do! Do! I'm glad that I'm the one who found you, that's why I'm always hang'in' 'round you.

D.C. al Coda

CODA

C F7 C6

DEARLY BELOVED

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Moderately

G7 G11 G7 G11 G7 G11 G7 G11

Dearly Beloved. How clearly I see, Somewhere in heaven you were fashioned for me,

CM7 Am7 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 CM7

Angels eyes knew you; Angel voices led me to you:

G7 G11 G7 G11 G7 G11 G7 G11

Nothing can stop me fate gave me a sign; I know that I'll be yours come shower or shine.

CM7 Am7 D7 D7+9 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 C6

So I say merel-ly, Dearly Beloved be mine.
DESAFINADO
(Slightly Out Of Tune)

Medium Bossa Nova

F G7b5 Gm7 C7 C7/Bb

Love is like a never-ending melody; poets have compared it to a symphony, a symphony conducted by the lighting of the moon,

G7b5 Gm7 C7 C7/Bb Am7b5 D7b9 Gm7

but our song of love is Slightly Out Of Tune. Once your kisses raised me to a fever pitch, now the orchestra doesn't seem so rich. Seems to me you've changed the tune we used to sing; like the Bossa Nova, love should swing. We used to harmonize, two souls in perfect time. Now the song is different and the words don't even rhyme, because you forgot the melody our hearts would always croon, and so what good's a heart that's Slightly Out Of Tune. Tune your heart to mine the way it used to be.

Gm7 Bbm7 G7 C7 C7/Bb Am7b5 D7b9 Gm7 Bbm7 Eb7

join with me in harmony and sing a song of loving. We're bound to get in tune again before too long. There'll be no Desafinado when your heart belongs to me completely.

Eb9 G7 Gm7 C7 F6

Then you won't be Slightly Out Of Tune, you'll sing along with me.
DINAH

Medium swing

Words by Sam M. Lewis and Joe Young
Music by Harry Akst

Din-ah, is there any one finer in the state of Car-o-lin-a?
Din-ah, with her Dix-ie eyes blaz-in', how I love to sit and gaze in

If there is and you know 'er, show 'er to me, to the eyes of Din-ah Lee.

Ev'-ry night, why do I shake with fright, 'cause my Din-ah might change her mind about me, Din-ah, if she wandered to Chi-na.

I would hop an ocean liner, just to be with Din-ah Lee!

DIZZY ATMOSPHERE

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By John "Dizzy" Gillespie
**DO NOTHIN' TILL YOU HEAR FROM ME**

Do Noth-in' 'Til You Hear From Me.

Moderately Slow

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Words by Bob Russell
Music by Duke Ellington

Pay no attention to what's said, why people tear the seam of any one's dream is over my head.

I haven't a chance. True I've been seen with some one new, but does that mean that I'm untrue? When we're apart the words in my heart reveal how I feel about you.

Some kiss may cloud my memory, and other arms may hold a thrill. But please do noth-in' 'til you hear it from me and you never will.

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Moderately Slow

Do Noth-in' 'Til You Hear From Me.
DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO MISS NEW ORLEANS

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Lyric by Eddie De Lange
Music by Louis Alter

Slowly

C6 G7#5 CM7 Am7 Em7 Am7 D9

Do You Know What It Means To Miss New Orleans, and miss it each night and day? I

Dm7 D°dim7 Em7 A7 Dm7 A57 G7

know I'm not wrong, the feelin's getta' stronger the longer I stay away. Miss the

C G7#5 CM7 Am7 Em7 Am7 D9 Dm7 D°dim7

moss-covered vines, the tall sugar pines where mockin' birds used to sing. And I'd like to see

Em7 A7 Dm7 G7 C Cm7#5 F7 Bm7 E59 A5 F7

lazy Mississipi a hurryin' into spring. The moonlight on the bayou, a creole

Bm7 E59 Ab Am7 D9 G6 Em7 Am7 D9

tune that fills the air; I dream about magnolias in June, and soon I'm wishin' that I was there.

Dm7 G7 C6 G7#5 CM7 Am7 Em7 Am7 D9

Do You Know What It Means To Miss New Orleans when that's where you left your heart? And

Dm7 D°dim7 Em7 A7 D9 G7#9 C

there's something more: I miss the one I care for more than I miss New Orleans.
DON'T LET THE SUN CATCH YOU CRYIN'

Words and Music by Joe Greene

Slowly

F6 Gm7 Fdim Gm7 C7 F6 Gm7

Woman don't you shed no crocodile tears, Never take you back in a
Gm9 C7 Fmaj7 E maj7 Fmaj7 Ebmaj7 Fmaj7 Ebmaj7

million years... Don't Let The Sun Catch You Cry-in' cry-in' at my front
Fmaj7 F6 Bb Bdim Gm7 Bbm6 F6

door. You done dad-dy dirt-y be sure don't want you no more...
C7#5 Fmaj7 Ebmaj7 Fmaj7 Ebmaj7 Fmaj7 Ebmaj7

Don't let the sun catch you ly-in' ly-in' at my front
dad-dy's done turned salt-y ba-by you made him so sore.
E7 Am E7 Am Gm6 A+ A7 Am7

You can cry cry cry, yes ba-by you can
D7 G9 G9+ G7 C7 Gm7

wait, beat your head on the pave-ment till the man comes and throws you in jail;
C7#5 Fmaj7 Ebmaj7 Fmaj7 Ebmaj7 Fmaj7 Ebmaj7

But Don't Let The Sun Catch You Cry-in' cry-in' at my front
door, you done dad-dy dirt-y, be sure don't want you no more...
Dm7 Gm7 C7#5

1.

2.
DON'T EXPLAIN

Words by Arthur Herzog, Jr.
Music by Billie Holiday

Slowly

Dm Dm/C Gm6/Es A7 Dm Dm/C E7/B B7/E5 A9 Es9 D9S5 D7  Bb7 A7 C9 F Bm7  E7  A7 9  

Hush now, Don't Explan! Just say you'll remain, I'm glad

Dm9 C9 FM7 BbM7 Am7 Bm6/D C7/E9 B7 A7 Dm Dm/C Gm6/Es A7

you're back, Don't Explan! Qui et, Don't Explan!

Dm Dm/C E7/B B7/E5 A9 Es9 D9S5 D7  Bb7 A7 C9 F Bm7  E7  A7 9  

What is there to gain? Girl

Don't cry

lip stick

Don't lie;

Don't Explan!

Dm7 Gm7 C7 FM7 BbM7 Em7/E5 B7 A7

You know that I love you and what love endures. All my thoughts are of you for I'm so completely yours.

Dm7 Gm7 C7 FM7 BbM7 Em7/E5 B7 A7

Girl

Cry to hear folks chatter,

Boy

I know you cheat.

Right or wrong don't matter when you're with me, sweet.

Dm Dm/C Gm6/Es A7 Dm Dm/C E7/B B7/E5 A9 Es9 D9S5

Hush now, Don't Explan! You're my joy and pain. My life's yours love, Don't Explan!

DON'T GET AROUND MUCH ANYMORE

Words by Bob Russell
Music by Duke Ellington

Medium swing

C Dm7 Ddim7 C/E A Bm7 Cdim7 A7/Cf

Missed the Saturday dance, heard they crowded the floor;

D7 G7 C C/E Bdim7 Dm7 C

couldn't bear it without you, Don't Get Around Much Anymore.

C Dm7 Ddim7 C/E A Bm7 Cdim7 A7/Cf

Though I'd visit the club, got as far as the door;
they'd have ask'd me a bout you, Don't Get A-round Much An-y more.

Dar - ling, I guess my mind's more at ease, but nev - er - the - less

why stir up mem - o - ries? Been in - vit - ed on dates, might have gone but what

for?

A w - lly dif - f'rent with out you, Don't Get A-round Much An-y -

more, Missed the Sat - ur - day more.

DONNA LEE

By Charlie Parker

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DONT TAKE YOUR LOVE FROM ME

By Henry Nemo

Slow ballad

VERSE

Fm7

You could take my castle, that's if I had a castle and I'd miss it for just a while.

You could take my treasure, that's if I had a treasure and I'd face poverty with a smile.

CM7

But there's one thing I ask of you, one thing you must never do:

Dm7 G7 G7/G5

Tear a star from the sky — and the sky feels blue.

Dm7 Em7 E7dim7 G7/D G7 Dm7 G7

Would you take the wings from birds — so that they can't fly?

Dm7 G7 To Coda C7 CM7

Tear a petal from a rose — and the rose weeps too.

Dm7 A7 G7 Dm7

Take your heart away from mine and leave mine will surely break.

Dm7 A7 A7 Dm7 C7

My life is yours to make, so please keep the spark awake.

D. S. al Coda

CODA

C Gm7 C7 Fm7 Bb9 C

just a sigh?

Em7 A7 Dm7 G7 C F Fm C

All this your heart won't let you do.

This is what I beg of you, Don't Take Your Love From Me.

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

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Moderately

F

Gm C7 F

Gm Coda C7 F

Tradition
DOODLIN'  
By Horace Silver

Medium swing

DOXY  
By Sonny Rollins
EAST OF THE SUN (And West Of The Moon)

Words and Music by Brooks Bowman

Moderately

GM7  Bm7  E7  Am7  Cm6

East Of The Sun and west of the moon, We'll build a dream-house of love, dear.

Am7  D7  F#m7\#5  B7  Em7  A7  Am7

Near to the sun in the day, near to the moon at night we'll live in a love-ly way, dear, Living on love and

D7  GM7  Bm7  E7  Am7  Cm6

pale moon-light. Just you and I, for ev-er and a day, Love will not die. We'll keep it that way.

Am7  Am7/G  F#m7\#5  B7\#9  Em  Em7  Em7  A7  Am7

Up a-mong the stars we'll find a har-mo-ny of life to a love-ly tune, East Of The Sun and

Cm6  D7  Bm7  E7  Bm7  Eb7  Am7  D7  D7\#9  G  Cm  G

west of the moon, dear, East Of The Sun and west of the moon.

EASY TO LOVE

(From "Born To Dance")

Words and Music by Cole Porter

Moderately

Am7  Dm7  Am7  D7  GM7  C9  Bm7  E7\#9  Am7

You'd be so Easy To Love, So easy to idol-ize, all others above So

D9  GM7  Bm7  E7  Am7  D7  D7/C  Bm7  E7\#9  Am7

worth the yearn-ing for, So swell to keep ev-ry home-fire burn-ing for We'd

Dm7  Am7  D7  G  C9  Bm7  E7\#9  Am7  Cm7  F7

be so grand at the game so care-free to-geth-er, that it does seem a shame that you can't see your

GM7  GM7/B  Bbm7\#5  Am7  D7

fa-ture with me, 'cause you'd be oh, so Easy To Love! Love!
EARLY AUTUMN

Words by Johnny Mercer
Music by Ralph Burns and Woody Herman

When an Early Autumn walks the land and chills the breeze and touches with her hand all shuttered down, a winding country lane

the summer trees, perhaps you'll understand what memories I own.

There's a dance alone, That spring of ours that started so April-hearted

seemed made for just a boy and girl, I never dreamed, did you any fall could come in view so 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.

ECAROH

By Horace Silver

Mambo

Moderate Swing

1984 by Ecaroh Music, Inc.
ELSA

By Earl Zindars

Medium Slow

D.S. al Coda

Repeat and Fade
THE END OF A LOVE AFFAIR

Words and Music by Edward C. Redding

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Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye

Words and Music by Cole Porter
EVERYBODY LOVES MY BABY
(But My Baby Don't Love Nobody But Me)
EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME

Words by Tom Adair
Music by Matt Dennis

I make a date for golf and you can bet your life it rains,
I try to give a party and the guy upstairs complains,
I guess I'll go thru life just catch-in' colds and miss-in' trains,
Every time I play an ace my partner always trumpes,
I guess I'm just a fool who never looks before he jumps,

I've had the measles and the mumps,
I've had the measures and the mumps,
I've just had the measles and the mumps,
I've just had the measles and the mumps,

First my heart tho' you could break this jinx for me,
That love would turn the trick to end despair,
But now I just can't fool this head that thinks for me,
I've mortgaged all my casualties in the air.

I've telegraphed and phoned, I sent an "Air-mail Special" too,
Your answer was "Good-bye," and there was even postage due.
I fell in love just once and then it had to be with you.

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EVERYTHING'S COMING UP ROSES

From "GYPSY"

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Fast Tempo

Things look swell, things look great, gonna have the whole world on a plate. Starting

Here, starting now, honey, Everything's Coming Up Roses!

Clear the Now's our inning, stand the

world on its ear! Set it spinning, that'll be just the best

We'll be swell, we'll be great! I can tell, just you wait! That lucky

star I talk about is due! Honey, Everything's Coming

_ Up Roses_ for me and _ for you._
EXACTLY LIKE YOU

Lyric by Dorothy Fields
Music by Jimmy McHugh

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Medium Swing

\[ \text{I know why I've waited, know why I've been blue; prayed each night for someone Ex} \]

\[ \text{Exactly Like You ______ Why should we spend money on a show or two?} \]

\[ \text{No one does those love scenes Exactly Like You.} \]

\[ \text{You make me feel so grand,} \]

\[ \text{I want to hand the world to you.} \]

\[ \text{You seem to understand each foolish little scheme I'm scheming, dream I'm dreaming.} \]

\[ \text{Now I know why mother taught me to be true.} \]

\[ \text{She meant me for someone Exactly Like You.} \]

FALLING IN LOVE WITH LOVE

(From "THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE")

Words by Lorenz Hart
Music by Richard Rodgers

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Fast Waltz

\[ \text{I fell in love with love one night when the moon was full,} \]

\[ \text{I was unwise with love.} \]

\[ \text{Love is playing the fool.} \]

\[ \text{Caring too much is such a juvenile fancy.} \]

\[ \text{Learning to trust is just for children in school.} \]

\[ \text{but love fell out with me.} \]
FEVER

Words and Music by John Davenport and Eddie Cooley

Moderate Jump Beat

Am

1. Nev-er know how much I love you, nev-er know how much I care.
2. Sun-light up the day-time, moon-light up the night.

E7

When you put your arms around me, I get a Fever that's so hard to bear. You give me Fever right.

Am

Am N.C. Am

when you kiss me, Fever when you hold me tight

F6

Fever in the morning, Fever all through the night.

E7

Ev-ery-body's got the Fever, that is something you all know.

Am

Am 5. Am

Fever isn't such a new thing, Fever started long ago, burn.

Additional Lyrics:

Verse 3
Romeo loved Juliet,
Juliet she felt the same.
When he put his arms around her, he said, "Julie, baby, you're my flame."

Chorus:
Thou givest fever, when we kisst
FEVER with thy flaming youth.
FEVER—I'm afire
FEVER, yea I burn forsooth.

Verse 4
Captain Smith and Pocahantas
Had a very mad affair
When her Daddy tried to kill him, she said, "Daddy-o don't you dare."

Chorus:
Give me fever, with his kisst
FEVER when he holds me tight.
FEVER—I'm his Missus
Oh Daddy won't you treat him right.

Verse 5
Now you've listened to my story
Here's the point that I have made.
Chicks were born to give you FEVER
Be it Fahrenheit or Centigrade.

Chorus:
They give you FEVER, when you kisst them
FEVER if you live and learn.
FEVER—till you sizzle
What a lovely way to burn.
FESTIVE MINOR

By Gerry Mulligan

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Moderate

A FINE ROMANCE

Words by Dorothy Fields
Music by Jerome Kern

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Moderately
FINE AND MELLOW
Words and Music by Billie Holiday

Moderately Slow Blues

My man don't love me, treats me oh so mean,____ my man he don't love me.

treats me awful mean,____ he's the lowest man that I've ever seen. He wears

high-draped pants,____ stripes are really yellow;____ he wears high-draped pants,

stripes are really yellow. But when he starts in to love me he's so Fine And

Mel-low.____ Love will make you drink and gamble, make you stay out all night long.

Love will make you drink and gamble, make you stay out all night long.

Love will make you do things that you know is wrong. But if you treat me right baby,

I'll stay home every day; if you treat me right baby, I'll stay home every day.

But you're so mean to me baby, I know you're gonna drive me away. Love is

just like a faucet, it turns off and on; Love is like a faucet it turns off and on.

Sometimes when you think it's on baby, it has turned off and gone.
FLAMINGO

**Lyric by Ed Anderson**

Music by Ted Grouya

Slowly

Fm7    Dm7   Gm7   C7(#5)   Fm7   Bb7   C7(#5)   D6   Gm7   C7   C7/Bb

Flam-ingo, like a flame in the sky, flying o-ver the is-land
in your trop-i-cal hue, speak of pas-sion un-dying
and a love that is

by.       Flam-ingo.

Cm7(#5)   F7   Bbm7   Eb7   Bbm7/Bbm7/A7   Gm7   C7   FM7   Dm7

The wind sings a song to you as you go,

a song that I hear be-low the mur-mur-ing palms.

when the sun meets the sea, say fare-well to my lover

and has-ten to me.

FLY ME TO THE MOON

(In Other Words)

**Words and Music by Bart Howard**

Moderately, with a beat

Am7    Dm7    G7    CM7    FM7    Bm7(#5)    E7(#9)

Fly Me To The Moon, and let me play a-mong the stars; let me see what spring is like on Jup-i-ter and

Am7   A7(#9)   Dm7   G9   G7(#9)   CM9   Am7   Am9   Dm7   G7   Fdim7/C   CM7   Bm7   E7

Mar-s. In oth-er words, hold my hand! In oth-er words, dar-ling kiss me!

Am7    Dm7    G7    CM7    FM7    Bm7(#5)    E7(#9)

Fill my heart with song, and let me sing for-ev-er-more; you are all I long for all I wor-ship and a-

Am7   A7(#9)   Dm7   G9   G7(#9)   Em9   A7(#9)   Dm7   Dm7/G   G7(#9)   C6   Bm7   E7

dore. In oth-er words, please be true! In oth-er words I love you!

Fm9(#5)   Bb7   A7(#9)   Dm7   G7   G7(#9)   C6   B6   B6   C6/9

true. In oth-er words, I love you!
FOOL THAT I AM

Unichappell Music, Inc. administers Begonia Melodies, Inc. throughout the world.

Words and Music by Carole Bayer Sager and Bruce Roberts

Slowly

G Gsus D7sus D7 Gsus F G7

Oh I tried to break in' all the sweet love that you gave

C Bm7 Am7 Bb C Bb7sus B7 Em7 G

may be I'm crazy but I keep on los ing ground Fool That I Am

C D G Em7 Am7 D7

fool that I may be when I ever know what's true

G C B7 Em7 C To Coda

And if I found out differently would I

1 Am7 D7sus G Am7 D7 G D7

still love you

Two hearts

2 Am7 D7 G D.S. al Coda Coda Am7 Bm7

still love you Fool That I Am

Em7 C Bm Am7 D7sus D7 N.C. G

would I still love you
FOOTPRINTS

Medium Swing
Cm9

AJ.M7

F7s5  F13  E9s5  A9  Cm9

FOR ALL WE KNOW

Words by Sam M. Lewis
Music by J. Fred Coots

Moderately
Eb6  Cm7  F9  Bb7

For All We Know, we may never meet again. Before you go, make this moment sweet again. We won't say goodnight until the last minute, I'll hold out my hand and my heart will be in it. For All We Know this may only be a dream, we come and go like a ripple on a stream. So love me tonight, tomorrow was made for some. Tomorrow may never come, For All We Know.
FOR EVERY MAN THERE'S A WOMAN

Lyric by Leo Robin
Music by Harold Arlen

Slowly  Fm  Fm/Ab  C7/G  C7  Ab+  Ab  Gm  C7

For Every Man There's A Woman, for every life there's a plan. And

Fm  Bb7  Abm  C7  Db7  C7  Fm  G7 5  C9  Fm

wise men know it was ever so, if you wait you will meet the mate
grown after you alone, happy to be your own.

C7  Fm  1 Db7  C7  2 Db7  C7  Ab  Adim7

Where is she, where is the woman for me? For woman for me? Find the one,

Bbm7  Eb7  Ab  Bb7  Db9  C9  Fm  Fm/Ab

find the one, then together you will find the sun. For every heart there's a

C7/G  C7  Fm  Fm/Ab  Bb/D  Db7  Fm/C  G7 5  C9  Fm

moment, for every hand a glove and for every woman a man to love.

C7  Fm  G7 5  C9  Fm  C9  Fm

Where is she? Where is the one for me?

FOUR

By Miles Davis

Medium Swing  EbM7  Bbm7  Eb 7  AbM7

Abm7  Db7  EbM7  Gbm7  Cb 7  Fm 7  Bb 7

1 EbM7  Gbm7  B7  Fm7  Bb 7  2 Gbm7  Gbm7  Cb 7  Fm7  Bb 7  EbM7
FOR SENTIMENTAL REASONS

Words by Deek Watson
Music by William Best

I love you — For Sentimental Reasons, I hope you do believe me, I'll give you my heart.

I love you — and you alone were meant for me, please give your loving heart to me.

and say we'll never part — I think of you every morning dream of you every night.

Darling, I'm never lonely when ever you're in sight. I love you — For Sentimental Reasons.

I hope you do believe me — I've given you my heart — I heart.

FOR YOU, FOR ME, FOR EVERMORE

Words by Ira Gershwin
Music by George Gershwin

For You, For Me, For Evermore, it's bound to be for evermore. It's plain to see, we found by finding each other, the love we waited for. I'm yours, you're mine, and in our hearts the happy ending starts. What a lovely world this world will be with a world of love in store For You, For Me, For Evermore! For more!
FRANKIE AND JOHNNY

Moderate Blues

C G7\{5 C G7\{5 C G7\{5 C C7 C F C7\{5

Frankie and Johnny were sweethearts. Oh! What a couple in love. Frankie was loyal to

F F\{5dim7 C/G A7 D7 A7\{55 G7 C Eb9 Dm7 G7

Johnny, just as true as stars above. He was her man, but he done her wrong.

C G7\{5 C G7\{5 C G7\{5 C C7 C F C7\{5

This is the end of my story, and this is the end of my song. Frankie is down in the

F F\{5dim7 C/G A7 D7 A7\{55 G7 G7\{5 C

jailhouse and she cries the whole night long. "He was my man, but he done me wrong."

FRIED BANANAS

Moderately bright

Eb Gm\{55 C7 Fm7 Am\{55 D7 Gm7

Fm7 Bb7 Gm7 C7 Fm7 Am\{55 D7 Eb Gm7

Dm7 G7 Cm7 F7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb

Gm\{55 C7 Fm7 Am\{55 D7 Gm7 Fm7 Bb7 Gm7

C7 Fm7 Am\{55 D7 Gm7

Gm\{55 C7 Fm7 Bb M7 Eb
FROSTY THE SNOW MAN

Words and Music by Steve Nelson and Jack Rollins

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Moderately

C E7 C7 F F#dim7 C/G F C/G F#dim7

Frosty, The Snow Man was a jolly, happy soul, with a corn cob pipe and a
but tan nose and two eyes made out of coal. Frosty the snow man is a
cobblestone with a hot day, so he said, "Let's run and we'll
have some fun now before I melt away." Down to the village, with a
fairly tail they say, he was made of snow but the children know how he came to life one
corn cob stick in his hand, running there and there all around the square, sayin', "Catch me if you
day. There must have been some magic in that old silk hat they found. For when they placed it
and the children say he could laugh and play just the same as you and
live as he could, and he waved goodbye sayin', "Don't you cry. I'll be back again some
me day." Thump - e - ty thump thump thump - e - ty thump thump look at Frosty go.

Thump - e - ty thump thump thump - e - ty thump thump over the hills of snow.
FROM THIS MOMENT ON

Words and Music by Cole Porter

Fast Tempo
Fm   Dm7b5   Gm7   C7   Bbm6   Fm   Em7   Ab7   DbM7

From This Moment On,
From this happy day__you__for__me__dear, only__two__for
Gs9   Ab   F7   Fm   C7   Gm7   C7   BbM7   Eb7   Ab7

tea, dear, From This Moment On.___From this Moment On.___For you've
Ds   Gs9   Ab   Eb7/Gb F7   Eb7/Bb

got the love—I need so much__got the skin—I love to touch—Got the arms__
B7   Eb7   Ebdim7   Bb7   C7#9   Fm

to hold me tight__got the sweet lips—to kiss me good-night—From This
Dm7b5   Gm7   C7   Bbm6   Fm   Bbm7   Ab7   Db   Dm7   Gs9

Moment On, you and I, babe we'll be__riding__high, babe.
Ab   BbM7   Cm7   F7   Bb7   Bbm7/Eb   Eb7   Ab

Every care is gone__From This Moment On.___From This Moment On.___

GEE BABY, AIN'T I GOOD TO YOU

Lyrics by Don Redman & Andy Razaf
Music by Don Redman

Slow Blues Beat
C7   Ab 7   G7   C9   C7#9

Love makes me treat you the way that I do,
F7b9   F7b5   Bb9   E6   G7   C7   Ab7

Gee Baby, Ain't I Good To You! There's nothin' too good for a
I need your love so badly, I love you, oh, so madly, but what's the good of scheming, I know I must be dreaming, for I Don't Stand A

Ghost Of A Chance With You! I You! If you'd surrender

just for a tender kiss or two, you might discover that I'm the lover meant for you, and I'd be true. But

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Words by Bing Crosby and Ned Washington
Music by Victor Young

(I Don't Stand) A GHOST OF A CHANCE (With You)
GETTING TO KNOW YOU
From ("THE KING AND I")

Words by Oscar Hammerstein II
Music by Richard Rodgers

Moderately

C CM7 C6 Dm7 G7 G7

Getting To Know You, getting to know all about you.

Dm7 G7 CM7 Am7 Dm9 G7 C CM7 C6 C7 FM7 F6

Getting to hope you like me.

FM7 Am7 D7 Dm7 G7 C CM7

you are precisely my cup of tea!

C6 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 C7

Getting to feel free and easy when I am with you.

FM7 F6 Dm7 G7 CM7 C7 F CM9 A7

Have n't you noticed? Suddenly I'm bright and breezy,

Dm7 G7 C6 Am7 D7 Dm7 G7 C6

because of all the beautiful and new things I'm learning about you day by day.

GET OUT OF TOWN

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Words and Music by Cole Porter

Slowly

Gm Gm6

Get Out Of Town, be - fore it's too late, my love,

Gm Gm/F Gm6/E

Get Out Of Town, be good to me, please. Why wish me harm?
Why not retire to a farm
And be content to charm
the birds off the trees?
Just disappear, I care for you
much too much,
and when you are near, close to me dear,
We touch too much.
The thrill when we meet is so bitter-sweet that darling, it's getting me down.
So on your mark, get set, Get Out Of Town.

GOD BLESS' THE CHILD

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Words and Music by Arthur Herzog Jr. and Billie Holiday

Slowly, with feeling

Them that's got shall get, them that's not shall lose, so the Bible said, and it still is news; Mama may have,

Papa may have, but God Bless' the child that's got his own! That's got his own.

Yes, the Money, you got lots o' friends, crowd-in' round the door, when you're gone and spend-in' ends, they don't come no more. Rich relations give, crust of bread, and such, you can help your-self, but don't take too much! Mama may have, Papa may have, but

God Bless' The Child that's got his own! that's got his own.
THE GIRL FROM IPANEMA (Garota De Ipanema)

Moderate Bossa Nova

FM7

G7

Tall and tan and young — and lovely, The Girl From Ipanema goes walking, and when

When she walks she's like a samba that swings so cool and sways so gently, that when

Gm7

Gb7

FM7

Gb7s 5

FM7

— she passes each one — she passes goes "ah!"
— she passes each one — she passes goes "ah!"

Ob, but I watch her so sadly. How

— can I tell her I love her? — Yes, I would give my heart

gladly, but each day when she walks to the sea, she looks straight ahead not at

C7b9s 5

FM7

Gm7

G7

me.

Tall and tan and young — and lovely, The Girl From Ipanema goes walking, and when she passes I smile, but she doesn't see.

Gm7

Gb7s 5

FM7

G7

She just doesn't see.

No, she doesn't see.
THE GLORY OF LOVE

Medium Beat

G               D7               G               G7               C

You've got to give a little, take a little and let your poor heart break a little;

G               Em7               Am7               D7               G               Em7               Am7               D7               G

that's the story of, that's The Glory Of Love. You've got to laugh a little,

D7

G               G7               C

cry a little before the clouds roll by a little; that's the story of,

Am7               D7               G               C               Cm               G               G7               C

that's The Glory Of Love. As long as there's the two of us, we've got the world and all its charms. And when the world is

G               Gdim7               G               Dm7               G7               Cm

through with us we've got each other's arms. You've got to win a little,

D7

G               G7               C

lose a little and always have the blues a little; that's the story of,

Am7               D7               G               Gdim7               Am7               D9

that's The Glory Of Love. You've got to love.
THE GLOW WORM

Medium Jump

C           G7           C

Glow, lit-tle glow-worm, fly of fire,... Glow... like an in-can-des-cent wire.

Glow, lit-tle glow-worm, glow and glim-mer, Swim thru the sea of night, lit-tle swim-mer;

Swim thru the sea of night, lit-tle swim-mer;

You are equipped with tail light see-on;

You are equipped with tail light see-on;

Glow for the fe-male of the spe-cie, turn on the A C and the D C;

Thou ser-o-nau-tie-al boil weevil, il-lu-mi-nate you woods pri-me-val;

Thou ser-o-nau-tie-al boil weevil, il-lu-mi-nate you woods pri-me-val;

You got a cute vest pocket Man-da which you can make both slow or "Faz-da;"

You got a cute vest pocket Man-da which you can make both slow or "Faz-da;"

Lead us, lest too far we wan-der, love's sweet voice is call-ing younder!

Lead us, lest too far we wan-der, love's sweet voice is call-ing younder!

This night could use a lit-tle bright-nin', light up you I'll of bug of light-nin',

See how the sha-dows deep and dark-en, you and your chick should get to spar-kin',

See how the sha-dows deep and dark-en, you and your chick should get to spar-kin',

I don't know who you took a shine to, or who you're out to make a sign to,

I don't know who you took a shine to, or who you're out to make a sign to,

Shine, lit-tle glow-worm, glim-mer, (glim-mer) shine, lit-tle glow-worm, glim-mer. (glim-mer)

Shine, lit-tle glow-worm, glim-mer, (glim-mer) shine, lit-tle glow-worm, glim-mer. (glim-mer)

When you got ta glow, you got ta glow, glow, lit-tle glow-worm, glow.

I got a gal that I love so, glow, lit-tle glow-worm, glow.

I got a gal that I love so, glow, lit-tle glow-worm, glow.

I got a gal that I love so, glow, lit-tle glow-worm, glow.

Light the path, be-low, a bove, and

Light the path, be-low, a bove, and

Glow, lit-tle glow-worm, Put on a show worm, Glow lit-tle

Glow, lit-tle glow-worm, Put on a show worm, Glow lit-tle

Glow, lit-tle glow-worm, Put on a show worm, Glow lit-tle

Glow, lit-tle glow-worm, Put on a show worm, Glow lit-tle

GOIN' OUT OF MY HEAD

Moderately slow rock

Cm7            CM7            Cm7            CM7 C7#5            FM7

Well I think I'm Go-ing Out Of My Head, yes I think I'm Go-ing Out Of My Head o-ver you.

Fm7            Eb9            EbM7            Gm7            Em7            Gm7

I want you to want me, I need you so bad-ly, I

I want you to want me, I need you so bad-ly, I

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GONE WITH THE WIND

Words and Music by Herb Magidson and Allie Wrubel

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Moderately

Gone With The Wind, just like a leaf that has blown away Gone With The Wind.

My romance has flown away. Yesterday's kisses are still on my lips,

I had a lifetime of Heaven at my finger tips, but now all is gone.

Gone is the rapture that thrilled my heart, Gone With The Wind. The gladness that

filled my heart, just like a flame, love burned brightly then became an empty smoke dream that has

gone, Gone With The Wind.

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Moderately

Gone With The Wind, just like a leaf that has blown away Gone With The Wind.

My romance has flown away. Yesterday's kisses are still on my lips,

I had a lifetime of Heaven at my finger tips, but now all is gone.

Gone is the rapture that thrilled my heart, Gone With The Wind. The gladness that

filled my heart, just like a flame, love burned brightly then became an empty smoke dream that has

gone, Gone With The Wind.
GOOD BAIT

By Tadd Dameron & Count Basie

THE GOOD LIFE

Words by Jack Reardon
Music by Sacha Distel
Moderately

A Good Man Is Hard To Find; you always get the other kind. Just when you think that he is your pal, you look for him and find him fooling 'round some other gal. Then you raw; you even crave to see him laying in his grave. So, if your man is nice, take my advice and hug him in the morning, Kiss him every night Give him plenty lovin',

treat him right. For a good man, nowadays, is hard to find.

GOODBYE PORK PIE HAT

By Charles Mingus

Slow Ballad

F7#9 Dm7 B7#5 Bm7 Eb7 F7 Dm7 Eb7 Dm7

B7 Bb7 C7 Eb7 F7#9 Dm7 Gm7 B7

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GREENSLEEVES

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Slowly

Em D D#dim

1. Em F#7 B

A - las, my love, you do me wrong, to cast me off discourteously. And

2. Em B7 Em Am Em G

lighting in your company.

Green - sleeves was all my joy.

Green - sleeves was my heart of gold, and

1. Em F#7 B

Green - sleeves was my de - light, who but my la - dy Green - sleeves.

GROOVIN' HIGH

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Moderately Fast

Gm D7#5 Gm7 C9 F7

Fm7 Bb9 Em7 Gm7 Fm7 Fm7 E7

Gm D7#5 Gm7 C9 F7

Fm7 Bb9 Fm D7 Bb7#9 Gm7 Fm7 Fm7 E7

Music by John "Dizzy" Gillespie
Guess Who I Saw Today, my dear! I went in town to shop around for something new and thought I'd stop and have a bite when I was through. I looked around for some place near, and it occurred to me where I had parked the car. I'd seen a most attractive French cafe and bar.

It really wasn't very far. The waiter showed me to a dark, shaded corner, and when my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, I saw two people at the bar who were so much in love that even I could spot it clear across the room. Guess Who I Saw Today, my dear! I've never been so shocked before; I headed blindly for the door, they didn't see me passing through. Guess Who I Saw Today! I saw you!
THE GYPSY

Words and Music by Billy Reed

Moderately Slow

CM7

In a quaint caravan there's a lady they call the Gypsy. She can look in the future, and drive away all your fears. Everything will come right if you only believe. The Gypsy.

Dm7 G7 G7#5 C C6

She could tell at a glance that my heart was so full of tears. She looked at my hand and told me, my lover was always true, and yet in my heart I knew dear, somebody else was kissing you. But I'll go there again 'cause I want to believe. The Gypsy, that my lover is true and will come back to me some day.

HALF NELSON

By Miles Davis

Medium Swing

C

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HALLELUJAH I LOVE HIM (HER) SO

Words and Music by Ray Charles

Moderately

F F/A Bb Bdim7 C7 F F/A Bb Bdim7 C7

Let me tell you 'bout a boy I know.
He is my baby and he lives next door.

F

Ev'ry morning 'fore the sun comes up,
he brings my coffee in my favorite cup.
That's why I know, yes, I know.

F A7 Dm Eb7 G7 C7sus F

Now if I call him on the telephone,
and tell him that I'm all alone,
by the time I count from one to four,
I hear him on my door.

F F/A Bb Bdim7 C7 F F/A (her) Bb Bdim7 C7

In the evening when the sun goes down,
when there is nobody else around,
he kisses me and he holds me tight.
He tells me "Bye by ev'ry thing's all right." That's why I know, yes, I know.

F A7 Dm Eb7 G7 C7sus F Bb7 F

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(Rightsong Music, Publisher)

Words and Music by Ray Charles
HAROLD'S HOUSE OF JAZZ

By Richie Cole and David Lahm

Fast Swing

[Music notation]

Listen to that be-bop music, groovin' me out,
Rhythm section bum-pin', smokin' up on the stand,

Movin' me out ev'ry night
dig on the band
do their thing,
you know their thing is swingin'.

Fm7 C7

You're in Harold's House of Jazz.
They're gonna be rompin', they're gonna be stompin' tonight.

Real jazz is for the folks who feel jazz,
real jazz is what the band is doin'.

And now if you think you hear 'em playin' a Charlie Parker tune,
I'm almost certain that you wouldn't be wrong,
folks, 'cause 'Donna Lee' is Harold's favorite song, folks.
If you want to take me where the music is hot,
who do ya got? Pull my coat and I'll make a note to be there.

We'll stick around and dig the sound until it gives us ev'rything that it has.

quarter to four, then after hours we'll bang on the door down in Harold's House of Jazz.

Additional Lyrics

Meet me down on N Street, they are wrappin' it tight, every night.
Come along if you want to hear some beebop.
The band is close enough to touch 'em at your table, people, what a rapport!
Walk down the stairs and open the door, and baby you're in Harold's House of Jazz.

We've got jazz in D.C., baby, where you been at? Listen to that!
Stick around, 'cause you've gone and found some beebop.
I see a table over there, so let's sit down, relax and order a bite.
We're gonna be rompin', we're gonna be stompin' tonight.

Real jazz is for the folks who feel jazz; real jazz is what the band is doin'.
You tell me you think you hear 'em playin' a Charlie Parker tune,
I know what you mean, in fact I thought the same, folks,
but I'll be damned if I can think of the name, folks.

Let's go tell the boss he's got a hell of a place, buy him a taste,
And I hope that he's open after hours.
I know he's gonna understand that we appreciate the music he has,
bebop and swing, the service is boss, say would you believe you find it in Washington, Harold's House of Jazz.
HAPPY TALK
(From ‘SOUTH PACIFIC’)
Words by Oscar Hammerstein II
Music by Richard Rodgers

Brightly
Fm7 F7b5 Bb G7 C7sus Gm7 C7 F

Happy Talk, keep talkin’ Happy Talk,
Talk about things you’d like to do.

F7 Bbm7 Eb9 F D7b9 D7 Dm7 G9
You gotta have a dream, if you don’t have a dream how you gonna

Gm9 C7 1FM9 To Trio 2FM9 Fine TRIO FM7
have a dream come true? true?
Talk about a moon

C7 F Dm7 Gm7 C7 F
floatin’ in de sky, lookin’ like a B ly on a lake.
Talk about a

Gm7 C Bb/D D7b9 C/E D.C. at Fine
bird learnin’ how to fly, Makin’, all de music he can make.

HAVE YOU MET MISS JONES?
Words by Lorenz Hart
Music by Richard Rodgers

Medium Swing
F Fdim7 Gm7 C7 Am7 Dm7 Gm7

“Have You Met Miss Jones?” Some one said as we shook hands. She was just Miss Jones to me.

C7 F Fdim7 Gm7 C7 Am7 Dm7
Then I said ‘Miss Jones, You’re a girl who understands, I’m a man who must be

Cm7 F7 Bb A7sus D7 Gm7 Em7 A7
free.” And all at once I lost my breath, and all at once was scared to death, and all at

Dm7 A7sus D7 Gm7 Gm7 C7 F Fdim7 Gm7
once I owned the earth and sky!

C7 Bb7 Am7 D7b9 Gm7 C7 1F Dm7 Gm7 C7 2F
Now I’ve met Miss Jones, and we’ll keep on

meeting till we die, Miss Jones and I.
HARLEM NOCTURNE

Words by Dick Rogers
Music by Earle Hagen

Slowly

Gm6

Cm6

Deep music fills the night, deep in the heart of Harlem. And tho' the stars are bright, that melancholy strain

the darkness is taunting me, oh! what a sad refrain, The

melody clings around my heartstrings. It won't let me go when I'm lonely, I

hear it in dreams, and somehow it seems it makes me weep, and I can't sleep. An

melody sighs, it laughs and it cries, a moan in blue that

waits the long night thru. Tho' with the dawn it's gone, the melody lives ever

for lonely hearts to learn of love in a Harlem Nocturne.

