THE LADY IS A TRAMP

Words by
LORENZ HART

Music by
RICHARD RODGERS

Duet with Luther Vandross

Medium swing \( \frac{3}{4} \) (\( \frac{3}{4} \) )

\( \text{Bb/F} \quad \text{Bb/F} \quad \text{Cm7/F} \quad \text{E7(\( 5 \))} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{Gi7 F13} \)

L.V.: She gets too hun-gry for din-ner at eight.

F.S.: Loves the the-a-ter but she nev-er runs in there late.

The Lady is a Tramp - 8 - 1
PP9509

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L.V.: She never bothers, honey, with people she hates.

F.S.: That's why the lady is a champ.

Doesn't like dice games with Barons or Earls.

L.V.: She won't go to Harlem in ermines and pearls.

F.S.: She
will not dish that dirt
Both: with the rest of those girls

F.S.: that is why this chick is a champ.

free, L.V.: (free) fine, (fine) lovely wind in her hair, (hair)

life without care.

She's broke
L.V.: but it's O... K. F.S.: Dis-likes. Cal-i-for-nia, it's cold and it's damp...

Am7 D7(5) Gm7 C9 F7 Bb Bdim7 Cm7 C7m7

Both: That's why the lady is a tramp...

Dm7 Cm11 F9sus F7(15) Bb D69 Cm7

L.V.: Shadeet de de de de deet... sha-de-de de de de... deet.

F7(15) F7 Bb 3 G7(19)

Sha-dit dit dit dit dit dit dit dit dit dit dit dit dit dit dit dit...
dit dit dit dit dit dit dit dit dit yeaaah, yeaaah... No mat-ter what they-

lay on her, she only does what she wants to and that's why they

call the girl a tramp...

F.S.: She gets too hun-gry to wait for din-ner at eight.
L.V.: She loves the theatre but she never comes late.

F.S.: She'd never bother, baby, with some bum she would hate.

Both: That is why this chick is a champ.

F.S.: Doesn't like dice games with sharpies or frauds.

The Lady is a Tramp - 8 - 6
PF9509
B  D₇m (♭5)  G¾7 (♭11)  C₇m7  F₉

LV: She won't go to Harlem in Lincoln's or Fords. FS: She

B₇  E₇  A₇

won't dish that dirt with the rest of those broads.

D₇m7  G¾7  C₇m7  F₇ (♭9)  B₇  Bdim7/F₉  C₇m7 (♭5)/F₉  B(9)

That's why this chick, she's a champ. She loves that

C₇m9  F₉sus  F₇ (♭9)  D₇m7  G₉sus  G₇ (♭9)

LV: (She loves the free, fine, fresh) wind in her hair,

The Lady is a Tramp - 8 - 7
PP9509
F.S.: life... without care
L.V.: she's broke
F.S.: What the hell.

Dislikes California, too crowded and damp...

That's why the lady,
L.V.: that's why the lady.

F.S.: that's why this chick is a champ...
WHAT NOW MY LOVE

English Lyric by CARL SIGMAN
Original French Lyric by P. DELANOE

Music by G. BECAUD

Duet with Aretha Franklin

Rubato

D11 C6 Bm Am7 G7(5)

Gmaj7

A.F.: Once I could see,

mf

A/G F#m7 Bm7 Em7

once I could feel. Now I'm numb

Em7/A A13 Dmaj9 Am9 A+13(11) Gm7

and I've become unreal. I walk the night

What Now My Love - 7 - 1

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without a goal, stripped of my heart

E7(13) Em7/A Fm7/Bb

Moderate swing $\frac{3}{4}$

and my soul. F.S.: What now my love A.F.: (what

now my love) F.S.: now that you've left me how can I

Fm7 (B9(13)) Bb9

live (How can I live—) F.S.: through another day.

*String section harmony

What Now My Love - 7 - 2
PP9509
Abmaj7/Ab

Watching my dreams turning into

(Fm7/Ab)  Ab  (Fm7)  (Ab)  (Fm7)

ashes and all of my hopes A.F.: (All of my

(Fm7/Ab)  Ab  Fm7  (B9(#5))

hopes) F.S.: into bits of clay.

A.F.: Once I could

(b)

Ab7(#5)  Ab  Ab7(#5)  Gm7  Cm7

see, once I could feel.

Now I am
lost and I've become unreal...

F.S.: I walk through the night. A.F.: (Splee do do um do do) F.S.: without a goal...

A.F.: stripped of my heart, my...