HAUNTED HEART

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Words by Howard Dietz
Music by John Green

Slowly with expression

Eb6

B7b9 Eb6 Gdim7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb6 Edim7 Fm7 B7 Fm7 B7

In the night though we're apart there's a ghost of you within my Haunted Heart.

ghost of you my last romance. Lips that laugh, eyes that dance, Haunted Heart.

won't let me be. Dreams repeat a sweet but lonely song to me. Dreams are dust.
HELLO, DOLLY!

Music and Lyric by Jerry Herman

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Hello, Dolly, well, hello Dolly. It's so nice to have you back where you belong.

You're looking swell, Dolly, we can tell, Dolly, you're still glowin', you're still crowin', you're still goin' strong. We feel the room swayin', for the band's playin' one of your old favorites.

Dolly'll never go away again! Hello away, Dolly'll never go away, Dolly'll never go away again!
HELLO, YOUNG LOVERS
From ("THE KING AND I")

Moderately

Hello Young Lovers, whoever you are, I hope your troubles are few—All my good wishes go brave young lovers and follow your star, be brave and faithful and true—Cling very close to each

Eb M7 G7 Dm7 G7 sus G7 [1] C Dm7 G7 [2] C7 F Gm7 Am7

with you tonight. I've been in love like you. Be you. I know how it feels to have wings on your

Gm7 FM9 Gm7 FM7 F6 Bm7 E7 Am9 D7

heels, and to fly down a street in a trance. You fly down a street on a chance that you'll meet and you

Dm7 A7#5 Dm7 G7 CM9 Dm7 Em7 Dm7 CM7 A7 b9

meet not really by chance. Don't cry young lovers, whatever you do, don't cry because I'm a-

Dm7 G7 Dm7 b5 G7 Eb M7 G7 Dm7 G7 Gm C7 F

lone. All of my memories are happy tonight, I've had a love of my own. I've had a

Fd E7 A7 Dm7 A9 G7 b9 C

love of my own like yours, I've had a love of my own.

HIGH FLY

By Randy Weston

Medium swing

Dm7 G7 CM7 F7 Em7 A7 Cm7 F7

Cm7 F7 [1] Bb13 Bb13 [2] Dm7 b5 G7 b9 Cm7 b5 F7 b9 Dm7

G7 b9 Cm7 b5 F7 b9 Em7 A7 Eb M7 A7 Dm7 G7

CM7 F7 Em7 A7 Cm7 F7 Bb13 Dm7 Repeat for solos Bb13
HERE'S THAT RAINY DAY

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Words by Johnny Burke
Music by James Van Heusen

May be I should have saved those left-over dreams; funny, but Here's That Rainy Day.

Here's That Rainy Day they told me about, and I laughed at the thought that it might turn out this way. Where is that worn out wish that I threw aside, After it brought my lover near? Funny how love becomes a cold rainy day. Funny that rainy day is here.

HIGH SOCIETY

By Porter Steele and Walter Melrose

We're gonna be in High Society. We'll strut on down to the finest part of town, I don't have rings and all those fancy things, but as long as you love me I'm in High Society! While you go get your hat, I'll put powder on my nose. While I let in the cat, there's some windows you can close. The bed can stay that way; put the dishes in the sink. Leave the ashes in the tray, I'll be ready in a wink. We're ty!
HONEYSUCKLE ROSE

Words by Andy Razaf
Music by Thomas ("Fats") Waller

Moderately

HOO Ray FOR LOVE

Lyric by Leo Robin
Music by Harold Arlen
How High the Moon
(From "TWO FOR THE SHOW")

Words by Nancy Hamilton
Music by Morgan Lewis

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Moderately

GM7

GM7

C7

FM7

Gm7

Fm7

Am7b5

D7

Gm7

Am7b5

D7

GM9

Some-where there's mu-sic, how faint the tune! Some-where there's heav-en, how High The Moon!

There is no moon a-bove when love is far,a-way too, 'till it comes true.

that you love me as I love you. Some-where there's mu-sic, it's where you are. Some-where there's heav-en, how near, how far!

The dark-est night would shine if you would come to me soon.

Un-till you will, how still my heart, How High The Moon! Some-where there's Moon!
HOW INSENSITIVE

Original Words by Vinicius de Moraes
English Words by Norman Gimbel
Music by Antonio Carlos Jobim

Moderately

Dm7    Ddim7   Cm6    G7

How insensitive I must have seemed when she told me that she loved me.

Now she's gone away and I'm alone with the memory of her last look.

Vague I must have seemed when she told me so sincerely.

Dm7    D#7    Cm7    Bdim7    Bbm7

I've tried and I've tried and I've tried and I've tried.

What was I to say? What can you say?

What was I to do? What can one do?

Gm6

A7    Dm7    Em7  A7  Dm7

when a love affair is over?

when a love affair is over?

I CAN'T GET STARTED

Words by Ira Gershwin
Music by Vernon Duke

Slowly

CM7    Am7    Dm9    G7    Bm7    E7    Bbm9    Bb9#11    Am9    D9    G9    N.C.

I've flown around the world in a plane; I've settled revolutions in Spain, the North Pole
hundred yards in ten flat; the Prince of Wales has copied my hat, with queens I've

CM7    Am7    Dm9    G7#9    G7/F    E7    A9    D9    G7    N.C.    CM7    Am7

I've charted, but can't get started with you. A round a golf course I'm under
a-la carted, but can't get started with you. The leading tailors follow my

Dm9    G7    Bm7    E7    Eb9#11    D9    G9    G7    Cm7    Am7    Dm9    G7#9

par... and all the movies want me to star; I've got a house, a show place, but I get no place with
style... and tooth-paste ads all feature my smiles; the Astor blits I visit, but say, what is it with
I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE

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Words by Dorothy Fields
Music by Jimmy McHugh

Dreamily

I can't give you anything but love Ba-by; that's the only thing I've plenty of,

Baby, dream a while, scheme a while we're sure to find happiness and, I guess,

all those things you've always pined for. Gee, I'd like to see you looking swell, Ba-by;

Diamonds bracelet, Woolworth doesn't sell, Ba-by. Till that lucky day, you know damned well, Ba-by I can't give you anything but love.
I CONCENTRATE ON YOU

Words and Music by Cole Porter

When-ever skies look grey to me and trouble begins to brew,

When-ever the win-ter-winds be-come too strong, I Con-cent-rate On You.

When for-tune cries "nay, nay!" to me and peo-ple de-clare "You're through,"

When-ever the blues be-come my on-ly song, I Con-cent-rate On You.

smile so sweet, so ten-der, when at first my kiss de-cline.

On your eyes, when you sur-ren-der and once a-gain our arms in-ter-twine.

wise-men say to me that love's young dream nev-er comes true.

To prove that even wise-men can be wrong, I Con-cent-rate On You.

con-cent-rate, and con-cent-rate on you.
I COULD HAVE DANCED ALL NIGHT
From "MY FAIR LADY"
Words by Alan Jay Lerner
Music by Frederick Loewe

Moderately

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I Could Have Danced All Night

<table>
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<th>Dm7</th>
<th>G7</th>
<th>Dm</th>
<th>Dm/G</th>
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I could have spread my wings and done a thousand things I've never done before. I'll never know what made it so exciting.

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<th>Am7</th>
<th>D79</th>
<th>G9</th>
<th>F</th>
<th>C/E</th>
<th>Dm7</th>
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why all at once my heart took flight. I only know when he began to dance with me. I could have danced, danced, danced all night.

---

I COULD WRITE A BOOK
(From "PAL JOEY")

Words by Lorenz Hart
Music by Richard Rodgers

Moderately Slow

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<tr>
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<th>Am9</th>
<th>Dm7</th>
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<th>Cm7dim7</th>
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If they asked me I could write a book about the way you walk and whisper and look, I could write a preface on how we met, so the world would never forget, and the simple secret of the plot is just to tell them that I love you a lot, then the world discovers as

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<th>Gm7</th>
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<th>Fm7</th>
<th>B7</th>
<th>C</th>
<th>A7</th>
<th>Dm7</th>
<th>G7</th>
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my book ends, how to make two lovers of friends. If they friends.
I COVER THE WATERFRONT

Words by Edward Heyman
Music by John Green

Moderately

Em7  A7  Am7  D7  G  Am7  Bm7  Bdim7  Am7

I Cover The Waterfront, I'm watching the sea, will the one I love be coming back to me?
D7  G  F#7  F7  E7  Em7  A7  Am7  D7  G  Am7  Bm7  Bdim7

Am7  D7  G  C7  G6  Em7  Am7  D7  Bm7  Em7

covered by a starless sky above. Here am I patiently waiting.

Am7  D7  G  Bm7  E7  A  F7m7  Bm7  E7

hoping and longing, oh! how I yearn! Where are you? Are you forgetting? Do you remember?

Am7  Am7/G  F7m7  B7  Em7  A7  Am7  D7  G  Am7  Bm7  Bdim7

Will you return? I Cover The Waterfront, I'm watching the sea, for the

Am7  D7  G  A6m7  G

one I love must soon come back to me.

I CRIED FOR YOU

Words and Music by Arthur Freed, Gus Arnheim and Abe Lyman

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Moderately

FM7  Am7  D7  G7  Em7  G7  Gm7  C7  Gm7  C7  F6  C7#5  F6

I cried for you now it's your turn to cry over me.

FM7  Am7  D7  Gm7  C7  G#dim7  C7/G  C7  FM7  Am7  D7

Ev'ry road has a turning, that's one thing you're learning. I cried for
I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TIME IT WAS

Moderately slow

Words by Lorenz Hart
Music by Richard Rodgers

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Moderately slow

F#m7 B7 Em7 A7 F#m7 B7 Em7 A7 Am

I didn't know what time it was, then I met you. Oh, what a lovely time it was,

CM7 Bm7 Am D7 F#m7 B7 Em7 A7 F#m7 B7 Em7 A7 Am

how sublime it was, too! I didn't know what day it was. You held my hand, warm like the

Em7 Em7/D CM7 Bm7 Am7 D7 G F#m7 B7 F#m7 B7

month of May it was and I'll say it was grand, Grand to be alive, to be young, to be mad, to be yours a-

Em A7 Am7 D7 GM7 Em7 A7 Am D7 F#m7 B7

lone! Grand to see your face, feel your touch, hear your voice say I'm all your own! I didn't:

Em7 A7 F#m7 B7 Em7 A7 Am Em7 Em7/D CM7 Bm7

know what year it was, life was no prize. I wanted love and here it was shining out of your

Cm7 F7 G/D B7 C6 D7 D7 sus F G Am7 D7 2G F6 F#6 G6/9

eyes. I'm wise and I know what time it is now! now!
I DON'T KNOW WHY
(I Just Do)

Words by Roy Turk
Music by Fred E. Ahlert

Slowly

\[ I \] Don't Know Why — I love you like I do, — I Don't Know Why — I Just Do

I Don't Know Why — you thrill me like you do, — I Don't Know Why, — you just do.

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Moderately

I Don't Want To Set The World On Fire — I just want to start — a flame in your heart.

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I GOT PLENTY O' NUTTIN'
(From "PORGY AND BESS")

Words by Ira Gershwin and DuBose Heyward
Music by George Gershwin

Moderately

G Am7 Bm Am7 G Am7 G B7 E A

Oh, I Got Plenty O' Nuttin', an' nuttin's plenty for me.
I got no car, I got the sun,

E A E A E C4 D G Am7 Bm Am7

I got no mule, I got no mister y, De folks wid plenty o' plenty

G Am7 G B7 E A E A

I got a lock en de door, fraid some body's a goin' to rob 'em while dey's
got to pray all de day, Seems wid plenty you sure got to worry how to

E A E C4 D G Am7 Bm G Bm Em/B

out a mak'in' more, What for? I got no look on de
keep the deball a way, a way, I ain't a frettin' bout

Bm6 Em/B Bm Em/B Bm6 Em/B Bm Em/B Bm6 Em/B

door, (dat's no way to be.) Dey kin steal de rug from de floor, dat's o keh wid
hell 'til de time ar rive. Never worry long as I'm well, never one to

Bm Am7 D Am7 D7 G Am7

me, 'cause de things dat I prize, like de stars in de skies, all are free.

Bm Am7 G Am7 G B7 E A E A

Oh, I Got Plenty O' Nuttin', an' nuttin's plenty for me.
I got a gal, got my song, got

E A E C4 D G Am7 G Bm7 G Am7

heb ben the whole day long. No use complainin'! Got my gal, got my Lawd,

G C G Am7 G C7 D7 G

I got my song.
I LEFT MY HEART IN SAN FRANCISCO

Words by Douglass Cross
Music by George Cory

Slowly

Cm7/F F7 | F7
I Left My Heart In San Francisco, high on a hill, it calls to me.

Cm7 F7 | F7
To be where little cable cars climb half-way to the stars! The morning fog may chill the air I don't care! My love waits there in San Francisco.

Cm7 F7 | F7
a-bove the blue and wind-y sea. When I come home to you San Francisco.

Cm7 F7 | F7
your golden sun will shine for me.

I LOVE LUCY

Lyric by Harold Adamson
Music by Eliot Daniel

Brightly

CM7 | Dm7 G7b9 CM7
I Love Lucy and she loves me, we're as happy as two can be, sometimes we quarrel but then how we love making up again. Lucy kisses like no one can.

CM7 | Am7 D9b5 Ddim7 Em7
she's my missus and I'm her man; and life is heaven you see. 'cause I Love Lucy, yes, I Love Lucy and Lucy loves me.
I LOVE PARIS  

Words and Music by Cole Porter

Chappell & Co., Inc., Publisher

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Moderately

C6

Dm7 b5 G7

I Love Paris in the spring-time,

Dm7 b5 G7 Cm

I Love Paris in the fall,

Dm7 b5 G7 Cm

I Love Paris in the winter when it drizzles,

C6 Dm7 C6/E Dm7 C6 Dm7 C6/E Dm7 C6 Dm7 Em7 E>dim7 G7/D

I Love Paris in the summer when it

Dm7 G7 F F#dim7 C/G A7

sizzles.

Dm7 G7 C

I Love Paris every moment,


G7

Because my love, because my love is near.

I LOVES YOU PORGY

Words by Ira Gershwin and DuBose Heyward
Music by George Gershwin

Moderately

F#M7

Bb M7

C 7/G

F

I want to stay here, but I ain't worry. You is too decent to understand, for when I

Am7 D9 Gm7 C7

Porgy, don't let him take me, don't let him handle me an' drive me mad. If you kin

Am6 Eb9 E9 Am6

see him he hypnotize me, when he take hol' of me with his hot han'.

Ab F#5 G7 b5

I wants to stay here wid you for ev - er, an' I'd be glad.

Some-day, I know he's comin' back to call me, he's goin' to handle me an' hol' me so.

Cm6 F#9 G9 Gm6 Db Fm6 C7 b9

It's goin' to be like dy - in', Porgy, deep in side me. But when he calls, I know I have to go. I Loves You
I REMEMBER DUKE

By Leonard Feather
I REMEMBER WHEN
(SI TU VOIS ME MERE)

By Sidney Bechet

I SEE YOUR FACE BEFORE ME

Words by Howard Dietz
Music by Arthur Schwartz

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I SHOULD CARE

By Sammy Cahn, Alex Stordahl and Paul Weston

Tenderly

Dm7 G9 Em7 A7 Dm7 F/G G9 CM9 Em7x5 A7 Dm7

I Should Care, I should go a-round weeping; I Should Care, I should go without

Fm7 Bb7 Am Bm7 E7 Gm7 Gm7/C FM7 Em7x5 E7x9 Am7

sleeping. Strange-ly e-nough I sleep well 'cept for a dream or two, but, then, I count my sheep well.

D7 sus Dm7 G7 Fm7x5 B7x5 Em7 A7 Dm7 F/G CM9

Fun-ny how sheep can lull you to sleep. So, I Should Care, I should let it up-set me.

Em7x5 A7 Dm7 Fm7 Bb7 Am Bm7x5 E7x9 Am Am7 Am7

I Should Care, but it just doesn't get me. May-be I won't find some-one as love-ly as

D13 Em9 Dm7 G7 F/C FM7 Em7 A7 F/C Bb9 Fm7 C6

you, but, I Should Care and I do. de. de.

I'LL ALWAYS BE IN LOVE WITH YOU

By Bud Green, Herman Ruby and Sam H. Stept

Moderately

C C7 C7b5 F6 Fm6 G7 G7b5 C Gdim7 G7/D G7b5 C

Sweet heart if you should stray a mil-lion miles a-way I'll Al-ways Be In Love With You. And tho' you find more

C7 C7b5 F6 Fm6 G7 G7b5 C C7 Fm C

bliss in some-one el-se's kiss, I'll Al-ways Be In Love With You. I can't do a-ny more, I've tried so hard to

C9 Fm C A7 D7 G7b5 C C7 C7b5 F C Fm6

please, but let me thank you for such ten-der mem-o ries. I wish you hap-pi-ness; as for me, sweet-heart, I guess I'll

G7 G7b5 F/C Dm7 G7b5 F/C

Al-ways Be In Love With You. Sweet - You. 
I WILL WAIT FOR YOU

Moderately

Em7♭5 A7 Dm
D7 Gm7 D7 Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7 F

If it takes for- ever I Will Wait For You, for a thou-sand sum-mers I Will Wait For where you wan-der, an-y where you go, ev-ry day re-mem-ber how I love you takes for- ever I Will Wait For You, for a thou-sand sum-mers I Will Wait For

If it takes for- ever I Will Wait For You, for a thou-sand sum-mers I Will Wait For

You, 'till you're back be-side me, 'till I'm hold-ing you, 'till I hear you sigh here in my so, in your heart be-lieve what in my heart I knew, that for-ev-er more I'll wait for You, 'till you're back be-side me, 'till I'm touch-ing you, and for-ev-er more shar-ing your

You, 'till you're back be-side me, 'till I'm hold-ing you, 'till I hear you sigh here in my

arms. An-y-you. The love.

I WISH YOU LOVE

Moderately

Fm7 B♭9
B♭7 Es♭7 Fm7 Gm7 G♭dim7 Fm7

I wish you blue-birds... in the spring to give your heart a song to sing; and then a kiss, but more than

B♭7 Es♭7 Fm7 Gm7♭5 C7♭9 Fm7 B♭9 Es♭7 Fm7

this I Wish You Love. And in Ju-ly a lem-on-a-de to cool you in some leaf-y

Gm7 G♭dim7 Fm7 B♭7 Eb7

glade; I wish you health and more than wealth, I Wish You Love. My break-ing heart and I a-

English Lyric by Albert A. Beach

I WISH YOU LOVE

French Lyric and Music by Charles Trenet

English Words by Norman Gimbel
Music by Michel Legrand
I'LL BE AROUND

Words and Music by Alec Wilder

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Slowly, with expression

I'll Be Around no matter how you treat me now, I'll Be Around from now on.

Your latest love can never last, and when it's past I'll Be Around.

now and then drop a line to say you're feeling fine. And when things go wrong, perhaps you'll see you're meant for me, so, I'll Be Around when

1. C Bbm9 Eb9 Ab M9 Ab6 G7

2. C Dm7 Fm C Dm7/G C
I WON'T DANCE

Words by Oscar Hammerstein & Otto Harbach
Screen Version by Dorothy Fields & Jimmy McHugh
Music by Jerome Kern

Moderately

CM9 | Eb7 | Dm7 | G7 | CM7 | C#dim7 | Dm7 | G7

(He) I Won't Dance! Don't ask me; you know what? You're lovely (She) and so what? I'm lovely!
I Won't Dance! Why should I? I Won't Dance! How could I?

Bb13 | A7 | Dm7 | G7 | C | CM7 | C7 | FM7

I Won't Dance, ma-dame, with you. My heart won't let my feet do things they should do.
I Won't Dance! Mer-ci beau-coup! I know that mu-sic leads the way to romance.

FM7 | Fm | G7b9 | C | Dm7 | G7 | A#M7

ab-so-lute-ly stumped on the floor! (She) When you dance you're absolutely-

Ab7 | D#M7

charming and you're gen-tle 'spec-ta-lly when you do the "Con-ti-

D#7 | B | C9

men-tal." (He) But this feeling isn't purely mental; for heaven rest us, I'm not as-

E7 | Am7 | Dm9 | G7 | D.S. at Coda

bes-to-tos. And that's why

CODA | C6 | C7 | FM7 | Dm7 | G7 | CM7 | E5 | A#M7 | D#M9 | C6

so if I hold you in my arms I Won't Dance.
I'LL BE SEEING YOU
Words and Music by Irving Kahal and Sammy Fain

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Moderately

I'll Be Seeing You in all the old familiar places that this heart of mine embraces all day through.

Moderately

I'LL GET BY
(As Long As I Have You)

Words by Roy Turk
Music by Fred E. Ahlert

Mark Music, Inc., Scarsdale, NY.
I'LL NEVER SMILE AGAIN

Words and Music by Ruth Lowe

Moderately

I'll Never Smile Again, un-till I smile at you, I'll never laugh again, what good would it do? For tears would fill my eyes my heart would re-a-lize that our romance is through.

I'll never love again, I'm so in love with you. I'll never thrill again, to some-body new. With-in my heart I know I will never start to smile a-again, un-till I smile at you I'll never you.

I'LL REMEMBER APRIL

Words and Music by Don Raye, Gene De Paul and Pat Johnson

Moderately

This love-ly day will lengl-then in-to evening, we'll sigh-good-bye to all we've ev-er had, A-

be con-tent--- you loved me once in A-pril, your lips were warm and love and Spring were new. But I'm not a -
I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THE LIGHT

Words and Music by Harry James, Duke Ellington, Johnny Hodges and Don George

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Music, Publisher)

Medium Bounce

G6 C9 G6 Cm7 F7 Bbm7 Eb7
I never cared much for moon-lit skies, I never wink back at fire flies, but
G6 C9 Bbm7 E7 A9 Am7 D7 G Am7 D7
now that the stars are in your eyes, I'm Beginning To See The Light.
G6 C9 G6 Cm7 F7 Bbm7 Eb7
never went in for afterglow, or candle light on the mistletoe, but
G6 C9 Bbm7 E7 A9 Am7 D7 G
now when you turn the lamp down low, I'm Beginning To See The Light.
B9 Bb9 A9
Used to ramble thru the park, shadow-boxing in the dark, Then you came and
Bbm7 Eb7 Am7 D7 G6 C9
caused a spark, that's a four-alarm fire now, I never made love by
Bbm7 Em7 Cm7 F7 Bbm7 Eb7 Am7+5 D7b9 C9
lantern shine, I never saw rainbows in my wine, but now that your lips are
Bbm7 Eb7+9 A9 Am7 D7 G Am7 D7
burning mine, I'm Beginning To See The Light.
I'LL TAKE ROMANCE

Words by Oscar Hammerstein II
Music by Ben Oakland

Moderate Waltz

I'll take romance, while my heart is young and eager to fly,
I'll give my heart a try,
I'll take romance, while my arms are strong and eager for you,
I'll give my arms their cue,

I'll take romance,
I'll take romance,
I'll give my heart a try,
I'll give my arms their cue,

I'll walk alone, because, to tell you the truth,
I'll be lonely,
I'll walk alone, they'll ask me why and I'll tell them I'd rather,

I don't mind being lonely when my heart tells me you are lonely
there are dreams I must gather dreams we fashioned the night you held me too,
I'll walk alone, I'll always be near you, wherever you are each
night in every prayer. If you call I'll hear you, no matter how far; just close your
I'M CONFESSIN' THAT I LOVE YOU

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Words and Music by Doc Daugherty, Al J. Neiburg and Ellis Reynolds

Slowly

G D+ GM7 G D+ Bm7 E9 A7

I'm Confessin' that I love you, tell me, do you love me too? I'm Confessin' that I need you, honest I do, need you ev'ry moment. In your eyes I read such strange things, but your lips deny they're true. Will your answer really change things making me blue?

G7 G9 C G+ C6 B7 Bo 7 A7

I'm afraid some day you'll leave me, saying "Can't we still be friends?" If you go, you know you'll

Em7 A9 D9 Am7 D9 D7 9 G D+ GM7 G D+

grieve me; all in life on you depends. Am I guessin' that you love me, Dreaming dreams of you in

Bm7 E9 A7 Am7 D7 D7 9 G Em7 Am7 D9 D7 9 [G Cm6 G6]

vain, I'm Confessin' that I love you o-ver a-gain. gain.
I'M GLAD THERE IS YOU

Lyric by Paul Madeira
Music by Jimmy Dorsey

In this world of ordinary people, extraordinary people,

I'm glad there is you. In this world of overrated pleasures, of underrated treasures, I'm glad there is you.

I'll live to love, I'll love to live with you beside me. This role so new, I'll muddle thru' with you to guide me. In this world where many many play at love, and hardly any stay in love, I'm Glad There Is You.

More than ever, I'm Glad There Is You.

I'M GONNA SIT RIGHT DOWN AND WRITE MYSELF A LETTER

Words by Joe Young
Music by Fred E. Ahlert

I'm Gonna Sit Right Down And Write Myself A Letter and make believe it came from you.

I'm gonna write words, oh, so sweet, they're gonna knock me off my feet. A lot of kisses on the bottom,
I'll be glad I got 'em. I'm gonna smile and say, "I hope you're feeling better," and close "with love" the way you do. I'm gonna sit right down and write myself a letter, and make believe it came from you.

I'M OLD FASHIONED

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Music by Jerome Kern
Words by Johnny Mercer

Liltiingly

F Dm7 Gm7 C7 F Dm7 Gm7 C7 F FM7 Em7 C5

I'm Old Fashioned, I love the moonlight, I love the old fashioned things;

A7 Dm7 G7 Dm7 D7 Gm7 Gm C5

the sound of rain up on a window pane, the starry song that April sings;

Am7 Ab7 D7 M7 C7 F6 Dm7 Gm7 C7 FM7 E7 sus Bb7 C5 A E7/B

This year's fancies are passing fancies, but sighing sighs,

A/C D7 E7 F# dim7 Gm7 C7 F Dm7 Gm7 C7 F Dm7

holding hands there my heart understands. I'm Old Fashioned, but I don't

Gm7 C7 FM7 Bb M7 Bb dim7 Am7 Dm7 G9

mind it. That's how I want to be as long as you agree to

F/C Dm7 Gm7 C7 F6 Bb7 F6

stay old fashioned with me.
I'M SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD

Words by Sam M. Lewis and Joe Young
Music by Ray Henderson

Moderately

I'm Sitting On Top Of The World, just rolling along, just rolling along,
Gm7 C7 F Fm7 F7 Bb F
I'm quitting the blues of the world, just singing a song, just singing a song.
F7 Bb E7 F
"Glory Hallelujah," I just phoned the Parson, "Hey, Par get ready to call," Just like Humpty Dumpty.

G7 C7 C7 F Fm7 F7 Bb F C9#5 F
I'm going to fall, I'm Sitting On Top Of The World, just rolling along,
C7 F D7 G7 C7#5
just rolling along. I'm long.

I'VE GROWN ACCUSTOMED TO HER FACE

Words by Alan Jay Lerner
Music by Frederick Loewe

Moderately Slow

I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face. She almost makes the day begin. I've grown accustomed to her face.

Bb/Ab Am7#5 D7 Gm7 C7 Am7#5 D7#9 Gm7 C7 Fm7 Bb9
accustomed to the tune, she whistles night and noon, her smiles, her frowns, her ups, her downs are second

Eb Ab7 Gm7 Cm7 Fm7 Bb Bm7 Eb7
natural to me now; like breathing out and breathing in, I was very

Am7#5 D7 Gm7 C7#5 Fm7 Bb7 Bb7/Ab G7#5 C7#5
reasonably independent and content before we met; surely I could always be that way again and yet, I've grown grateful she's a woman and so easy to forget; rather like a habit one can always break and yet, I've grown accustomed to her looks; accustomed to her voice; accustomed to her face. I've Grown Accustomed to her face.

Eb Ab7 D7 Gm7 C7#9 Fm7 Fm7 Bb9 Bb7/Ab Eb Fm7 Bb7 Eb6
I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN

Words and Music by Cole Porter

Moderately

Moderately

I've Got You Un - der My Skin, I've got you deep in the heart of me,

Cm7 Fm7 Bb7 Bb7/Ab Gm7 C7 Fm7 Bb7

so deep in my heart, you're really a part of me. I've Got You Un - der My

EbM7 Gm7b5 C7b9 Fm7 Bb7 EbM7 Gm7b5 C7 Fm7b5

Skin. I tried so ___ not to give in, ___ I said to myself, "this af -

Bb7b9 D/ Eb EbM7 Dm7 G7 B/C CM7

fair never will go so well." But why should I try to re - sist when, dar - ling, I know so well

Fm7 Bb7 EbM7 Gm7b5 C7 Fm7

I've Got You Un - der My Skin. I'd sac - ri - fice any - thing,

Bb7 Bb7/Ab Gm7 C7 Fm7

come what might, for the sake of hav - ing you near, in spite of a warn - ing voice that

Bb7 Bb7/Ab Gm7 C7 Fm7 Bb7 Am7b5

comes in the night and re - peats and re - peats in my ear: "Don't you know, lit - tle fool,

A9dim7 Gm7 C7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb

you nev - er can win, use your men - tal - i, ty, wake up to re al - i, ty."

Bbm7 Eb7 A5M7 Eb7 EbM7 Gm7b5 C7b9

But each time I do, just the thought of you makes me stop be - fore I be - gin, cause I've

Fm7 Bb7b9 1. Eb Gm7 C7 2. Eb Fm7 E9 EbM9

Got You Un - der My Skin. I've Skin.
If Ever I Would Leave You

Words by Alan Jay Lerner
Music by Frederick Loewe

Moderately, with expression

\[ Cm7 \quad F7 \quad Bb \quad M9 \quad Gm \]

If Ever I Would Leave You
it wouldn't be in summer. Seeing you in

\[ Cm7 \quad F7 \quad Bb \quad M9 \quad Gm \]

summer I never would go. Your hair streaked with sunlight, your lips red as flame,

\[ Gm \quad Cm7 \quad G7/D \quad Cm/E \quad F7 \quad Bb \quad M9 \quad Gm \]

your face with a lustre that puts gold to shame! But if I'd ever leave you,

\[ F7 \quad Bb \quad M9 \quad Gm \quad Cm7 \quad F7 \quad Bb \quad M9 \quad Bb7 \quad Ek \quad Cm7 \quad F7 \]

it couldn't be in autumn. How I'd leave in autumn I never will know.

\[ Bb7 \quad Eb \quad Cm7 \quad F7 \quad Bb \quad M9 \quad Gm \]

I've seen how you sparkle, when fall nips the air. I know you in autumn,

\[ Cm/E \quad F7 \quad Bb \quad D \quad D+ \quad G \quad Em7 \quad A7 \quad D \quad DM7 \]

and I must be there. And could I leave you running merrily through the snow?

\[ D6 \quad F7 \quad F7+ \quad B \quad Em7 \quad A7 \quad D \]

Or on a wintry evening when you catch the fire's glow?

\[ F7 \quad N.C. \quad Cm7 \quad F7 \quad Bb \quad M9 \quad Gm \]

If Ever I Would Leave You, how could it be in springtime, knowing how in

\[ Cm7 \quad F7 \quad D7 \quad sus \quad D7 \quad Gm7 \quad Bb7 \quad Eb \quad M7 \quad Ab9 \]

spring I'm bewitched by you so? Oh, No! not in springtime. Summer, winter or

\[ Bb6 \quad C9 \quad F9 \quad Cm7 \quad F7 \quad Bb \quad M9 \quad Bb6 \]

fall! No, never could I leave you at all.
IF I WERE A BELL

By Frank Loesser

Medium Bounce

C9 \ Gm7 \ Bm m/C \ F \ C/E \ Fm

Ask me how do I feel, ask me how do I feel from this chem-istry les-son I'm learn-ing. Well sir, Well sir.

Fdim7 \ Es7 \ D7 \ G9 \ Gm7b5 \ C7

all I can say is if I were A Bell, I'd be ring-ing. From the mo-ment we kissed to Night, I knew my mor-ale would crack. that's the way I've just got to be hav-ing. Yes, I

F \ F7 \ Eb \ Gm7b5 \ C7 \9 \ F \ F7 \ Bb \ Gm7b5 \ C7 \9

I were a lamp I'd light, or if I were a ban-ner I'd wave. Ask me I were a duck I'd quack, or if I were a goose I'd be cooked. Ask me

G9 \ Gm7 \ Bm m/C \ F \ C/E \ Fm

how do I feel, lit-tle me with my quiet up-bring-ing. Well sir, how do I feel, ask me now that we're fond-ly car-ress-ing. Well sir,

Fdim7 \ Es7 \ D7 \ G9 \ Gm7b5 \ C7

all I can say is if I were a gate I'd be swing-ing. And if I were a sal-sad I know I'd be splash-ing my dress-ing. Or if

F \ Bb \ A7dim7 \ F \ Eb \ F7 \ Eb \ D7 \9 \ Dm7 \ G9 \5

I were a watch I'd start pop-ping my spring, or if I Were A Bell I'd go. I were a sea-son I'd sure-ly be spring, or if I Were A Bell I'd go

FM7 \ Dm7 \ Bb \ C9 \ 1. F \ Gm7 \ C# dim7 \ A7 \ D7 \9

"ding dong, ding dong ding." Ask me "ding dong, ding dong ding.s"
I'VE HEARD THAT SONG BEFORE

Words and Music By
Sammy Cahn and Jule Styne

Moderately

C

It seems — to me I've Heard That Song Before; because I've Heard That Song Before, the lyric said, "For- ev- er- more."

A7

1. D7 G7

I know it well, that melody. It's funny how a theme

C G7#5 C Am Am7 D7 Dm7 Dm7b5

recalls a favorite dream, a dream that brought you so close to me.

G7

2. Dm A7 Dm C 7#5 F Bb 9

I know each more's a memory. Please have them play it again,

C6 B7 C6 Em7#5 A7 Dm7 Dm7b5 G7 C

and I'll re- mem- ber just when I heard that lovely song be- fore

---

ILL WIND

Lyric by Ted Koehler
Music by Harold Arlen

Slowly, with expression

Bb Am7#5 D7#5 B9 G7 G7/F Ebm A9 Dm7 G7 Cm7#5 F#9 Bb Ddim7 F#m7#5 Bb

Blow ill Wind, blow a-way, let me rest to-day. You're blow'in' me no good, no good.

Cm7 F7

and that's no good. You're on- by mis-lead-in' the sun-shine I'm need in'.

G7 Am7 A#dim7 G7/B D7 Em7 Fdim7 D7/F#

Ain't that a shame? It's so hard to keep up with trou- bles that creep up from
IMAGINATION

Words by Johnny Burke
Music by Jimmy Van Heusen

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Slowly, with a lilt

Es Edim7 Fm7 F# dim7 Eb/G Gm7b5 C7b9 Fm7 C7#5 Fm7 Bb9#5 Gm7 C7b9 Fm7 Bb7 N.C. Es Edim7 Fm7 F# dim7 Eb/G Gm7b5

Imagination is funny, it makes a cloudy day sunny, makes a bee think of honey, just as I think of you. Imagination is crazy, your whole perspective gets hazy, starts you asking a daisy, what to do, what to do?

Ab M7 Am7b5 D7 Gm7 C7b9 C4 dim7

Have you ever felt a gentle touch and then a kiss and then and then

Dm7 Gm7 Cm7 F7 Gm7 Fm7 Bb9 Bb7#5 N.C. Es Edim7 Fm7 F# dim7

find it's only your imagination again? Oh, well, Imagination is silly, you go around wilfully, nilly. For example, I go around wanting you and yet, I can't imagine that you want me too.
IN A LITTLE SPANISH TOWN
(Twas On A Night Like This)

Words by Sam M. Lewis and Joe Young
Music by Mabel Wayne

Slowly, with much expression

In A Little Spanish Town, 'twas on a night like this. Stars were peek a boo ing down, 'twas on a night like this. I whispered 'Be true to me.' And she sighed; 'Si, Si.' Man y skies have turned, to gray, because we're far a part.

Man y moons have passed a way, and still she's in my heart.

We made a prom ise and sealed it with a kiss, In A Little Spanish Town, 'twas on a night like this.

IN A SILENT WAY

By Josef Zawinul

Very Slow Bossa Nova

DM7/E D C#m7 Bm7 E7 C#m C/G# A/F DM9 B/C# Bm6/ C# Bm/C# C/C# C#m7 E G#m7 AM7 G#m7 G#m DM7/E

D C#m7 Bm7 E7 C#m C/G# A/F DM9 C#m11
IN THE MOOD

Words and Music by Joe Garland

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Swinging

Bb

Who's the livin' doll with the beautiful eyes?

First I held her lightly and we started to dance.

What a pair o' lips, I'd like to try 'em for size.

I'll just tell her, "Baby, won't you swing it with me?"

And I said, "Hey, baby it's a quarter to three."

Try 'em for size.

I'll just tell her, "Baby, won't you swing it with me?"

Dreamy romance.

And I said, "Hey, baby it's a quarter to three."

In The Mood, that's what she told me.

In The Mood, and when she told me,

In The Mood, for all her kissin', In The Mood, her crazy lovin'

In The Mood, what I was missin'. It didn't take me long to say, 'I'm

In The Mood now.' In The Mood now.

IN THE MOOD

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Swinging

Bb

Who's the livin' doll with the beautiful eyes?

First I held her lightly and we started to dance.

What a pair o' lips, I'd like to try 'em for size.

I'll just tell her, "Baby, won't you swing it with me?"

And I said, "Hey, baby it's a quarter to three."

Try 'em for size.

I'll just tell her, "Baby, won't you swing it with me?"

Dreamy romance.

And I said, "Hey, baby it's a quarter to three."

In The Mood, that's what she told me.

In The Mood, and when she told me,

In The Mood, for all her kissin', In The Mood, her crazy lovin'

In The Mood, what I was missin'. It didn't take me long to say, 'I'm

In The Mood now.' In The Mood now.
IN A SHANTY IN OLD SHANTY TOWN

Words by Joe Young
Music by Little Jack Little and John Siras

Moderately

F A7 D7 G7 F♯9

It’s only a shanty in old Shanty Town, the roof is so shanty it

G7 C7 Am A♭ dim7 C7/G C7 F B♭ 6 D♭ 7 F D9 G7

touches the ground, but my tumble-down shack by an old rail-road track, like a millionnaire’s

Gm7 C7 F A7 D7

man-sion, is calling me back. I’d give up a pal-ace, if I were a king, it’s

G7 F♯9 G7

more than a pal-ace, it’s my ev-ery-thing. There’s a queen wait-ing there with a sil-very

D7/5 D7 Gm7 C7 F G9 Gm7 C7♯5 2. F E♭ E6 F6

crown, In A Shanty In Old Shanty Town. It’s Town.

IN THE BLUE OF EVENING

Words by Tom Adair
Music by D’Artega

Slowly, with expression

F B♭m7 F/A A♭ dim7 Gm7 Gm7♯5 C7♯9 F A♭ dim7

In The Blue Of Evening, when you ap-pear close to me, dear one, there in the dusk we’ll

Gm7 C7♯9 F/A A♭ dim7 Gm7 C9 C7♯5 F B♭m7 F/A A♭ dim7

share a dream, re-vie-rie. In The Blue Of Evening, while crick-ets call

Gm7 Gm7♯5 C7♯9 F A♭ dim7 Gm7 C7♯9 F

and stars are fal-ling, there ’neath the star-lit sky you’ll come to me.

E♭m A♭7 Db E♭m7♯5 A♭7 E♭m7♯5 A♭7

In the sha-dows of the night we’ll stand, I’ll touch your hand and

Db F Gm7♯5 C7 Gm7♯5 C7

then soft-ly, as your love-ly eyes en-treat, our lips will meet a-gain.
IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT

Words and Music by Cole Porter

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Moderately

F

In The Still Of The Night, as I gaze from my window. At the moon in its flight,
my thoughts all stray to you. In The Still Of The Night,

F

While the world is in slumber, oh, the times without number, darling, when I say to you,

F

Do you love me as I love you? Are you my life-to-be, my dream come true?

F

Or will this dream of mine fade out of sight, like the moon, growing dim, on the rim of the hill in the chill, still of the night?
INDIANA
(Back Home Again In Indiana)

Words by Ballard MacDonald
Music by James F. Hanley

Upbeat Swing

Back home again in Indiana, and it seems that I can see

the gleaming candlelight still shining bright through the sycamores for me;

the new mown hay sends all its fragrance from the fields I used to roam;

dream about the moonlight on the Wabash, then I long for my Indiana home.

INFANT EYES

By Wayne Shorter

Slow Ballad

INNER SPACE

By Chick Corea

Medium-Up Swing

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INTERMISSION RIFF

Words by Steve Graham
Music by Ray Wetzel

Medium Swing

C6

D6 C6

(Don't be beginning} INTERMISSION RIFF
(Trompettes drivrin) Come alive

D6 D9 D6 C6 G7

INTERMISSION RIFF.
Keep that organ going and keep that music flowin'.
Higher, going higher, those horns will catch on fire.

C6

Hear that beat of) INTERMISSION RIFF.
Sax is ride-in

D6 D9 D6 C6 G7 1 G7 2 C6/9

INTERMISSION RIFF.
Cool, and oh, so groovy, gee, how this tune can move me.
Take another chorus, it's never too much for us.

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IT AIN'T NECESSARILY SO

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Words by Ira Gershwin
Music by George Gershwin

Slowly

It Ain't Necessar-ily So, It Ain't Necessar-ily So, de
David was small, but oh my! Li'l David was small, but oh my! He
C7 D7 C7 D7 A7 D7 1Gm C7 Eb7 D11

t's small, but oh my! It Ain't Necessar-ily So.

Lil' David was small, but oh my!

D7 Em7 Fm6 D7 Gm D

Hoo-dle ah da wa da, (Hoo-dle ah da wa da) scat-ty wah, (scat-ty wah) Yeah! Oh,

Tempo one

Gm C Gm C Gm C Gm

Jo-nah, he lives in de whale, oh, Jo-nah, he lived in de whale.

C7 D7 C7 D7 A7 D7 1Gm C7 Eb7 D11

Moses was found in a stream. Li'l Moses was found in a stream.

He

C7 D7 C7 D7 A7 D7 1Gm C7 Eb7 D11

he made his home in dat fish's ab-do-men, oh, Jo-nah, he lived in de whale.

Li'l Moses was found in a stream.

D7 Em7 Fm6 D7 Gm D

Hoo-dle ah da wa da, (Hoo-dle ah da wa da) scat-ty wah, (scat-ty wah) Yeah! It

Tempo one

Gm C Gm C Gm C Gm

Ain't Necessar-ily So, It Ain't Necessar-ily So, dey tell all you chil-lun de

C7 D7 A7 D7 Gm Eb7 A

deb-ble's a vil-lun, but 'tain't neces-sar-ily so. To get in to Heb-ben don'

Am7 Am7 D7 G6 G7 C7 FM7

snap for a seb-ben! Live clean! Don' have no fault. Oh I takes dat gos-pel when-ev-er it's pos'-hle, but
IT NEVER ENTERED MY MIND

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Moderately Slow

Music by Richard Rodgers
Lyrics by Lorenz Hart

Once I laughed when I heard you saying that I'd be playing solitaire, uneasy in my easy chair, It Never Entered My Mind.

You have what I lack myself, and now I even have to scratch my back myself. Once you warned me that if you scorned me I'd sing the maid'en's prayer again, and wish that you were there again to get into my hair again, It Never Entered My Mind.
IS YOU IS, OR IS YOU AIN'T

Words and Music by Billy Austin and Louis Jordan

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I got a gal who's always late any time we have a date, but I love her,

Yes, I love her.

I'm gonna walk up to his gate.

And see if I can get it straight, 'cause I want her.

I'm gonna ask her.

Is You Is, Or Is You Ain't ma' baby?

The way you're acting lately makes me doubt.

You're is still my baby, baby.

Seems my flame in your heart's done gone out.

A woman is just a creature that has always been strange.

Just when you're sure of one you find she's gone and made a change.

Is You Is, Or Is You Ain't ma' baby?

May be baby's found some body new, or

Is ma' baby still ma' baby true?

still ma' baby true?
IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING  
(From "STATE FAIR")

Words by Oscar Hammerstein II  
Music by Richard Rodgers

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Moderately

\[ \text{G6} \quad \text{C9} \quad \text{Bm7} \quad \text{E7} \quad \text{Am7} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G7} \]

I'm as restless as a willow in a wind-storm, I'm as jumpy as a puppet on a string. I'd say that I had spring fever, but I know it isn't spring. I am starry-eyed and vaguely discontented, like a nightingale without a song to sing. Oh, why should I have spring fever when it isn't even spring? I keep wishing I were someplace else walking down a strange new street; hearing words that I have never heard from a man I've yet to meet, I'm as busy as a spider spinning daydreams, I'm as giddy as a baby on a swing, I haven't seen a crocus or a rosebud, or a robin on the wing. But I feel so gay in a melancholy way that it might as well be spring. It might as well be spring.

\[ \text{Em7} \quad \text{Am7/D} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{G6} \quad \text{C9} \quad \text{Bm7} \quad \text{E7} \quad \text{Am7} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \]

\[ \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Am7} \quad \text{Am7/G} \quad \text{F#m7} \quad \text{B7} \quad \text{Em7} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{Am7/D} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{C6} \quad \text{G} \]

189
IT'S A BLUE WORLD

Words and Music by Bob Wright and Chet Forrest

Slowly  Gm9  C7 5  FM9  Cm9  FM9  Bb M9

It's A Blue World without you  It's A Blue World alone  My
Bb m9  C7 b9  FM7  F7  Bb m7  Db 9  C9  Db 9 b5

days and nights that once were filled with heaven  With you away, how empty they have grown.
C7  Gm9  C7 b5  FM9  Cm9  F7 5  Bb M9

It's A Blue World from now on  it's a through world for me.
Bb m9  Eb 9  FM7  Gm7  Am7 b5  D7  G9

sea, the sky, my heart and I, we're all an indigo hue, without you it's a
Gm9  C7 b9  F  Ab dim 7  Gm7  C7  F  Eb m7  F/A  Ab dim 7  Gm7  Gm7  F6

blue, blue world  It's A world.

---

IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH ME

Words and Music by Cole Porter

Moderately Fast  Cm  Cm/Bb  Am7 b5  Ab9  G7 b9  Cm  Cm/Bb  Am7 b5  Ab9  G7 b9  Cm7

It's the wrong time and the wrong place  tho' your face is charming, it's the
Fm7  Am7 b5  D7 b9  Gm7 b5  C7  1  F9  F7  Eb

wrong face, it's not her face but such a charming face that It's All Right With
Dm7 b5  G7  Ab9  G7 b9  1  F9  Fm7  Bb7  Eb  Ab9  Eb  Fm7  Gm7 b5  C7 b9

Me  It's the All Right With Me  You can't know how happy I
F7  Fm7 b5  Bb7 b9  Eb  EbM7  Fm7  Gm7 b5

am that we met, I'm strangely attracted to you  There's some one I'm

---
try - ing so hard to for - get, don't you want to for - get some - one too? It's the
wrong game — with the wrong chips, tho' your lips are tempt - ing they're the wrong lips,

they're not { his ) lips but they're such tempt - ing lips — that if some night — you're free.

dear, it's all right, It's All Right With Me.

IT'S NOT FOR ME TO SAY

Copyright • 1956 by KORWIN MUSIC INC.

Words by Al Stillman
Music by Robert Allen

Moderately, with much expression

It's Not For Me To Say — you love me, — It's Not For Me To Say — you'll al - ways
care. — Oh, but here for the mo - ment I can hold you fast — and press your lips to mine,

and dream that love will last. As far as I can see, — this is heav en —

speaking just for me, — it's ours to share. Per -haps the glow of love will grow with
ev - ery pass - ing day, — or we may nev - er meet a - gain, but then It's Not For Me To Say.

It's — or we may nev - er meet a - gain, but then It's Not For Me To Say.
IT'S MAGIC
Words by Sammy Cahn
Music by Jule Styne

Slowly

You sigh, the song begins, you speak and I hear violins, It's Magic.

The stars desert the skies and rush to nestle in your eyes, It's Magic.

Without a golden wand or mystic charms fantastic things begin when

I am in your arms. When we walk hand in hand the world becomes a wonderland, It's Magic.

How else can I explain those rainbows when there is no rain, It's Magic?

Why do I tell myself these things that happen are all really true, when in my heart I know the magic is my love for you?

IT'S ONLY A PAPER MOON
Words by Billy Rose & E.Y. Harburg
Music by Harold Arlen

Moderately

Say, It's Only A Paper Moon sailing over a cardboard sea.

but it wouldn't be made believe if you believed in me.
IT'S SAND, MAN

Music by Ed Lewis
Words by Jon Hendricks & Dave Lambert

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Medium Swing

Cm7 F7 Bb G7 Cm7 F7

Bb Bb7 Eb Dbdim7 Bb/D Dbdim7

Eb7 Bbm7 Eb7 Bb

Bb Bdim7 Cm7 F7 Bb Cm7 F7 Bb G7

Cm7 F7 Bb Bb7 Eb Dbdim7 Bb/D Dbdim7 Cm7 F7 Bb
IT'S THE TALK OF THE TOWN

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Words by Marty Symes and A.J. Neiburg
Music by Jerry Livingston

Slowly, with expression

Slowly, with expression

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{FM7} & \quad \text{Ab dim7} & \quad \text{Gm7} & \quad \text{C7} & \quad \text{Cm7/F} & \quad \text{F7} \\
I \quad \text{can't} & \quad \text{show} & \quad \text{my} & \quad \text{face}, & \quad \text{can't} & \quad \text{go} & \quad \text{any} & \quad \text{place}, & \quad \text{peo} & \quad \text{ple} & \quad \text{stop} & \quad \text{and} & \quad \text{stare,} \\
\text{Es} & \quad \text{M7} & \quad \text{Es} & \quad 9 & \quad \text{FM7} & \quad \text{Es} & \quad 7 & \quad \text{D7} \\
\text{it's} & \quad \text{so} & \quad \text{hard} & \quad \text{to} & \quad \text{bear.} & \quad \text{Ev} & \quad \text{ry} & \quad \text{bod} & \quad \text{y} & \quad \text{knows} & \quad \text{you} & \quad \text{left} & \quad \text{me,} \\
\text{G9} & \quad \text{Gm7/C} & \quad \text{C7} & \quad \text{FM7} & \quad \text{Ab} & \quad \text{dim7} & \quad \text{Gm7} & \quad \text{C7} \\
\text{It's} & \quad \text{The} & \quad \text{Talk} & \quad \text{Of} & \quad \text{The} & \quad \text{Town.} & \quad \text{Ev} & \quad \text{ry} & \quad \text{time} & \quad \text{we} & \quad \text{meet,} & \quad \text{my} & \quad \text{heart} & \quad \text{skips} & \quad \text{a} & \quad \text{beat,} \\
\text{Cm7/F} & \quad \text{F7} & \quad \text{Bb} & \quad \text{M7} & \quad \text{Es} & \quad 9 & \quad \text{FM7} & \quad \text{Es} & \quad 7 & \quad \text{D7} \\
\text{we} & \quad \text{don't} & \quad \text{stop} & \quad \text{to} & \quad \text{speak,} & \quad \text{tho'} & \quad \text{it's} & \quad \text{just} & \quad \text{a} & \quad \text{week.} & \quad \text{Ev} & \quad \text{ry} & \quad \text{bod} & \quad \text{y} & \quad \text{knows} & \quad \text{you} & \quad \text{left} & \quad \text{me,} \\
\text{G7} & \quad \text{C7} & \quad 9 & \quad \text{F} & \quad \text{Gm7} & \quad \text{D7} \\
\text{It's} & \quad \text{The} & \quad \text{Talk} & \quad \text{Of} & \quad \text{The} & \quad \text{Town.} & \quad \text{We} & \quad \text{sent} & \quad \text{out} & \quad \text{invitations} & \quad \text{to} & \quad \text{friends} & \quad \text{and} & \quad \text{relations} & \quad \text{announcing} & \quad \text{our} & \quad \text{wedding} & \quad \text{day,} \\
\text{Am7} & \quad \text{D7} & \quad \text{Gm7} & \quad \text{Es} & \quad 7 & \quad \text{D7} \\
\text{Friends} & \quad \text{and} & \quad \text{our} & \quad \text{relations} & \quad \text{gave} & \quad \text{congratulations.} & \quad \text{How} & \quad \text{can} & \quad \text{you} & \quad \text{face} & \quad \text{them?} \\
\text{C7} & \quad \text{G9} & \quad \text{FM7} & \quad \text{Ab} & \quad \text{dim7} & \quad \text{Gm7} & \quad \text{C7} \\
\text{What} & \quad \text{can} & \quad \text{you} & \quad \text{say?} & \quad \text{Let's} & \quad \text{make} & \quad \text{up,} & \quad \text{sweet-heart,} & \quad \text{we} & \quad \text{can't} & \quad \text{stay} & \quad \text{a} & \quad \text{part,} \\
\text{Cm7/F} & \quad \text{F7} & \quad \text{Bb} & \quad \text{M7} & \quad \text{Es} & \quad 9 & \quad \text{FM7} \\
\text{don't} & \quad \text{let} & \quad \text{foolish} & \quad \text{pride} & \quad \text{keep} & \quad \text{you} & \quad \text{from} & \quad \text{my} & \quad \text{side.} & \quad \text{How} & \quad \text{can} & \quad \text{love} & \quad \text{like} & \quad \text{ours} & \quad \text{be} \\
\text{Es} & \quad 7 & \quad \text{D7} & \quad \text{G7} & \quad \text{C9} & \quad \text{C7} & \quad \text{F} & \quad \text{Gm7} & \quad \text{FM9} \\
\text{end} & \quad \text{ed?} & \quad \text{It's} & \quad \text{The} & \quad \text{Talk} & \quad \text{Of} & \quad \text{The} & \quad \text{Town.} 
\end{align*}
\]

\[194\]
THE JAZZ-ME BLUES

Words and Music by Tom Delaney

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Ragtime

Down in Louisiana in that sunny clime, They play a class of music that is
sounds so peculiar 'cause the music's queer. How its sweet vibration seems to

F7  Bb7  Eb

super fine, And it makes no difference if it's rain or shine, you can
fill the air. Then to you the whole world seems to be in rhyme, you want

Eb  Ab  Eb

hear that jazz band music playing all the time. It all the time. Ev'ry one that's nigh
nothing else but jazz-band music

Bdim7  Bb7  F7  Bs  G7  C

never seems to sigh, hear them loudly cry: Oh! Jazz-man

F7

Don't stop that music, it's jazz-man, (jazz-man) you know I want to hear it both
please sir will you play it in jazz-time, (jazz-time) you

eb

Es  F7  Bb7

day and night, and if you don't blow it but then I don't feel right Now if it's

2. Eb  G  F7

Don't want it fast, don't want it slow, take your time don't rush it play it

C7  F7  Bb9  Eb

sweet and low. I've got those dog-gone real-gone jazz-band jazz-me blues.
JERSEY BOUNCE

Words by Robert A. Wright
Music by Bobby Platier, Tiny Bradshaw and Edward Johnson

Moderately

They call it that Jersey Bounce, a rhythm that really counts. The temperature always mounts wherever they play the funny rhythm they play. It started on Journal Square, and somebody heard it there. He put it right on the air and now you hear it everywhere.

Up-town gave it new licks, down-town, added some tricks, no-town makes it sound the same as where it came from! So if you don't feel so hot, go out to some Jersey spot, and whether you're hep or not, the Jersey Bounce 'll make you swing.

JIM

Words by Nelson Shawn
Music by Caesar Petrillo and Milton Samuels

Moderately

Jim doesn't ever bring [me] pretty flow'rs, Jim never tries to cheer [her] lonely hours. Don't know why

Jim never tells [me] she's his heart's desire. [I] never [seem] so
set his love a-flame. Gone are the years I've wasted on him. Sometimes when she gets home,

feeling low, I say let's call it quits. Then I hang on and let him go, breaking my heart in bits.

Some day I know that Jim will up and leave me, but even if he'll always hurt her and deceive her,

If she'll go on carrying a torch for Jim, Jim.

JINGLE-BELL ROCK

Words and Music by Joe Beal and Jim Boothe

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Moderately, with a Rock Beat

Jingle-bell, jingle-bell, Jingle-Bell Rock jingle-bell swing and jingle-bells ring snow-in' and blowin' up bushels of fun

now the jingle-hop has begun, jingle-bell, jingle-bell, Jingle-Bell Rock jingle-bells chime in jingle-bell time

dancin' and prancin' in Jingle-Bell Square in the frosty air. What a bright time, it's the right time to rock the night away, jingle-bell time is a swell time to go glid-in' in a one-horse sleigh.

Gid-dy-up, jingle-horse pick up your feet jingle around the clock; mix and mingle in a jingle-in' beat that's the Jingle-Bell Rock.
JOHNNY ONE NOTE

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Words by Lorenz Hart
Music by Richard Rodgers

Moderately, with a lift

F  Eb/G  C7  F  C7  F

Poor Johnny One Note sang out with gusto and just over
C7  F

Poor Johnny One Note got in A A A indeed a great
Dm7  Gm7  C7  F  Eb/G  C7  F

load the place.
C7  F  C7  F

Poor Johnny One Note yelled wildly
D7  Gm7  C7  F

chance to be brave.
C7  F  C7  F

He took his one note and bowed like the
Gm7  C7  F

nilly un until he was blue in the face.
Gm7  C7  F  C7  F

North Wind brought forth wind, that made critics rave,
C7  F  C7  F

for holding one
Ab  C7  F

note was round in his grave.
C7  F  C7  F

Could'n't hear the brass, could'n't hear the drum.
C7  F  C7  F

He was in a class by himself, by gum!
C7  Fm  C7  Fm

Ev'ry one was mute, by John-ny stood a lone.
Gm7  C7  Fm

Cats and dogs stopped yapping, lions in the zoo all were
Gm7  C7  Fm  C7  Bm  C7

jealous of John-ny's big trill.
Gm7  C7  Fm

Thunder claps stopped clapping,
Gm7  C7  Fm

traffic ceased its roar, and they tell us Ni ag'ra stood still.
C  F  C  F

He stopped the train whistles, boat whistles, steam whistles, cop whistles;
C7  G7#9  C

all whistles bowed to his skill.
C  F  C  F

Sing John-ny

Eb/G  C7  F  C7  F  C7  F  C7  F  Dm7

One Note, sing out with gusto and just overwhelm all the crowd.
Gm7  C7  F  Eb  C7  F  C7  F  C7  D7  Gm7  F  Gm7  C7  F

Ah!

So sing, John-ny One Note, out loud!
Gm7  C7  F  Gm7  C7  F  Gm7  C7  F

Sing John-ny One Note!
Gm  C7  F

Sing John-ny One Note! out loud!
JIVE AT FIVE

By Count Basie & Harry Edison

Fast

\[\text{Eb} \quad \text{Cm7} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Cm7} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Cm7} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{Db} \]

\[\text{C7} \quad \text{B7} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Gb dim7} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Gb dim7} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{F7} \quad \text{Bb7#5} \]

\[\text{Eb} \quad \text{Cm7} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Cm7} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Cm7} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{Db7} \]

\[\text{C7} \quad \text{B7} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \]

JOHNNY'S THEME

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Words and Music by Paul Anka and Johnny Carson

Bright Swing

\[\text{CM7} \quad \text{Ebdim7} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G7b9 \quad CM7} \quad \text{Ebdim7} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G7b9} \]

\[\text{CM7} \quad \text{Ebdim7} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G7b9} \quad \text{Am7} \quad \text{Ebdim7} \]

\[\text{Dm7} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{B7} \quad \text{B7} \quad \text{CM7} \quad \text{Ebdim7} \quad \text{N.C.} \quad \text{G7b9} \quad \text{C7b9} \]
THE JOINT IS JUMPIN'

Words by Andy Razaf and J.C. Johnson
Music by Thomas "Fats" Waller

Tempo di-sturb de neighbors

Bb Bdim7 Cm7 F7 Bb Bdim7 Cm7 F7 Bb Bb7/D

This joint is jump' in', it's really jump' in'. Come in cas an' check
This joint is jump' in', it's really jump' in'. Ev'ry Mose is on-

your last, I mean this joint is jump' in'. The piano's thump' in',
his toes, I mean The Joint is Jump' in'. No time for talk' in',

D A7 D C7 F C7/G F/A Fdim7 C7/G C7

the dancers bump' in'. This here spot is more than hot, in fact The Joint is Jump-

F7 Bb7 Edim7 Fm7 Bb7 Es Bb7 Es C7

in'. Check your weapons at the door, be sure to pay your quarter. Burn your leather-
in'. Get your pig feet, beer and gin, there's plenty in the kitchen. Who is that that

F9 C7/S F7 Bb Bdim7 Cm7 F7

on the floor, grab anybody's daughter. The roof is rock'in',
just came in' Just look at the way he's switch'in'. Don't mind the hour,

Bb Bdim7 Cm7 F7 Bb Bb7/D Es Edim7 1 Bb/F F7/S

the neighbor's knock'in'. We're all bums when the wagon comes I mean this joint is jump-
'cause I'm in power. I got bail If we go to jail I mean

Bb F7 2 Bb Es7 F7 Bb F7/S Bb Bdim7 Cm7 F9

(Spoken) Don't give your right name. No, no, no!

The joint is jump' in'. Let it beat this joint is jump' in'. This joint is jump' in',

Bb Bdim7 Cm7 F7 Bb Bb7/Ab Ebm/G Ebm/Gb Bb/F Es7 F7

It's really jump' in'. We're all bums when the wagon comes I mean this joint is jump-

Bb F7/S Bb Bb7/Ab Eb/G Ebm/Gb Bb/F Bb/F/F# Gm7 C7/S9 F7/S B6

(Spoken) Don't give your right name. No, no, no!
JOHNSON RAG

Lyric by Jack Lawrence
Music by Guy Hall and Henry Kleinkauf

G

Hep, hep, there goes the Johnson Rag. Hoy, hoy, there goes the latest shag. Ho,

D7/A D7 G D7/A G D7/A D7 G D7/A D7

hoo, it really isn't a gag. Hep, hep, there goes the Johnson Rag. Jump, jump, don't let your

D7/A D7 G D7/A D7 G D7/A D7 G D7/A D7

left foot drag. Jeep, jeep, it's like a game of tag. Juke, juke, it's even good for a stag. Jump,

D7/A D7 Bou D7/A D7 G D7/A D7 G D7/A D7

jump and do the Johnson Rag. If you're feelin' in the groove, it sends you out of the world.

C Dm7 D7/A G D7/A D7

Funny how it makes you move. I don't wanna coax, but don't be a "Mokes." Zig,

G D7/A G D7/A G D7/A D7 G D7/A D7 G D7/A D7

zig, then add a zig, zig, sag. Zoop, zoop, just let your shoulders wag. Zoom, zoom, and now it's

D7/A D7 G D7/A D7 G D7/A D7 G D7/A D7

right in the bag. Get hep and get happy with the Johnson Rag.

JOR DU

By Duke Jordan

Moderate Swing

D7 G7 Cm F7 Bb7 EbM7 D7 G7

Cm To Coda 1 Ab7 G7 2 Ab7 G7 C7

F7 Bb7 Eb7 Ab7 D7 F7 Bb7 Eb7 Ab7

D7 G7 G7 D.S. al Coda CODA Ab7 G7sus Cm

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JUKE BOX SATURDAY NIGHT

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Words by Al Stillman
Music by Paul McGrane

Moderately

\[ F \]

Mop-pin' up soda pop rick-eyes to our heart's de-light.

\[ E♭ \]

Danc-in' to swing-eroo quick-ies, Juke Box Sat-ur-day Night.

\[ F \]

Good-man and Ky-ser and Mil-ler help to make things bright, mix-in' hot licks with va-nil-lain,

\[ F \]

They put nothin' past us.

\[ B♭ \]

Me and hon-ey lamb, mak-ing one coke last us 'til it's time to scram.

\[ F \]

Men-ey, we real-ly don't need that, we make out all right, let-in' the oth-er guy feed.

\[ F \]

Juke Box Sat-ur-day Night.

JUMPIN' WITH SYMPHONY SID

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Words by Buddy Feyne
Music by Lester Young and Buddy Feyne

Swing Style

\[ F₀ \]

Got-ta get hip and flip to the lat-test, peo-ple who love to swing with the great-est,

\[ B♭₇ \]

there is a Deejay show at the sta-tion, spin-nin' the hot-test tunes in the na-tion,

\[ E♭₇ \]

Dia-ry and Duke and James with a kil-ler, El-ia and Bing'er Bas-sie and Mil-ler,
Symphony Sid, a jive talk-in' dad-dy; he's pick-in' the good ies, nev-er a bad-die, get on the move, it's gon-na be groo-vey; Jump-

Out o' this world, a real sol-id send-er, fill-in' the night with songs to re-member, with rhythm and blues or jazz and of course he really comes on with Good-man or Dor-sey, we get all our kicks just dig-gin' those licks and Jump-in' with Symphony Sid.

CODA

In with Symphony Sid, all aboard. Bop, ba-ba du bop, yeah!

JUNE NIGHT

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Words by Cliff Friend
Music by Abel Baer

Broadly Bb F7b5 Bb Dm7b5 G7b5 C7 C7
Just give me a June Night, the moon-light and you.

F7 Cm7 F7 F7b5 Bb Gm7 C7 Gm7 C7 C7b5 F7
In my arms, with all your charms, 'neath stars a-bove, and we'll make love. I'll hold you, en-fold you, then dreams will come true. So give me

Ebm6 BbM7 G7 C7 Cm7 F7 Bb
a June Night, the moon-light and you.
JUNE IS BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER
(From "CAROUSEL")

Words by Oscar Hammerstein II
Music by Richard Rodgers

Brightly in 2
GM7

1. June Is Bust-in' Out All Over!
All over the meadow and the hill

2. June Is Bust-in' Out All Over!
The feel-in' is gettin' so intense

Buds 're bust-in' out a bushes and the rompin' river pushes every little wheel that
that the young Virginia creepers h've been huggin' the beepers out a

June bustin' out all over!

Additional lyrics:
2. June is bustin' out all over!
The saplin's are bustin' out with sap!
Love has found my brother, Junior,
And my sister's ever lunin'!
And my ma is gettin' kittenish with Pap!

June bustin' out all over!
To ladies the men are payin' court.
Lots'a ships are kept at anchor
Just because the Captains hanker
For a comfort they ken only get in port!

Because it's June etc.

JUST IN TIME
(From "BELLS ARE RINGING")

Words by Betty Comden and Adolph Green
Music by Jule Styne

Moderately
Bb

Just In Time I found you Just In Time, before you came, my time was running low.

I was lost, the losing dice were tossed, my bridges all were crossed, no where to go.

Now you're here and now I know just where I'm going, no more doubt or fear—
I've found my way. For love came Just In Time. You found me Just In Time.

and changed my love-ly life, that love-ly day.

KILLER JOE
By Benny Golson

KO KO
By Charlie Parker
L'IL DARLIN'

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By Neal Hefti

THE LADY IS A TRAMP

(From "BABES IN ARMS")

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Words by Lorenz Hart
Music by Richard Rogers

Moderately Bright

I get too hungry for dinner at eight,
I don't like crap games with bar ons and earls,
I never bother with people I hate.
That's why The Lady Is A Tramp.

That's why The Lady Is A Tramp.
I like the theatre but never come late.
Won't go to Harlem in er mine and pearls.
I like the fresh wind in my hair.
Life without care.

I won't dish the dirt with the rest of the girls.
That's why The Lady Is A Tramp.

That's why The Lady Is A Tramp.

It's oke.

I hate California, it's cold and it's damp.
That's why The Lady Is A Tramp.
THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS

Words by Oscar Hammerstein II
Music by Jerome Kern

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Moderately

G

Gdim7  D7/A  D7

The Last Time I Saw Paris, her heart was warm and gay,
I heard the laughter of her heart in ev'ry street cafe.
The Last Time I Saw Paris, her trees were dressed for spring,
and lovers walked beneath those trees, and birds found songs to sing.
I dodged the same old taxis that I had dodged for years;
the chorus of their squeaky horns was music to my ears.
The Last Time I Saw Paris, her heart was warm and gay.
No matter how they change her, I'll remember her that way.
LAUGH! CLOWN! LAUGH!

Words by Sam M. Lewis & Joe Young
Music by Ted Fiorito

Moderately

C E7 A7 Dm7 Dm7/C B7 G7

Even tho' you're only make-believing, Laugh! Clown! Laugh! Even tho' something inside is grieving.

C E7 A7 Dm7 Dm7/C B7

Laugh! Clown! Laugh! Don't let your heart grow too mellow, just be a real Puccini fellow. You're supposed to brighten up a place and Laugh! Clown! Laugh! Paint a lot of smiles around your face and Laugh Clown, don't frown. Don't let the world know your sorrow.

D7 G7 C

Be a Pucciniello, Laugh! Clown! Laugh!

LESTER LEFT TOWN

By Wayne Shorter

Medium Up Swing

Dm7b5 G7 Cm7 f Am7b5 Dm7b5

G7 Cm7 f Am7b5 Fm7 Bm7 E7

Em7 D7#9 AbM7 E7#9 A7b5

1. Bm7 B7 AbM7

2. To Coda

Fm7 B7 AbM7 Fm7 B7 EBM7 Dm7 Cm7 Bm7 Am7 D7

Gm7 Em7b5 B7 D7 Cm7 F7 BM7 Bm7 E7

AbM7 Gm7b5 C7 Fm7 B7 Em7 Ab7

D.S. al Coda CODA Bm7 E7
LAZY AFTERNOON


Words by John Latouche
Music by Jerome Moross

Slowly | Am7 | A9 | Am7 | D7

It's a Lazy Afternoon, and the beetle bugs are zoom-in' and the tulip trees are bloom-in', and there's not another human in view, but us two. It's a Lazy Afternoon, and the farmer leaves his reap-in', in the meadow cows are sleep-in', and the speckled trout stop leap-in' up stream as we dream. A fat pink cloud hangs over the hill, unfold-in' like a rose. If you hold my hand and sit real still you can hear the grass as it grows. It's a ha - zy after - noon, and I know a place that's quiet 'cept for daisies running riot and there's no one passing by it to see. Come spend this Lazy Afternoon with me.

LENNIE'S PENNIES

By Lennie Tristano

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Fast Swing

Cm6 | D7 | G7 | Cm6

D7 | G7 | Gm7 | C7

Fm6 | Fm7 | Cm6 | D7

212
LET IT SNOW! LET IT SNOW! LET IT SNOW!

Words by Sammy Cahn
Music by Jule Styne

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Moderately

\[
\text{F} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{F/A} \quad \text{A}\text{dim7} \quad \text{C7/G} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{D7}
\]

Oh the weather outside is frightful, but the fire is so delightful. And it does not show signs of stopping, and I brought some corn for popping. But as the lights are turned way down low, let it snow! Let it snow! Let it snow! When we finally kiss good night, how I'll hate going out in the storm! But if you'll really hold me tight, all the way home I'll be warm.

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Words by Sammy Cahn
Music by Jule Styne

Moderately
LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL

By Leonard Lee

Medium bounce

F

Come on ba-by, Let The Good Times Roll, come on ba-by, let me thrill your soul;
Come on ba-by, gonna have a ball, put our troubles up against the wall;

Bb

F G7 C7 F

come on, ba-by, Let The Good Times Roll, roll on and on. Come on, ba-by, let me

come on, ba-by, Let The Good Times Roll, roll on and on. Come on, ba-by, let us

(Opt.) Let's go, ba-by, on a

Bb

bend you right, tell me ev'ry thing is right tonight; come on, ba-by, Let The
paint the town, don't let noth-in' ev'er bring us down;
cra-zy fling, love can be such a swing-in' thing;

F C7 F

Good Times Roll, roll on and on. Feel so good in my arms, su-gar

F G7 C7 F

ba-by, you're my good luck charm. Come on, ba-by, Let The Good Times Roll, come on, ba-by, let me

Bb F C7

thrill your soul; come on, ba-by, Let The Good Times Roll, roll on and on.

LET THERE BE LOVE

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Lyric by Ian Grant
Music by Lionel Rand

Moderately

Ebm7 Gm7 Gm7b5 C7b9 Fm7b5 B7b9

Let there be you and let there be me, let there be oy-sters under the

Ebm9 Fm7 Gm7 Gdim7 Fm7 B7b9

sea. Let there be wind, an oc-ca-sion-al rain, chile con car-ne —
and sparkling champagne. Let there be birds to sing in the trees, some one to
bless me whenever I sneeze. Let there be cuck-oo, a lark and a dove
but first of all, please Let There Be Love. Let there be Love.

---

**LET THERE BE YOU**

Words and Music by Vicki Young and Dave Cavanaugh

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Slowly

C Edim7 Dm7 G7 G7\#5 CM7 Bm11 Bb7 A7

Let there be light, and there was a light. Let there be earth, and there was earth. If I had my way, I would
ask of Him, please Let There Be You. Let there be rain, and there was rain. Let there be heav-ens
up a-bove. If I had my way, I would ask of Him, please Let There Be You.

F Edim7 C/G A9 Dm G9 C Am7

You are the feel-ing of spring. You're the be-ginn-ing of dawn. You are the mean-ing of ev-ry thing.

D7 Dm7 G7 C Edim7 Dm7 G7 G7\#5

How could an-y one go wrong? Let there be stars, and there were stars. Let there be moon, and
there was moon. If I had my way, I would ask of Him, please Let There Be You.
LET'S CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF

Words by Ira Gershwin
Music by George Gershwin

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You say eee-ther and I say eye-ther, you say nee-ther and I say ny-ther;
You say laugh-ter and I say lawf-ter, you say af-ter and I say awf-ter.

I like po-tah-to, you like to-ma-to and I like to-mah-to, po-tah-to, to-
I like va-nil-la, you, sa's pa-ril-la and I sa's pa-rel-la, va-nil-la, va-nil-la,

Let's Call The Whole Thing Off! You like po-tah-to and
Let's Call The Whole Thing Off! You like va-nil-la and

If we call the whole thing off, then we must part. And oh! If we ev-er part, then that might break my heart. { So, if

you like pa-ja-mas and I like pa-jah-mas, I'll wear pa-ja-mas and give up pa-jah-mas,
you go for oyst-ers and I go for erst-ers, I'll or-der oyst-ers and can-cel the erst-ers.

For we know we need each oth-er, so we bet-ter call the call-ing off

Let's Call The Whole Thing Off! Off!
**LET'S DANCE**

Words and Music by Fanny Bardridge, Gregory Stone and Joseph Bonime

Medium Swing

C Cdim7 C G7 F#dim7 G7

So, Let's Dance, let's glide, lights are low.

G7 Cdim7 C Gm6/B6 A7 Dm7

How I love you! Stay by my side as we go

Dm7 G7 G7 Cdim7 C

where sweet music weaves her spell over us. Your cheek kissing mine, my sweet. Thrills me through dear. Ah! Sweet melody, come guide our feet; Let's Dance.

**LIFE IS JUST A BOWL OF CHERRIES**

Words and Music by Lew Brown and Ray Henderson

Moderately

Es EsM7 Es6 Edim7

LIFE IS JUST A BOWL OF CHERRIES, don't make it serious, life's too serious. You work, you save, you worry so, but you can't take your dough when you go, go, go. So keep repeating it's the berries. The strongest oak must fall. The sweet things in life, to you were just loaned, so how can you lose what you've never owned. LIFE IS JUST A BOWL OF CHERRIES, so live and laugh at it all.
LET'S FALL IN LOVE

Words by Ted Koehler
Music by Harold Arlen

Moderately Bright

C Dm7 G7 C Em7sus A7sus Dm7 G7 G7/F Em7 Am7

Let's Fall In Love, why shouldn't we fall in love? Our hearts are made of it. Let's take a chance.

Dm7 G7 Em7 A7 Dm7 G7 C Dm7 G7 C Em7sus A7sus

why be afraid of it? Let's close our eyes, and make our own. Parade.

Dm7 G7 G7/F Em7 Am7 Dm7 G7 Bm11 E7 Am7

Dis. Little we know of it, still we can try to make a go of it. We

D7 D7sus9 CM9 C Em7 A7sus Dm7 G7

might have been meant for each other. To be or not to be. Let our hearts discover.

C Dm7 G7 C Em7sus A7sus Dm7 G7 G7/F Em7 Am7

Let's Fall In Love, why shouldn't we fall in love? Now is the time for it while we are

young. Let's Fall In Love. young, Let's Fall In Love.


LET'S GET AWAY FROM IT ALL

Words and Music by Tom Adair and Matt Dennis

Medium Bounce

Es6 Bb7 Es6 Eb7 Ab6 Fdim7 Gm7sus C Fm Bb7

Let's take a boat to Bermuda, let's take a plane to Saint Paul, let's take a kayak to

D9 C9 F9 Fm7 Bb7 Eb6 Bb7sus9 Es6 Eb7

Quincy or Nyack, Let's Get Away From It All. Let's take a trip in a trailer.

A6 Fdim7 Gm7sus C Fm Bb7 D6 D9 C9 F9 Bb7

no need to come back at all. Let's take a powder to Boston for chowder, Let's Get Away From It All.
LIKE SOMEONE IN LOVE

Words and Music by Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen

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Moderately

CM7 C/B C6/A C/G D7/F# G7/F Em7 Es7 Dm7 G7 G9/A CM7

Late ly I find myself out gazing at stars, bearing guitars Like Someone In

Gm7 C9 C9/A F6 F+ Bm7 E7 AM7 A6 Am7 D7

Love. Sometimes the things I do astonish me, mostly whenever you're a

Dm7 G7/A CM7 C/B C6/A C/G D7/F# G7/F Em7 Es7 Dm7 G7 G9/A

round me. Lately I seem to walk as though I had wings, bump into things Like

C Gm7 C9 C9/A F6 F+ Bm7 E7 AM7 D9 D9/A

Someone In Love. Each time I look at you I'm limp as a glove and

Em7 A7 Dm7 G7/A1 C Am7 D9 G7

feeling Like Someone In Love.

Em7 A7 Dm7 G7/A2 C Fm6 C

Love.
LINGER AWHILE

Words by Larry Owens
Music by Vincent Rose

Moderately F C7 F F/A D17/Ab C7/G C7 Cdim7 C7

The stars shine above you, yet Linger A while. They

whisper "I love you," so Linger A while. And when you

have gone away, each hour will seem a day, I've some thing

to tell you, so Linger A while.

LITTLE BOAT (O Barquinho)

Original Words by Ronaldo Boscoli
English Words by Buddy Kaye
Music by Roberto Menescal

Bouncy

My Little Boat is like a note bouncing merrily a long, hear it splash in' up a song.
The wind is still, we feel the thrill of a voyage heaven bound, tho' we only drift a round.

The sails are white, the sky is bright headin' out into the blue with a crew of only two.
Warmed by the sun, two hearts as one beating with enchanted bliss, melting in each other's kiss.