B7 Bb/C Bbmaj 7/C

heart, my soul. F.S.: What now my

What Now My Love - 7 - 4 PF9509
F Fmaj7 F7 F6 F+
love
now that it’s over
A.F.: What now, what now, what now, what now
What now, what now, what

F Dm7 G6 G7(#5) C11
I feel the whole world falling all around
now what now

F Gm9 C11 F Fmaj7
me.
A.F.: Here come the stars

F7 Fmaj7 Emaj7/F F Dm7 G6 G7(#5)
falling around me there’s the sky

What Now My Love - 7 - 5
PF9509
Both: Where the earth ought to be.  

Both: now that you’re gone  
I’d be a fool to go on.

and on and on.  
No one would care.

A.F.: And on and on and on and on and on and on and on.

E5\9  
A\maj7  
D\maj7  
Gm7(\text{b5})

no-bod-y’s gon-na cry  
A.F.: if he should live,
live or die. 
Both: What now my love...

now there is nothing

only my last, my last good-bye,

my last good-bye.
I'VE GOT A CRUSH ON YOU

Duet with Barbra Streisand

Music and Lyrics by
GEORGE GERSHWIN and
IRA GERSHWIN

Rubato
F(9)/C

D♭7(9)/C
Fmaj9/C

D♭7(9)/C

(with pedal)

Gm7
Am7 B♭maj7 B♭maj7/C Bm7(b5) B♭13(♭9) Am7 A♭13(b5) G13 D♭9(♭5) B♭maj7/C

Slowly \( \frac{d}{\frac{5}{4}} \)

Fmaj9 D♭7(9)/F Gm7/C C13(♭9) Fmaj9 D♭7(11)/A♭

F.S.: I've got a crush on you sweet-ie pie, all the day and night time

Gm9 C13 A♭m11 D♭m1 G6 F/G

hear me sigh. I nev-er had the least no-tion that I could

I've Got a Crush on You - 5 - 1
PP9509
fall with so much emotion. B.S.: I wonder could you coo.

now could you care for a cozy cottage that we could share? The

world will pardon my mush 'cause I have got a

I've Got a Crush on You - 5 - 2
PF9509
I've got a crush on you sweetie pie...

all the day and night time hear me sigh...

I never had the least notion that I could fall with so much,

I never had the least notion I'd fall with
so much emotion. Could you coo,
so much emotion. I could

could you possibly care for a lovely cottage
coo. I could care oh, that cot-

cottage that we could share. The world will pardon my mush. Yes,
cottage that we could share. The world will pardon my mush.
I've Got a Crush on You - 5 - 5
PF9509
warm and fair to walk with me.

summer long J. I.: we sang—a song F.S.: and then we strolled Both: on the golden sand.

J. I.: Two amigos Both: and the

summer wind...

J. I.: Like painted kites, those
days and nights, they went flying by.

world was new beneath a bright blue umbrella sky.

F.S.: Then softer than pip'er man,
J.L.: Then softer than a pip'er man, one

day Both: it called to you. And I lost you, I
Verse 3:

F6

autumn wind  J. I.: and the winter winds,  F.S.: they have come and they have gone.

Gm9/C  C7  Gm7  C9

Both: And still those days, J. I.: those lonely days,  Both: they go

F6

Cm11

on and on.  F.S.: And guess who sighs

Summer Wind - 5 - 4
PF9509
lullabies through all the nights that never end?

J. I.: his lullabies
that never, never end.

J. I.: My fickle friend,
F.S.: the summer wind,
J. I.: the

summer wind.


F.S.: The

summer wind.
COME RAIN OR COME SHINE

Words by
JOHNNY MERCER

Music by
HAROLD ARLEN

Duet with Gloria Estefan

Slowly \( \frac{d}{N.C.} = 62 \)

\[ \text{F.S.: I'm gonna love you like nobody's loved you, come rain or come shine...} \]

\[ \text{G.E.: High as a mountain, deep as a river,} \]
come rain or come shine.

F.S.: I guess when you

met me it was just one of those things.

G.E.: It was just

one of those things.