Where we can share love's salty air on a little paradise that's a float, not a care have
When daylight ends, and stylishly sends little stars to twinkle brightly above, it's good-bye to

we in my Little Boat. Good-bye

we in my Little Boat. Good-bye

we in my Little Boat. Good-bye

we in my Little Boat. Good-bye
**LITTLE BROWN JUG**

Traditional

Gaily C6 F6 G7 C6

My wife and I lived all alone in a little log but we called our own; she loved gin and

G7 C6 G7 C6 C6

I loved rum. I tell you what, we'd lots of fun! Ha, ha, ha, you and me,

G7 C6 G7 C6 C6

Little Brown Jug don't I love thee! Ha, ha, ha, you and me, Little Brown Jug don't

C6 G7 B7 F7 C

I love thee! 'Tis Ha, ha, ha, you and me, Little Brown Jug don't I love thee!

**LITTLE GIRL**

Words and Music by Madeline Hyde and Francis Henry

Moderately E6 Em6 Edim7 BbM7

Little Girl, you're the one girl for me, Little Girl, you're as

Bdim7 Cm7 F7

sweet as can be. Just a glance at you meant love from the start and

BbM7 C7 Cm7 F7 B7 Bb Bb

oh what a thrill came into my heart. Little Girl, with your

Em6 Edim7 BbM7 Bdim7 Cm7

cute little ways, I am yours for the rest of my days. And this great big

D7 Gm G7 C7 F7 Bb

world will be divine. Little Girl, when you're mine, all mine.
LITTLE GIRL BLUE

Moderately

F Dm7 Gm9 C9 F

Sit there and count your fingers what can you do?

Old girl you're through.

Sit there and count the raindrops falling on you.

It's time you knew,

F Dm7 D7#9 D7 Am7 A7 Gm7 C7 F

Sit there and count your fingers; unluckily Little Girl Blue.

all you can count on is the raindrops that fall on Little Girl Blue.

No use, old girl you may as well surrender, your hope is getting slender, why

won't some body send a tender blue boy to cheer a Little Girl Blue?

LITTLE NILES

Jazz Waltz

Gm9

D7 Gm Gm7 Gm6

Gm7 B7b5 E7 A7b5 D7 D7#9

D7#9

Gm9

D7 Gm Gm7 Gm5

Gm7 B7b5 E7 A7b5 D7

D7 D7#9

Gm9

D7 Gm Gm7 Gm5

Gm7 B7b5 E7 A7b5 D7

Repeat and fade
LITTLE WILLY LEAPS

By Miles Davis

LONELY WOMAN

Lyrics by Leonard Feather
Music by Horace Silver
LONG AGO (AND FAR AWAY)

Words by Ira Gershwin
Music by Jerome Kern

Moderately Slow

F6    Dm7   Gm7   C7   FM7   Gm7   C9   F6   Gm7   C7

Long A-go And Far Away, I dreamed a dream one day, And now that
Chills run up and down my spine, A - lad - din's lump is mine, The
Long the skies were o-ver - cast But now the clouds have
dream is here be - side me. Long the skies were o-ver - cast But now the clouds have

CM7   Am7   Dm7   Gm7  C7  2  Cm7   F7   Bb M7

— passed: you're here at last! — Just one look and then I knew —

E9    F6/A  Ab dim Gm7   C7   F6

That all I longed for, long A-go was you.

LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING

Words by Buddy DeSylva
Music by Jerome Kern

Smoothly

CM7   Dm7/G  G7b9  C6   Am7   Dm7   G7   CM9   F   Em7   Am7   Dm7

Look For the Silver Lin - ing when-e'er a cloud ap - pears in the blue — Re - mem-ber some - where —

G7   G7/F   Em7   Am   Am/G   F#m5   Em7   Eb M7   Dm   D# M7   CM9

— the sun is shin - ing — and so the right thing — to do is make it shine for you. A heart full —

Dm7/G  G7b9  C6   Gm7   Cb9   FM7   F6   FM7   F7b9  Eb 9   D9   D7b9   Dd9

— of joy and glad - ness — will al - ways han - ish sad - ness and strife — So al - ways Look For the Silver

Em7   Bb 9   A7   A7b5   Dm7   Dm5   G7b9   C6

Lin - ing — and try to find the sun - ny side of life.
LOST IN THE STARS
(From "LOST IN THE STARS")

Words by Maxwell Anderson
Music by Kurt Weill

Moderately

G Bb dim7 D7/A D7 G E7/G G Am7 D7/G

Before Lord God made the sea and the land, He held all the stars in the palm of His hand, and they

G CM7 G G/B Bb dim7 Am7 D7

ran through His fingers like grains of sand, and one little star fell alone. Then the

G Bb dim7 D7/A D7 G E7/G G Am7 D7/G

Lord God hunted through the wide night air for the little dark star on the wind down there. And he

G CM7 G G E7 A7 D7 G

stated and promised He'd take special care so it wouldn't get lost again. Now a

Cm7 F7 Bb Gm7 Cm7/G F7 Bb Gm7

man don't mind if the stars grow dim and the clouds blow over and darken him. So

Cm7 F7 Bb Gm7 Cm7/G F7 F7/G E7 Eb7 D7

long as the Lord God's watching over them, keeping track how it all goes on. But

G Bb dim7 D7/A D7 G E7/G G Am7 Cm6

I've been walking through the night and the day, 'til my eyes get weary and my head turn gray, And...

G Cm6 G Cm6

sometimes it seems maybe God's gone away, forgetting the promise that we heard Him say.

D7 Am7 D7 G Em7 Eb7 G Bb dim7

And we're lost out here in the stars, little stars, big stars, blowing through the night.

D7/A Am7 D7 G Em7 Eb7 G Bb dim7

And we're lost out here in the stars, little stars, big stars, blowing through the night.

D7/A D7 G Em7 Eb7 G6

And we're lost out here in the stars.
A LOT OF LIVIN' TO DO

With a steady, growing drive

There are girls just ripe for some kiss-in' and I mean to kiss me a few! Oh, those girls don't know what they're miss-in', I've got A Lot Of Livin' To Do! And there's wine all ready for tastin', and there's Cad-il-lacs all shiny and new! Got ta move, 'cause time is wastin', there's such A Lot Of Livin' To Do! There's music to play places to go! People to see!

Everything for you and me! Life's a ball, if only you know it! And it's all just wait-in' for you! You're alive, so come on and show it! There's such A Lot Of Livin' To Do! There are Livin', such a lot of Liv-in',

what A Lot Of Liv-in' To Do!

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Lyric by Lee Adams
Music by Charles Strouse
LOUISIANA

Words and Music by Fernando Arbex

Moderately

F

C

Dm

Hey, girl, throw me a kiss,
Hey, girl, open your arms,
My girl, you'll always be,
reach out at me,
listen to me,
nothin' will change me.

Am

Eb

C7

C7sus

wish me good luck, and tell me,
show me your love, embrace me,
worry you not, I leave you,
I'm my love, bye, bye, bye,

F

C

C7

F

Gm7/C

Louise, Louise, Louise, Louise, Louisiana.

Gm7/C

Louise, Louise, Louise, Louise, Louise, Louise, Louise, Louisiana.

Gm7/C

Louise, Louise, Louise, Louise, Louise, Louise, Louise, Louisiana.

F

Gm7/C

Louise, Louise, Louise, Louise, Louise, Louise, Louisiana.

Gm7/C

Louise, Louise, Louise, Louise, Louise, Louise, Louisiana.

To 3rd Verse
LOVE FOR SALE

Words & Music by Cole Porter

With Swinging Rhythm


Who will buy? Who would like to sam-ple my sup-ply?

Love that's fresh and still un-spoiled, love that's only slight-ly soiled, Love For Sale.

Who's pre-pared to pay the price for a trip to para-dise? Love For Sale.

Let the po-ets pipe of love in their child-ish way, I knew ev-ery type of love bet-ter far than, they. If you want the thrill of love, I've been thru the mill of love; Old love, new love, Ev-ery love but true love. Love For Sale, Ap-petiz-ing young Love For Sale.

If you want to buy my wares, Follow me and climb the stairs, Love For Sale.

Love For Sale.
LOVE IS A SIMPLE THING

Words by June Carrol
Music by Arthur Siegel

Moderate rocking tempo

\[\text{C} \quad \text{Am7} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Am7}\]

Love Is A Simple Thing, love is a silver ring, shiny as a ribbon bow,
Love Is A Simple Thing, love is a magic ring, much more fun than mistle toe,

\[\text{Dm7} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{CM9/E} \quad \text{Bdim7} \quad \text{G7}\]

soft as a quiet snow. Love is a nursery rhyme,
gay as a puppet show. Love is the thunder and rain,

\[\text{CM7/E} \quad \text{Bdim7} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Am7}\]

old as the tick of time. Love is so many things,
swift as a soaring plane. Love is a summer moon,

\[\text{Dm7} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Am7} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G7}\]

bright as an angel's wings, gentle as the morning light, long as a winter night,
gay as a big balloon, wild as a storm at sea, young as a can-see.

\[\text{CM7} \quad \text{Em7} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G7}\]

Love makes an old heart sing and it fills every empty space;
Love is a touch of spring, it's as sweet as a first embrace.

\[\text{Em7} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G7}\]

love is a warming place, Love Is A Simple Thing.
Love is a special face, Love Is A Simple Thing.

LOVE IS HERE TO STAY

(From GOLDWYN FOLLIES)

Words by Ira Gershwin
Music by George Gershwin

Moderately

\[\text{G9} \quad \text{Gm7} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{C7b9} \quad \text{F6} \quad \text{Gm7} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{G7}\]

It's very clear Our Love Is Here To Stay, not for a year

\[\text{Gm7} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{C7b9} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{D7b9} \quad \text{E7} \quad \text{Am7} \quad \text{D7b9} \quad \text{Gm7} \quad \text{C7b9}\]

but ever and a day. The radio and the telephone and the
FM7 Bb M7 Em7b5 A7 Dm Dm7 Dm7 G7 Gm7

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

They're only made of clay. But Our Love Is Here To Stay.

LULLABY OF THE LEAVES

Words by Joe Young
Music by Bernice Petkere

Moderately

Cm G7/B Cm/Bb F/A Ab7 G745 C7 Fm7 Fm7/Eb Dm11 G7

Cradle me where southern skies can watch me with a million eyes, oh sing me to sleep.

Lullaby Of The Leaves. Cover me with heaven's blue and
cr57

let me dream a dream or two, oh sing me to sleep, Lullaby Of The Leaves.

Cm Cm7/Bb Ab7 Cm6 Fm

I'm breezing along, along with the breeze, I'm hearing a song, a song thru the trees, ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh

C6 C7/Bb Ab7 C C Oldim7

oooh. That pine melody carressing the shore familiar to me, I've heard it before, ooh ooh ooh ooh

G7/D G745 Cm G7/B Cm/Bb F/A Ab7 G745 C7 Fm7 Fm7/Eb

that's south land, don't I feel it in my soul, and don't I know I've reached my goal. Oh

Dm11 G7 Dm11 G745 1.Cm Cm7/Bb Ab7 G7 2.Cm Fm Cm6/9

sing me to sleep Lullaby Of The Leaves.
VERSE  tempo ad lib.

I used to visit all the very gay places; those girls I knew had sad and sullen gray faces with distinct traces, where one relaxes on the axis of the wheel of life to get the feel of life, from jazz and cocktails. Then you came along with your siren song to tempt me to madness. I thought for a while that your poignant smile was tinged with the sadness of a great love for me.

CHORUS  a tempo

Life is awful again, a trough of hearts could only be a bore. A week in Paris will ease the bite of it; all I care is to smile in spite of it.
LOVER MAN
(Oh, Where Can You Be?)

By Jimmy Davis, Roger "Ram" Ramirez and Jimmy Sherman

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Blues Tempo

I don't know why, but I'm feeling so sad. I long to try something
The night is cold, and I'm so all alone. I'd give my soul just to
Some day we'll meet and you'll dry all my tears. Then whisper sweet little

I've never had, never had no kissin', oh, what I've been missin',
call you my own, got a moon above me, but no one to love me,
things in my ears, hug gim' and a kissin', oh, what we've been missin',

LOVER MAN, oh where can you be?
LOVER MAN, oh where can you be?
LOVER MAN, oh where can you

I've heard it said that the thrill of romance can be like a heavenly dream, I go to bed with a

pray'r that you'll make love to me, strange as it seems.

D.C. al Coda
LULLABY OF BIRDLAND

Words by George David Weiss
Music by George Shearing

Relaxed Swing

\[ \text{Fm6} \]

Lullaby Of Birdland that's what I always hear when you sigh.

\[ \text{Cm7} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb m7} \quad \text{Eb 7 b9} \quad \text{Bb m7} \quad \text{Eb 7} \]

Never in my word-land could there be ways to reveal in a phrase how I feel.

\[ \text{Fm6} \quad \text{Dm7 b5} \quad \text{G7 b9} \quad \text{C7 b9} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Db M7} \quad \text{Bb m7} \quad \text{Eb 7} \]

Have you ever heard two turtle doves—bill and coo—when they love?

\[ \text{Cm7} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb m7} \quad \text{Eb 7 b9} \quad \text{Ab M7} \quad \text{Eb 7} \quad \text{Ab} \]

That's the kind of magic music we make—with our lips when we kiss!

\[ \text{Cm7 b5} \quad \text{F7 b9} \quad \text{Bb m7} \quad \text{Eb 7 b9} \quad \text{Ab M7} \quad \text{C 7} \]

And there's a weepy old willow—he really knows how to cry!

\[ \text{Cm7 b5} \quad \text{F7 b9} \quad \text{Bb m7} \quad \text{Eb 7 b9} \quad \text{Ab M7} \quad \text{C 7} \]

That's how I'd cry in my pillow if you should tell me fare well and good-bye!

\[ \text{Fm6} \quad \text{Dm7 b5} \quad \text{G7 b9} \quad \text{C7 b9} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Db M7} \quad \text{Bb m7} \quad \text{Eb 7} \]

Lullaby Of Birdland whisper low, kiss me sweet and we'll go.

\[ \text{Cm7} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb m7} \quad \text{Eb 7 b9} \quad \text{Ab M7} \quad \text{D 9} \]

Flyin' high in birdland, high in the sky up above all because we're in love.

\[ \text{Gm7 b5} \quad \text{C 7} \quad \text{Ab M7} \quad \text{Bb m7} \quad \text{Eb 9} \quad \text{Ab M7} \quad \text{Bb m7} \quad \text{AM7} \quad \text{Ab M9} \]

we're in love all because we're in love.
MAD ABOUT HIM, SAD WITHOUT HIM,  
HOW CAN I BE GLAD WITHOUT HIM BLUES

Words and Music by Larry Markes and Dick Charles

Quick Boogie Blues  C

I went to bed last evenin' feelin' blue as I could be.  C7

I couldn't sleep last evenin' with what was worryin' me.  Oh the

tears I've wasted would surely fill the deep blue sea.  I've got those

F

cry about him die without him Lor'dy where am I without him blues.  He keeps me

walkin' on the floor hangin' round her door and like a fool I ask for more.  Altho' I

know she isn't good I wouldn't leave him if I could ah no.  I'm not the

first on her list I'd never be missed, I wish I had a dime for every gal he's kissed I swear

I'd be a millionnaire.  And yet I wouldn't care as

C

long as I could get my share.  I've got those Mad About Him Sad Without Him

How Can I Be Glad Without Him Blues.  He makes my dreams go up in smoke,

and then he treats it like a joke.  He's just an orn'ry sort o' guy, and yet I'll

love him till I die poor me.  I went to
LOVE WALKED IN

Words by Ira Gershwin
Music by George Gershwin

Moderately

\[Eb\] \[F7\] \[Bb7sus B7\] \[Es\]

Love walked right in and drove the shadows away, love walked right in and
\[F7\] \[Bb7\] \[Es\] \[Eb\] \[Es\] \[Fm7\] \[Bb7\] \[Es\]

brought my sunniest day. One magic moment and my heart seemed to know
\[Fm\] \[C7\] \[Fm7\] \[Eb\] \[Ab\] \[Bb\] \[F9\] \[Fm7\] \[B7\] \[Es\]

that love said "Hello," though not a word was spoken. One look and I for-
\[F7\] \[Bb7sus B7\] \[Es\] \[F7\] \[Bb7\] \[Es\]

got the gloom of the past; one look and I had found my future at last. One
\[Bb7\] \[Ab\] \[Fm7\] \[Abm6\] \[Eb\] \[Es\] \[C7\] \[Fm\] \[Bs7\] \[Es\]

look and I had found a world completely new, when Love Walked In with you.

MARGIE

Words by Benny Davis
Music by Con Conrad and J. Russel Robinson

Moderately in 2 \[F\]

My little Margie, I'm always thinking of you Margie,
\[F\] \[Fdim7\] \[F\] \[D7\]

I'll tell the world I love you. Don't forget your promise to me:
\[G7\] \[Gdim7\] \[G7\] \[C7\] \[F\]

I have bought a home and ring and everything for Margie, you've been my
\[F7\] \[F745\] \[Bb\] \[A\] \[Bm7\] \[Cdim7\] \[A7/C\] \[C7\] \[F\]

inspiration, days are never blue. After all is said and
\[C7\] \[F\] \[Am7\] \[D7\] \[Gm7\] \[C7\] \[F\] \[Bb7\] \[F\]

done, there is really only one, oh! Margie, Margie, it's you.
Moderately

**MAD ABOUT THE BOY**

Words and Music by Noel Coward

Musically

Moderately

Dm7b5 G7b9 Dm7b5 G7b9

Mad About The Boy, I know it's stupid to be Mad About The Boy, I'm so ashamed of it, but must admit the sleepless nights I've had about the boy.

Mad About The Boy, it's pretty funny but I'm Mad About The Boy, He has a gay appeal that makes me feel there's maybe something sad about the boy.

G7

On the silver screen, he melts my foolish heart in every single scene.

Walk ing down the street, his eyes look out at me from people that I meet;

Dm7b5

Al though I'm quite aware that here and there are traces of the cad about the boy.

I can't believe it's true, but when I'm blue in some strange way I'm glad about the boy. Lord knows I'm not a fool girl, I'm hardy sentimental.

Gm7b5 C7

I love really shouldn't care; Lord knows I'm not a schoolgirl in the flurry of her first affair.

Am7b5 D7b9 Dm7 G7 Dm7b5

rental and I can't afford to waste much time. Will it ever die?

G7b9

This odd diversity of misery and joy, I'm feeling a little magic that would finally destroy.

Cm Cm/Bb Am7b5 Ab7 D7b9 G7b9 G7b9

quite insane and young again, and all because I'm Mad About The Boy.

Dm7 G7

2 Cm6 Dm7b5 DbM7 Cm6/9

Mad About The Boy.
MAKE SOMEONE HAPPY

Words by Betty Comden & Adolph Green
Music by Jule Styne

Moderately

\( \text{Make someone happy, make just one someone happy. Make just one} \)

heart the heart you sing to. One smile that cheers you, one face that

lights when it nears you. One man you're everything to. Fame, if you win it,

comes and goes in a minute. Where's the real stuff in life to cling to?

Love is the answer, someone to love is the answer. Once you've found him,

build your world around him. Make someone happy, make just one

someone happy and you will be happy too.

MALAGUENA

Music and Spanish Lyric by Ernesto Lecuona
English Lyric by Marian Banks

Moderately slow-in 3

"Fly away!" Said my care-free heart. "To the place where the day-dreams start. "Fly away!" Said my heart to

me. "To the shore of the moon-lit sea." 'Tis the gypsy code to be fancy free; when I see a
road, oh that's the road for me!

Flemenco tempo in 4

1. My Ma-la-gue-ría, your
2. Long have I traveled, my

eyes shamed the purple sky.
You were as fair as I dreamed you would be;

love, since the night we met.
Seeking in wandering a way to forget.

I loved and left you, for I never could deny the gypsy strain in
But it's no matter by what path I may depart, I can't escape from my

me.

Lightly as a song, going where I please; journeying a -

long with every vagrant breeze. Up a hill, down a stream, I follow in a dream.

CODA

heart.

Broadly in 3

Ma-la-gue-

Ma-la-gue-
MANHATTAN
(From The Broadway Musical "GARRICK GAIETIES")

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Lyric by Lorenz Hart
Music by Richard Rodgers

Moderate Swing

F

F/A A dim7 Gm7 C7 FM7 Bb 6 Am7 A dim7

We'll have Man- hat- tan the Bronx and Stat- en Is- land too; it's love- ly
We'll go to Green- wich with where mod- ern men wish to be free; and Bow- ling

Fdim7 C7 Gm7 C7 F D7 Gm7 C7 F

going through the Zoo, It's ver- y fan- cy
Green you'll see with me.

Gm7 C7 FM7 Dm7 G7

on old De- lan- cey Street, you know; the sub- way charms us so, when balmy-

Gm7 C7 C7/G F Gm7 C7 C7/G C7/B F Am7 D7/G Gm7

breez- es blow to and fro,
shell- fish grin fin to fin.

Am7 A dim7 C7/G Fdim7 C7/G C7 C7/G Am7

sweet push carts gent- ly glid- ing by.
and fair Can- ar- sie's Lakes we'll view.

F Dm7 G7 F D7/G A dim7 Gm7 C7 C7/G

toy just made for a girl and boy.
We'll turn Man- hat- tan in- to an isle of

F A dim7 Gm7 C7 F Bb 6 F

joy.
joy.

THE MAN THAT GOT AWAY

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Slowly, but insistently

F6

Gm7 Bb/G C7

The night is bit- ter, the stars have lost their glit- ter; the winds grow cold- er and

Bb9 Fm7/B C7 F

sud- den- ly you're old- er, and all be- cause of The Man That Got A-

A7/G D7/G

seen the final in- ning. Don't know what hap- pened, it's
No more his eager call; the writing's on the wall, the dreams you dream'd have all gone a-stray. The all a crazy game!

No more that all-time thrill, for you've been through the mill, and never a new love will be the same. Good ride! Good bye! Every trick of his you're on to, but, fools will be fool, and where's he gone to?

The road gets rougher, it's lonelier and tougher; with hope you burn up, tomorrow he may turn up. There's just no let-up the live-long night and day! Ever since this world began there is nothing sadder than a one man woman looking for The Man That Got Away.
MAPLE LEAF RAG

Tempo di marcia

\( \text{Ab, Adim7, Eb7/Bb, F} \)

\( N.C. \)

\( \text{Adim7, Eb7/Bb, Eb} \)

\( \text{To Coda} \)

\( \text{Eb7} \)

\( \text{Ab, Eb7/Bb, F} \)

\( \text{To Coda} \)

\( \text{Ab, Adim7, G, G7, F} \)

\( \text{Bm, Bb9, Eb7} \)

\( 1. \text{Ab, Adim7} \)

\( 2. \text{D.C. al Coda} \)

\( \text{Eb7, Ab, Ab7/Bb, Ab7} \)

\( \text{Db} \)

\( \text{Ab7, Db, F7, Bb7} \)

\( \text{Exm, Gdim7, Db/A, B7, Eb7, Ab7} \)

\( 1. \text{Db, Ddim7} \)

\( 2. \text{Db, Db, Bdim, Ab, F, Eb7/Bb, Eb7} \)

\( \text{Ab, Db, Ddim7, Ab} \)

\( \text{Db, Db} \)

\( \text{Ab, Eb7/Bb, Eb7} \)

\( 1. \text{Ab, Eb7/Bb, Eb7} \)

\( 2. \text{Ab, Eb7, Eb7} \)
MEAN TO ME

Words & Music by Fred E. Ahlert and Roy Turk

Moderately

F Dm7 Gm7 C7 C7/Bb Am7 Dm7 BbM7 Eb9 Am7 D7

You're Mean To Me— Why must you be Mean To Me? Gee, honey it seems to me—

Gm7 C9 F6 Dm7 G7 Gm7/CC7 F Dm7 Gm7 C9

you love to see me cry-in'. I don't know why I stay home each night when you

Am7 Dm7 BbM7 Eb9 Am7 D7 Gm7 C7 F6 Cm7 F7b9

say you'll phone you don't and I'm left alone singin' the blues and sigh-in'. You treat me

BbM7 Gm7 Cm7 F7b9 Bb Es9 D9#5 D7b9 Gm7 Em7b5 A7b9 Eb9 D9#5 D7b9

coldly each day in the year. You always scold me whenever

G7 Gm7 C9#5 F Dm7 Gm7 C9 C7/Bb Am7 Dm7 BbM7 Eb9

somebody is near, dear. It must be great fun to be Mean To Me you shouldn't, for

Am7 Dm7 Gm7 C9 Dm7 G7 Gm7 C7#5 C7#5 F6 F Bb9 F6

can't you see what you Mean To Me? You're Mean To Me—

MEDITATION

Words & Music by Antonio Carlos Jobim and Mrs. Newton Mendonça

Medium bossa nova

C6 B7sus B7 C6

In my loneliness when you're gone and I'm all by myself

Though you're far away I have only to close my eyes

I will wait for you till the sun falls from out of the sky

and I need your caress I just think of you

and you are back to stay I just close my eyes

To Coda ♪

and the thought of you holding me near make my loneliness soon disappear

and the sadness that missing you brings soon is gone and this heart of mine sings—

Med-ita-
MEMORIES OF YOU

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America

Words by Andy Razaf
Music by Eubie Blake

Moderately Slow

Walking skies at sunrise, every sunset too seems to bring me Memories Of
You. Here and there, every where, scenes that we once knew, and they all just recall
Memories Of You. How I wish I could forget those happy yesterday

that have left a rosary of tears. Your face beams in my dreams'...
MEMPHIS IN JUNE

C  Dm7  Em7  Dm7  C  Db 7  C  A7  Dm7  G7
Memphis In June, a shady veranda under a Sunday blue sky.

Em  Em/D  Em7/D  Cm7 5  C9  B7
Memphis In June and cousin Amanda's makin' a rhubarb pie.

I can hear the clock inside tickin' and tockin'. Everything is peacefully dandy. I can see old gran'ny 'cross the street a rockin', watchin' the neighbors go by.

Memphis In June, with sweet oleander blowing perfume in the air. Up jumps a moon to make it that much grander. It's paradise, brother, take my advice, nothin's half as nice as Memphis In June.

MERRY CHRISTMAS, BABY

F  Bb7  F  F7
Merry Christmas Baby, you sure did treat me nice.

Bb7  F
Merry Christmas Baby, you sure did treat me nice. Gave me a
diamond ring for Christmas, now I'm livin' in Paradise...

Well, I'm feelin' mighty fine, got good music on my radio...

Well, I want to kiss you baby while you're standin' 'neath the mistletoe.

Saint Nick came down the chimney 'bout half past three, left all these pretty presents that you see before me. Merry Christmas little baby, you sure been good to me.

I haven't had a drink this mornin', but I'm all lit up like a Christmas tree.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

By Charlie Parker

Up Tempo

C7

F

F7

Bb7

F7

Bb7

F

Bb7

F

Bb7

F

C7

F7

F7/Eb

Bb/D

Bbm/Db

F

C7

F6
MIDNIGHT BLUE

Words and Music by Carole Bayer Sager and Melissa Manchester

Moderately Slow Rock

C

What - ever it is, it'll keep all of the times you told me you need me, needing me now is
C 7  C9  F  Bb  F  C

better things to do? Midnight Blue.
G

Even though simple things become rough. Have'n't we had enough?
G 7sus  C  Em

And I think we can make it one more time
Am  Gsus  G  C  Gsus

If we try one more time for all the old times.
Am  Gsus  G  C

Think we can make it, think we can make it.
F  C

Would'n't you give your heart to a friend? Think of me as your friend And I think we can make
G  F  Am  G 7sus

it. And I think we can make it, and I think we can make
C

Repeat and Fade
MILENBERG JOYS

Moderate stride

Bb7 F7 Bb

Rock my soul — with the Mile-enberg Joys. (spoken) Stomp it! Rock my soul

Bdim7 F7 Gb7 F7

with the Mile-enberg Joys. Play 'em daddy, don't refuse;

Bdim7 F7 Bb dim7 F7/C F7 Bb

separate me from the weary blues. Hey! Hey! Hey! Sweet boy

Bdim7 F7

syncopate your mama all night long — with that Dixieland strain. (spoken) Turn it on.

Eb7

Play it down, then do it again. (spoken) Won't be long now. Every time I

Bb Bb7/Ab G7 C7 b9

hear that tune — good luck says, "I'll be with you soon." That's just why

F7

I've got the Mile-enberg Joys.

MILES AHEAD

Moderately

Em7 Em7 Dm7 Dim6 Cm7 F7

Em7 Gb Em7 Em7 Dm7 Dim6 Cm7

F7 G7 Em7 Em6 A7

By Miles Davis

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MINOR SWING

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Moderately
N.C.

By Django Reinhardt and Stephane Grappelli
MISTY

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Words by Johnny Burke
Music by Errol Garner

Slowly, with a smooth swing

Bm7
Em7
Ab M7

Look at me, I'm as helpless as a kitten up a tree, and I feel like I'm
way and a thousand violins begin to play, or it might be the
own, would I wander through this wonderland alone,

Bm7
Dm7
Am7

clinging to a cloud, I can't understand. I get Misy just holding your hand,
sound of your hello, that music I hear. I get Misy the moment you're
right foot from my left, my hat from my glove. I'm too Misy and too much in

Fm7
Bb7
Ab7

Walk my 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 hopeless I'm lost, that's why I'm following you.

Fm7
Bb7
D.S. al Coda

CODA

Em
Gm9

On my

love.

MOHAWK

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By Charlie Parker

Fast

Bb7
Eb7
Bb7

Cm7
F7
Bb7
MOON LOVE
Adapted From Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, Second Movement

By Mack David, Mack Avis and Andre Kostelanetz

Moderately Slow

Gm7 C7

FM7 Dm7

Gm7 C7sus C7

Will this be Moon Love, nothing but Moon Love? Will you be gone when the dawn comes

Fus F F/A - Abdim7 Gm7 C7

FM7 Dm7 Bbm7sus5

stealing through? Are these just moon dreams, grand while the moon beams? But, when the moon fades a

E7#9 Am Am7sus5 D7 Gm7 C7

way will my dreams come true? Much as I love you, don’t let me love you

FM7 Dm7 G9 Gm7 C7 FM7 F/A Abdim7 Gm7 C7

—if I must pay for your kiss with lonely tears. Say it’s not Moon Love, Tell me it’s

FM7 Dm7 G9 Gm9 C7 F BbM7 F6

ture love, say you’ll be mine when the moon disappears.

MOON RAYS

Medium Latin Tempo

Dm7 Fm7 Bb7#9 Eb Gm7 Fm7 Am7#5 Ab m7 Gm7#5 C7#9#5 Fm7

To Coda Bb7#9#5 Eb Ab#11 Eb Ab#11 Fm7 Bb7#9 Eb Gm7 Fm7 Am7#5 Ab m7

Gm7#5 C7#9#5 Fm7 Bb7#5 Eb Ab#11 Eb Ab#11 Am7 D7#9 GM7 Bbm7 Am7

Dm7#5 Cm7 Bbm7#5 E7#9#5 Am7 D7#9#5 Gm7 C Fm7 Bb9 D.S. al Coda CODA

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By Horace Silver
MOONGLOW

Words and Music by Will Hudson, Eddie DeLange and Irving Mills

Smoothly

C6 F9 A7b5 Am7

It must have been Moon-glow, way up in the blue; it must have been

D7b9 G/B Bbdim7 Am7 Bbdim7 G/B C6 F9 A7b5 Am7 D7b9 G/B Bbdim7 Am7 Bbdim7 G/B

Moon-glow that led me straight to you — I still hear you saying,

Bm7 Em7 A7b5 Am7 D7b9 G/B Bbdim7 Am7 Bbdim7 G/B

"Dear one hold me fast." And I start in praying: oh Lord, please let this last.

G9 F19 F9 E9 Bm7 E7 Em7 A7

We — seemed to float right thru the air, heavenly songs — seemed to come from

Am7 D7 G7#5 C6 F9 A7b5 Bm7 Em7 Am7 D7b9 G/B Bbdim7 Am7 A7b5 G6

ev'rywhere. And now when there's Moon-glow way up in the blue,

Am7 D7b9 G/B Bbdim7 Am7 A7b5 G6

I always remember that Moon-glow gave me you.

MOONLIGHT BAY

Words by Edward Madden
Music by Percy Wenrich

Gracefully

Bb B7 Eb Bb F7

We were sailing a long on Moonlight Bay. We could hear the voices ringing,

Bb Bbdim7 F7/C Bb Bb7 Eb Bb

they seemed to say: "You have stolen my heart, now don't go 'way!"

F7

As we sang loves old sweet song on Moonlight Bay.
MOONLIGHT AND ROSES
(Bring Mem'ries Of You)
Words and Music by Ben Black & Neil Moret

Moderately, with expression

F Bb/F F Gm7 C7 F/A A7dim7 C7/G C7

Moonlight And Roses__ brings wonderful memories of you.___

Gm7 D7 Gm C7 Gm7 C7#5 F F#dim7 Gm7 C7

My heart reposes__ in beautiful thoughts so true.___

Bb/F F Gm7 C7 F/A A7dim7 Bb

light discloses__ loves olden dreams sparking a new.___

Bbm6 F E+$9 D7#5 D7 Gm7 C7 L F Gm7 C7 L F

light And Roses__ bring memories__ of you.___

MOONLIGHT ON THE GANGES
Lyric by Chester Wallace
Music by Sherman Myers

Moderately

G9 F49 F9 E9 E+$9 D9 D9#5 G7#5 C6 CM7 C7 C5 Dm7

Moonlight__ On The Ganges__ and all stars__ in view__ when I whisper'd.

G7 G#dim7 Am D7 G7sus G7 G9 F49 F9 E9

__ love's sweet melody__ all our dreams and our schemes came true.__ Some day__ on the

E+$9 D9 D9#5 G7#5 C C7#5 F6 C+ F6 F#m7#5 Fdim7 C/E E#dim7 G7

Ganges__ I'll meet you__ once more__ and I'll kiss you__ and caress you__

A7 Dm7 G7 [1C F7 E9 E+$9] [2C E+$9 A$b7 G7 C]

where the waters kiss the silent shore.__

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MOONLIGHT IN VERMONT

Words by John Blackburn
Music by Karl Suessdorf

Freely

E♭6 Cm7 Fm7 E7♯9 E♭6 Cm7 D♭9

Penny's in a stream, falling leaves, a sycamore, Moonlight In Vermont.

E♭6

Music by Karl Suessdorf

Fm7 E♭6 Cm7 D♭9

waves, ski trails on a mountaintop, snowlight in Vermont.

GM7 G6 dim7 Am11 A♭9 #11

singing down the highway and travel each bend in the road, people who meet in this

GM7 G6 B♭m11 E♭7

romantic setting are so hypnotized by the lovely evening summer breeze, warbling of a

D♭9 Fm7 B♭7sus E♭ Cm7 F9 E♭9 E♭♭ M9

meadowlark, Moonlight In Vermont, you and I and Moonlight In Vermont.

MOONLIGHT COCKTAIL

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By Lucky Roberts and Kim Gannon

Slowly

G D7/A G/B B♭7 Em7 A♭7 E7/B A♭7/C♭

Coupl'a jiggers of moonlight and add a star, Four in the blue of a June night and

A♭7 D♭7 A♭7/E A7/F♯ D9

one guitar, mix in a coupl'a dreamers and there you are, Lovers hail the

Am7 D♭7 2 Am7 A♭7 D♭7 G6 B♭7

dreams come true, as to the number of kisses, it's up to you, "Moonlight Cocktail," Moonlight cocktails need a few...

Cool it in the
summer breeze, serve it in the star-light underneath the trees; you'll discover

tricks like these are sure to make your "Moon-light Cocktail" please. Follow the simple directions and they will bring, life of another complex ion, where you'll be king.

You will awake in the morning and start to sing, moon-light cocktails are the thing.

MOOSE THE MOOCHÉ

By Charlie Parker
MORE
(Theme From MONDO CANE)

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More than the greatest love the world has known; this is the love I'll give to you a -

More than the simple words I try to say; I only live to love you more each -

 lone. day. More than you'll ev - er know, my arms long to hold you so, my life will be -

 in your keep - ing wak - ing, sleep - ing, laugh - ing, weep - ing. Long - er than al - ways is a long long -

 time, but far bey - ond for - ev - er you'll be mine. I know I nev - er lived be -

 fore and my heart is very sure no one else could love you more. -

MORE THAN YOU KNOW

Words by William Rose and Edward Eliscu
Music by Vincent Youmans

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More Than You Know, More Than You Know, man o' my heart, I love you so. Late - ly I find you're on my -

 mind, More Than You Know. Whether you're right whether you're wrong, man o' my heart, I'll string a -

 long. You need me so more than you'll ev - er know. Lov - ing you the way that I do there's -
My Funny Valentine

Words by Lorenz Hart
Music by Richard Rodgers

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Slowly

Cm
G7/B
Cm7/Bb
Am7b5
As M7
Fm9
Dm7b5

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

G7b9
Cm
G7/B
Cm7/Bb
F/A
As M7

Your looks are laughable, unphotographable, yet, you're my favorite work of art. Is your figure less than Greek; is your

Fm7
Gm7
Fm7
As M7
G7b9
G7
Cm7
Bb m7
A7b9
Ab M7
Dm7b5
G7b9

mouth a little weak when you open it to speak, are you smart? But

Cm
G7/B
Cm7/Bb
F/A
Ab M7
Dm7b5
G7b9
Cm7

don't change a hair for me, not if you care for me, stay little Valentine, stay!

Bb m9
A7b5b9
Ab M7
Fm7
Bb7

Each day is Valentine's day.
MY FAVORITE THINGS
(From "THE SOUND OF MUSIC")

Words by Oscar Hammerstein II
Music by Richard Rodgers

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Lively, with spirit

Em7
Rain drops on roses and whiskers on kittens, bright copper kettle and warm woolen
Am7 D9 GM7 CM7 GM7 CM7
mit tens; brown paper packages tied up with string, these are a few of My
Fm7 Em7
Favorite Things.

Am7
Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes,

Am7 D9 GM7
snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes, silver white winters that melt in to
CM7 GM7 CM7 Fm7 Em7 C4m7 Fm7
spring. These are a few of My Favorite Things. When the dog bites, when the
B7 Em7 Em7/D CM7
bee stings, when I'm feeling sad, I simply remember My Favorite
GM7 CM7 Am7 D7 G6 CM7 G6
things and then I don't feel so bad.

MY FOOLISH HEART

Words by Ned Washington
Music by Victor Young

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Slowly & Expressively

BbM7 EbM7 Dm7 G7 Cm7 F7#9
The night is like a lovely tune, beware My Foolish Heart! How
BbM7 D7#9 Gm7 Cm7 F7
white the ever constant moon, take care My Foolish Heart! There's a
line between love and fascination that's hard to see on an evening such as this, for they both give the very same sensation when you're lost in the magic of a kiss. His lips are much too close to mine, be-
ware My Foolish Heart but should our eager lips combine then let the fire start for this time it isn't fascination, or a dream that will fade and fall apart, it's love this time, it's love, My Foolish

Heart.

MOTEN SWING

By Buster and Bennie Moten

Medium Swing

Ab 6

Eb 7

Bb m7 Bb m7/ Eb

Ab 6

1. Bb m7 Eb 7

2. Ab 7 G7 C6 G7 C6 G7

C6 G7 C6 C Bb m7 Bb m7/ Eb Eb 7 Ab 7

Eb 7

Bb m7 Bb m7/ Eb Ab 6 Ds 7 Ab 6/9

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MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY
(From "LEAVE IT TO ME")

Words and Music by Cole Porter

Brightly
Cm

While tearing off a game of golf I may make a play for the caddy; but
G7

when I do I don't follow through 'cause My Heart Belongs To Daddy, if
Cm

I invite a boy some night to dine on my fine flannel had die,
G7

just adore his asking for more 'cause My Heart Belongs To Daddy.

Dm7b5

Heart Belongs To Daddy, I simply couldn't be bad. Yes, My
G7

Heart Belongs To Daddy, dada dada dada dada dada dada! So I
C

want to warn you, ladie thot' I know you're perfectly swell, that My
Fm

Heart Belongs To Daddy 'cause my daddy he treats it so well.
C

---

MY LITTLE SUEDE SHOES

By Charlie Parker

Moderately bright

---
MY MONDAY DATE


Music by Earl Hines
Words by Sid Robin

With a beat

Now, don't forget our Monday date, Baby be ready when I come by.

And when the clock strikes half past eight, I'll be there waitin' with a kiss and a sigh.

I'm gonna hold you so fast when we dance cheek to cheek; store up enough love to last us the rest of the week.

So, don't forget our Monday Date. Baby, I promise neither will I.
MY MAN'S GONE NOW

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Words by DeBose Heyward
Music by George Gershwin

Slowly

Dm7

D7

A13/D

Dm7

Bb

Ab/Bb

G

F

E5/D

Dm

My man's gone now, ain' no use listenin' for his tired feet stepping climbing up de-stairs.

Ah, ah, Ole man sorrow's come to keep me company, whisperin' beside me when I say my prayers. Ah, ah.

Ah, Ain' dat I min' work-in', work an' me is travelers journeyin' together to de promise land. But Ole Man Sorrow's marchin' all de way wid me, tellin' me I'm ole now since I lose my man. Since she lose her man. Since I lose my man. Ah, ah, Ole man sorrow

sittin' by de fire-place, lyin' all night by me in de bed. Tellin' me de

same thing morn-in', noon an' eb' nin' that I'm all alone now since my man is dead.

Ah, since my man is dead.
MY MELANCHOLY BABY

Moderately

Come sweetheart mine, don't sit and pine.
Birds in the trees, whispering breeze
Tell me of the cares that make you feel so blue.
What have I done?

Answer me hon', have I ever said an unkind word to you?
My love is true, and just for you.

I'd do almost anything at any time.
Dear, when you sigh,

Life is always sunshine when the heart beats true.
Be of good cheer.

or when you cry, something seems to grip this very heart of mine.
When you're sad it makes me feel the same as you.

Come to me, My Melancholy Baby, cuddle up and don't be blue;

All your fears are foolish fancy, may be you know, dear, that I'm in love with you.

Every cloud must have a silver lining, wait until the sun shines through.

Smile my honey dear, while I kiss away each tear, or else I shall be melancholy too. Now won't you too.
Words by Robert Mellin
Music by Guy Wood

Slowly

The very thought of you makes my heart sing like an April breeze on the wings of spring. And you appear in all your splendor, My One And Only Love.

The shadows fall and spread their mystical charms in the hush of night while you're in my arms. I feel your lips so warm and tender, My One And Only Love.

The touch of your hand is like heaven, a heaven that I've never known. The blush on your cheek when ever I speak tell me that you are my own.

You fill my eager heart with such desire. Every kiss you give sets my soul on fire. I give myself in sweet surrender.

My One And Only Love.
MY PRAYER

Moderately

My Prayer is to linger with you at the end of the day in a dream that's divine. My Prayer is a rapture in blue with the world far away and your lips close to mine. Tonight while our hearts are alight oh! Tell me the words that I'm longing to know. My Prayer and the answer you give. May they still be the same for as long as we live. That you'll always be there at the end of My Prayer. My Prayer.

MY SHINING HOUR

Tenderly

This will be My Shining Hour, calm and happy and bright. In my dreams, your face will flow through the darkness of the night. Like the lights of home before me, or an angel watching o'er me. This will be My Shining Hour, 'til I'm with you again.
MY ROMANCE
(From "JUMBO")

Moderately Slow

My Romance doesn't have to have a moon in the sky, My Romance doesn't need a blue lagoon standing by; no month of May no twinkling stars, no hide away, no soft guitars. My Romance doesn't need a castle rising in Spain, nor a dance to a constant surprising refrain. Wide awake I can make my most fantastic dreams come true; My Romance doesn't need a thing but you.

MY SHIP
From The Musical Production "LADY IN THE DARK"

Moderately Slow

My ship has sails that are made of silk, the decks are trimmed with gold. And of jam and spice there's a paradise in the hold. My ship's a glow with a million pearls and rubies fill each
Gm7  C7  F  D7  Gm  A7  Dm  Gm7  F  D7  Gm7  C7
bin; the sun sits high in a sapphire sky when my ship comes in. I can wait the years 'til
Gm7  C7  Gm7  C7  F  E7  Am  Dm7  Am  Dm7  G7  Gdim7
it appears one fine day one spring, but the pearls and such they won't mean much if there's missing just one
G7  C9  F  D7  Gm7  C7  F  D7  Gm7  C7  F  D7
thing. I do not care if that day arrives, that dream need never be, if the ship I sing doesn't
Gm  A7  | Dm  Gm7  C7  F  C7  | Dm  C7  F  C7  F  Dm
also bring my own true love to me. My own true love to me, if the ship I sing doesn't
Bb  C7  F  Dm7  Gm7>5  C7  F  Db7  F
also bring my own true love to me.

NARDIS

By Miles Davis and Bill Evans

Medium Fast Jazz

Em  FM7  EM7  B7  CM7  Am7  FM7  EM7 1.

2. Em  Am7  FM7  Am7  FM7  Dm7  G7  CM7  FM7  Em

FM7  EM7  B7  CM7  Am7  FM7  EM7  Em

NEFERTITI

By Wayne Shorter

Medium Swing

Am7  Dm7  Gm7>5  C7b9  Cb9  Bbm7  Am7  Eb7#9 11

EM7  A7sus  D7#5 9  E7  E7sus  Eb7 11  A13

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NEVERTHELESS (I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU)

Words and Music by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby

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Moderately

Moderately

THE "NEW FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE" SONG

Words and Music by Shel Silverstein and Bob Gibson

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Moderately Bright

1. Now Frankie, she was a fine lookin' woman, had a man named Johnnie and she

2-3 (see additional lyrics)

loved him Lord, she laid down a hundred for a suit of clothes— Don't you see them
2. Now Frankie came home one evening just a little bit early and she said, "Think I'm gonna stop and have me a beer." So she went and she told her troubles to the fat bartender says, "Tell me, fat daddy, has my Johnnie man been here?"

3. He said, "Frankie, I'm sorry you asked me that personal question, but you know that I'm about as honest as a man can be. I seen Johnnie, he was clippin' and collidin' and a-slippin' and a slidin', and a flippin' and a flyin' with a girl named Annabel Lee."

4. Frankie said, "No, no, no, it can't be so, 'cause I know—my Johnnie man wouldn't treat me bad." So she sat—and had a couple more beers and shed a couple more tears—says, "I'm the best damn woman that souncl'd ever had."

5. Frankie got into a taxi and she said to the driver, "Listen—don't stop for nothin' all the way downtown. 'Cause I got a forty-five right here and I'm makin' it clear that I'm lookin' for the man who's givin' me the runaround."

6. Frankie got out at South Clark Street and looked in the window, she saw Johnnie and Annabel swingin' there. Then Frankie took deadly aim on that deadly game and she shot her man right in the middle of his big affair.

7. Bango—the first time she shot him, he stood right up. And bang—he leaned right over and he clutched his side. Then bang—he started kickin' and a-screamin' and a-screamin' and a-kickin', when bang—bong bang—Johnnie rolled over and died.

8. Now you heard the story 'bout Frankie and her man named Johnnie, and you know that was a game never should've been played. And the moral of this sad tale I'm tellin' you, if you're gonna fool around—then you better pull the shade.

9. Frankie, she was a fine lookin' woman, had a man named Johnnie and she loved him, Lord, she laid down a hundred for a suit of clothes. Don't you see them walkin' arm in arm down along Canal Street, Frankie loved Johnnie, Lord, everybody knows, hey, hey. Frankie loved Johnnie, Lord, everybody knows.
NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT
(From "A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS")

Words by Ira Gershwin
Music by George Gershwin

Hold-ing hands at mid-night 'neath a star-ry sky.

Nice Work If You Can Get It, and you can get it if you try.

Stroll-ing with the one girl,
sigh-ing sigh after sigh,

Just imag-ine some-one wait-ing at the cot-tage door,

where two hearts be-come one.

Who could ask for any-thing more?

Lov-ing one who loves you,

and then tak-ing that vow,

get it, won't you tell me how?

NEW YORK AFTERNOON

By Richie Cole

Groov-in' on a New York Af-ternoon,

we're groov-in' on a New York Af-ternoon.

On a Sun-day,

went to the cit-y hop-ing this would be the one day.
New York Afternoon. Took a subway, went to the village, Chinatown and walked down Broadway,
on a day in June. Strollin' thru the park, what a love-ly, love-ly feel-in',
There's a little rule that you'll find New Yorkers do share,
then I looked at you and my heart began a reelin'. This is our day,
may be true or not, but they say when you leave New York you've gone nowhere.
our play, New York Afternoon, walked through the art show in Washington Square,
Park, as the skyline glows just like a jewel.
when skies are gray and snow is falling in December, it was a New York Afternoon.
Solos - Samba feel:
We'll remember when skies are gray and snow is falling in December,
love has come, starting on a New York Afternoon.
It's such a love-ly feeling groovin' on a New York Afternoon.
A NIGHTINGALE SANG IN BERKELEY SQUARE

Lyric by Eric Maschwitz
Music by Manning Sherwin

Slowly

That certain night, the night we met there was magic abroad in the air, there were strange.

That certain night, the night we met there was magic abroad in the air, there were strange.

Strange it was, how sweet and strange. There was never a dream to compare with that strange.

Strange it was, how sweet and strange. There was never a dream to compare with that strange.

angels dining at the Ritz, and A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square.

angels dining at the Ritz, and A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square.

That cer- tain night, the night we met there was magic abroad in the air, there were strange.

That cer- tain night, the night we met there was magic abroad in the air, there were strange.

There was never a dream to compare with that strange.

Strange it was, how sweet and strange.

That cer- tain night, the night we met there was magic abroad in the air, there were strange.

Strange it was, how sweet and strange.

There was never a dream to compare with that strange.

Strange it was, how sweet and strange.

We were dancing cheek to cheek and A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square.

We were dancing cheek to cheek and A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square.

The moon that lingered over London town, poor puzzled moon, he wore a frown.

When dawn came stealing up all gold and blue to interrupt our rendezvous,

The moon that lingered over London town, poor puzzled moon, he wore a frown.

When dawn came stealing up all gold and blue to interrupt our rendezvous,

It was such a romantic affair, and as we kiss'd and home-ward step was just as light as the tap-dancing feet of As-taire and like an echo.

I know, 'cause I was there that night in Berkeley Square.
**NO MOON AT ALL**

Words and Music by Reed Evans and Dave Mann

With a Beat

Dm > A/C# > D7/C > G/B

No Moon At All — what a night, even light-nin' bugs have dimmed their light...

C7/Bb > F/A > Bb7 > A7 > Dm > Bb9 > E7b5 > A7b5 > Dm

Stars have disappeared from sight and there's No Moon At All. Don't make a sound...

A/C# > D7/C > G/B > C7/Bb

it's so dark, even Fido is afraid to bark. What a perfect chance to

F/A > Bb7 > A7 > Dm > Bb9 > Dm > Eb7 > D7

park and there's No Moon At All. Should we want atmosphere, for inspira-
Slowly with expression

None But The Lonely Heart can know my sorrow as I keep searching for my love in vain. Is there a lonely heart that I could borrow, a heart to sing with me love's sweet refrain? What good are stars that shine when they are wasted, what good are lips like mine that go un tasted?

Night after night I pray I'll find my lover and when I do my heart will feel that glow, something None But The Lonely Heart could know.
NOW HE SINGS, NOW HE SOBS

By Chick Corea

March-Like
N.C.

G/Ab

Bsus

CM7
FM7
Em7
DM7
BM7
AbM7
G13/E
CM7

Jazz Waltz

G/A

Bsus

CM7
Bm7
CM7

F
D
C(no 3rd)
Bsus

Bm7
AM7
Gm7
FM7
Bm7
DbM7

Ak7
F7
F47/589
To Coda
Bm
CM7
Bm
CM7
Bm
CM7

Bm
CM7/F

Coda
Bm
CM7
Bm
CM7
Bm

CM7
Bm
CM7

B(add 9)
(no 3)
5 x's

1-5.
5.
NOW'S THE TIME

By Charlie Parker

Fast Blues  F7

B7  Bdim7

F7  Gm7  C7  F7  Gm7  C7

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OH! LOOK AT ME NOW

Words by John DeVis
Music by Joe Bushkin

Moderately  Es6  Bb9  Bbm9/Ab  Eb7b5  Abm7  Abm6  D7b5

For I'm not the [girl] who cared about love, and I'm not the [girl] who cared about fortunes and such,

Gm7  C7  F7  B7b9  Bb9  Bbb5  Bb9  Es6  Es9  Bb9  Bbm9/Ab  Es7b9

never cared much, but, look at me now. I never knew the technique of kissing,

Abm7  Abm6  D7b5  Gm7  C7  F7  Fm7  Es9  Eb

I never knew the thrill I could get from your touch, never knew much. Oh! Look At Me Now.

Am7b5  D7  Gm  Es7  D7  Gm  D7b5  Gm7  C7

I'm a new [man, better than] Casanova at his best.

Fm  Db7  C7  Fm7  Es8  Bb7  Bb7b5  Eb6  Es9

With a new heart, brand new start, I'm so proud I'm bustin' my vest.

Bbm9/Ab  Eb7b9  Abm7  Abm6  D7b5  Gm7  C7

So, I am the [girl] who turned out a lover, so, I'm the [girl] who laughed at those blue diamond rings, one of those things.

F9  Fm7  Bb9  |  Es6  Cm7  Fm7  Bb9  Bb745  |  Eb6  Bb9  EM7  Es6

Oh! Look At Me Now. Now.
OH! WHAT IT SEEMED TO BE

Words and Music by Bennie Benjamin, George Weiss and Frankie Carle

Slowly

It was just a neighborhood dance, that's all that it was, but Oh! What It Seemed To Be! It was like a masquerade ball with costumes and all 'cause you were at the dance with me. It was just a ride on a train, that's all that it was, but Oh! What It Seemed To Be! It was like a trip to the stars to Venus and Mars 'cause you were on the train with me. And when I kissed you, darling, it was more than just a thrill for me; it was the promise, darling, of the things that fate had willed for me. It was just a wedding in June, that's all that it was, but Oh! What It Seemed To Be! It was like a royal affair with every one there, 'cause you said 'Yes, I do,' to me. It was

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OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING

(From "OKLAHOMA")

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Words by Oscar Hammerstein II
Music by Richard Rodgers

Bright Waltz

There's a bright golden haze on the meadow, there's a bright golden haze on the cat-tle are stand-in' like statues, all the cat-tle are stand-in' like meadow.
The corn is as high as an elephant's eye, and it looks like it's star-urs.
The breeze is so bus-y it don't miss a tree, and an old weep-in'

---
OL' MAN RIVER

Words by Oscar Hammerstein II
Music By Jerome Kern

Very Slowly

Of Man River, dat Of Man River, he must know sump'lin', but don't say noth'-in', he

just' keeps roll' in', he keeps on roll' in' a-long. He don't plant 'taters, he
don't plant cot-ton, an' dem dat plants 'em is soon for-got-ten; but Of Man River, he

just' keeps roll' in' a-long. You an' me, we sweat an' strain,

bo-dy all ach'in' an' racked wid pain. "Tote dat barge!" "Lift dat bale," git a lit-tle drunk an' you

land in jail. Ah gits wea-ry an' sick of try'in', Ah'm tired of liv' in' an' skeered of dy-in'. But

Of Man River, he just' keeps roll' in' a-long.
OH! YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL  
Moderately

Oh! You Beautiful Doll, you great big beautiful doll! Let me put my arms about you,

If you ever leave me, how my heart will ache, I want to hug you but I fear you'd break.

OLD DEVIL MOON
(From "FINIAN'S RAINBOW")

Moderately

I look at you and suddenly, something in your eyes I see

soon begins bewitching me. It's that Old Devil Moon that you

stole from the skies. It's that Old Devil Moon in your eyes.
You and your glance make this romance too hot to handle. Stars in the night—

blazing their light can't hold a candle to your razzle dazzle.

CODA

Moon deep in your eyes blinds me with love.

ON A CLEAR DAY (You Can See Forever)

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Words by Alan Jay Lerner
Music by Burton Lane

Moderately

On A Clear Day rise and look around you and you'll see who you are.

On A Clear Day how it will astound you that the glow of your being outshines every star. You feel part of every mountain, sea and shore. You can hear, from far and near, a world you've never heard before. And On A Clear Day on that clear day you can see ever and ever and ever and ever—more!

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OLEO
By Sonny Rollins

ON A LITTLE STREET IN SINGAPORE

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Words by Billy Hill
Music by Peter DeRose

Slowly

On A Little Street In Singapore we'd meet
beside a lotus covered door.
A veil of moonlight on her lonely face,
how pale the hands that held me in embrace.
My sails tonight are filled with perfume of Shalimar with temple bells to guide me to the shore.
And then I'll hold her in my arms and love the way I loved before.

On

C Bb C G7\#5 C Bb C Bb G F
G C7\#5 G F G F C Bb C G7\#5 C Bb
C Bb G F G C7\#5 C Bb C Bb F
Gm/C F D\b F Fm Dm7
G7 C Bb C G7\#5 C Bb C Bb G F
C6 Am7 C6 Dm7 G7 C Bb E C

G C7\#5

A Little Street In Singapore.
ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE
(From "MY FAIR LADY")

Words by Alan Jay Lerner
Music by Frederick Loewe

Moderately

I have often walked down this street before,
but the pavement always

li - lic trees in the heart of town?
Can you hear a lark in

stop and stare, they don't both - er me.
For there's no - where else on

I have often walked down this street before,
but the pavement always

li - lic trees in the heart of town?
Can you hear a lark in

stop and stare, they don't both - er me.
For there's no - where else on
ON A SLOW BOAT TO CHINA

By Frank Loesser

Slowly with a beat

I'd love to get you On A Slow Boat To China, all to my self, a lone. Get you and keep you in my arms ever more.

leave all your lovers weeping on the far away shore.

Out on the briny with a moon big and shiny melting your heart of stone, I'd love to get you On A Slow Boat To China, all to myself, a lone.

ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET

Lyric by Dorothy Fields
Music by Jimmy McHugh

Grab your coat and get your hat, leave your worry on the doorstep, just direct your feet to the sunny side of the street. Can't you hear a pit-ter-pat? And that happy tune is your step, life can be so sweet On The Sunny Side Of The Street. I used to walk in the shade with those blues on parade. But
I'm not afraid this Rover crossed over. If I never have a cent I'll be rich as Rockefeller, gold dust at my feet. On The Sunny Side Of The Street, Grab your Street.

ONCE UPON A SUMMERTIME

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English Lyric by Johnny Mercer
Original Lyric by Eddie Marnay
Music by Eddie Barclay and Michel Legrand

Slowly, with feeling

Fm Gm7b5 C7
Once Upon A Summertime, if you recall, we stopped beside a little flower stall. A bunch of bright forget-me-nots was all. I'd let you buy me. Once Upon A Summer-time, just like today, we laughed the happy afternoon away, and stole a kiss in every street cafe. You were sweeter than the blossoms on the tree. I was as proud as any girl could be. As if the Mayor had offered me the key to Paris! Now, another winter has come and gone. The pigeons feeding in the square have flown, but I remember when the vesper chime. You loved me. Once Upon A Summertime.
ONE MINT JULEP

Words and Music by Rudolph Toombs

Slow Rock

D7  G9  D7  G9

One cur'ly morn' in' as I was walk' in', I met a wan'-an' and start-ed talk' in'.
I don't re-mem-ber just how it start-ed, but all I know is we should have part-ed.

D7  G9  D7  G9

Went in a tav'ern to get a few nips, but all I had was a mint ju-lep.
I stole a kiss, and then an-oth-er, I did'n't mean to take it fur'-ther; one Mint Ju-lep

Em9  Em7/A  D6  D6  F#7

was the cause of it all. The lights were burn-ing low there in the tav-ern when

F7  E7

thru the swing'in' door, up popped her fa-ther. He said; "I saw you when you kissed my daugh-ter. Got to

A7  D7  G9

wed her right now, or face a slaugh-ter." I did'n't know just what I was do-in';

D7  G9  §  D7  G9  D7

I had to marry or face ruin. A mint ju-lep, a mint ju-lep, a mint ju-lep,

G9  A7  Em9  Em7/A  D6  Fine  F#7

a mint ju-lep, one Mint Ju-lep was the cause of it all. I don't want to bore you

F7  E7

with my trou-ble, but from now on I'll be think-ing dou-ble. I'll buy her ros-es or

A7  D.S. al Fine

may-be tu-lips, I got too much trou-ble from buy-ing ju-leps.
ONE NOTE SAMBA

Original Words by Newton Mendonca
Music by Antonio Carlos Jobim

Samba

Dm7     Db 7     Cm7     B7b 5

This is just a little samba built up on a single note. Other

Dm7     Db 7     Cm7     B7b 5

notes are bound to follow but the root is still that note. Now this

Fm7     Es 7     Eb M7     Ab 7

new one is the consequence of the one we've just been through as I'm

Dm7     Db 7     Cm7     B7b 5     Eb 6

bound to be the unavoidable consequence of you.

Es m7     Ab 7     Db M7

There's so many people who can talk and talk and talk and just say nothing, or nearly nothing.

Db m7     Gb 7     Cb M7

I have used up all the scale I know and at the end I've come to nothing, or nearly

Cm7b 5     B7b 5     Dm7     Db 7     Cm7     B7b 5

nothing. So I come back to my first note, as I must come back to you. I will

Dm7     Db 7     Cm7     B7b 5     Fm7

pour into that one note all the love I feel for you. Any one who wants the whole

Bs 7     Eb M7     Ab 7     Db M7

show Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Ti Do, he will find himself with no

C7     Cb M7

show. Better play the note you know. This is

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OPEN COUNTRY

Moderately - with a beat

In - side out and up - side down, _ the sound of big - town has me turned a-round. _ I yearn for water-falls. _ The Open Country calls.

ur - ban life's too high fa - h - tin' for a small front yard, I find com - mut - in' on the late, late train, _ too _ much strain. _ I'm _ just a yo - kel, you see. 

wall, will ev - er en - close me._ While fate can still ex - pose me to the right con - di - tion for a fine days fish - in'. Who needs skies all full of 'scraps, not a 

soul on earth needs smog - gy va - pors. Come along with me, _ live _ a - while. _ Why 

not be _ na - ture's child? _ Fan - cy free, _ that's my style. Wide

Open Country for me. _ _ Open Country for me.
Moderate Jump Tempo

G

I’m wrack-in’ my brain, to think of a name, — to give to this tune, so Perry can croon, — and

A9 Am7 D9 G Bdim7 Am7 D9 D7

maybe ol’ Bing will give it a fling. — And that’ll start ev’ry-one hum-min’ the thing. The

G C9

mel-o-dy’s dumb, repeat an’ repeat. — But if you can swing, it’s got a good beat. — And

A9 Am7 D9 G C9 G

that’s the main thing, to make with the feet. ’Cause ev’ry-one is swing-in’ to day. — So, I’ll call it

Bb Gm7 Cm7 F7” C9 F7” D7 Dm7

Opus One! It’s not for Sammy Kaye. — Hey! — hey! — hey! — It’s Opus One! It’s

Bm7 Ab7” D7” D7” D13 G

got to swing, not sway. — May-be, — if Mister Les Brown could

C9 A9

make it re-nown, — and Ray Anthony could swing it for me. — There’s never a doubt you’ll

Am7 D9 G C9 G Eb9 G

knock your-self out. — Whenever you can hear Opus One.
ORCHIDS IN THE MOONLIGHT

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Words by Gus Kahn and Edward Eliscu
Music by Vincent Youmans

With a Tango Beat

Fm

Dm

Fm

C7

When orchids bloom in the moonlight, and lovers vow to be true, I still can dream in the moonlight, of one dear night that we knew. When orchids fade in the dawning, they speak of tears and "Goodbye!"

Tho' my dreams are shattered, like the petals scattered, still my love can never die.

There is peace in the twilight, when the day is thru, but the shadows that fall only seem to recall all my longing for you.

There's a dream in the moonbeams, up on the sea of blue, that the moonbeams that fall, only seem to recall, love is all, love is you.
OUT TO LUNCH

By Eric Dolphy

Stalking

PAPER DOLL

By Johnny S. Black

I'm goin' to buy a Pa-per Doll that I can call my own, a doll that oth-er fel-lows can-not steal. And then the
flir-ty, flir-ty guys with their flir-ty, flir-ty eyes will have to flirt with dol-lies that are real. When
I come home at night she will be wait-ing, she'll be the tru-est doll in all this world. I'd rath-er have a Pa-per Doll to
call my own, than have a fick-le-mind-ed real live girl. I'm goin' to girl.

PARKER'S MOOD

By Charlie Parker

Blues

Eb7

Eb7

Bb7

Fm7

Bb7

Eb7

Eb7
THE PARTY'S OVER

Moderately Slow

The Party's Over, it's time to call it a day. They've burst your pretty balloon and taken the moon away. It's time to wind up the masquerade. Just make your mind up the piper must be paid. The Party's Over. The candles flicker and dim. You danced and dreamed through the night, it seemed to be right just being with him. Now you must wake up, all dreams must end. Take off your make up, The Party's Over. It's all over my friend.
PAUL'S PAL

Moderately

\[ \text{C6} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{Em7} \quad \text{Esdim7} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{C6} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{Em7} \quad \text{Esdim7} \]

Gm7 C7 F Dm7 Gm7 C7 To Coda (Note: I F Dm7)

Bm7 E7 Am7 D7 Gm7 C7 F Gm7 C7 F

Bm7 E7 Am7 D7 Gm7 C7 D.S. al Coda

CODA FM7

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN

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Words by John Burke
Music by Arthur Johnston

Moderately

\[ \text{C6} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{Em7} \quad \text{Esdim7} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{C6} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{Em7} \quad \text{Esdim7} \]

Every time it rains it rains Pennies From Heaven.

Don't you know each cloud contains

Pennies From Heaven?

You'll find your fortune falling all over town.

Be sure that

your umbrella is upside down.

Trade them for a package of sunshine and flowers.

If you want the things you love, you must have showers.

So when you hear it thunder,

don't run under a tree, there'll be Pennies From Heaven for you and me.
THE PEACOCK

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Moderately

\[ G \quad A7 \quad D7 \quad G \quad Bm \quad Em6 \quad A7 \]

Once in a gar-den-fash-ioned all of dreams— a pea-cock sad-ly clam-ored, loud and long,

\[ D \quad Em \quad A7 \quad D \quad Em7 \quad A7 \quad D \]

wide-ly spread its rain-bow-feath-ered train, and poured its heart out to its love in song: Pea-cock

\[ G \]

mine, of my dream-ing, your ca-ress and your kiss are but seem-ing I am griev-ing

\[ Em \quad A7 \quad D7 \quad G \]

at your leav-ing for I love you past be-liev-ing Pea-cock mine,

\[ GM7 \quad G7 \quad C \quad A7 \]

should I doubt you? Life would be but one long night with-out you Though il-lu-sion it

\[ A\#dim7 \quad Bm \quad E7 \quad Am \quad D7 \quad G \quad C\#dim7 \quad D7/A \quad D7 \quad G \]

seems, I will love you in dreams for-ev-er, sweet pea-cock mine.

\[ Gm7 \quad G7 \quad C \quad A7 \quad A\#dim7 \quad Bm \]

Pea-cock mine, I ad-ore you,

\[ Em \quad A7 \quad D7 \quad G \quad C/G \quad G \]

for your love, for your kiss I im-plore you Should you fly far a-way I would die in a

\[ E7 \quad Am \quad D7 \quad G \quad C/G \quad G \quad C/G \quad G \]

day of long-ing, sweet pea-cock mine.
Quick Rhumba

In Cuba, each merry maid wakes up with this serenade; peanuts!

They're nice and hot, peanuts! I sell a lot. If you haven't got bananas, don't be blue,

They bear him cry, peanuts! They all reply. If you're looking for an early morning treat,

peanuts in a little bag are calling you. Don't waste them, no tummy ache, you'll taste them

when you awake. For at the very break of day, the peanut vendor's on his way,

At dawn ing that whistle blows through every city, town and country lane,

you'll hear him sing his plaintive little strain, and as he goes by to you he'll say:

"Big jumbo's, big double ones, come buy those peanuts roasted today, come try those

They're roasted, no tiny ones, they're toasted, peanuts hot in the shell, come buy some,

freshly roasted today!" If you're looking for a moral to this song, fifty million little

I eat more than I sell. If an apple keeps the doctor from your door, peanuts ought to keep him

monkeys can't be wrong.

from you ever more.

"Peanuts! we'll meet again, peanuts! this street again,

peanuts! you'll eat again, your peanut man." That peanut man's gone.
PEEL ME A GRAPE

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Light, cute, sexy

Dm9 Bb13 Dm9 Dm9 C13 Bb13 A7 #59

Peel Me A Grape, crush me some ice,
Skin me a peach, save the fuzz for my pillow,

Dm9 Bb13 Dm9 F9 Bb9 Bdim7 Fm6/C Bb9 Bb9 Bdim7

Pop me a cork, French me a fry,
Crack me a nut, bring a bowl full of bonbons,

Dm9 Fm6/C Bb9 Bb9 Bdim7 Fm6/C Bm7/A A7 #59

Start me a smoke, talk to me nice,
you got ta wine me, and dine me, don't try and fool me,

Dm9 Dm9/C Bb13 A7 #59 2 Dm7 F6/C Bb7 A7 #59 Dm7 Eb7 D7sus D7 Gm Gm9:13

be jewel me, either amuse me or lose me,
I'm get tin' hungry, Peel Me A Grape.

Dm9 Dm9/C Bb13 A7 #59 2 Dm7 F6/C Bb7 A7 #59 Dm7 Eb7 D7sus D7 Gm Gm9:13

Here's how to be an agreeable chap, love me and leave me in

Gm9/F Em7b5 E7 D/F# Gm Gdim Bb13 A7 #59

luxury's lap. Hop when I holler, Skip when I snap, when I say, "Do it," jump to it.

Dm9 Bb13 Dm9 Bb13 Dm9 C13 Bb13 A7 #59

Send out for scotch, call me a cah, cut me a rose, make my tea with the petals.

Dm9 Bb9 Dm9 F13 Bb9 Bdim7 Fm6/C Bb9 Bb9 Bdim7

Just hang a round, pick up the tab, Never out think me, just mink me, polar bear rug me,

Dm9 Bb9 Bb9 Bdim7 Fm6/C Bm7/A A7 #59 Dm11

don't bug me, new Thunderbird me, you heard me, I'm get tin' hungry, Peel Me A Grape.

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PEOPLE

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Moderately

BbM7 Cm7 F7 BbM7 Cm7 Cm7/F F7 b9 Eb/Bb BbM7 Am7

People, People who need People are the luckiest People in the world.

D7 Gm#7 C9 Gm#7sus C7 FM7 F6

We're children needing other children and yet letting our grown-up pride

G/B Bm6 F/A A7dim Gm7 C7 E/F F Cm7 F7 b9 BbM7

hide all the need inside, acting more like children, than children.

Lovers

Cm7 F7 BbM7 Cm7 Cm7/F F7 b9 Eb/Bb BbM7 Fm7

are very special People, they're the luckiest People in the world.

Bb9 Bb7 b9 EbM7 Ebm6 Bb Fm7 Fm7 b9 Bb7 b9 EEm9

With one person, one very special person, a feeling deep in your soul

F7/Eb Bb/D Gm7/A7 b9 Bb/D C7 Cm7 F7

says: you were half now you're whole.

No more hunger and thirst, but first, be a person who needs

BbM7 Fm7 Bb7 EbM7 Ebm6 Eb/F Bb/F Cm7 Cm7/F Bb/G G9 Bb7 b9

People, People who need People are the luckiest People in the world.

PEOPLE WILL SAY WE'RE IN LOVE

(From "OKLAHOMA")

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Moderately

C CM7 Dm7 G7 C C/E A7dim G7/D G7 C Am7

Don't throw bouquets at me, Don't please my folks too much... Don't laugh at my

D9 Dm7 G7 b9 Cdim Dm7 G7 C CM7 Dm7 G7

jokes too much. People Will Say We're In Love! Don't sigh and gaze at me.

C C/E A7dim G7/D G7 C Am7 D9 Dm7 G7

your sighs are so like mine. Your eyes mustn't glow like mine, People Will Say We're In
PERDIDO

By H.J. Lengsfelder, Ervin Drake and Juan Tizol

Medium Swing

Per - di - do, I look for my heart, it’s Per - di - do, I lost it way down in Tor - ri - do, while
le - ro, she glanced as she danced a bo - le - ro. I said, taking off my sombre - ro, "Let’s

chanc-ing a dance fi - es - ta, Bo - es - ta," High was the sun when we first

came close; low was the moon when we said, "A - dios!" Per - di - do, Since then has my heart been Per -

di - do, I know I must go to Tor - ri - do, that yearn - ing to lose Per - di - do.

PERHAPS

By Charlie Parker

Quick Blues

C7

F7

Dm7

G7

Em7

A7
PICK YOURSELF UP

Words and Music by Dorothy Fields and Jerome Kern

Moderately

Gm7 C7 FM7 BbM7 Em7s5 A7s9 Dm7 G7 C7sus C7

Nothing's impossible I have found. For when my chin is on the ground I pick myself up,

Am7 D7 Gm7 C7 F Am7 D7 GM7 CM7

dust myself off, start all over again. Don't lose your confidence if you slip, be

Fm7s5 B7s9 Em7 A7 D7sus D7 Bm7 E7 Am7 D7

grateful for a pleasant trip, and pick yourself up, dust yourself off, start all over again.

G AbM7 Ab6 Am7 Ab6 Ab7 Eb7

Work like a soul inspired 'til the battle of the day is won.

Ab Ab6 Ab7 C Am7 D9 Gm7 C7

You may be sick and tired, but you'll be a man my son!

Gm7 C7 FM7 BbM7 Em7s5 A7s5 Dm7 G7 CM7 C7

Will you remember the famous men who had to fall to rise again? So take a deep breath,

C6 Ct Am Am7/G Fm7s5 Gm7

pick yourself up,

Gm7 C7sus C7 F

dust yourself off,

start all over again.

POINCIANA (SONG OF THE TREE)

Words by Buddy Bernier
Music by Nat Simon

Moderately

GM9 Dm7 G9 Cm6

Poinciana, your branches speak to me of love. Pale moon

GM9 Am7 D7 GM9

is casting shadows from above. Poinciana, somehow I feel the jungle
POMPON Turnpike

Words and Music by Will Osborne and Dick Rogers

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Slowly, with expression

F   Dm7   Gm7   C7   C7/Bb   Am7   Dm7   Gm7   Em7+5   A7+9

A country dance was being held in a garden, I felt a bump and heard an "Oh, beg your pardon,"

Dm   Dm7/C#   Dm7/C   Am7   A#m7   Gm7   C7   C9/Bb   Am7   D7+9   Gm7   C7

suddenly I saw Polka Dots And Moonbeams all around a pug-nosed dream.

F   Dm7   Gm9   C7   C7/Bb   Am7   Dm7

The music started and was I the perplexed one, I held my breath and said "may

Gm7   Em7+5   A7+9   Dm   Dm7/C#   Dm7/C   Am7   A#m7

I have the next one. In my frightened arms Polka Dots And Moonbeams

Gm7   C9   C7+9   F6   Bm7+5   E7   A   A#dim7   Bm7   E7   E7/D

sparkled on a pug-nosed dream. There were questions in the eyes of other dancers

C#m7   Fm7   Bm7   E7   A   A#dim7   Bm7   E7

as we floated over the floor. There were questions but my heart knew all the answers,

A7   D7   Gm7   C9   F   Dm7

and perhaps a few things more. Now in a cottage built of

Gm9   C7   C7/Bb   Am7   Dm7   Gm7   Em7+5   A7+9

lilies and laughter I know the meaning of the words 'ever after.'

Dm   Dm7/C#   Dm7/C   Am7   A#m7   Gm7   C9   C7+9   F6   E6   E6   F6+9

And I'll always see Polka Dots And Moonbeams when I kiss the pug-nosed dream.
Gray skies are gonna clear up, put on a happy face. Brush off the clouds and cheer up,

Put on a happy face, take off the gloomy mask of tragedy, it's not your style.

You'll look so good that you'll be glad you decided to smile! Pick out a pleasant outlook,

Stick out that noble chin. Wipe off that "full of doubt" look, slap on a happy grin! And

spread sunshine all over the place, just put on a happy face!
THE PREACHER

By Horace Silver

Gather 'round and hear the Preacher, hear the Preacher, hear the Preacher, Preacher man. They used to call him the Preacher, this was true for, he would teach from his heart 'bout the only thing he knew, a hymn for the lad-ies, one for the men. Then he would turn right a-round and play 'em both a-gain.

Put your little foot, put your little foot, put your little foot right out. Put your little foot, put your little foot, put your little foot right out. Put your arm a-round, put your arm a-round, put your arm a-round my waist. Keep your arm a-round, keep your arm a-round keep your arm a-round my waist. Take a step to the side, take a
step to the rear; take a step to the side, but forever stay near. As we dance through the night and the morning draws near, by the dawn's early light all our cares disappear. Do a little whirl, do a little whirl, do a little whirl about. Do a little twirl, do a little twirl, do a little twirl about.

Walk a little bit, talk a little bit, put your little foot right out. Sing a little bit, swing a little bit, put your little foot right out. Take a out.
MODERATELY SLOW

D9

Quiet Nights Of Quiet Stars, quiet chords from my guitar

Gm7 C7 G9 Fdim7 FM7 Fm7

floating on the silence that surrounds us. Quiet thoughts and quiet dreams,

Bb13 Em7 A7#5 D9

quiet walks by quiet streams, and a window looking on the mountains and the sea. How lovely! This is where I want to be.

Dm7 As dim7 D9

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

As dim7 Gm7

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

C7 G9 Em7 A7#5 Dm7

G9 C6
Rain, When ya gonna rain again? Rain grow the golden grain again. Show er

G7 G7#5 C Am7 Dm7 G7 C F

your blessings on me. Rain, make the rivers deep again.

C C7 B7 A7 D7 G7 G7#5 C F6

Rain, please don't let me weep again. Show er your blessings on me.

C C7 F Em7 F F# dim7

The cows in the meadow and the sheep in the corn, they know that something is wrong. Old Mother Earth can never give birth. When you're away so long.

C F C C7 B7 A7 D7

Rain, make it green in lover's lane. Rain, for my gal and me again. Show er

G7 G7#5 C

your blessings on me. me...

THE RAIN IN SPAIN
(From 'MY FAIR LADY')

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Words by Alan Jay Lerner
Music by Frederick Loewe

Moderately

F F# dim7 C7/G C7 F Gm7 C7 F F/A D#7/Ab

The Rain In Spain stays mainly in the plain! The Rain In Spain stays

Gm C7 F Gm7 C7 F F# dim7 C7/G C7

mainly in the plain! Now once again, where does it rain? On the plain! On the
And where's that blasted plain? In Spain! In Spain! The Rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain!

The Rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain!