But don’t you ever dare to

bet me because I’m Both: gonna be true if you will

Come Rain or Come Shine - 6 - 2
PP9509
Bb9    A13     A9/13(b9)  
let me.  F.S.: You’re go-na love me  
G.E.: You’re go-na love me  

Cm11    F7(#5)  
nobod- y’s loved me,  
like nobod- y’s loved_ 
me,  

B7     Bm7    Gm7(#5)  
shine.  
We’re go-na be hap-py  
to-geth-er.  
Hap-py to-geth-er, 

Dm9    G7(#5)    G13    F13  
Both: unhap-py to-geth-er  
and that’s go-na be just fine._  
won’t that be  

Come Rain or Come Shine - 6 - 3  
PF9509
G| F13 | B9 | Bb13 | Bb7(\#5) 3 |
---|---|---|---|---|
| fine, | fine. | G.E.: Days | may-be cloud-y, |

Bb7 | Bb7(\#9) | Bb7 | E9 | Eb7(\#9) |
---|---|---|---|---|
| they | may-be cloud-y | or | sunny. | F.S.: We might be in we might be |

E7 | Gb7 | Bb|m/F | E9 |
---|---|---|---|---|
| out of the money. | Both: But I'm with you baby, |

Gm9 | Gb9(\#11) | F11 | Bb13 | E9(\#11) |
---|---|---|---|---|
| I'm with you rain or shine. | I'm with you rain or shine. |

Come Rain or Come Shine - 6 · 4
PP9509
F.S.: We will have days that are cloudy or sunny.
G.E.: Days may be cloudy.

Both: We might be in, we might be out of the...
mon - ey.

G.E.: But I'm with you al - ways ba - by.

G#m9
G9(11) F11 B7(9)

F.S.: I will love you, rain or shine.
G.E.: I love you rain or shine,

a tempo

E9
B7(9)

rain or shine.

rit. e dim.

E9
B7(9)

Both: rain or shine.
THEME FROM NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Words by
FRED EBB

Music by
JOHN KANDER

Duet with Tony Bennett

Moderate swing \( \text{\#} \left( \frac{3}{4} \right) \)

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{D} & \quad \text{Em7} & \quad \text{A7} & \quad \text{Em7} & \quad \text{A7} & \quad \text{D} \\
\text{mf} & \quad \text{mp} & \\
\end{align*}
\]

T.B.: Start spreading the news, you’re leaving today.

F.S.: I want to be a part of it, New York, New York...

Theme from New York, New York - 6 - 1
PF9509

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T.B.: Your vag-a-bond shoes, they are longing to

stray.

F.S.: And step around the heart of it, New York—New York—

I wanna wake up in that city that doesn't

sleep.

T.B.: And find you're king of the hill—top of the
Em7  A13  D  D6
heap.
Your small town blues, they're melting a-
way.
F.S.: I'm gonna make a brand new start of it
in old New York.
T.B.: You always make it there...

D6  Am9  D13  Gmaj7

Gm6  D/A  B7(#9)  ---3---  Em7  F#m7
you make it anywhere.
F.S.: It's up to you, New

Theme from New York, New York - 6 - 3
PP9509
New York, New York.  

day.  

F.S.: I wanna wake up in that  

A♭m6  
cit y that does n’t sleep.  
And find I’m
king of the hill,  
top of the list,  
A number one,

king of the hill.  
Both: These little town blues,

F.S.: they have all melted away.  
And I'm gonna make a

brand new start of it  
right there in old New York.

Theme from New York, New York - 6 - 5
PF9509
T.B.: You always make it there, you make it anywhere. Both: Come on, come through


THEY CAN'T TAKE THAT AWAY FROM ME

Duet with Natalie Cole

Medium swing $\frac{3}{4}$

Music and Lyrics by
GEORGE GERSHWIN
and IRA GERSHWIN

They Can't Take That Away from Me - 7 - 1
PP9509

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No, no— they can’t— take that away from me.  

N.C.: The way your smile just beams,  
the way you sing off key.

the way you haunt my dreams.  

F.S.: No, no— they can’t take that away from me.  

We may never, never
F\#:m G\#:m7 C\#7 F\#:m G\#:7(#5) G\#:m11 C\#7 (+9)

meet again on that bumpy road to love. N.C.: But I'll

F\#:m G\#:m7 C\#7 F\#:m7 B13 E13 B\#:9 A11

always, always keep the memory of

D7 A11 F\#:m7 F13

F.S.: the way you hold your knife, N.C.: the way we danced 'til

Em7 Bm7 (+5) Em7 A11 D9 A7(#5)

three, Both: the way you've changed my life.
Both: We may nev-er,

meet a-gain on that bumpy road to love.

But I'll al-ways, al-ways keep that mem-’ry of
F.S.: they way you hold your knife, N.C.: I love the way we dance till
three, F.S.: the way you’ve changed my life.
Oh, no they can’t take that away from me. F.S.: No, they can’t take that away.
N.C.: baby, they can’t take that away.
Hey, no— they can't— take that a-way— from me. No, they can't take that a-way from me.
F.S.: No, they can't take that away. N.C.: oh yeah baby, they can't take that away. No, Both: they can't take that away.

from me.