**RANDOM THOUGHTS**

*1978 Stok Music*  

Freely Intro Dm7#5

Medium Jazz Waltz Gm7/Ab

Gm7/Ab Gm7/Ab Cm7 Em7

Am7 AbM7#11 N.C. To Coda

Am7 Fm7 Fm7 Soles Em7 8 EM7 8 Fm7 8 FM7

Am7 Fm7 Fm7 GM7/Ab Bass solo Am7 Fm7 Fm7

Gm7/Ab Bass solo cont. 16 D.S. al Coda CODA Gm7/Ab

Freely Dm7#5 F7#5 Bb7#5 Ebm

Adim7 Bb7 Ebm N.C. Dm
THE RED DOOR

By Gerry Mulligan and Jack "Zoot" Sims

Easy Swing

```
GM7
Cm7
F7
Ab7
G
Em7
Cm7
F7
Fdim7
```

```
Gm6
Em7b5
Am7b5
D7b5
```

```
Gm7
Gm6
Dm7b5
G7b9
Cm6
Cm7
Dm7b5
G7b9
Cm6
Fdim7
```

```
Cm6
Gb7
Cm7
D7b9
```

```
G
Cm7
C#dim7
Gm6
Cm7
Cdim
C#dim
```

```
Bb
Bb dim7
Am7b5
D7b5
Gm7
C7b9
Gb7
F7
D7b5
```

```
GM7
Cm7
C#dim7
G
Bm7
Cm7
C#dim7
```

```
Bb
Gm6
Am7
Ab6
GM7
```

RAINCHECK

By Billy Strayhorn

Medium Swing

```
F
Gm7
G7/G4
F/A
Bb6
Am7
E7/G4
F
Gm7
```

```
G7/G4
F/A
Bb6
F6
F
Gm7
G7/G4
C9
F
Gm7
G7/G4
F/A
```

To Coda
RED SAILS IN THE SUNSET

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Words by Jimmy Kennedy
Music by Hugh Williams

Slowly

G

C

Cm6

G

Gdim7

Am7

D7

Red Sails In The Sunset way out on the sea, oh! carry my loved one

Am7

D7

G

C

Cm6

G

Red Sails In The Sunset I'm trusting in you. Swift wings you must borrow,

D7

G

C

Cm6

G

A7

Am7

D7

make straight for the shore. We marry tomorrow and he goes sailing no more.

G

C

Cm6

G

Gdim7

Red Sails In The Sunset way out on the sea, oh! carry my

Am7

D7

Am7

D7

1. G

Am7

D7

2. G

loved one home safely to me.
RED CROSS

"1945 ATLANTIC MUSIC CORP.
* Renewed and assigned 1973 ATLANTIC MUSIC CORP.

By Charlie Parker

RED TOP

"1947 CHERIO CORP.
* Renewed 1976 CHERIO CORP.

Words and Music by Lionel Hampton & Ken Kynard
RIVER, STAY 'WAY FROM MY DOOR

Words by Mort Dixon
Music by Harry Woods

You keep go in' your way, I'll keep go in' my way, Riv er, Stay 'Way From My Door.

I just got a cabin, you don't need my cabin.

Don't come up any higher, I'm so all alone. Leave my bed and my fire, that's all I own.

I ain't break in' your heart, don't start break in' my heart, Riv er, Stay 'Way From My Door.

Oh! Lord! Ain't I been Lord! You made the

faithful, and ain't I worked, ain't I toiled in the sweat in' sun? Oh! Lord! Ain't I

riv er, but won't you try to remember that you made me. Oh! Lord! Hear me

come to you and thanked you for all you've done; Oh! make the river hear my

pray to you and

plea: I ain't break in' your heart, don't start break in' my heart,

Riv er, Stay 'Way From My Door.
ROCK-A-BYE YOUR BABY WITH A DIXIE MELODY

Words by Sam M. Lewis and Joe Young
Music by Jean Schwartz

Moderately

C

Em7 Em7dim7 Dm7 G7 G9

C

Dm7 G7 G9 Dm7 G9 C Em7 A9

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ROOM 608

By Horace Silver

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ROCKIN' CHAIR

Words and Music by Hoagy Carmichael

Moderately

\[ \text{E}_6 \quad \text{B}_m7 \quad \text{B}_m7 \quad \text{E}_9 \quad \text{A}_bM7 \quad \text{D}_7 \quad \text{G}_m7 \quad \text{C}_7 \]

Old Rockin' Chair's got me, cane by my side; fetch me that gin, son,

\[ \text{F}_7 \quad \text{F}_7\text{b}_5/\text{C}_6 \quad \text{F}_m7 \quad \text{B}_b7 \quad \text{E}_6 \quad \text{C}_m7 \quad \text{A}_m7\text{b}_5 \text{D}_7 \quad \text{G}_m \quad \text{C}_m7\text{b}_5 \]

Tore I tan your hide. Can't get from this cabin, goin' nowhere; just sit me here

\[ \text{F}_7 \quad \text{E}_b/B_4 \quad \text{B}_7 \quad \text{E}_b \quad \text{E}_b \quad \text{A}_b9 \quad \text{E}_b \quad \text{E}_b\text{M}_7 \]

grabbin' at the flies 'round this Rock-in' Chair. My dear old Aunt Harriet in heaven she

\[ \text{A}_m7\text{b}_5 \quad \text{D}_7 \quad \text{G}_m7 \quad \text{C}_m7 \quad \text{F}_9 \quad \text{F}_m7 \quad \text{B}_7 \quad \text{E}_b \quad \text{E}_b\text{E}_b\text{M}_7 \]

be send me sweet carirot — for the end of these troubles I see.

Old Rockin' Chair

\[ \text{B}_b\text{M}_7 \quad \text{E}_b \quad \text{A}_bM7 \quad \text{D}_9 \quad \text{G}_m7 \quad \text{C}_7 \quad \text{F}_m7 \quad \text{E}_b \quad \text{E}_b\text{E}_b\text{M}_7 \]

gits it — judgment day is here, chained to my Rockin' Chair.

ROSETTA

Words and Music by Earl Hines and Henri Wood

Moderately

\[ \text{F}_9 \quad \text{E}_9\#5 \quad \text{E}_b\text{G}_b11 \quad \text{D}_9 \quad \text{G}_9 \quad [1 \quad \text{C}_7 \quad \text{C}_7\#5 \quad \text{F}_6 \quad \text{G}_9 \quad \text{C}_7 \quad [2 \quad \text{C}_7 \quad \text{C}_7\#5 \]

Rosetta, my Rosetta, in my heart, dear, there's no one but you — You somebody new.

\[ \text{F} \quad \text{E}_7 \quad \text{A}_m \quad \text{E}_7 \quad \text{A}_m/G_b \quad \text{C}/G \quad \text{G}_7 \quad \text{G}_m7 \quad \text{C}_7 \quad \text{F}_9 \]

You've made my whole life a dream; I pray you'll make it come true — Rosetta.

\[ \text{E}_9\#5 \quad \text{E}_b\text{G}_b11 \quad \text{D}_9 \quad \text{G}_9 \quad \text{C}_7 \quad \text{C}_7\#5 \quad \text{F} \]

— my Rosetta, Please say I'm just the one dear for you.
If you ever plan to motor west, Travel my way, take the high-way that's the best.

Get your kicks on Route Six ty six!

It winds from Chi ca go to L. A., more than two thousand miles all the way.

Get your kicks on Route Six ty six!

Now you go thru Saint Los ey and Jop lin, Mis sour i and Ok la hom a City is might y pret ty. You'll see

A mar il o; Gal up, New Mex i con,

Flag staff, Ar i zona; don't forget Wi no na, King man, Bar stow, San Ber nar din o. Won't you get hip to this time ly tip:

when you make that Cal for nia trip,

get your kicks on Route Six ty six!
ROYAL GARDEN BLUES

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By Clarence Williams and Spencer Williams

Blues Tempo

F Bb Bbm F Bb Bbm F Bb Bbm F F9

No use of talk-in', no use of talk-in', you'll start in dog-walk-in' no matter where

Bb6 F7#5 Bb6 F7#5 Bb6 F7#5 Bb6 F7#5 C7 Ddim7 Cdim7

there's jazz-co-pa-tion, blues mod-u-la-tion just like a Hai-tian you'll rip and tear. Most ev-'ry-

C7 D7 C7 F C7 F Bb Bbm F Bb Bbm

bo-dy likes the blues. here's why I'm ra-vin', here's why I'm ra-vin', if it's

F Bb Bbm F F9 Bb6 F7#5 Bb6 F7#5

blues you are cra-vin' just come on down. You'll hear 'em play-in', you'll hear 'em play-in','

Bb6 F7#5 Bb Bb7 C7 Ddim7/C Cdim7 C7 D7 C7 F C7

soon you'll be say-in', 'Hon, jazz me 'round,' be-cause your feet they can't re-fuse.

F F7 F F7 F F7 F7 C7

What's that fa-mil iar strain, that true blue note re-frain? It's driv-in' me in-sane.

Bb6 D7 C7 F Fm7b5 C7/G

There goes that mel-o-dy it sounds so good to me, and I am up a tree.

Can't keep still tho' it's against my will. I'm on my P's and Q's,

It's a shame you don't know the name. It's a brand new blues,

[1 C7 2 F C7] [3 F C7#5]

I just can't re-fuse. the Royal Gar-den Blues.

F7 Bb Bbm F F7 Bb7 Bb

CHORUS

Ev-'ry bo-dy grab some-bo-dy and start jazz-ing 'round. Hon, don't you hear that

Bb7 Bb

tromb-bone moan? Just lis-ten to that sax-o-phone. Gee, hear that clar-i-

an cho-ly strain, say but it's sooth-ing to the brain. Just wan-na get
Folks will shine up to ya, everybody will how-de-de ya, you'll make the whole world shine.
S'POSIN'

Lyric by Andy Razaf
Music by Paul Denniker

Moderately

S'pos-in' I should fall in love with you; do you think that you could love me too?

S'pos-in' I should hold you and caress you; would it impress you or distress you?

S'pos-in' I should say, "for you I yearn;" would you think I'm speaking out of turn? And

S'pos-in' I'd declare it, would you take my love and share it? I'm not S'pos-in' I'm in love with you.

S.O.S.

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By John L. (Was) Montgomery
SALT PEANUTS
Words and Music by Dizzy Gillespie and Kenny Clarke

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Fast

F6 Bb6 Bdim7 F6 N.C.

N.C. [1][2] Em7 Eb7 Dm9 Dm Dm7

Dm7 C7 Gm9 C7#5 F6 Bb6 Bdim7 F6 N.C.

SACK OF WOE

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Medium Swing

By Julian Adderley

Fm7 Bb7

C7 Fm7 Bbm7 Eb7 #5 Ab Gm7 #5 C7

Fm Bbm7 Eb7 #5 Ab Gm7 #5 C7 Fm Bbm7 Eb7 #5 Ab C7.

Fm7

SATIN DOLL

Copyright © 1958 by Tempo Music, Inc.

By Duke Ellington, Johnny Mercer and Billy Strayhorn

Smoothly

Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 Em7 A7 Em7 A7

Cigarette holder which wigs me, o'er her shoulder, she digs me.

Babylon shall we go out skip-pin', careful am I go, you're flip-pin'.


Out cat-tin' that Sat-in Doll.

Speaks lat-in that Sat-in Doll.
Second Hand Rose

Words by Grant Clarke
Music by James F. Hanley

Moderately, not too slowly

I'm wearing second hand hats, second hand shoes, second hand hose; that's why they call me their second hand beau. Even my pajamas when I don't have some body else's initials on them.

I'm wearing second hand curls. I never get a single thing that's new.

Second Hand Rose

Even Jake the plumber, he's the man I adore, had the nerve to tell me he's been married before.

Every one knows that I'm just second hand Rose from Second Avenue. I'm wearing now.

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SECOND HAND ROSE

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Moderately, not too slowly

I'm wearing second hand hats, second hand shoes, second hand hose; all the girls have their second hand things.

I'm sick of second hand rings; I never get what other girls do.

Second Hand Rose

Even when I was strolling through the Ritz a girl got my goat; she nudged her friend and said, "Oh! look there's Old Fur coat."
SAMBA DE ORFEU

Words by Antonio Maria
Music by Luiz Bonfa

Medium Tempo CM7

Now if you've ever been down to New Orleans, then you can understand just what I mean...

Now all thru the week it's quiet as a mouse, but on Saturday night they go from me and him... We decided we could use a little something to eat, so we went to a house on...
house to house. You don't have to pay the usual admission if you're a cook or a waiter or a
Ram-part Street. We knocked on the door and it opened with ease, and a lush little miss said,

"Come in please." And before we could bat an eye, we were right in the middle of a

Night Fish Fry. It was rockin', it was rockin', you never see such scufflin' and showin' 'til the break of day.

Now my

SCRAPPLE FROM THE APPLE

By Charlie Parker

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SEÑOR BLUES

By Horace Silver

Moderate Latin Tempo

Bm9/6

Senor Blues is what they call him.

Bm9/6

way down Mexi-cally Way.

Bm9/6

Senni-tas fell in for him.

with the hope that he will stay.

Bm9/6

By the time that they love him,

Ab7

Senor Blues done gone a way.

To Coda

Well, he's tall and good lookin' and he always knows just what to say.

B7

Yes, he's tall and good lookin' and he always knows just what to say.

B7

CODA

Ooo

don't know why, don't know why, don't know
I'm so tired and lonely and
why.
blue.
I
He's
won-
der
-wan-
der
' in' guy,
I
love won't be true.
Got
the

one gal to lay my head by.

blue and it's all 'cause of you.

one gal to lay my head by.

Got
the
time we leave, at

I'll be waitin' up for

Heaven, countin' every mile of railroad track that takes me back.

Never thought my heart could be so "yearn-y." Why did I decide to roam?

Gotta take this Sentimental Journey, Sentimental Journey home.

**SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY**

Words and Music by Bud Green, Les Brown and Ben Homer

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Easy Swing

C

Gonna take a Sentimental Journey, gonna set my heart at ease.

C

Got my bag, I got my reservation, spent each dime I could afford.

C

Gonna make a Sentimental Journey to renew old memories.

FM7

Like a child in wild anticipation, to hear that "All aboard."

CM7

Seven, that's the time we leave, at seven. I'll be waitin' up for

D7

Heaven, countin' every mile of railroad track that takes me back.

C

Never thought my heart could be so "yearn-y." Why did I decide to roam?

C

Gotta take this Sentimental Journey, Sentimental Journey home.
SEPTEMBER SONG
From The Musical Play "KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY"

Words by Maxwell Anderson
Music by Kurt Weill

VERSE
Ad Lib  F7  Fdim7  Gm  Cm7  Fdim7  Gm  Cm7  Fdim7
(Male) When I was a young man court ing the girls I played me a wait ing game. If a maid re fused me with
Gm  Gdim7  A7b5  F9  5  Bb  Gm7  Cm7b5  F7  Gm
toss ing curls, I let the old earth take a cou ple of whirls, while I plied her with tears in lieu of pearls. And as
Cm  Fdim7  Gm  Cm7  F7  Bb6  Moderately Slow, with much expression
GM  Gdim7  Am7b5  E9  Bb  Gm7  Cm7b5  F7b9  Bbm6
Clo ver ring, but if you ex am ine the goods they bring, they have lit tle to offer but the songs they sing. And a
Cm  Fdim7  Gm  Cm7  F7  Bb6  Moderately Slow, with much expression
verse came a round, she came my way, as time came a round she came. Oh, it's a long, long, while
GM  Gdim7  Am7b5  E9  Bb  Gm7  Cm7b5  F7b9  Bbm6
plen ti ful waste of time came a round, she came my way, as time came a round she came. Oh, it's a long, long, while
Cm7b5  F7b9  Bbm6  Edim7
from May to De cem ber, but the days grow short, when you reach Sep tem ber...

Cm7b5  F7b9  Bbm6  Edim7
When the au tumn weath er turns the leaves to flame one has n't got time
Cm7b5  F7b9  Bbm6  Edim7
for the wait ing game. Oh, the days dwindle down to a pre cious few. Sep tem ber. Nov em ber!
Cm7b5  F7b9  Bbm6  Edim7
And these few pre cious days I'll spend with you,
Cm7b5  Bm7  Bb6
these pre cious days I'll spend with you.

CHORUS
Bbm6

SERMONETTE

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By Jon Hendricks & Julian Addarley

Moderately  F  F6  D7b5/F#  C/G  A7/C4
I heard me a Ser mon ette, have you heard it yet with that
Dm  F/A  Bb  F/A  Gm7  Fdim7  G  G7  C7  F
soul ful mes sage that you won't soon for get? It tells a bout real, true love...
Serenade To A Bus Beat

By Clark Terry

Medium Swing

F6   D7b5/F#  C/G
C7   Am/C  A7 C#  Dm  Bs  F/A  Gm7

People lost sight of through their sinful livin' 'n' scorn'in' heav'n above.

It tells you to love one another, to feel that each man's your brother, live right 'cause you know that you reap what you sow. And so to have no regret and to find what you're missin', bow your head an, listen to this Sermonette. I heard me a

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SHAKE, RATTLE AND ROLL

Words and Music by Charles Calhoun

Moderately

C7

Get out from that kitchen and rattle those pots and pans.

F9

from that kitchen and rattle those pots and pans.

C6

Well, roll my breakfast, 'cause

G9

I'm a hungry man.

Shake Rattle And Roll,  Shake Rattle And Roll,
Shake Rattle And Roll

Dm7 G7 To Coda C
C7
never do nothin' to save your doggone soul.

F7 C6
Wear-in' those dresses, your hair done up so right.

Dm7 G9 C6
You look so warm, but your heart is cold as ice.

SHAWNUFF

By Charlie Parker and John "Dizzy" Gillespie

Moderate Swing

C7 Bbm C7
I'm not much to look at, nothin' to see; just glad I'm livin' and lucky to be,
never had nothin'; no one to care, that's why I seem to have more than my share.

I got a woman, crazy for me,_ She's Funny That Way. I can't save a dollar,
I got a woman, crazy for me,_ She's Funny That Way. When I hurt her feelings,
ain't worth a cent,_ she doesn't bother, she'd live in a tent,_ I got a woman,
ain't worth a cent,_ she doesn't bother, she'd live in a tent, I got a woman,

I'm so much better off if I went a way, but why should I leave her,
end it all and let her go to some better man; but I'm only human,

why should I go,_ she'd be unhappy without me I know,_ I got a woman,
coward at best,_ I'm more than certain she'd follow me west, I got a woman,

she's so much better off if I went a way, but why should I leave her,
end it all and let her go to some better man; but I'm only human,

why should I go,_ she'd be unhappy without me I know,_ I got a woman,
coward at best,_ I'm more than certain she'd follow me west, I got a woman,

I'm so much better off if I went a way, but why should I leave her,
end it all and let her go to some better man; but I'm only human,
THE SHEIK OF ARABY

Robustly Bb Bdim7 Cm7 F9
I'm The Sheik Of Ar-a-by, your love belongs to me.
Bb/D Bdim7 Cm7 F7
night when you're asleep into your tent I'll creep.
Bdim7 Cm7 F7 F7 B6 Cm7 F7 Eb
The stars that shine above will light our way to love.
C7 Cm7 F7 Eb
you'll rule this land with me.
The Sheik Of Ar-a-by.

SHOO FLY PIE AND APPLE PAN DOWDY

Slow bounce - solid beat

F F/A Bb C7 F
Shoo-Fly Pie And Apple Pan Dowdy makes your eyes light up.
G7 C7 F F/A Bb F/A
when I turn my say "howdy,"
Heavens are clouded, Shoo-Fly Pie And Apple Pan Dowdy,
F Bb F/C C7 F6 A7
never get enough of that wonderful stuff.
Ma-ma!
D9
Ma-ma!

Mama!
Mama!
I don't want cake; Mama! for my sake.
Ap•pie Pan Dow•dy makes your eyes light up, —your turn•my say “bow•dy,” Shoo•Fly Pie —And

Apple Pan Dowdy, I nev•er get e•nough of that won•der•ful stuff.

**SIDE BY SIDE**

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Words and Music by Harry Woods

Moderately

Oh! we ain’t got a bar•rel of mon•ey, may•be we’re rag•ged and fun•ny, but we’ll
don’t know what’s com•in’, to•mor•row, may•be it’s trou•ble and sor•row, but we’ll

travel a•long — sing•in’ a song — Side By Side. Thru all kinds of wea•ther

what if the sky should fall? — Just as long as we’re to•get•her, it does•n’t mat•ter at

all. — When they’ve all had their quar•rels and part•ed, we’ll be the same as we

start•ed, just trav•lin’ a•long — sing•in’ a song — Side By Side. Oh! we Side.
SISTER SADIE

Medium blues

By Horace Silver

*Sister Sadie was a mean chick and she thought that she was real slick, then she ran into Al phon-so Brown. She hasn't been the same since Al phon-so put her down. Sister Sadie never worried. Sister Sadie never hurried. She just paces around the floor. She just got down. She don't have any mind no more. She just stares into empty space with a frown on her face. Sister Sadie was a honey; always had a lot of money, then she ran into Al phon-so Brown. She hasn't been the same since Al phon-so put her down. Hasn't been the same since Al phon-so put her down.*
SKYLARK

Moderately

Sky - lark,____ have you an - y - thing to say to me?___ Won't you tell me where my

love can be?____ Is there a mea - dow in the mist where some - one's wait - ing to be kissed?

rain to a blo - som cov - ered lane?___ And in your lone - ly flight,____ have - n't you heard the mu -

in the night?____ Won - der - ful mu - sic, faint as a "will - o' the wisp," craz - y as a loon,

sad as a gyp - sy ser - e - nad - ing the moon. Oh, Sky - lark,

I don't know if you can find these things,____ but my heart is rid - ing on your wings.

So, if you see them an - y - where, won't you lead me there?
SKYLINER

Bright Swing Tempo

CM7 C7 C6 A9 Em7#5 A7 Dm7 Am7 Fm6 Dm7 Fm6

Skyliner, Skyliner, flying so freely; we seem to
Sunbeams all dance on your wings, where the light falls, and then when
I'll hold her close, that's the sweet song they sing me. Skyliner

To Coda (Coda)

G9 G7#9 CM7 D7 G7 Am7/G C Bb9 C

real

night

fails,

bring

me

touch

heaven, higher, higher, ever higher, stars dance above

giving a show for the people below as we fly. As we fly so

high, hearing each single beat of the motors repeat with a sigh.

C7 F C7

by and by.

CODA

C Bb9 C

by and by. home to love.

SMALL WORLD

Words by Stephen Sondheim
Music by Jule Styne

Slowly

Fm7 Bb7 Eb6

Funny, you're a stranger who's come here, come from another town. Funny, I'm a

Fm7 Bb9 Eb6

stranger myself here. Small World, isn't it? Funny, you're a {girl} who goes trav'ling,
SNOWFALL

Lyrics by Ruth Thornhill
Music by Claude Thornhill

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Moderately slow

Snowfall, softly, gently, drift down.

Snowflakes whisper 'neath my window.

Covering trees misty white, velvet breeze 'round my doorstep.

Cov'ring trees misty white, velvet breeze 'round my doorstep.

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SMOKE RINGS

Words by Ned Washington
Music by H. Eugene Gifford

Moderately Slow

Where do they go— the Smoke Rings I blow— each night?
Where do they end— the Smoke Rings I send— on high?
What do they do— those circles of blue— and white?
Oh! why do they seem— to picture a dream— above?

Oh! I'd give my life— to laugh at this strife— below?
Then why do they fade— my phantom parade— of love?
I'd be a king— I'd follow each ring— I blow.

Puff, puff, puff, puff your cares away.
Puff, puff, puff night and day.

Blow, blow them into air silky little rings.

Blow, blow them everywhere, give your troubles wings.
What do they tell and what is the spell they cast?
Some of them fall and seem to recall the past.

But most of them rise away to the skies of blue.

Oh, little Smoke Rings I love please take me above, take me with you!
A SMOOTH ONE

By Benny Goodman

SO NICE
(Summer Samba)

Original Words and Music by Marcos Valle and Paulo Sergio Valle
English Words by Norman Gimbel

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Moderately

F

BbM7

Bb6

Em7

Gm7

D7#9

Am7

D7#9

Gm7

Em7#5

A7#5

Dm11

G7

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Some one to hold me tight, that would be very nice. Some one to love me right that would be very nice.

Some one to understand each little dream in me. Some one to take my hand, to be a team with me.

So Nice, life would be So Nice if one day I'd find some one who would
SO WHAT

By Miles Davis

Medium Swing

Fast  Bm7b5  Fm7b5  D7  Bm7b5  Fm7b5  D7  Gm7

Bass Solo 8vo  Ensemble  etc.

To Coda 1

2,  Bm7

D.S. al Coda  Coda
SOLITUDE

Words and Music by Duke Ellington, Eddie De Lange and Irving Mills

To Coda

[Music notation]

SOFT WINDS

By Benny Goodman

Medium swing tempo

[Music notation]
SOME ENCHANTED EVENING
(From "SOUTH PACIFIC")

Some Enchanted Evening
you may see a stranger,
you may see a stranger,

across a crowded room.
across a crowded room.

that somewhere you'll see her again and again,
the sound of her laughter will sing in your dreams

Who can explain it? Who can tell you why? Fools give you reasons, wise men never try.

Some Enchanted Evening
when you find your true love,
when you feel her call you

across a crowded room. Then fly to her side and make her your own,

or all through your life you may dream all alone.
Once you have found her,

never let her go. Once you have found her, never let her go!
SOLO FLIGHT

By Benny Goodman, Charlie Christian and Jimmy Mundy

Moderate jump tempo

C          Cdim7       G7          C
ad lib G7 solo

C         Cdim7       G         C
ad lib G13 solo

C         G/B         F/A        G

SOME DAY MY PRINCE WILL COME

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Moderately Slow

FM7        A7#5       BbM7      Am7      D7      Gm7      D7#5      Gm9

Some Day My Prince Will Come, some day I'll find my

C9        FM7/A      Abdim7     Gm7       C7       FM7/A

love, and how thrilling that moment will be, when the Prince of my

Abdim7     Gm7       C7       FM7        A7#5      BbM7      Am7      D7      Gm7

dreams comes to me. He'll whisper, "I love you." And

D7#5       Gm9       C9       CM7       F7       Bm

steal a kiss or two, though he's far away. I'll find my love some

Bbdim7     FM7       F4dim7     Gm7      C7      1. F6      C7      2. F6

day, some day when my dreams come true. true.

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SONGBIRD
(Thank You For Your Lovely Song)

Words and Music by Loonis McGlohon

Slowly

D7  Es M7  Bbm7/Eb  Es  Ab M7  Fm7

Songbird, thank you for your lovely song! You've lighted all the corners of the day.

Dm7  G7  Cm7  F7  Dm7  D7  Gm7

But tell me how a tiny Songbird learned so much of life and love and all the games we play?

Es m7  Ab  Cm7  F7  Bb 7  D7  Es M7

Songbird, thank you for your hymn to joy! I listened and you changed my life for me.

Cm7  F7  Dm7  D7  Cm7  Eb m7  Ab 7

For in your song I see a world more beautiful, more gentleness in every face I see. Oh, who can ever count the lovely songs you've sung or know about the many old hearts you have made young? Songbird, thank you for your love song, and if you ever have to fly away, I know that I'll remember every song you sang, as well as I remember them today.

Db M7  B9  Bb 7  Es m7  Ab 7  D7  Fm7  F7  Eb m7

Abm7/D>  Db9  Abm7/D>  Db9

Gm7  C7b9  C9  Cm7/F  Fdim7  Fm7  Bb 7 9  D7  Es M7

Dbm7  Es 7  Ab M7  Fm7  Dm7  G7

Abm7/D>  Db 9
**SOME OF THESE DAYS**

By Shelton Brooks

Moderately

\[ \text{B7} \quad \text{Em} \quad \text{B7} \]

Some Of These Days you'll miss me hon-ey, Some Of These Days

\[ \text{Em} \quad \text{E7} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{E7} \quad \text{A7} \]

you'll feel so lone-ly. You'll miss my hugg-ing, you'll miss my kiss-es;

\[ \text{D7} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{G7} \]

you'll miss me, hon-ey, when you go a-way. I feel so lone-ly just for you

\[ \text{C} \quad \text{E7} \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{Am/G} \quad \text{Em7} \quad \text{B7} \quad \text{C} \]

on-ly, for you know, hon-ey, you've had your way. And when you leave me

\[ \text{Cdim7} \quad \text{G/D} \quad \text{F9} \quad \text{E7} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D7} \]

I know 'twill grieve me, you'll miss your lit-tle ba-by; yes Some Of These

\[ \text{G} \quad \text{G/B} \quad \text{Bdim7} \quad \text{Am7} \quad \text{L} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{N.C.} \]

Days. Some Of These

---

**SOMETHING EVERYWHERE**

By Steve Kuhn

Intro-freely

N.C.

Medium samba \( j = 140 \)

\( \text{col 8vb} \)

\[ \text{Em11} \quad 3 \quad \text{Fm11} \quad 4 \quad \text{Em11} \quad 4 \quad \text{Fm11} \quad 3 \quad \text{D3-5} \]
SOMETIMES I'M HAPPY

Copyright © 1925 by Warner Bros. Music
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Words by Clifford Grey and Leo Robin
Music by Vincent Youmans

Moderately Fast and Rhythmic

Some-times I'm Happy, some-times I'm blue, my dis- po-si-tion de-pends on you. I nev-er mind the rain from the skies, if I can find the sun in your eyes. Some-times I love you, some-times I hate you, but when I hate you, it's 'cause I love you. That's how I am so what can I do?

I'm Happy when I'm with you.
THE SONG IS YOU

Words by Oscar Hammerstein II
Music by Jerome Kern

Broadly

C Emdim7 Dm7 G7 Em7 A7 Dm7 G7 C Emdim7

I hear music when I look at you, a beautiful theme of every dream I ever knew. Down deep in my heart I hear it play. I feel it start, then melt away. I hear music when I touch your hand; a beautiful melody from some enchanted land. Down deep in my heart, I hear it say, is this the day?

Em7 Am7 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 A7 D7 G7 C Em7 B9

I alone have heard this lovely strain, I alone have heard this glad refrain: Must it be for ever inside of me, why can’t I let it go, why can’t I let you know, why can’t I let you know the song my heart would sing? That beautiful rhapsody of love and youth and spring, the music is sweet, the words are true. The Song Is You.

SONG OF THE ISLANDS

Words and Music by Chas. E. King

Slowly

F Fdim7 C7/G C7 G7 C7 F

Hawaiian isles of beauty where skies are blue and love is true. Where balm-y airs and golden moon-light caress the waving palms of Honolulu. Your flow’rs enchanting music unite and sing Aloha to me.
SONG FOR MY FATHER
By Horace Silver

Moderate bossa nova

1. I wrote a Song For My Father in hopes it would give him a thrill.
   (2.) Music came through me, but never got to me until
   (3.) real bossa nova, and never got over the thrill.
   (4.) People you meet play guitar with the beat and the skill.

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SOUL EYES
By Mal Waldron

Slow

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SONNY BOY

Words & Music By Al Jolson, B.D. DeSylva, Lew Brown and Ray Henderson

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Moderately

When there are gray skies I don't mind the gray skies, you make them blue, Son-ny Boy.

Friends may for-sake me, let them all for-sake me, you'll pull me through, Son-ny Boy.

You're sent from heav-en, and I know your worth. You've made a heav-en for me right here on earth!

And then the angels grew lone-ly now you won't stray, dear,

I love you so, Son-ny Boy.

I'm lone-ly too, Son-ny Boy.

SOUTHERN COMFORT

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By Wayne Henderson

Medium

When I'm old and gray, dear, prom-ise you won't stray, dear,
SOUTH OF THE BORDER


By Jimmy Kennedy and Michael Carr

Moderately

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{South Of The Border} & \quad \text{down Mexican way,} \\
\text{picture} & \quad \text{that's where I fell in love when} \\
\text{in old Spanish lace,} & \quad \text{just for a tender while I}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{stars a - bove came out to play.} & \quad \text{And now as I wander my thoughts ever stray} \\
\text{kissed the smile up - on her face.} & \quad \text{For it was fi - es - ta and we were so gay}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{South Of The Border} & \quad \text{down Mexican way.} \\
\text{She was a way.} & \quad \text{Theo she}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{sighed as she whis - pered "ma - na, ma, na," never dream - ing that we were part - ing.} & \quad \text{And I lied as I whis - pered "ma - na, ma, na," for our to - mor - row never came.} \\
\text{South Of The Border} & \quad \text{I rode back one day.}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{There in a veil of white by cam - die - light she knelt to pray.} & \quad \text{The mis - sion bells told me}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{that I must - n't stay} & \quad \text{South Of The Border} \\
\text{down Mexican way.} & \quad \text{Ay! Ay! Ay!}
\end{align*} \]
SPEAK LOW

Words by Ogden Nash
Music by Kurt Weill

Rhumba or Beguine

Gm9 C9 Gm9 C9 Gm9 C9

Speak Low when you speak, love,
Low, our summer day withers away too

D7 Ebm9 Eb9 Bbm9 Eb9

soon, too soon. Speak Low when you speak, love,
soon, too soon, I feel

G9 C9 C7 Gm7 F6 D7 Gm7 C7 F

swift, like ships a drift; we're swept a drift, too soon
near, tomorrow is here and always too

Fm7 Am EbM7

Time is so old and love so brief, love is pure gold and

E7 Gm9 C9 Gm9 C9

time a thief. We're late darling we're late the curtain descends,
everything ends too soon too soon

Gm9 C9 F6 D Bbm9 Eb9

I wait darling, I wait will you Speak Low to me, speak love to me and soon.
**SPAIN**

*1973 Lima Music*

Moderately fast, in 2

N.C.

Em7  F\#sus  GM7

F\#7  Em7  A7\#9  DM7  GM7  C\#7  F\#7  Bm

N.C. or unison

To Coda  F\#sus  G  Asus  Bm

1  2

C\#7  F\#7  Bm  B7\#9  D.S. al Coda  φ  CODA

GM7  D\#9  Bm\#5  φ

**ST. THOMAS**

*1963 Prestige Music*

Latin/Calypso

C  A7  Dm7  G7  C  G7  C  A7

Dm7  G7  C  Em7\#5  A7  Dm7  G7  C 7  F  F\# dim7  C/G  G7  C
SPRING CAN REALLY HANG YOU UP THE MOST

Music by Tommy Wolf
Lyric by Fran Landesman

Verse

C B7 C C6/9 C Cm7 Bb7 Am7 Dm7 G7 Em7 A7b9 CM7 G7 Eb7 Am7 Dm7 G7 G7sus G7

Once I was a sentiment-al thing,
throw my heart away each spring.
Now a spring romance

Has n't got a chance,
promised my first dance to winter,
all I've got to show's a splinter

for my little fling!
Spring this year has got me feeling like a horse that never left the
post;

walk in the park—just to kill lonely hours,
I'm on the shelf— with last year's Easter bonnets,

All afternoon, those birds twit-ter twit,
I know the tune: "This is love—this is it!"

Love seemed sure around the New Year,
now it's April, love is just a ghost.

Spring came a long, a sea-son of song;

Love was sure around the New Year, now it's April, love is just a ghost.

I heard it before and I know the score;
and I've decided that spring is a bore!

Spring came a long, a sea-son of song;

Spring this year has got me feeling like a horse that never left the

in tempo, slowly

Em7 A7b9 Fm7>5 Fm7 Em7 Am7 D7 D9>5 Dm7 G7 G7sus G7

Morning's kiss wakes trees and flowers,
and to them I'd like to drink a toast;

walk in the park—just to kill lonely hours,
I'm on the shelf— with last year's Easter bonnets,

All afternoon, those birds twit-ter twit,
I know the tune: "This is love—this is it!"

Love seemed sure around the New Year,
now it's April, love is just a ghost.

Spring came a long, a sea-son of song;

Love was sure around the New Year, now it's April, love is just a ghost.

I heard it before and I know the score;
and I've decided that spring is a bore!

Spring came a long, a sea-son of song;

Spring this year has got me feeling like a horse that never left the

In tempo, slowly

Em7 A7b9 Fm7>5 Fm7 Em7 Am7 D7 D9>5 Dm7 G7 G7sus G7

Morning's kiss wakes trees and flowers,
and to them I'd like to drink a toast;

walk in the park—just to kill lonely hours,
I'm on the shelf— with last year's Easter bonnets,

All afternoon, those birds twit-ter twit,
I know the tune: "This is love—this is it!"

Love seemed sure around the New Year,
now it's April, love is just a ghost.

Spring came a long, a sea-son of song;

Love was sure around the New Year, now it's April, love is just a ghost.

I heard it before and I know the score;
and I've decided that spring is a bore!

Spring came a long, a sea-son of song;

Spring this year has got me feeling like a horse that never left the

In tempo, slowly

Em7 A7b9 Fm7>5 Fm7 Em7 Am7 D7 D9>5 Dm7 G7 G7sus G7

Morning's kiss wakes trees and flowers,
and to them I'd like to drink a toast;

walk in the park—just to kill lonely hours,
I'm on the shelf— with last year's Easter bonnets,

All afternoon, those birds twit-ter twit,
I know the tune: "This is love—this is it!"

Love seemed sure around the New Year,
now it's April, love is just a ghost.

Spring came a long, a sea-son of song;

Love was sure around the New Year, now it's April, love is just a ghost.

I heard it before and I know the score;
and I've decided that spring is a bore!

Spring came a long, a sea-son of song;

Spring this year has got me feeling like a horse that never left the

In tempo, slowly

Em7 A7b9 Fm7>5 Fm7 Em7 Am7 D7 D9>5 Dm7 G7 G7sus G7

Morning's kiss wakes trees and flowers,
and to them I'd like to drink a toast;

walk in the park—just to kill lonely hours,
I'm on the shelf— with last year's Easter bonnets,

All afternoon, those birds twit-ter twit,
I know the tune: "This is love—this is it!"

Love seemed sure around the New Year,
SPRING WILL BE A LITTLE LATE THIS YEAR

By Frank Loesser

Moderately

Spring Will Be A Little Late This Year, a little late ar-
ning in my lonely world over here. For you have left me, and
where is our April of old? You have left me, and winter con-
cold. As if to say all things, so I needn't cling to this fear. It's merely that

Moderately

Spring Will Be A Little Late This Year.
STEAPLECHASE

Copyright 1943, 1976 by Atlantic Music Corp.

By Charlie Parker

SQUEEZE ME


Words and Music by Clarence Williams and Thomas Waller

Moderate Blues Tempo
STAY AS SWEET AS YOU ARE

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Words by Mack Gordon
Music by Harry Revel

Moderately

C G7/G9 C G7/G9 C Dm7 G7 C Em7/G Dm7 G7

Stay As Sweet As You Are, don't let a thing ever change you. Stay As Sweet As You Are, don't let a

soul rearrange you. Don't ever lose all the charm you possess, your loveliness,

D7 Dm7/G G7/G9 C G7/G9 C G7/G9 C Dm7 G7

darling, the way you say "yes." Stay As Sweet As You Are, discreet as you are you're divine, Dear.