They Can't Take That Away from Me - 7 - 7
PP9509
YOU MAKE ME FEEL SO YOUNG

Duet with Charles Aznavour

Moderate swing  \( \frac{4}{4} \)  \( \frac{3}{4} \)  \( \frac{2}{4} \)

F.S.: You make me feel so young; you make me feel like

spring has sprung...

Ev-ry time I see you grin, I'm

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such a happy individual. C.A.: The moment that you

speak, I wanna run and play hide and seek.

F.S.: Wanna go and bounce the moon, just like a big toy balloon,

because: Both: You and I, we are

You make Me Feel So Young - 8 - 2
PF9509
just like a couple of tots, \( F.S.: \) pickin' up all those forget-me-nots. \( C.A.: \) You know you

make me feel so young; \( F.S.: \) lots of bells to be rung. \( B.\) and a wonderful fling to be flung.
F.S.: And even when I'm old and gray,

I'm gonna feel the way I do—Both: this here day, F.S.: because

Both: you make me feel so young—

C.A.: You make me feel so young;—

You make Me Feel So Young - 8 - 4
PP9009
you make me feel like spring has sprung. F.S.: Ev’ry time—

see you grin. Both: I’m such a cuck oo in di vid u al.

C.A.: The moent that you speak, I wan na run and play hide—

and seek. F.S.: Like to go and— bounce the moon, like

You make Me Feel So Young - 8 - 5
PP9509
a big fat balloon. C.A.: because: Both: You and I,

\{ C.A.: we are just like a couple of toots, \\ F.S.: we are just like a couple of toots, \}

running around the meadow, pickin’ up all those for-

get-a-me-nots.

F.S.: You make me young, C.A.: You make me you

You make Me Feel So Young - 8 - 6
FP9909
young, make me feel— there are songs to be sung, lots of bells to be rung,
and a wonderful fling to be flung.

F.S.: And even when I'm old—

C.A.: even when I'm old and gray, I'm gonna feel the way I do this here

day, day, because you make me feel so,
Cm7  G7(+9)  Fm7  B7m7
you make me feel so...

{ F.S.: you make me

E♭13(+9)

C.A.: I feel, so very young, so very young.

B7m7  A♭  D♭7(11)

so very young.

you make feel

G9  A♭9sus

me so young.
GUESS I'LL HANG MY TEARS OUT TO DRY/
IN THE WEE SMALL HOURS OF THE MORNING

"Guess I'll Hang My Tears out to Dry"
Words and Music by
SAMMY CAHN and JULE STYNE
Duet with Carly Simon

"In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning"
Music and Words by
DAVID MANN and BOB HILLARD

Slowly & freely

B(9)/F♯    Bmaj9/F♯    Cm11/F♯    F♯13    B(9)/F♯    Bmaj9/F♯

F.S.: The torch I carry is

Cm11/F♯    F♯7    B(9)/F♯    Bmaj9/F♯    F♯m11    B13

handsome;  it's worth its heart-ache in ransom. Now when that

E(9)    B(9)/F♯    G7/D    Cm7    F♯13    D6    Cmaj7    B    B9

twilight steals, I know how the lady in the harbor feels.

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"Guess I'll Hang My Tears out to Dry"
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"In the Wee Samll Hours of the Morning"
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F.S. & C.S.: When I want rain, I get sunny weather,

I'm just as blue, F.S.: blue as the sky. Both: Since love has gone,

can't get myself together; F.S.: guess I'll hang my tears out to

C.S.: In the
dry. My friends ask me out, but I tell them I'm busy.

wee small hours of the morning, while the

I've got to get, got to get a new alibi.

whole wide world is fast asleep, you

I hang around at home, and ask myself, "Where is she?"

lie awake and think about the boy.
B/F♯  G♭m7  C♭m11  E/F♯  B(9)  A13(#11)  G♭m11  Gm(maj7)

Guess I'll hang my tears out to dry.

F♯m7  B7  B♭m9(#5)  B9  E6  Dmaj7  D♯7

Both: Dry, little tears, my little tears, F.S.: moving on a string of

e6  Fmaj7(#5)  F♯  Gmaj7(#11)  G♯9sus  G♯7  D♭m7  G♯

dreams.

My little memories, those little memories
remind her of our crazy schemes.

C.S.: When your

Broadly

B(9) G13 (+9) Cm7 F7

F.S.: Then somebody said, "Just forget about her,"

lonely heart has learned its lesson, you’d be

and I gave that treatment a try.

his if only he would call.

In the

poco a poco dim.

Guess I’ll Hang My Tears out to Dry/
In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning - 6 - 5
PP9509
Strange-ly e-nough, I got a-long with-out her; then one day she passed me right wee small hours...