C Em7/G Dm7 G7 C Bm7/G5 E7 FM7 Em7

Stay as grand as you are and as you are, tell me that you're mine, Dear. Young and gay or old and gray,

Am7 D9 F Bb7 C/E Em7/G D7/D G7 C

near to me or a far; night and day I pray that you'll always stay as sweet as you are.
STOCKHOLM SWEETNIN'

Bounce

Cm75 Dm7 G7 Cm75 Am7 D7 Gm
Bb Bdim7
Bm7 G7
Cm75 Dm7 G7 Cm75 Am7 D7 Gm
Bb Bdim7 Cm7 F7 Bb Am7 D#7 Gb Em7 Am7 Adim7
Bm75 Eb7 A7 D#7 Gb Em7 Cm75 Cm7/F
Dm75 G7 Cm75 Am7 D7 Gm
Bb Bdim7 Cm7 F7 Bb

STOMPIN' AT THE SAVOY

Word and Music by Benny Goodman, Andy Razaf, Chick Webb and Edgar Sampson

Medium Swing Tempo

C9 F F#dim7
Gm7 C9 1 F A7dim7 Gm7 C9 2 F Cm7 F7
Bb7 B7 Bm75 Eb9 Bm7 Gb A7 A7 A7
D#7 C7 C9 F C9
F F#dim7 Gm7 C9 F Eb9 Eb FM9

Savoy — the home of sweet romance; Savoy — it wins you at a glance; Savoy — your lips so warm and sweet as wine; Savoy — your cheek —

— gives happy feet a chance to dance. —

— so soft and close to mine —

Your form —

How my heart is sing-in' while the band is swing-in' —

— Never tired of rompin' and stomp-in' with you — at the Savoy. What joy! — A perfect holiday! —

— where we can glide and sway — Savoy — there let me stomp a-way — with you —
STORMY WEATHER
(KEEPS RAININ' ALL THE TIME)

Words by Ted Koehler
Music by Harold Arlen

Slowly

G G6dim7 Am7 D9 G E7

Don't know why there's no sun up in the sky, Stormy Weather,

Am7 D9 G E7 Am7 D7#5 G9

since my man and I ain't together, keeps rainin' all the time.

Am7 D9 G C G Bm7 E7 Am7 D7#9 G Dm7 G7

Life is time, the time. So weary all the time.

CM7 G/B Am7 GM7 CM7

When he went a way the blues walked in and met me. If she stays a way old rock-in'

G/B Am7 GM7 C C#dim7 G/D E7 Am7 B7 Em7

chair will get me. All I do is pray the Lord above will let me walk in the sun once more.

A7 Am7 D7 G G6dim7 Am7 D9 G E7

Can't go on, every thing I had is gone, Stormy Weather,

Am7 D9 G E7 Am7 D7#5 G9

since my man and I ain't together, keeps rainin' all the time.

Am7 D7#5 G Am7 Am7 GM7 C G6

Keeps rainin' all the time.
STRANGE FRUIT

Words and Music by Lewis Allan

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Andante Moderato

Cm G7b5 G7 Cm

South- ern trees bear a strange fruit, blood on the leaves and blood at the root, black bod - y swing-ing in the
Dm7b9 G7 Cm G7 Cm

sou - th - ern breeze, Strange Fruit hang - ing from the pop - lar trees... (Humming)
G7b5/D Cm/G Cm

Past - or - al scene of the gal - lant South, the bulg - ing eyes and the twist - ed mouth; scent of mag - no - lia
Cm G7 G7b9/F G7b9/D G7b9/B G7b9

sweet... and fresh, and the sud - den smell of burn - ing flesh! Here is the fruit for the
Am7 G7 Dm7b5 G7 Dm7b5 G7 Cm

crows to pluck, for the rain to gath - er, for the wind to suck, for the sun to rot, for a tree to drop.
Cm/G G7 Cm G7 D6-9 Cm G7 Cm

(Hum)_ Here is a strange and bit - ter crop. (Hum)_

STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT

Words by Charles Singleton and Eddie Snyder
Music by Bert Kaempfert

Moderately Slow

FM7

Stran - gers In The Night ex - chang - ing glan - ces won - d'ring in the night... what were the chanc - es
F/A Abdim7 Gm7 Es/G Gm6 Es/G Gm7

we'd be shar - ing love... be - fore the night was through... Some - thing in your eyes... was so in - vit - ing.
Gm7/C C7b9 FM7

some - thing in your smile... was so ex - cit - ing, some - thing in my heart... told me I must have you...
Strangers In The Night, two lonely people we were Strangers In The Night up to the moment when we said our first hello. Little did we know love was just a glance away, a warm embracing dance away and ever since that night we've been together. Lovers at first sight, in love forever. It turned out so right for Strangers In The Night.

STUFFY

By Coleman Hawkins

Medium Swing

Am7b5 D7b9

Fm7 Bb9 Eb

Fm7 Bb9 Es Es9 Ab Abm Eb Eb Ab

Fm7 Bb9

Fm7 Bb9

Fm7 Bb9 Es Fm7 Bb9 Eb Es9

Ab Abm Eb D.S. al Coda CODA Eb

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A STRING OF PEARLS

Moderately

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Words by Eddie DeLange
Music by Jerry Gray

STRUTTIN' WITH SOME BARBEQUE

Music by Louis Armstrong
Words by Don Raye
SUNNY SIDE UP

Words and Music by B.G. DeSylva, Lew Brown and Ray Henderson

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Moderately Bright

Keep your Sunny Side Up! Up! Hide the side that gets blue.

If you have nine sons in a row, baseball teams make money, you know!

Stand up on your legs, be like two fried eggs, keep your Sunny Side Up!

Am7 D9 G7 CM7 G7
pick-in', pick-in' on a juicy rib. 'Cause I'm Strut-tin' With Some Bar-be-cue,

CM7 G7/A G7 C C9 Gm7 C7
feelin' mighty grand; pass another help-in', please, of that
good old dixieland. And mister waiter, if you please, another

C Em7 A9 Dm7 Fdim7 Dm7/G
rib or two; and I'll go strut, strut, strut-tin'; Strut-tin' With Some Bar-be-cue.

1. C Ab9 G7 2. C C7 F Fm6 C D9 C9
Strut-tin' With Some
SUGAR

Words by Joe Young
Music by George W. Meyer

Moderately Slow

G E7 A7 D7 GM7 D+ G Bb dim7 Am7 G4 dim7

(Male) Sugar, I call my ba·by my Su·gar, I ne·ver may·be' my Su·gar,
(Female) Sugar, I call my ba·by my Su·gar, I ne·ver may·be' my Su·gar,

D7/A D+ G E7 Am7 D7 G E7 A7 D7
that's why my ba·by is so con·fec·tion·ar·y. Fun·ny, she nev·er pleas·es for his
that's why my ba·by is so con·fec·tion·ar·y. Fun·ny, I nev·er plead for my

GM7 D- G Gm D D# dim7 Em7 A7 D7 Am7 Ddim7 D7/A D7
mon·ey, but when she feeds me on hon·ey, she gets her needs ev·ery time. I'd make a
mon·ey, 'cause when I feed him on hon·ey, I get my needs ev·ery time. I'd make a

G7 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 C
mil·lion trips to her lips if I were a bee, 'cause they are sweet·er than
mil·lion trips to his lips if I were a bee, 'cause they are sweet·er than

E7 A7 D7 G E7 A7 D7 GM7 D+
any can·dy to me. She's gran·u·lat·ed Su·gar, I nev·er cheat on my Su·gar,
any can·dy to me. He's gran·u·lat·ed Su·gar, I nev·er cheat on my Su·gar,

G Bb dim7 Am7 E7 A7 D7 G
'cause I'm too sweet on my Su·gar, that Su·gar ba·by o' mine.
'cause I'm too sweet on my Su·gar, that Su·gar ba·by o' mine.

SUGAR FOOT STOMP

Lyric by Walter Meiroye
Music by Joe Oliver

Moderately

VERSE Bb7 Eb7 Bb Bb7 Eb7
Bes·ide the riv·er, be·side the riv·er down in Dix·ie·land; Ban·joes are ring·in';

Bb Dm7 G7 C7 F7 Bb
dark·ies are sing·in'; ev·ry·thing is grand. Just lis·ten to that plan·ta·tion stomp down band.

C7 F7 Eb7 C7 Bb Bb7
When they start danc·in'; Stomp·in' and pran·cin' the dance called su·gar foot stomp;
A SUNDAY KIND OF LOVE

Copyright 1946, 1972 by MCA Music Publishing, A Division of MCA Inc.

Words and Music by Barbara Belle, Loula Prima, Anita Leonard and Stan Rhodes

Moderately slow

I want A Sun-day Kind Of Love,
love that's on the square,
can't seem to find some-body to care.

I'd like to know it's more than love at first sight.
I want A Sun-day Kind Of Love

I'm on a lone-ly road that leads me no where.
I need A Sun-day Kind Of Love.

I want A Sun-day Kind Of Love.
I do my Sun-day dream-ing and all my Sun-day schem-ing ev'-ry

I'm hop-ing to dis-cover a cer-tain kind of love-

Who will show me the way? My arms need
**SUMMERTIME**

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Words by DuBose Heyward
Music by George Gershwin

Slowly

Am6 E7/B Am6/C Am6 E7/B Am6/C E7/B Am6 Dm F

Summer-time an’ the liv-in’ is easy, fish are jumpin’;

FM7 Ddim E B7 E Em6 E7/B Am6/C E7/B Am6/C E7/B

an’ the cotton is high. Oh, yo’ dad-dy’s rich, an’ yo’ ma is good-

Am6 E7/B Am D7 C Am D Dm7/G Am Am Am

look-in’, so bush, little baby, don’ yo’ cry.

Am6 Am7 D9 E+ Am6 E7/B Am6/C E7/B Am6 E7/B

One of these morn-in’s you gola’ to rise up sing-in’,

Am6/C E7/B Am6 Dm F FM7 Ddim E B7 E Em6 E7/B

then you’ll spread yo’ wings, an’ you’ll take the sky. But ’til that

Am6 E7/B Am6/C E7/B Am6 E7/B Am D7 C Am

morn-in’ there’s a noth-in’ can harm you with dad-dy an’ mammy

D Dm7/G Am D F C F9 Bb E13 Am

stand-in’ by.

**SUNRISE SERENADE**

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Music Sales Corp., 24 E. 22nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10010

Words by Jack Lawrence
Music by Frankie Carle

Slow Ballad

Cm C7 Cm Bb7 Eb

Good morn-in’ good morn-in’ you sleepy head, it’s down-in’, stop yawn in’, get out of that bed. Say the

Bdim7 Eb Dm7 C7 G9 F9 B9 Bb9 Fm7/Bb

air is soft as silk, it’s time to get the morn-in’ milk, come on Wake up! Get up!
Look at the grass silver in the sun heaviy with the dew, look at the buds.

you can almost see how they're breakin' thru; look at the birds feedin' all their young in the syca-mores

but you bet-ter get on with your morn-in' chores. Just take a breath of that new mown hay and the sugar cane;

looks like to-night there should be a moon down in lover's lane. There you go day dreaming when it's time that you obeyed that Sunrise Serenade.

SWEET SUE-JUST YOU

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Words by Will J. Harris
Music by Victor Young
THE SURREY WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP
(From "OKLAHOMA")

Lively

Chicks and ducks and geese better scurry
When I take you out in the surrey,
When I drive them high step-pin' strutters.
Nosey pokes 'ill out in The Surr-ey With The Frringe On Top!

Hol-ster's brown, the dash-board's gen-u-ine leather,
With in-glass curtains, you can roll right down, in case there's a change in the weather.

Two bright side-lights wink-in' and blink-in', ain't no finer rig. I'm a thinkin'. You can keep your rig if you're thinkin' at I'd keer to swap fer that shin-y, lit-tle sur-rey with the fringe on the top.

SWEET AND LOVELY

Moderately Slow

Sweet, And Love-ly sweet-er than the ros-es in May --

Love-ly heav-en must have sent her my way --

ne-ver were as blue as her eyes -- and she loves me,
who would want a sweeter surprise

When she nestles in my arms so tenderly

there's a thrill that words can not express

in my heart a song of love is taunting me

melody haunting me
Sweet and lovely
sweeter than the roses in may

and she loves me
there is nothing more I can say

SWING HOUSE

By Garry Mulligan

1952 Benton Publications
SWINGING SHEPHERD BLUES

Copyright © 1958 by BIG SEVEN MUSIC CORP, New York, NY

Words by Rhoda Roberts and Kenny Jacobson
Music by Moe Koffman

Slowly

Words by Rhoda Roberts and Kenny Jacobson
Music by Moe Koffman

C6

C7

F9

C

Dm7

Dm7

G7

C

C9/E

F6

A7/Gb

G7

C6

C

G7

C6

G7

C6

G7

C6

To next strain

Fine

C6

D9

G7

C6

B.S. al Fine

SWEET ELOISE

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Words by Mack David
Music by Russ Morgan

Moderately

Sweet Eloise, sing the birds in the trees. When she is near you can hear them singing sweet melodies, they're just for my Eloise

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Sweet Eloise is a beautiful sight, ole mis-ter moon comes a-round to look at her ev-ery night. Her smile's a warm sum-mer breeze, the smile of Eloise. And tho' there may be clouds in the skies there's al-ways sun shine deep in her eyes. In case you did-not know, roses grow hoppin' some day they'll be pressed and caressed in her bou-quet.

Sweet Eloise is so love-ly to love; you will a-gree she's the on-ly girl that you're dream-in' of. But you'll be was-tin' your time, 'cause Eloise is all mine.

SWINGIN' UNTIL THE GIRLS COME HOME

By Oscar Pettiford

Medium Swing
SWINGIN’ THE BLUES

Music by Count Basie & Ed Durham
Lyrics by Ed Durham

Ev’ry time blues bring sadness, chase ’em away with gladness. Cry and those blues ’ll grieve—

Soon as I feel ’em comin’, right a way I start humming. Ev’ry things free and easy—

You swing and those blues ’ll leave you. ’Long as you’re feelin’ breezy. Really ain’t nothin’ to it,

Swingin’ The Blues—’ll do it. The blues mean sadness, they can’t stand gladness, stop cryin,’ cause tears can lead to madness. Say, swing those blues a way!

When the blues come round, don’t feel bad, just swing the blues, you’ll feel glad. When

blues can’t cause you trouble that’s when they go way mad. Say swing those blues a way!

You get the blues, you pay the dues, you gotta swing ’em, or you’re really gonna lose. Travelin’ down life’s highway—

Swingin’ The Blues is my way. Ev’ry one gets blues one time, swing and enjoy ’em some time—Real-ly ain’t nothin’ to it,

Swingin’ The Blues—’ll do it!
"TAIN'T NOBODY'S BIZ-NESS IF I DO"

Words and Music by Porter Grainger and Everett Robbins


Moderate Blue tempo

There ain't noth-in' I can do, nor noth-in' I can say. That folks don't crit-i-
cize me; but I'm gonna do just as I want to an-y-way. I don't care

If they all de-spise me. If I should take a mo-tion to jump in-

Rather than per-se-cute me, I choose that you would shoot me.} "Tain't No-
bod-y's Biz-ness If I Do.

If I go to church on Sun-day, Then cab-a-ret on Mon-day,} "Tain't No-
bod-y's Biz-ness If I Do.

If I should get the feel-in' If my friend ain't got no mon-
ey to dance up on the cell-in' If I let my best com-pa-nion drive me right in to the can-yon,

If I give her my last nick-el and it leaves me in a pick-le,

"Tain't No-bod-y's Biz-ness If I Do. Do.

TAIN'T WHAT YOU DO
(It's The Way That Cha Do It)

Words & Music By Sy Oliver and James Young

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Moderately

Ab    Ab7/C   Db  Eb7  Db  Ab/C    Bs m7  Eb 7

Tain't What You Do, it's the way that - cha do it,
Tain't What You Do, it's the way that - cha do it,
Tain't what you say, it's the way that - cha say it,
Tain't what you say, it's the way that - cha say it,

Tain't What You Do, it's the way that - cha do it,
Tain't What You Do, it's the way that - cha do it,
Tain't what you croon it's the way that - cha croon it,
Tain't what you croon it's the way that - cha croon it,

Tain't What You Do, it's the time that - cha do it,
Tain't What You Do, it's the time that - cha do it,
Tain't what you croon it's the time that - cha croon it,
Tain't what you croon it's the time that - cha croon it,

You can try hard don't mean a thing,
Tain't What You Do, it's the place that - cha do it,

then your jive will swing,
Tain't What You Do, it's the place that - cha do it,
so just blame your - self.
Tain't what you croon it's the place that - cha do it,

that's what gets re - sults.
that's what gets re - sults.

Copyright

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TAKE THE "A" TRAIN

By Billy Strayhorn and The Delta Rhythm Boys

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Easy Swing

C6 | Dm7 | G7 |
---|---|---
| C | C | C |

You must take the "A" Train.
If you miss the "A" Train,
You'll find you've missed the quickest way to Harlem.

Dm9 | G9 |
---|---
| C | C |

Hurry, get on now it's coming.
Listen to those rails thumping.
All aboard! Get on the "A" Train,
You will be on Sugar Hill in Harlem.

A TASTE OF HONEY

Words and Music by Ric Marlow and Bobby Scott

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Slowly

Dm | Dm7 G6 | Dm7 Dm |
---|---|---
| C | Gm6 |

Winds may blow over the icy sea,
I'll take with me the warmth of things,
A Taste Of Honey,
A taste much sweeter than wine.

Dm7 | G6 | Dm7 |
---|---|---
| Gm6 |

His kiss was honey,
A taste much sweeter than wine.
I will return,
I'll come back for the honey and you.

Dm | A9/5 |
---|---

I'll come back for the honey and you.
I'll come back for the honey, honey and you.
THE TAILGATE RAMBLE

Lyric by Johnny Mercer
Music by Wingy Manone

Moderately

When wagons meet on the street, the traffic stops; they have to call the cops, you ain't heard

noth-in' poppin'. The band that's loud draws the crowd, and that ain't all, they tag along 'til they

start the ball down at the Eagle's Hall. When the wagon starts put the tailgate down. Watch the band pa-

rade all around this town. Give the trombone man room to move his slide. And we'll sing and

play 'round the country side. Was n't long ago I was in my teens and we played that

way down in New Orleans. When the wagon leans.

THAT'S ALL

Words and Music by Alan Brandt and Bob Haymes

Slowly, with expression

I can only give you love that lasts forever, and the promise to be near each time you call;

and the only heart I own, for you and you alone, That's All, That's All. I can
That's All. There are those I am sure who have told you they would give you the world for a toy. All I have are these arms to en-fold you and a love that can never destroy. If you're wondering what I'm asking in return dear, you'll be glad to know that my demands are small: say it's me that you'll adore, for now and ever-more, That's All, That's All.

**TENDERLY**

Lyric by Jack Lawrence
Music by Walter Gross

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Moderately

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Eb7</th>
<th>Ab9</th>
<th>Ebm7</th>
<th>Ab9</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fm7</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

The evening breeze caressed the trees Tenderly. The trembling trees embraced the breeze Tenderly. Then you and I came wandering by and lost in a sigh were we. The shore was kissed by sea and mist Tenderly. I can't forget how two hearts met breathlessly. Your arms opened wide and closed me inside; you took my lips, you took my love so Tenderly.
THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT
(From "THE BAND WAGON")

Words by Howard Dietz
Music by Arthur Schwartz

Moderately

The clown with his pants falling down, or the dance that's a dream of romance—

or the scene where the villain is mean; That's Entertainment!

or the bull where she gives him her all, That's Entertainment!


The plot can be hot, simply teeming with sex.


— a gay divorcée who is after her "ex." It can be


Oedipus Rex where a chap kills his father, and causes a lot of


both-er. The clerk who is thrown out of work by the boss who is


thrown for a loss by the skirts who is doing him dirt. The world is a


stage, the stage is a world of entertainment.
THAT'S LIFE

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Words and Music by Dean Kay and Kelly Gordon

Slow Blues Tempo

\[ G \quad B7 \quad Em7 \quad B7 \]

That's Life, That's what people say. You're rid'in' high in April.

A7 \quad Cm6 \quad G \quad CM7 \quad B7 \quad 5 \quad Em7

shot down in May. But I know I'm gonna change that tune, when I'm

A9 \quad Am7 \quad D9 \quad G \quad B7

back on top in June. That's Life, funny as it seems.

Em7 \quad Bb7 \quad A7

Some people get their kicks, steppin' on dreams; but I don't let it get me

Em \quad A9 \quad D9 \quad G

down, 'cause this ol' word keeps going around. I've been a

G7

puppet, a pauper, a pirate, a poet, a pawn and a king. I've been

Cm6 \quad Bb7

up and down and over and out and I know one thing:

A7 \quad D7

each time I find myself flat on my face, I pick myself up and get

D9 \quad G \quad B7

back in the race. That's Life, I can't deny it,

Em7 \quad A7 \quad Cm6

I thought of quitting, but my heart just won't buy it. If I

G \quad F#m7 \quad 5 \quad B7 \quad Em7 \quad A7 \quad ^9 \quad D7

didn't think it was worth a try, I'd roll myself up in a big ball and

\[ G \quad F9 \quad A7 \quad 5 \quad D9 \quad G \quad 2 \]

die. That's die.

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THERE ARE SUCH THINGS

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Slow Ballad

CM7 C7#5 F6 G7#5 Dm7 G7#5 CM7

A heart that's true
There Are Such Things. A dream for two, There Are Such Things.
A7 Dm7 Fdim7 CM7 C/E B dim7 Dm7

Some one to whisper 'Darling you're my guiding star,' Not caring what you own,
D9 Dm7 G7 Dm7/G CM7 C7#5 F6 G7#5 Dm7

but just what you are A peaceful sky, There Are Such Things. A rainbow high,
B7 E7 sus Em7#5 A7 Dm Fm6 C Em7

where heaven sings. So have a little faith and trust in what tomorrow brings, you'll reach a star because There Are Such Things.
A13 A7 D7 Dm7 G7 C6

THERE WILL NEVER BE ANOTHER YOU

Music by Harry Warren
Lyric by Mack Gordon

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Easy Swing

BbM7 AbM7 Dm7#5 G7#9 Cm7 Bbm7

There will be many other nights like this, and I'll be standing here with some one new,
Eb7 AbM7 D9 Eb6 Cm7 F7

There will be other songs to sing, another fall, another spring, but There Will Never Be Another You. There will be other lips that I may kiss, but
Cm7 Bbm7 Eb7 AbM7 D9 Gm7 Cm7

they won't thrill me like yours used to do, Yes, I may dream a million dreams, but how can they come true, if there will never ever be another you?
Fdim7 Eb6 D7#9 G7#5 C7#9 Fm7 Bb9 Eb6
THERE'S A BOAT DAT'S LEAVIN' SOON FOR NEW YORK

(From "PORGY AND BESS")

Words by Ira Gershwin and Dubose Heyward
Music by George Gershwin

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Sporting life

There's A Boat Dat's Leavin' Soon For New York Come wid me, dat's where we be long, sister. You an' me kin live dat high life in New York. Come wid me, dere you can't go wrong, sister. I'll buy you de swell'est mansion up on upper Fifth Avenue, an' through Harlem we'll go strut'in' we'll go a-strut-in' an dere'll be nuttin' too good for you. I'll dress you in silks and satins in de latest Paris styles. All de blues you'll be forget'tin', you'll be forget'tin', there'll be no fret'tin' jes' noth'in' but smiles. Come a long wid me, dat's de place, don't be a fool, come a long, come a long. There's A Boat Dat's Leavin' Soon For New York Come wid me, dat's where we be long, sister, dat's where we be long.
THERE IS NO GREATER LOVE

With Emotion

There Is No Greater Love than what I feel for you.

There is no greater thrill than what you bring to me.

You're the sweet-est thing I have ever known,

There is No Greater Love in all the world it's

THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE

For there's a change in the weather.

Change in me,

My walk will be different.

I'm goin' to change my way of livin' if that ain't enough.

C9

G7

D7

C7

Bb

Eb7

D7

A9

G7

C7

There is no greater love

There is no greater thrill

You're the sweet-est thing

You're the sweet-est thing

I must make some changes from old to the new.

I must do things just the same as

I'm goin' to change my long tail (Mama) for a little short fat.

I'm goin' to change the number where
strut my stuff—'cause nobody wants you when you're old and gray.
There'll be some changes, Made to-day.

Made to-day—There'll be some changes, Made.

B6 A7 G7 C9 F7

B6 A7 A7 G

There's a small hotel with a wishing well; I wish that we were there to-
gather.
There's a bridal suite; one room bright and neat, complete for us to share together.
Looking through the window you can see a distant steeple; not a sign of people, who wants to-

When the steeple bell says, "Good night, sleep well," we'll thank the small hotel. We'll creep into our little shell and we will thank the small hotel to-geth-er.
THESE FOOLISH THINGS


Slow Ballad

Words by Hoot Marvell
Music by Jack Strachey and Harry Link

A cigarette that bears a lipstick's traces, an airline ticket to romantic places, and still my heart has wings. These Foolish Things remind me of you.

A tinkling piano in the next apartment, those stumbling words that told you what my heart meant, a fairground's painted swings. These Foolish Things remind me of you.

You came, you saw, you conquered me;

when you did that to me, I knew somehow this had to be.

The winds of March that make my heart a dancer, a telephone that rings but who's to answer? Oh, how the ghost of you clings! These Foolish Things remind me of you.

These Foolish Things remind me of you.
They All Laughed at Christopher Columbus when he said the world was round.

They All Laughed at Rockefeller Center, now they're fighting to get in.

They All Laughed when Edison recorded sound.

They All Laughed when Whitney and his cotton gin.

They All Laughed when Edison recorded sound.

They All Laughed when Whitney and his cotton gin.

They All Laughed at Wilbur and his brother, when they said that man could fly.

They All Laughed at Fulton and his steamboat, Hershey and his chocolate bar.

They told Marconi wireless was a phony, it's the same old cry. They laughed at Ford and his Lizzie kept the laughers busy; that's how people are. They laughed at the me wanting you, said I was reaching for the moon. But me wanting you, said it would be hello, goodbye. But

Oh, you came through now they'll have to change their tune. They all said we never could be happy, they laughed at us and how! But ho, ho, ho! never get together, darling, let's take a bow. For ho, ho, ho!

Who's got the last laugh now? Who's got the last laugh now? Ho, he, he! Let's at the past laugh.

Ha, ha, ha! Who's got the last laugh now?
THEY CAN'T TAKE THAT AWAY FROM ME

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Words by Ira Gershwin
Music by George Gershwin

Moderately

\[\begin{array}{cccccccc}
\text{The way you wear your hat, } & \text{the way you sip your tea, } & \text{the memory of all that } \\
\text{no, no! They Can't Take That Away From Me! The way your smile just beams, } \\
\end{array}\]

The way you wear your hat, the way you sip your tea, the memory of all that

\[\begin{array}{cccccccc}
\text{they way you sing off key, } & \text{the way you haunt my dreams, } & \text{no, no! They } \\
\text{Can't Take That Away From Me! We may never, never meet again on the bumpy } \\
\text{road to love, still I'll always, always keep the memory of } \\
\text{the way you hold your knife, } \\
\end{array}\]

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

\[\begin{array}{cccccccc}
\text{the way we danced till three, } & \text{the way you changed my life, } & \text{no, no! They } \\
\text{Can't Take That Away From Me! No! They Can't Take That Away From Me! } \\
\end{array}\]

Can't Take That Away From Me! No! They Can't Take That Away From Me!

THERMO

* 1972 Hubtones Music Co.

Medium Swing

By Freddie Hubbard

\[\begin{array}{cccccccc}
\text{Em7 D7 Dm7 } & \text{Cm7} & \text{F7} & \text{B7} & \text{Em7 } \\
B7 Bb7 A7 & \\
\end{array}\]

Em7 D7 Dm7 Cm7 F7 B7 Em7 B7 Bb7 A7

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THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE ME

Words by Herbert Reynolds
Music by Jerome Kern

Moderately

Am7 D7 G Am7 D7 G Em7 Am7 D7 D7/C

And when I told them how beau-ti-ful you are, They Did-n't Be-lieve Me,

D7 G Em7 Am7 D7 D7/C

They Did-n't Be-lieve Me! Your lips your eyes, your cheeks, your hair are in a

Em Bm F7 Bm7 F9 E7 E7/J9

class be-yond com-pare; you're the love-liest girl that one could see! And when I

Am7 D7 G6 Em7 Am

tell them, and I cer-ta-ly am goin' to tell them that I'm the man whose

D7 G6 F9 E7 Am D7 G Am7

wife one day you'll be. They'll never be-lieve me, they'll never be-lieve me

Bm7 E7 Am7 D7 D7/J9 G

that from this great big world you've cho-sen me!
THIS CAN'T BE LOVE
(From "THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE")

Words by Lorenz Hart
Music by Richard Rodgers

This Can't Be Love because I feel so well, no sobs, no sorrows, no sighs;

This Can't Be Love, I get no dizzy spell. My head is not in the skies, my heart does not stand still just hear it beat! This is too sweet to be love. This Can't Be Love because I feel so well, but still I love to look in your eyes.

THE THINGS WE DID LAST SUMMER

Words and Music by Sammy Cahn and Jule Styne

The boat rides we would take, the moonlight on the lake, the way we danced and hummed our favorite song.

The Things We Did Last Summer I'll remember all winter long. The midway and the fun, the kewpie dolls we won, the bell I rang to prove that I was strong: The Things We Did Last Summer I'll remember all winter long.

The early morning hike. The rented tandem bike. The lunches that we used to pack.
never could explain that sudden summer rain. The looks we got when we got back. — The leaves began to fade like promises we made. How could a love that seemed so right go wrong? The things we did last summer I'll remember all winter long.

**THRIVING FROM A RIFF**

By Charlie Parker

* 1945 ATLANTIC MUSIC CORP.
* Renewed and assigned 1973 ATLANTIC MUSIC CORP.
THIS LOVE OF MINE

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Words by Frank Sinatra
Music by Sol Parker & Henry Sanicola

This Love Of Mine goes on and on, tho' life is empty since you have gone. You're always on my mind, tho' out of sight, it's lonesome thru the day.

And oh! the night I cry my heart out it's bound to break, since nothing matters, let it break, I ask the sun and the moon, the stars that shine.

What's to become of it, this love of mine.

THE THRILL IS GONE

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Words by Lew Brown
Music by Ray Henderson

The Thrill Is Gone The Thrill Is Gone I can see it in your eyes, I can hear it in your sighs, feel your touch and realize The Thrill Is Gone. The nights are cold for love is old, love was grand when love was new, birds were singing, skies were blue. Now it don't appeal to you, The Thrill Is Gone. This is the end, so why pretend and let it linger on, The Thrill Is Gone!
TICKLE TOE

Music by Lester Young
Lyric by Jon Hendricks

TIME REMEMBERED

By Bill Evans
TIN ROOF BLUES

Words by Walter Melrose
Music by New Orleans Rhythm Kings

Slowly

I have seen
Every day

the bright lights burning up and down

old Broadway.

Daddy, please,

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Wards by Waller Melrose Music

by New Orleans Rhythm Kings

TISHOMINGO BLUES

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Words & Music by Spencer Williams

Moderately
back again with a race in a place Where they make you welcome all the time. "Way down in Mississippi among the cypress trees, They get you dip-py,

with their strange melodies. To resist temptation, I just can't refuse,
in Tishomingo I wish to linger, where they play the weary blues. I'm blues.

TOGETHER
Words and Music by B.G. DeSylva, Ray Henderson & Lew Brown

Moderately Slow

We strolled the lane, To-gether Laughed at the rain, To-gether

Sang love's refrain, To-gether. { And we'd both pretend it would never end.
{ We knew long ago that our love would grow.

One day we cried To-gether, Cast love aside To-gether.
Through storm and sun To-gether, Our hearts as one To-gether.

You're gone from me, But in my memory We always will be To-

1. F Gm7 C7 2. F
**TIS AUTUMN**

By Henry Nemo

Moderately

Fm7  Aim  EbM7  F7  Fm7  Bb7  Cm7

Ole Fath-er Time checked so there'd be no doubt; trees say they're tired, they've borne too much fruit; Called on the north wind to come on out, Charmed all the way-side there's no dispute.

Fm7  Aim  EbM7  F7  Fm7  Bb7

then cupped his hands so proudly to shout La-de-da-de-da-dum Tis Autumn. The

Bb7  Cm7  F7  Cm7  F7  Bb7  Cm7

Then the birds got to-gether to chirp a-bout the weather Mmm

F7  Bb7  Fm7  Bb7  Cm7

After making their dec-i-sion in bird-y like pre-cis-ion, turned a-bout and made a

F7  Bb7  Fm7  Bb7  Cm7

bee-line to the south. My hold-ing you close real-ly is no crime, ask the birds, the trees and

C7  Fm7  Aim  EbM7  F7  Fm7  Bb7  E6

Ole Fath-er Time It's just to help the mer-cu-ry climb La-de-da-da-da-dum Tis Autumn.

**TONES FOR JOAN'S BONES**

By Chick Corea

Gently (Slow Swing)  Light & Lyrical (Medium Swing)

Em7  Em7/B  Em7/D  Em7  DM7  BbM7

F7/B  F7  BbM7  Em7  Gm7  F7  BbM7/B

Asm7  Asm7/G  Eb7/B  EM7  Em7  Gm7  FM7  AsM7  CM7  EsM7
Way down south, in Birmingham, I mean south in Alabama's old place where people go to dance the night away. They all drive or walk for miles to get jive that southern style, slow jive that makes you want to dance till break of day. It's a junction where the town folks meet.

At each function, in their tux they greet you. Come on down, forget your care. Come on down. You'll find me there. So long town! I'm headin' for Tuxedo Junction now.
THE TOUCH OF YOUR LIPS

Words and Music by Ray Noble

Moderately slow, with expression

Cm9 - Am7 - Dm9 - G7 - C - Am7 - Dm9 - G7 - Cm9 - Am7 - Dm7 - G7/F - Em7 - A

The Touch Of Your Lips up on my brow; your lips that are cool and sweet. Such
tender ness lies in their soft caress, my heart forgets to beat. The
touch of your hands up on my head, the love in your eyes a shine and now at last

G7b5 - C - Am7 - D7 - Fm7 - G7 - A

the moment divine, The Touch Of Your Lips on mine. The mine.

TOO DARN HOT

Words and Music by Cole Porter

Moderately Fast

It's Too Darn Hot, it's Too Darn Hot, I'd like to sup with my baby to-night,
B7 - Em - Em/D - Em/C - C7 - B7sus - C7b5 - B7 - E6 - Cm7 -
and play the pup with my baby to-night, I'd like to sup with my
Fm7 - B7 - E6 - C7 - Fm7 - B7 - E - Ebdim - ba by to night, and play the pup with my baby to-night, but I ain't up to my
ba by to night, and blow my top with my baby to night, but I'd be a flop with my

Fm7 - B9 - Em - Bm7 - I - Em - B7 - I - Em - ba by to night, cause it's Too Darn Hot. It's Hot.
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 that easily led. He said I was the type that was most inclined when I knew that this was meant for me.

They say as a child I appeared a little bit wild with all my crazy ideas. But I knew what was happenin'; I knew I was a genius.

What's so strange when you know that you're a wizard at three? I heard little children were supposed to sleep tight, that's why I drank a fifth of 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 swing-in'. They all laughed at A. Graham Bell.
They all laughed at Edison and also at Einstein. So why should I feel sorry if they just couldn't understand the reasoning and the logic that went on in my head?

I had a brain, it was insane. So, I just let them 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. The way he described it, he said I'd be bet-ter-dead-than-live. I didn't listen to his jive. I knew all along you instead. 'Cause I have got a thing that's unique and new, it proves that I have the

he was all wrong and I knew that he thought last laugh on you. 'Cause in stead of one head I was crazy but I'm not. Oh, no.

My analyst hub, hub, I've got two. And you know, two heads are better than one.

---

**TUNE UP**

By Miles Davis
TRAV'LIN LIGHT

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Words by Sidney Clare
Music by Harry Akst

Slowly

F/A A6dim7 Gm7 C9 F9 F#dim7 F/A A6dim7 Gm7 C7

I'm Trav'-lin' Light because my man has gone, and from now on I'm Trav'-lin' Light.

F F#dim7 C9/G F/A A6dim7 Gm7 C9 F F#dim7 F/A A6dim7 Gm7

He said "God-bye" and took my heart away. So from today

C7 Gm7 Gm7/F6 G9 F9 Bb M9 Am7 FM7 Am7 FM7 B9 F6/C Bb9 Am7

I'm Trav'-lin' Light. No one to see I'm free as the breeze, no one but me

Ab7 Gm7 Gm7/C C9 F/A A6dim7 Gm7 C9 F9 F#dim7

and my memories. Some lucky night he may come back again,

F/A A6dim7 Gm7 C7 Gm7 Gm7/F6 F/A A6dim7

but until then I'm Trav'-lin' Light. I'm Trav'-lin' Light.

UN POCO LOCO

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Words by Sidney Clare
Music by Harry Akst

Slowly

Dm7 G7b9 Dm7 G7b9 Dm7 G7b9 CM7b5

Bb Em7b5 Dm7b5 CM7b5 Em7b5

Dm7b5 CM7b5 D7

D7 CM7b5 To Coda

Fm7 Bb7 Em7
UNDECIDED

Moderately

Words by Sid Robin
Music by Charles Shavers

First you say you do and then you don't, and then you say you will and
Now you want to play, and then it's no, and when you say you’ll stay, that's
If you've got a heart and if your're kind, then don't keep us a part. Make

then you won't, when you go, you're Un-de-ci-ded now, so what are you go-na do?

I've been sitting on a fence, and it doesn't make much sense, 'cause you
keep me in sus-pense and you know it. Then you prom ise to re-turn. When you

I'm really burnt. Well, I guess I'll nev-er learn, and I show it.
UNDER A BLANKET OF BLUE

Words by Marty Symes and Al J. Neiburg
Music by Jerry Livingston

Slowly, with expression

Under A Blanket Of Blue, just you and I beneath the stars wrapped in the arms of

Under A Blanket Of Blue, let me be thrilled by all your charms.

Darling, I know my heart will dance within your arms. A summer night's magic

enthralling me so; the night would be tragic if you weren't here to

share it my dear. Covered with heaven above, lets dream a dream of love for two,

wrapped in the arms of sweet romance Under A Blanket Of Blue

UNFORGETTABLE

Words and Music By Irving Gordon

Moderately

Unforgettable, that's what you are. Unforgettable, tho' near or far.

Like a song of love that clings to me, how the thought of you does things to me, never before

has someone been more Unforgettable in every way,
and forever more, that's how you'll stay. That's why, daring, it's incredible.

that someone so unforgettable, thinks that I am unforgettable too.

**VAN LINGLE MUNGO**

By David Frishberg

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Ballad

Dm7

Gm7

F

Edim7

Dm7

Cm7

Bm7

A7

Helenie Majeski, Johnny Gee, Edie Joost, Johnny Pesky, Thornton Lee,

Max Linder, Edie Waitkus and Johnny Van der Meer

Danny Gardesta, Van Lingle Mungo

Augie Bergamo, Sigmund Jacob, Big Johnny Mize, and Barney McCosky, Hal Trotsky

Stan Hack and Frenchy Crouse, ti, Johnny Sain, Phil Cavaretta, George McQuain, Howie Pollet and Earle Wynn

Pascal la Van Lingle Mungo

Hughie Mulcahy Van Lingle Mungo

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UTTER CHAOS

By Gerry Mulligan

Slow to medium

UNTIL THE REAL THING COMES ALONG

Words and Music by Mann Hollin, Alberta Nichols, Sammy Cahn, Saul Chaplin and L.E. Freeman

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sigh for you, I'd cry for you, I'd tear the stars down from the sky for you: if

that is n't love, it will have to do, un til the real thing comes along.

VIOLETS FOR YOUR FURS

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SALES CORPORATION, New York, NY

Words by Tom Adair
Music by Matt Dennis

I bought you Vi o - lets For Your Furs
and it was spring for a while, re mem ber?