Tempo ad lib.

by. Oh well,______ I guess I’ll hang my tears out to

by. Oh well,______ I guess I’ll hang my years out to

Tempo I

dry...tears out to dry.

dry. ...that’s the time you miss him most of all.

Guess I’ll Hang My Tears out to Dry/
In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning - 6 - 6
PP9509
I'VE GOT THE WORLD ON A STRING

Words by
TED KOEHLER

Music by
HAROLD ARLEN

Duet with Liza Minnelli

Slowly
D/A
A7alt.
Em13(a5)
Eb13(g11)
Em11

A11(a5)
A13
D
Fm7(a5)
B7
Em7(a5)
A7
Dmaj7
D6

F.S.: I've got the world--on a string, sitting on a rainbow; got the string a-round my

Moderate swing (♩♩♩)

Fm7
Fm7
Bb13
Em7
A13
Em7
A13

finger. Both: What a world, what a life, I'm in

I've Got the World on a String - 5 - 1

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love.

L.M.: I've got a song that I sing; I—

can make the rain go any time— I move my finger—

Both: Lucky me—

can't you see, I'm in love—

Life's a wonderful thing—

as long as I hang on to the string—

I've Got the World on a String - 5 - 2  
PP9509
F.S.: I'd be a silly so-and-so
if I should ever let it go.

L.M.: Here we go, don't you know—
you can never let go.

sitting on a rainbow; L.M.: got the string a-round my finger.

Both: What a world, what a life, I am in love.
F.S.: Life's a wonderful thing...

L.M.: Life is a wonderful thing, as long as I—hang on to the string...

I'd be a silly, silly so-and-so / I'd be a silly, silly so-and-so,

Just don't let it go. I've got the world on a string, and I'm

I've Got the World on a String - 5 - 4
PF9509
Em7 (♭5) A7 Dmaj9 F♭m7 Fm7
sittin' on a rain-bow.

Both: Got that string around my finger.

F.S.: What a world,
L.M.: What a world, there ain't no other way

doo-doo-doo-doo

life.
doop in life.
Hey,
now,
Both: I'm,

Em7/D Ddim7 Eml1 D9
I'm in love.

I've Got the World on a String - 5 - 5
PP9509
Those fingers in my hair, that sly, come hither stare,
leaves my conscience bare; it's witchcraft.

—and I've got no defense for it; the heat is too intense for it.
What good would common sense for it do? F.S.: Because it's.

witchcraft that wicked witchcraft.

and although I know it's strictly taboo.

A.B.: when you arouse the need in me, my heart says
“Yes indeed” in me; proceed with what you’re leading me to.

Sop-boo-day-doo-n-sa-da-do. F.S.: And it’s such an ancient pitch, one that I would never switch; Both: there ain’t no nicer witch than you.
Gm6  Gm(6)  Gm  Fm  Fm(6)
F.S.: my heart says "Yes indeed" in me; proceed with what you're leading me

Bb7  Fm7  Bb7
Ah, la, it's such an ancient pitch,

Gbdim7  Fm7  Fm7/Bb  E7
but one I would not switch; F.S.: there ain't no nic'er witch than

Eb6  BbAlt.  Eb6  BbAlt.  Eb6  BbAlt.  Eb  Eb6
you; than you, than you. (Spoken:) Hey, ya little witch!

poco a poco dim.
I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN

Duet with Bono

Moderate swing $\frac{3}{4}$

Dmaj13

E$m7/Ab$

$p$

Dmaj13

E$m11$

E$m11$

F.S.: I have got you under my skin;

I've got you deep in the

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B.: So deep in my heart, you're really a part of me.

I've got you under my skin.

F.S.: I have tried so not to give in.

I have said to myself, "This affair..."
Gm/Ab Dmaj13

neve-rgonna go so well."

B.: But why...

Cm11 F9 A Bb6

should I try to res-tist, when, ba-by, I know so well

Bb/D Em7 Ebm7/Ab

Both: that I’ve got you un-der my

Dmaj13 Em7

skin.

F.S.: I would sac-rifice an-y-thing,
A♭9        D♭maj9        Ddim7
come what might... for the sake
of holding you near... in spite of a warn-

G♭maj9        G♭m6        Fm7        E♭9
ing voice... that comes in the night... and re-pets... till it shouts... in my ear:
cresc.

E♭m11        A♭13        A♭dim7        B♭m6

B.: “Don’t you know, Blue Eyes,... you nev-er can win:

E♭dim7        E♭m7        A♭7
use... your... men-tal-i-ty, wake up... to re-al-i-ty.”
Abm7  D7(b9)     Gb                     Gm6       Cs9      Cdim7

F.S.: But each time I do, just the thought of you makes me

cresc.

D6       Ab6/C#     B7      Em7       Gm/Ab

stop Both: before I begin, 'cause I've got you under my

D6

skin.

B.: Ooh.

cresc. poco a poco


I've Got You under My Skin - 8 - 5
PF9509
I've Got You under My Skin - 8 - 6
PP9509
of having you near, F.S.: in spite of a warning voice that

comes in the night and repeats and it shouts in my ear: B: “Don’t you

know, ya’ old fool, you never can win:

Both: use your mentality, wake up to re-

I’ve Got You under My Skin 8 - 7
PF9509
al-i-ty."

B.: But each time that I do, just the

thought of you makes me stop Both: be-fore I be-gin, 'cause I've

got you un-der my skin.

And I

love you un-der my skin.

I've Got You under My Skin - 8 - 8
PF9509
ALL THE WAY/ONE FOR MY BABY  
(AND ONE MORE FOR THE ROAD)

One for My Baby (And One More for the Road)  
Words and Music by  
JOHNNY MERCER  
and HAROLD ARLEN

Duet with Kenny G  
Slowly

All the Way  
Words and Music by  
SAMMY CAHN  
and JAMES VAN HEUSEN

All the Way/One for My Baby  
(And One More for the Road) - 7-1  
PF5509

One For My Baby (And One for the Road)  
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All the Way  
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C6         Dm7     C6/E    Ebdim7   G7/D     C6         G11
'cept you and me.                       So let 'em up, Joe;

C6         Dm7(5)     C6     Gm7     C13
I've got a little story                I think you ought-a know.

Fmaj7         Gm7       Fmaj7       Bb13     Cmaj9
We're drinking, my friend,              to the end                      of a brief    ep    i   sode;

Bb7(5)       A7       Fmaj7/G      Am7       Dm7     Em    F       F/G
so make it one    for my ba   by,    and one more   for the

All the Way/One for My Baby
(And One More for the Road) - 7 - 3
PF9509
I know the routine; put another nickel in that there machine.

I'm feeling so bad; won't you make the music easy and sad.

I could tell you a lot, but you've got to be
true to your code.
So make it one for my baby,

and one more for the road.

You’d never know it, but, Bud-dy, I’m a kind of po-et, and I’ve

freely

got a lot of things I wan-na say.

All the Way/One for My Baby
(And One More for the Road) - 7 - 5
PP9309
please listen to me, 'til it's all, all talked away.

Tempo I
Emaj 7  Fmaj 11  Gm7  Fmaj 11  Emaj 7  Fmaj 11

that's how it goes, and, Joe, I know you're getting anxious to close.

Gm7  Fmaj 11  B7  Emaj 7  Fmaj 11  Gm7  Fmaj 11  B7

So, thanks for the cheer, I hope you didn't mind my

Emaj 7  Bm7

bending your ear. But this torch that I've found,

All the Way/One for My Baby
(And One More for the Road) - 7 - 6
PF9509
it's got to be drowned, or it soon—might explode.
So make it

Tempo I
one for my baby, and one more for the road.
That

long, that long, man, it's long, it's a long.

long, long road.
FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE

Lyrics by
RONALD MILLER

Music by
ORLANDO MURDEN

Duet with Gladys Knight and Stevie Wonder

Moderately, with rubato

For Once in My Life - 6 - 1
PP5905
For Once in My Life

Tempo \( \frac{d}{4} = 92 \)

For once in my life, I've got some-one who needs me, some-one I've needed for so long.

For once, un-a-fraid, I can go where life leads me and some-how I know I'll be...
B♭ D7(#9) Gm Gm(maj7) Gm/F Em7(+5)

strong. F.S.: For once, I can touch what my heart used to dream of

Em7(+5) G7(#5) Cm7 F9 B♭maj7 D7(#9) Gm7

long before I knew. G.K.: someone warm like you

could make my dreams come true. For once in my life,

Gm7/C C9 G7(#5) F7 B♭ B♭+

B♭6 B♭dim7 Cm7 Cm(#5) F9

I won’t let sorrow hurt me, not like it’s hurt me before. F.S.: For
Cm7  Cm(#5)  F7  F7(#5)  Bb  F7(#5)

once, I've got some-one I know won't de-sert me, and I'm not a-lone an-y-

Bb  Am7(4)  Ab13  Gm7

more.____  G.K.: For once, I can say, "This is mine, you're not gon-na take it!"