I bought you Vi o - lets For Your Furs, and there was A pril in that De cem ber. The
you pinned the vi o - lets to your furs and gave a
snow drift ed down on the flow - ers, and melt ed where it lay; the snow looked like dew on the
blos - soms, as on a sum - mer day.

smiled at me so sweet ly; since then one thought oc - curs: that we fell in love com -
ple te - ly the day that I bought you Vi o - lets For Your Furs.
**VALSE HOT**

Medium Jazz Waltz

By Sonny Rollins

```
Eb7    Ab    Eb7  Ab    Eb7  Ab    Ab7
AbM7   Ebm7   Ab7   Dm7
Gm7    Ab7   EbM7   Ab7   Ebm7   Ab7   Ebm7
```

```
Eb7  Ab  Ab7
```

```
Vo-rem Hot
```

**VERY EARLY**

Lyric by Carol Hall
Music by Bill Evans

Medium Jazz Waltz

```
CM7  Bb9  EbM7  Ab7 9  Dm7  G13  CM7  Bb9b5  DM7  Am7
Fm7  B7b9  Em7  Ab13  Dm7  G7  BM7  Ab13  Dm7
```

```
Ver - y Ear - ly love came quick - ly when I first saw you. You were all I
Ver - y Ear - ly I came run - ning like an ea - ger child;___ love was all I
```

```
ev - er wanted, strange how ear - ly I knew! Now the ear - ly rain beats on my
```

```
I love came won - drous and wild.____ Now the ear - ly rain beats on my
```

```
win - dow, sweet the sound rain can make. Nice to lie here, soft - ly sigh here, you and
```

```
I here wait - ing for the Ver - y Ear - ly___ sun to wake.
```

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WAIT TILL YOU SEE HER

Words by Lorenz Hart
Music by Richard Rodgers

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Moderately

Fm7  Bb7  Eb  E6  Fm7  Bb9  EbM7

Wait Till You See Her, see how she looks. Wait till you hear her laugh.

Fm7  Bb7  Eb  E6  Fm7  D7  Gm

Painters of paintings, writers of books, Never could tell the half.

Cm  F7sus  F7  Gm  Bb  Cm7  G7sus5  C9b5  C9

Wait till you feel the warmth of her glance, Pensive and sweet and wise.

Fm7  Bb7  Cm  Gm  C9  F7  Fm  G7

All of it lovely, all of it thrilling; I'll never be willing to free her,

Em  F7  E7  Bb7  Fm7  Bb7  Eb

when you see her, you won't believe your eyes.

WALKIN'

By Richard Carpenter

Easy

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N.C. 8

Fine

F7  Bb7

F7  Bb7  F7  C7

Bb7  F7  C7  D.S. al Fine
WAGON WHEELS


Slowly and evenly

\[ \text{Es} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Es} \quad \text{Bb7} \]

Wagon Wheels, Wagon Wheels keep on a turn-in', Wagon Wheels.

\[ \text{Es} \quad \text{To Coda} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Es} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Es} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{Es} \]

Roll along, sing your song; carry me over the hill.

\[ \text{Ab} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Bb7} \]

Go' long, mule, there's a steam-er at the land-in' wait-in' for this cotton to load.

\[ \text{Eb} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Cm7} \quad \text{F#7} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{D.C. at Coda} \]

Go' long, mule, the Boss is un-der-stand-in' there's a pasture at the end of each road.

\[ \text{Coda} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Ab} \]

sing your song, Wagon Wheels carry me hom-o-ome. Wagon Wheels carry me home.

WALKIN' MY BABY BACK HOME

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Words and Music by Roy Turk and Fred E. Ahlert

Moderately

\[ \text{Eb} \quad \text{Eb6} \quad \text{EbM7} \quad \text{Eb6} \quad \text{EbM7} \quad \text{Eb6} \quad \text{F9} \]

Gee! It's great, after be-in' out late, Walk-in' My Baby Back Home.

\[ \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb7} \]

Arm in arm, over meadow and farm, Walk-in' My Baby Back Home.

\[ \text{Eb} \quad \text{Eb6} \quad \text{EbM7} \quad \text{Eb6} \quad \text{EbM7} \quad \text{Eb6} \quad \text{F9} \]

We go long harmonizin' a song, or I'm reciting a poem.

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Owls go by, — and they give me the eye, _ Walk in' My Ba - by Back Home. We She's

stop for a while, _ she gives me a smile, and snug-gles her head to my chest. We She

start in to pet, _ And that's when I get her tal - cum all o - ver my vest.

Af- ter I _ kind a straight-en my tie, she has to bor - row my comb.

One kiss, then_ I con-tin ue a gain, Walkin' My Ba - by Back Home.

Eats! and then_ it's a plea - sure a gain, Walk-in' My Ba - by Back Home.

WALKIN' SHOES

By Gerry Mulligan

Medium swing

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WALTZ FOR DEBBY

Lyric by Gene Lees
Music by Bill Evans

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In her own sweet world, pop-u-lated by dolls and clowns and a prince and a
one day all too soon she’ll grow up and she’ll leave her dolls and her prince and her
big purple bear, wea-ry grown-ups all wear. In the
sun, she dances to si-lent mu-sic, songs that are spun of gold some-where in her own lit-tle
head. bear. When she goes they will cry as they
whisper "good-bye." They will miss her, I fear, but then, so will I.

WATCH WHAT HAPPENS

English Words by Norman Gimbel
Music by Michel Legrand

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Let some-one start be-liev-ing in you let him hold out his hand and see in to your heart
let him touch you and Watch What Happens Watch What Happens cold, no I won’t be-lieve your
heart is cold—may be just afraid to be broken again—let someone

with a deep love to give. Give that deep love to you and what magic you'll see; let someone give his heart, someone who cares like me.

THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT

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Music group, Santa Monica, CA 90401)

Words by Dorothy Fields
Music by Jerome Kern

Slowly

Some day when I'm awfully low, when the world is cold, I will feel a glow just thinking

love—ly with your smile so warm and your cheek so soft; there is nothing for me but to

of love you, and The Way You Look To-night.

Oh, but you're With each word your tenderness grows,

tearing my fear a part, and that laugh that wrinkles your nose

touches my foolish heart. Love—ly, never, never change,

keep that breathless charm, won't you please arrange it. 'Cause I love you, just The Way You Look To-

night. Mm—mm—mm—mm, just The Way You Look To-night.
WAY DOWN YONDER IN NEW ORLEANS

Moderate Bounce


'Way Down Yonder In New-Orleans— in the land of dreamy scenes—there's a garden of Eden that's what I mean. Creole babies with flashing eyes—softly whisper with tender sights. "Stop! Oh! won't you give your lady fair a little smile," Stop! You bet your life you'll finger there a little while. There is Heaven right here on earth with those beautiful angels right here on earth wearing little blue queens."

WESTERN REUNION

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By Gerry Mulligan

Fast

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C G7sus F9 C G7sus F9 C G7sus F9

D7 D7/G Dm7 Dm7/G C G7sus F9

E7 B7#5 A9 B7/A Em7 A7 D7

A9 B7 D7 G7sus F9 C G7sus F9 C G7sus F9

C G7sus F9 D7 D7/G Dm7 Dm7/G C

D.S. ad Coda Solo Pick-ups
WEARY BLUES

Lyric by Mort Greene and George Cates
Music by Artie Matthews

Moderately

Wish I could lose these Weary Blues, my ti-red heart can't love no
big, your love was small, and now I've got no love at
more, can't love the way it did before. My love was blues,

Wish I could lose these weary, yes I want-cha, yes I want-cha but it didn't do no good.

Miss ya when it's rain-in' and I miss ya when it's shin-in', and I wish that I could kiss ya and I
would if I could. But my heart can't for-get the run-a-round it used to get! oh, can't you

I'm ti-red of this old un-fair one-si-ded love Come back to

me, please don't re-fuse, and help me lose these Weary Blues.

WEE DOT

By J.J. Johnson

Fast swing
WE KISS IN A SHADOW
(From "THE KING AND I")

Words by Oscar Hammerstein II
Music by Richard Rodgers

Slowly and Tenderly

We Kiss In A Shadow, we hide from the moon. our meet-ings are few and o-ver too soon.

We speak in a whisper, a-fraid to be heard; when peo-ple are near, we speak not a word.

A-lone in our secret, to-geth-er we sigh for one smil-ing day to be free:

To kiss in the sun-light and say to the sky,

"Be-hold and be-lieve what you see! be-hold how my lov-er loves me!"

WESTWOOD WALK

By Garry Mulligan

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Fast Tempo

F D7#5 Gm7 G9#11 F D7#5 Gm7

G9#11 Cm7 F9 Cm7 F7#9 Bb Bbm7 Eb7#9 Ab C7#5 b9 F

D7#5 Gm7 G9#11 F D7#5 Gm7 G9#11

Cm7 F9 Cm7 F7#9 Bb C7#5 b9 F D7#5 To Coda Gm7 Gm7/C

F Jazz Solo D.C. al Coda

CODA Gm7 Am7 Ab7 Gm7 C9 C7#9 F
WELL YOU NEEDN'T (IT'S OVER NOW)

By Thelonious Monk and Mike Ferro (English Lyric)

Bright Bop

F7          G7          F7          G7
You're talkin' so sweet, well you needn't. You say you won't cheat, well you needn't. You're

F7          G7          G7          G7
You're hold-in' your sass, well you needn't. You're call-in' me dear, well you needn't. You're

A7          A7          B7          B7
You're look-in' just great, well you needn't. You're settin' the bait, well you needn't. You're

G7          F7          G7          F7
You're startin' to cry, well you needn't. It's over now, it's over now. You're now.
WEST END BLUES

By Clarence Williams & Joe Oliver

Medium Slow Blues

Verse

I got the blues from my head to my shoes, I'm blue today.
I've got a mean low down feelin' my belly's full of evil feelin'.

To Coda

I'm on my way to the West End and that's where troubles will be.
I'm gonna hear bad gin.

My gal, my pal, low down mean houn'; they're in town, they're cuttin' it up. Yes, they're runnin' round.

Soon I'm gonna take a walk and knock up on her door.

Now those folks in West End, they're gonna see some shootin' like they never saw before.

My gal and my best pal will never cheat in West End any more.

I got the way to the West End to lose those West End Blues.
WHAT'S NEW

Words by Johnny Burke
Music by Bob Haggart

Slowly

\[ C6 \quad Am7 \quad Bbm7 \quad E7 \quad AbM7 \quad Fm7 \quad Dm7b5 \quad G7b9 \quad Cm6 \quad Am7_{b5} \]

What's New?
How is the world treat-ing you?
How did that ro-man-ce come through?
You have n't changed a bit;
We have n't met since then,

\[ Dm7b5 \quad G7b9 \quad C \quad Am7 \quad 1Dm7 \quad G7b9 \quad 2Gm7 \quad C7b9 \quad Fm6 \quad Dm7b5 \quad Gm7b5 \quad C7b9 \]

love-ly as ev-er, I must ad-mit.
gee! but it's nice to see you a-gain.

\[ Em7 \quad Ab7 \quad Dm7 \quad Bbm7 \quad Gm7b5 \quad C7b9 \quad Fm6 \quad Dm7b5 \quad Gm7b5 \quad C7b9 \]

Prob-ably I'm bor-ing you, but see-ing you is grand, and you were sweet to

\[ Fm6 \quad Dm7b5 \quad G7 \quad D9 \quad C6 \quad Am7 \quad Bbm7 \quad E7 \quad AbM7 \quad Fm7 \]

of-fer your hand: I un-der-stand, a-dieu!
Par-don my ask-ing What's New.

\[ Dm7b5 \quad G7b9 \quad Cm6 \quad Am7 \quad Dm7b5 \quad G7b9 \quad C \quad F9 \quad C6/9 \]

of course you could n't know, I have n't changed, I still love you so.

WHEN MY SUGAR WALKS DOWN THE STREET

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Words and Music by Gene Austin, Jimmie McHugh and Irving Mills

Upbeat

\[ G \quad Bm7b5 \quad E7 \quad A7 \quad D7 \quad G \quad C6 \quad G \]

When My Su-gar Walks Down The Street, all the lit-tle bird-ies go tweet, tweet, tweet.

\[ Bbm7 \quad D7/A \quad D7 \quad D7/A \quad D7b5 \quad G \]

And in the ev-ning when the sun goes down, it's nev-er dark when she's a-round

\[ Bm7b5 \quad E7 \quad A7 \quad D7 \quad G \quad C6 \quad G \quad G7/F \]

She's so af-fec-tion-ate and I'll say this, that when she kiss-es me I sure stay kissed.

\[ E7 \quad Am \quad E7 \quad Am/C \quad Am7 \quad G/D \quad E7 \quad A9 \quad D7 \quad G \]

When My Su-gar Walks Down The Street, the lit-tle bird-ies go tweet, tweet, tweet.
WHAT A DIFFERENCE A DAY MADE

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[Music notation]

WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD

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[Music notation]
WHEN I FALL IN LOVE

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Words by Edward Heyman
Music by Victor Young

Moderately

When I Fall In Love it will be for-ever, or I'll nev-er fall in love.

in a restless world like this, love is end-ed be-fore it's be-gun, and too man-ny moon-light

kiss-es seem to cool in the warmth of the sun. When I give my heart it will be com-

plete-ly or I'll nev-er give my heart. And the mo-ment I can feel that you

feel that way too, is When I Fall In Love with you.
WHAT KIND OF FOOL AM I?
From The Musical Production -STOP THE WORLD, I WANT TO GET OFF

Words and Music by Leslie Bricusse and Anthony Newley

Slowly

What Kind Of Fool Am I? Who never fell in love; it seems that I'm the only

C7b9 Fm7 Bb7 Bb7/Ab Gm7
one that I have been thinking of. What kind of man is this? An empty shell,

F7/Eb Dm7 G7b9 Cm7 F7 Fm9 Bb9 Fm7/Bb Bb7 Bb7/Ab Edim7 C7b9 Bbm6

a lonely cell in which an empty heart must dwell. What kind of lips are these

Edim7 Fm7 Bb7 Bb7/Ab Gm7 Gm7b5 C7b9 Bbm6

that lied with every kiss? That whispered empty words of love that left me alone like this

What do I know of life? Why can't I cast away the mask of play and live my life?

C7b9 Eb9 C6 Eb9 C7b9 Bbm6 Edim7 Fm7

Why can't I fall in love like any other man. Why can't I fall in love (like other people can) and maybe then I'll know what

Fm7/Bb Bb7 Bb7/Ab Eb9 Cb9 Fm7 Fm7/Bb Bb7 Fm7/Bb Bb7 Bb7/Ab Edim7 C7b9 Bbm6

kind of fool I am. What Kind Of am.

WHEN YOUR LOVER HAS GONE

Words & Music by E.A. Swan

When you're alone who cares for starlit skies? When you're alone the magic

G6 Em7 A7 Am7 G7b5
moonlight dies. At break of dawn there is no sunrise When Your Lover Has
WHERE FLAMINGOS FLY

By James Kennedy & Mascha Spoliansky

Very Slow

Am F/A Am6 F/A Am F/A Am6 F/A Am7 C7

Walk the waterfront, hear the seagulls cry, watch that boat take my baby far away

F9

Am F/A Am6 F/A Am F/A Am6 F/A Am7 C7

way Where Flamingos Fly. Said he'd send for me, if he don't I'll die; thousand miles to my baby, to the place Where Flamingos Fly.

C9

Am C7 Am F6 Dm7 G7 C6 Am F/A Am6 F/A Am F/A Am6 F/A

"Got to have passport to stay. You're shippin' back to the island on a freighter that's leavin' to day." Now my baby's gone, hear the water sigh. Took my heart a long with him to the place Where Flamingos Fly.

C7

Am F/A Am6 F/A Am F/A Am6 F/A Am7 C7
WHERE IS LOVE?
(From The Columbia Pictures-Romulus Film "OLIVER")

Words and Music by Lionel Bart

Slowly

C Dm7 G7 CM7 C6 C Dm7 G7 CM7 C6 Dm7 G7 C7 F7

Where Is Love? Does it fall from skies above? Is it underneath the willow tree that I've been dreaming of? Who can say where she may hide?

BbM7 Eb9 AsM7 Dm7 G7 C A7b9 Dm7 G7 CM7 F9 BbM7 Bb6

Must I travel far and wide? 'Til I am beside the tree that's meant for only me? Every night I kneel and pray:

A A7 Dm7 G7 CM7 C6 Dm7 G7 C7 F7

some thing to? Where, Where Is Love? Love?

WHISPER NOT

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By Benny Golson

Medium swing

Cm7 Cm7/Bb Am7b5 D7b9 Gm7 Gm7/F Em7b5 A7b9 Dm7

Sing low, sing clear sweet words, in my ear, not a whisper of despair, but love's own prayer. Sing on that died too soon.

Am7b5 D7b9 Gm7 C7

Our harmony was lost but you forgave, I forgot, Whisper

Em7b5 A7b9 Dm7b5 G7b9 Cm7 Cm7/Bb Am7b5 D7b9

Not of quarrels past, you know we've had our last! So now we'll be on key.
WHERE OR WHEN
(From "BABES IN ARMS")

Copyright © 1937 by Chappell & Co., Inc. Copyright Renewed
Words by Lorenz Hart
Music by Richard Rodgers

Moderately

\[ \text{It seems we stood and talked like this before. We looked at each other in the same way then, but I can't remember Where Or When.} \]

\[ \text{The clothes you're wearing are the clothes you wore. The smile you are smiling you were smiling then, but I can't remember Where Or When.} \]

\[ \text{Some things that happen for the first time, seem to be happening again.} \]

\[ \text{And so it seems that we have met before, and laughed before, and loved before, but who knows Where Or When!} \]
WHO?

Words by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein II
Music by Jerome Kern

Brightly

D6  Em7  Fdim7  D6/F#  D6
A7  Em7  Cdim7  A7/C#  A7

Who stole my heart away? Who makes me dream

Em7  A7  D6  Em7

—all day? Dreams I know can never be true, seems as

Fdim7  D6/F#  Em7  A7  G6

tho' I'll ever be blue. Who means my hap-

D6

iness? Who would I answer: "Yes," to?

A7  D  D7/C  G6/B  Gm/Bb  D/A  Em7/A  D6

Well, you ought to guess. Who, no one but you!

WHO'S GOT RHYTHM

By Gerry Mulligan

Fast

Bb  Eb  Edim7  Bb/F  Gm7  C7  B7  Bb  Eb  Edim7

Bb

G7  C7  F7

To Coda

Bb  Eb  Edim7  Bb/F  Gm7  C7  B7  Bb  Eb  Edim7

Coda Bb

D.C. al Coda
WHILE WE'RE YOUNG

Words by Bill Engvick
Music by Morty Palitz & Alec Wilder

Moderately

\[ \begin{array}{ccccccc}
\text{Eb} & \text{Fm7} & \text{Fm9} & \text{Bb 13} & \text{Eb13b9} \\
\text{Songs were made to sing} & & & & & \\
\text{Though it may be just} & & & & & \\
\text{for today,} & & & & & \\
\text{Ev’ry day is spring} & & & & & \\
\text{While We’re Young,} & & & & & \\
\text{Share our love we must,} & & & & & \\
\text{While we may.} & & & & & \\
\text{None can refuse} & & & & & \\
\text{time flies so fast,} & & & & & \\
\text{too dear to lose} & & & & & \\
\text{and too sweet to last.} & & & & & \\
\text{So blue the skies} & & & & & \\
\text{all sweet surprise.} & & & & & \\
\text{shines before our eyes} & & & & & \\
\text{While We’re Young.} & & & & & \\
\end{array} \]

WOODCHOPPER’S BALL

By Joe Bishop and Woody Herman

\[ \begin{array}{ccccccc}
\text{C} & \text{F9} & \text{C} \\
\text{Dm7} & & & & & \\
\text{L: C (Optional Repeats)} & & & & & \\
\text{2: C} & & & & & \\
\end{array} \]
WHO CAN I TURN TO
(When Nobody Needs Me)
From The Musical Production "THE ROAR OF THE GREASEPAINT-
THE SMELL OF THE CROWD"

Slowly

Words and Music by Leslie Bricusse and Anthony Newley

Gm7 C7 Fm7 Bb7 Fm7/Bb Bb7 EbM7 Fm7

Who Can I Turn To when nobody needs me? My heart wants to know and
so I must go where destiny leads me. With no star to guide me, and
I'll go on my way and after the day, the darkness will hide me.

And may be tomorrow I'll find what I'm after, I'll throw off my sorrow,

With you I could learn to, with you on a new day, but Who Can I Turn To if you turn away?

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WHY DO I LOVE YOU?

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Words by Oscar Hammerstein II
Music by Jerome Kern

Tenderly

Ab Bdim7 Eb7/Bb Eb7 Ab F7

Why Do I Love You? Why do you love me? Why should there be two

Can you see the why or wherefor, I should be

the one you care for? You're a lucky boy, I am lucky too;

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Words by Oscar Hammerstein II
Music by Jerome Kern

Tenderly

Ab Bdim7 Eb7/Bb Eb7 Ab F7

Why Do I Love You? Why do you love me? Why should there be two

Can you see the why or wherefor, I should be

the one you care for? You're a lucky boy, I am lucky too;
When lovers make no rendezvous, to stroll along Fifth Avenue,
When glamour girls have lost their charms, when sirens just mean false alarms.

When this familiar world is thru, Will You Still Be Mine?

When cabs don't drive around the park, no windows light the summer dark.

When love has lost its secret spark, Will You Still Be Mine? When moonlight

on the Hudson's not romance and spring no longer turns a young man's fancy,

arms, Will You Still Be Mine?
Brightly

C

With a little bit of luck, With a little bit of luck,

The Lord above gave man an arm of iron, so he could do his job and never shirk.
The Lord above made man to help his neighbor, no matter where on land or sea and foam.

C7 F A7 F FM7/E D7 F D7/F#

With a little bit, With a little bit of luck, you'll never work. The Lord above gave man an arm of iron, so he could do his job and never shirk.

G G7 C E7 F Dm7 C/G G7 C G7

Oh, you can walk the straight and narrow, but With a little bit of luck you'll run a mok.

C

The gentle sex was made for man to marry, to tend his needs and see his food is cooked.
The gentle sex was made for man to marry; But With a little bit of luck, With a little bit of luck, you can have it all and not get hooked.

C7 F A7 F FM7/E D7 F D7/F#

With a little bit, With a little bit of luck you won't get hooked. With a little bit of luck you can have it all and not get hooked.

G G7 C E7 F C/G G7 C G7

With a little bit, With a little bit of luck you won't get hooked. With a little bit of luck you can have it all and not get hooked.

G7 C C/G G7 C
WITCHCRAFT

Lyric by Carolyn Leigh
Music by Cy Coleman

Moderately

\[ F6 \quad G\text{dim}7 \quad Gm7 \quad C7 \]

Those fingers in my hair, that sly, come-hither stare, that strips my conscience bare, it's witchcraft.

\[ F6 \quad F7 \quad Bm7 \]

And I've got no defense for it; the heat is too intense for it.

\[ As6 \quad G7\#5 \quad CM7 \quad C7 \quad FM9 \quad F6/F \]

What good would common sense for it do? 'Cause it's witchcraft, wicked witchcraft.

\[ Gm7/C \quad C7 \quad FM9 \quad F6/9 \quad Fm9 \quad F6/9 \quad Bm7\#5 \quad E7\#9 \]

And although I know it's strictly taboo, witchcraft.

\[ Am \quad F/A \quad Am6 \quad F/A \quad Am \quad Gm \]

When you arouse the need in me, my heart says, "Yes, indeed" in me, proceed with what you're leading me to?

\[ Eb/G \quad Gm7 \quad C7 \quad G7 \quad F6 \quad G\text{dim}7 \]

It's such an ancient pitch, but one I wouldn't switch, 'Cause there's no nic'er witch than you!

THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR THE SUNRISE

Words by Eugene Lockhart
Music by Ernest Seitz

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Slowly

\[ C \quad G7\#5 \quad Am \quad G7\#5 \quad C \quad Am \quad E7 \quad F \quad Em7 \quad A7 \quad D7 \quad Dm7 \quad G7\#5 \]

Dear one The World Is Waiting For The Sunrise; every rose is heavy with dew. The

\[ C \quad G7\#5 \quad Am \quad G7\#5 \quad C \quad Am \quad E7 \quad F \quad Em7 \quad A7 \quad Dm7\#5 \quad G7 \quad C \]

thrush on high, his sleepy mate is calling and my heart is calling you!
WORK SONG

Words by Oscar Brown Jr.
Music by Nathaniel Adderley

Medium

Cm7

Break in' up big rocks on uh chain gang, break in' rocks an' serv in' my time.
I commit the crime, Lawd o' need in', crime o' be - in' hun - gry and poor.
Judge he say, Five years hard la - bor, on the chain-gang you goin' to go.
Wanna see my sweet hon - ey ba - by, wan-na break this chain off an run;

Cm7

Break in' rocks ou' there on the chain gang 'cause I been con - vict ed o' crime.
Left the gro-cer store man a' bleed in', when he caught me rob - bin' his store.
Hear the judge say Five years o' la bor. Heard my wo - man scream "Lawdy, no!"
Wan-na lay down some where it's shad - y, Lawd, it sure is hot in the sun.

C7

Hol' it ste-a dy right there while I hit it. There I reck - on that ought - ta git it. Be -
workin', an' workin', but I still got so terri - ble long to go!

WILLOW WEEP FOR ME

Words and Music by Ann Ronell

Slowly

G C7 G C7 G C7

Wil - low Weep For Me, Wil - low Weep For Me, Bend your branch-es green a - long the stream
Am7 G/B G7 C9 D#9 C9 Am7 D7 G F7 E7 Am7 D7

that runs to sea. Listen to my plea, listen wil - low and weep for me.

G C7 G C7 G

Gone my love - er's dream, love - ly sum - mer dream. Gone and left me here to weep my tears
Am7 G/B G7 C9 D#9 C9 Am7 D7 G Dm7,b5 G7,b9

in - to the stream. Sad as I can be, hear me wil - low and weep for me.
Whisper to the wind, — and say that love has sinned — to leave my heart a-breaking and
making a moan, — murmur to the night, — to hide her starry light, — so
none will find me sighing and crying all alone. Oh weeping willow tree,

weep, in sympathy, bend your branches down along the ground and cover me.

When the shadows fall, bend oh willow and weep for me.

YARDBIRD SUITE

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By Charlie Parker
WOULDN'T IT BE LOVERLY
(From "MY FAIR LADY")

Moderately

F  Bb  Gm7  C7  F  G7  C7  F  C7/E

All I want is a room somewhere, far away from the cold night air, with one e-

Am7/I5/E5  D7  Bbm/D>  F/C  F#dim7  Gm7  Gm7/I5  C7  F  Bb  Gm7  C7

nor-mous chair; oh, Would - n't It Be Love-er-ly? Lots of choc'late for me to eat;

F  G7  C7  F  C7/E  Am7/I5/E5  D7  Bbm/D>  F/C  C9

lots of coal mak- 'n' lots of heat; warm face, warm hands, warm feet, oh, Would - n't It Be

F  C  Oldim7  G/I5  D>  G7  C  E7/B  Am  E/G>  C7/G  F6  E7

Lover-ly. Oh, so lover-ly sit - in' ah - so bloom - in' - lute-ly still I would

Am  D7  G  Oldim7  Gm7  f  C7  F  Bb  Gm7  C7

ever 'hedge 'til spring crept over the win-dow sill. Some - one's head rest - in' on my knee;

F  G7  C7  F  C7/E  Am7/I5/E5  D7  Bbm/D>  F/C  Dm  Gm7  C7

warm and ten - der as he can be; who takes good care of me. Oh, Would - n't It Be

F  C7  F  Bb  F

Lover-ly? Lover-ly! Lover-ly! Lover-ly! Lover-ly! Lover-ly!

WRAP YOUR TROUBLES IN DREAMS
(And Dream Your Troubles Away)

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Words by Ted Koehler and Billy Moll
Music by Harry Barris

Moderately Slow

C  G7  C6  G7  C6  E7  Am  D9  Am7  D9

When skies are cloud - y and gray, they're only gray for a day, So Wrap Your Troubles In Dreams and

Dm7  G7  C  G9/I5  C  G7  C6  G7  C6  E7  Am

dream your trou-bles a-way. Un - til that sun - shine peeps thru, there's only one thing to do, just
YES INDEED

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Words and Music by Sy Oliver

Peppy

VERSE
F  Bb  F
Bb  Eb  Bb  C7  F  Dm7  Gm7  GbM7

Yes Indeed, Yes Indeed I've got that feel'in' in me, Yes In

F  Bb  F  F  Dm7  Gm7  Gm7/C  F  Bb  F

CHORUS
Gm7  C13  F7#9  F7  B13  Bb13

You will shout when it hits you Yes Indeed. Yes you'll shout, when it

Gm7  C13  F7#9  F7  B13  Bb13

out if it's in you Yes Indeed. Makes you shout, "Jack it

Gm7  C13  F7#9  F7  B13  Bb13

hits you Yes Indeed; when the spirit moves you, you'll shout "Hal-lee-ju---jah."

Bb13  F  Dm7  Gm7  Gm7/C  F  Bb  F

when that jive starts jump-in', you'll shout "Let me in there."

F  Bb  F  Dm7  Gm7  Gm7/C  F  Bb  F

When it hits you, you'll hol-la 'Yes Indeed.' It comes

When it hits you, you'll hol-la 'Yes Indeed.'
Moderately, with an even beat

You Came A Long Way From St. Louis,

You climbed the ladder of success.

I've seen the Town and Country Cars that were parked out in front of your fancy address.

You Came A Long Way From St. Louis,

you broke a lot'a hearts between.

I've seen a gang of gloomy guys who were doin' all right til you came on the scene.

You came here from the middle West, and certainly impressed the population hereabouts.

Well, baby, I got news for you, I'm from Missouri, too, so natch erly I

got my doubts. You got 'em drop-pin' by the way-side,

a feelin' I ain't gonna know.

You Came A Long Way From St.

Louis, but baby, you still got a long way to go.

You Came A Long Way From St.
YESTERDAYS

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Words by Otto Harbach
Music by Jerome Kern

Slowly

Dm6 Em7is5 Em7is5 A7is5 Dm BbM7 Em7is5 A7is5 Dm C Edim7 Dm/C G7/B Bb7 Dm/A Adim7 C7/G F7 Bm7is5 E13

Yes-ter-days, Yes-ter-days, days I knew as hap-py, sweet se-quest-ered days.
A7is5 D9 G7is9 C13 Cm7 F9 BbM9 Eb9 Dm Em11 Eb9 Dm Dm/C B7 A7

Old-en days, gold-en days, days of mad ro-man-cy and love. Then gay youth was mine,
Dm F7 Bb7 A7 Dm Dm/C# Dm7/C F9 Bm7is5 E7is5 E7 A7is5 D9

truth was mine, joy-ous free and flam- ing life, for-sooth, was mine. Sad am I,
G7is9 C9is5 C9 Cm7 F9 BbM7 Eb9 Dm6 Em7is5 Eb9 D6/9 G9 BbM7 Eb9 D6/9

glad am I for to-day I'm dream-ing of Yes-ter-days.

YOU BETTER GO NOW

Copyright © 1936 by Chappell & Co., Inc. Copyright Renewed.
Words by Bickley Reichner
Music by Robert Graham

Slowly

Bb7 Eb Eb7is5 Es Edim7 Fm7 Bb7

You Bet-ter Go Now, be-cause I like you much too much, you have a way with you.
Fm7 Bb7 Eb Eb7is5 Es Edim7 Fm7 Bb7

You ought to know now, just why I like you ver- y much. The night was gay with you.
Eb Edim7 Fm7 Bb7 Es Fm Gm Ab Fm7 Bb7

There's the moon a-bove and it gives my heart a lot of swing.
Es Edim7 Fm7 Bb7 Eb F7 Fm7 Bb7

In your eyes there's love, and the way I feel it must be spring. I want you
Eb Bb7is5 Eb Edim7 Fm7 Bb7 Fm7 Bb7

so now, you have the lips I love to touch, You Bet-ter Go Now, you bet-ter
Es C7 Fm7 Bb7 Es Ab Eb

go, be-cause I like you much too much.
YOU CALL IT MADNESS
(BUT I CALL IT LOVE)

By Con Conrad, Gladys Du Bois, Russ Columbo and Paul Gregory

Moderately

CM7 F9 GM9 C7 Bm7 E7

I can't forget the night I met you, that's all I'm thinking of;

Am7 G#dim7 Am7 D7 G C7 G G7#5 CM7

now You Call It Madness, but I call it love. You made a promise to be

F9 GM7 C7 Bm7 E7 Am7 G#dim7 Am7 D7 G C6

faithful by all the stars above; and now You Call It Madness, I still call it

G G7 Dm7#5 G7 Dm7#5 G7 C E7 Am7

love. My heart is beating, it keeps repeating for you constantly.

Bm7#5 E7 Bm7#5 E7 Am7 F9 D7 D♭9

You're all I'm needing, and so I'm pleading, "Please, come back to me!" You made a

CM7 F9 GM9 C7 Bm7 E7 Am7 G#dim7

plaything out of romance! What do you know of love? That's why You Call It

Am7 D7 G C7 GM7

Madness, but I call it love.

YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU
(I DIDN'T WANT TO DO IT)

Words by Joe McCarthy
Music by James V. Monaco

Slowly

C Em7 Eam7 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7

You Made Me Love You, I didn't wanna do it, I didn't wanna do it. You made me

Dm7 G7 C A7

want you, and all the time you knew it, I guess you always knew it. You made me hap-
YOU'D BE SO NICE TO COME HOME TO
(From "SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT")

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Words and Music by Cole Porter

Slowly  Am  Em7b5  E7  Am  E7  Am  Gm9  C7

You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To, you'd be so nice by the

FM7  C7#5  FM7  Dm7  B7#5  E7  E7b9  Am  Am7/G  Fm7b5
fire. While the breeze on high, sang a ball - a - by, you'd be all that

F7  B7#9  E7  F7#5  E7  Am  Bm7b5  E7  Am  E7  Am
I could de - sire. Under stars, chilled by the win - ter, under an

Gm9  C7  F6  C7#5  F  Ddim7  C/E  F6
Aug - ust moon, burn - ing a - bove. You'd be so nice, you'd be par - a -

Fdim7  C/G.  A7  D7#9  G7  C
dise to come home to and love.
YOU TURNED THE TABLES ON ME

Moderately

You Turned The Tables On Me, and now I'm falling for you.

You Turned The Tables On Me I can't believe that it's true. I always thought when you brought the lovely presents you bought why hadn't you brought me more. But now if you'd come I'd welcome anything from the five and ten cent store. You used to call me the top, you put me up on a throne. You let me fall with a drop and now I'm out on my own.

But after thinking it over and over, I got what was coming to me.

Just like the sting of a bee You Turned The Tables On Me.

YOU'RE MY EVERYTHING

Moderately

You're My Everything underneath the sun; You're My Everything rolled up into one. You're my only dream, my only real reality; you're my idea of a perfect personality. You're My Everything, everything I need; you're the song I sing.
YOU'RE THE CREAM IN MY COFFEE

(From HOLD EVERYTHING)

Words and Music by B.G. DeSylva, Lew Brown and Ray Henderson

Moderately

You're The Cream In My Coffee. You're the salt in my stew. You will always be my necessity, I'd be lost without you. You're the starch in my collar, you're the lace in my shoe. You will always be my necessity, I'd be lost without you.

Most men tell love-tales and each phase dovetails. You've heard each known way, this way is my own way. You're the sail of my love-boat, you're the captain and crew. You will always be my necessity.

I'd be lost without you.

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and Stephen Bajlentina Music Publishing Company
YOUNG AT HEART

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Moderately Slow

Words by Carolyn Leigh
Music by Johnny Richards

Slowly

Bb

Cm7

Bb/D Ddim7 Cm7

Fair - y
tales can come true, it can hap - pen to you if you're Young At Heart.

Know that it's worth ev 'ry treas - ure on earth to be Young At Heart.

F7 Cm7 F7 F9 F7#5 Bb

For it's hard, you will find, to be narrow of mind if you're Young At Heart.

For as rich as you are, it's much better by far to be Young At Heart.

Dm7#5 G7 Dm7#5 G7 G7#5

You can go to ext - remes with im - poss - ible schemes,

And if you should sur - vive to a hun - dred and five you can look at

C9 C7 C9 C7 F7 Cm7 F9

laugh when your dreams fall a - part at the seams and life gets more ex - cit - ing with each pass - ing day, and

all you'll de - rive out of

lb6 Cm7 F7 Bb Bb/D Eb6 Edim7 Cm7/F F9 Bb

love is ei - ther in your heart or on the way. Don't be - ing a - live, and here is the best part,

you have a head start if you are a - mong the ver - y Young At Heart.

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YOUNG AND FOOLISH

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Words by Arnold B. Horwitt
Music by Albert Hague

Moderately Slow

CM7 Am7 Dm7 G7 C CM7 Gm7 C7 FM7 Em7#5 A7#9

Young And Fool - ish, why is it wrong to be Young And Fool - ish?

Dm7 G9 C6 Ddim7 C/E E7 Am

We have - n't long to be. Soon e - nough the care - free days, the sun - lit days go by.
Soon enough the blue-bird has to fly. We were foolish, one day we fell in love. Now we wonder what we were dreaming of? Smiling in the sunlight, laughing in the rain, I wish that we were Young And Fool-ish again.

YOUNG LOVE

By Errol Garner

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Moderately

Am7 Am7 D7 Dm7 G7 CM7 Am7 Dm7 G7 C CM7

Soon enough the blue-bird has to fly. We were foolish, one day we fell in love. Now we wonder what we were dreaming of? Smiling in the sunlight, laughing in the rain, I wish that we were Young And Fool-ish again.

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Moderately

C A7b9 Dm7 G7 C A7b9 Dm7 G7 E7b9 Am Am7 Am7

Dm7 Dm7/G C CM7 A7 Dm7 G7 C A7b9 Dm7 G7 C A7b9

Dm7 G7 Am Am7 Am7 Dm7 Dm7/G G7b9 C F7 C C7 Fm7

Eb7sus Eb Fm7 Eb/G Fm7 Ebm7 A7sus D7 Dm7b5

Dm11 G7 C A7b9 Dm7 G7 C A7b9 Dm7 G7 E7b9

Am Am7 Am7 Dm7 Dm7/G G7/F Em7b5 A7 Dm7 Dm7/G G7b9 C

445
YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE

Words by Oscar Hammerstein II
Music by Richard Rodgers

Moderately C G/B F/A C/G

When you walk through a storm hold your head up high and don't be afraid of the
g Gm Dm B6 F Dm B6 F
dark. At the end of the storm is a golden sky and the sweet silver
C/G E+ FM7 B7 G C/G C/E E+ F D7/F

song of a lark. Walk on through the wind, walk on through the rain, tho' your
C Em F G7/F C/E E+ F D7/F

dreams be tossed and blown. Walk on, walk on with hope in your heart and you'll
C/G E+ FM7 B7 G C/G C/E E+ F G7 C Fm6 C

Never Walk Alone, You'll Never Walk Alone.
YOUNGER THAN SPRINGTIME
(From "SOUTH PACIFIC")

Words by Oscar Hammerstein II
Music by Richard Rodgers

Moderately

CM7

Dm7

G7

CM7

Young-er Than Spring-time are you, softer than star-light are you. Warmer than winds of

Am7

D7sus D7 GM7 G7 CM7

June are the gen- tle lips you gave me. Gay-er than laugh-ter are you,

Dm7

G7 CM7 Am7 D7sus D7

sweet-er than mu-sic are you. An-gel and lov-er, heav-en and earth are you to

G G#dim7 Am7 D7 GM7 Am7 D7 Gsus G#dim7 Am7 D7

me. And when your youth and joy in-vade my arms and fill my heart as

GM7 Dm7 G7 CM7

now they do, then Young-er Than Spring-time am I, gay-er than laugh-ter

G7 CM7 Am7 D7 G7 C6

am I, an-gel and lov-er, heav-en and earth am I with you!