Bb/F  Gm7

F.S.: Long as I've got love, babe, you can bet I'm gon-na make it.

Bb/F  Gm7  Cm7  F7(#9)  Bb6

Both: For once in my life, I've got some-one who needs me.

cresc.

For Once in My Life - 6 - 4
PP9505
Gm7  G+13  Bb/F

once, I can say, “This is mine, you can’t take it!” F.S.: Long as I’ve got love, babe, you can

For Once in My Life - 6 - 5
PP9505
fly with me, we'll float down in the blue.

L.M.: Fly with me, float down to Peru.

F.S.: In

llama land, there's a one-man band and he'll toot his flute for you.

Both: Fly with me, we'll take off in the blue.

F.S.: Once I get you...
"Gm maj 7  G6  Cm maj 7  A m7"

--- up there where the air is rare-fied ---

"D6 9 G6  N.C."

L.M.: we'll just glide starry-eyed. Once I get you up.

"Gb  Gb+ G6  Fm maj 9  D7 (6 9)"

--- there, I'll be holding you so very near ---

"Gm7  C7  Gm7  C7  N.C."

F.S.: You might even hear Both: a gang of angels cheer just be-

Come Fly With Me - 6 - 3
PF9059
cause we’re to - geth- er.  L.M.:  Weath- er-wise,  it’s such a cool, cool day.

F.S.:  You just say those words, we’ll

ship those birds... down to Ac-a-pul-co Bay.

per-fect for a fly-ing hon-ey-moon... they do say.  Come on.
fly with me, let's fly, let's fly away.

L.M.: Doo—doo

F.S.: Once I get you

Cone Fly With Me - 6 - 5
PP9599
F.S.: It's perfect for a flying honeymoon, they do say.

Both: Come on, fly with me, F.S.: let's fly, let's fly.

Pack up your bags and let's get out of here.

L.M.: Come on, let's fly a way.

Come Fly With Me - 6 - 6
PP9909
BEWITCHED

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Duet with Patti La Belle
Moderately, with rubato

\[ Cm7 \quad Dm7 \quad E\text{maj}7 \quad Dm7 \quad Cm7 \]

(with pedal)

\[ A\text{maj}7 \quad D_{\flat} \quad C \]

\[ F.S.: \text{ She's a fool and don't I know it.} \]

\[ Cm7 \quad Dm7 \]

\[ F.L.: \text{ But a fool can have her charms.} \quad F.S.: \text{ I'm in love and don't I show it.} \]
like a babe in arms. P.L.: Love's the same old sad sensation,

lately I've not slept one wink since this silly situation put me on the blink.

Tempo = 72

cresc. poco a poco poco rit.
F.S.: I am wild again, beguiled again, a

molto rit.
mf
a tempo

B♭maj7 Cdim7 B♭/D C13
simpering, whimpering child again. Bewitched, bothered and be-

Cm7 F9 G7(♭9) Cm7 G♭7(♭9) F9sus F7(♭9)
withered am I. P.L.: Oh, I

B♭maj7 Cm7 B♭/D D7
couldn't sleep, wouldn't sleep. Love came and told me I—

F.S.: Couldn't sleep, wouldn't sleep.
_shouldn't sleep._ Be-witched, both-ered and be-wil-dered am


know the man is cold, I a-gree.

F.S.: She might laugh, but I

love it Both: al-though the laugh's on me.

F.S.: I will

P.L.: Oh, I, I'm gon-na
sing to her,

bring spring to her

and

sing,

yes,

I'm gonna bring spring
to

long for the day when I'll cling to her. Bewitched, bothered and be-

him and long for the day when I'll cling to him. Bewitched, bothered and be-

cresc.

f rit.
a tempo

wil-dered am

wil-dered am

poco rit.
THE BEST IS YET TO COME

Music by
CY COLEMAN

Duet with Jon Secada

Swing \( \text{Tempo: } 96 \) (\( \text{Tempo Mark: } \text{E-79}\))

F.S.: Out of the tree of life— I just picked me a plum—

You came a-long and ev - 'ry-thing's start-in' to hum—

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Still it's a real good bet—the best is yet to come.

J.S.: 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.

F.S.: Wait till the warm-up
is under way, wait till our lips have met.

J.S.: Wait till you see that sunny day, Both: you ain't seen nothin' yet!

F.S.: The best is yet to come... and babe, won't it be fine?

Both: The best is yet to come... come the day that you're mine...
J.S.: Come the day that you're mine.

I'm gonna teach you how to fly. Both: We've only tasted that wine,

we're gonna drain that cup dry. J.S.: All dry.

F.S.: Wait till your charms are ripe for these arms to surround you. J.S.: For these arms...
round you. J.S.: You think you've flown before but you ain't left the ground.

Both: Wait till you're locked in my embrace, wait till I hold you near. J.S.: And

wait till you see that sunshiny place, F.S.: There ain't nothin' like it here, noth-in' like it here.
N.C. E13 A6

J.S.: The best is yet to come, and babe, won’t it be fine?

dim.

F#7 B7 Bm7/E

Both: The best is yet to come,
cresc.
f

N.C. A6

come the day that you’re mine.

F.S.: Come that day when you’re mine.

J.S.: This woman sure looks fine.

mp dim.

The Best Is Yet To Come - 6 - 6
PP9509
MOONLIGHT IN VERMONT

Words by
JOHN BLACKBURN

Music by
KARL SUESSDORF

Duet with Linda Ronstadt

Slowly \( \frac{4}{4} = 58 \)

\[ \text{D} \text{m}7/\text{A}^b \quad \text{E} \text{m}7(\flat 5)/\text{A}^b \quad \text{D} \text{m}7/\text{A}^b \quad \text{E} \text{m}7(\flat 5)/\text{A}^b \]

\( pp \)

(with pedal)

\[ \text{D}^6 \quad \text{E} \text{m}7(\flat 5)/\text{D}^b \quad \text{D}^5 \quad \text{E} \text{m}7(\flat 5)/\text{D}^b \]

\( L.R.: \) Pennies in a stream,

\( F.S.: \) falling leaves, a sycamore,

\[ \text{E} \text{m}9 \quad \text{E} \text{m}7/\text{A}^b \quad \text{D}^5 \quad \text{D}^5 \quad \text{D}^5 \quad \text{E} \text{m}9 \text{ A}^b1369) \]

\( L.R.: \) moonlight in Vermont.

\( F.S.: \) Icy finger waves,

Tel-e-graph ca-bles, they sing down the high-way and trav-el each bend in the road.

F.S.: Peo-ple who meet in this ro-man-tic set-ting are so hyp-no-tized by the love-ly eve-ning_

L.R.: Eve-ning sum-mer
— summer breeze, the sweet warbling of a meadow-lark,
breeze, warbling of a meadow-lark,

moonlight in Vermont.
moonlight in Vermont.
icy finger

(L.R.) waves, ski trails on a mountainside, snowlight in Vermont.
Mont.

F.S.: Telegraph cables, how they sing down the highway.

As they make ev-ry bend in the road.

People who meet

L.R.: Ooh.

cresc.

In this roman-tic set-ting are so hyp-no-tized by the love-ly.

are so hyp-no-tized by the love-ly.

Molto rit. mf
_even-ning_ summer breeze, the sweet warbling of the

_dim._

mea-dow-lark, moon-light in Ver-mont. Snow-light in Ver-

_dim._

moon-light in Ver-mont. Snow-light in Ver-

dim._

mont. Moon-light in Ver-mont. You and me and moon-light in Ver-

dim. e rit.

pp

PP99009

Moonlight in Vermont - 5-5
FLY ME TO THE MOON

Duet with Antonio Carlos Jobim

Words and Music by
BART HOWARD

Bossa nova  \( \frac{3}{4} \) = 144

Dm7  G13  Dm7  G13  Dm7  G13  Dm7  G13 *

A.C.J.: (scat singing)

Dm7  G13  Dm7  G13  Dm7  G13  Dm7  G13

Dm7  G13  Dm7  G13  Dm7  G13 ** Dm7  G13

* Sing  B\( \text{♭} \)
** Sing at pitch

Fly Me to the Moon - 6 - 1
PP9509

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Am
F13
Bm7
F13(9)
E7(9)
Am

A.C.J.: Francis,
let's fly!

B7(13)
E9
G7
Cmaj7
Fmaj7
Bm7(13)

Fly me to the moon and let me
play among the stars.
Let me see what spring is like on
E7  Am  Dm7  Dm7/G  G7

Jupiter and Mars... F.S.: In other words,... hold my

Cmaj7  F9  Em7  Am7  Dm7

Dm7/G  Dm7(+5)/C  Cmaj7  Bm7(+5)  E7(+5)  Am7
baby, kiss me.   A.C.J.: Fill my heart with song-

Dm7  G7  Cmaj7  F7(+5)
and let me sing... forever more....

Fly Me to the Moon - 6 - 4
PF9509
You are all I long for, all I worship and adore.

Both: In other words, please be true.

F.S.: In other words.

Both: I'm in love with you.
Coda

Dm7/G  G7  Em7(+5)

F.S.: please be true.

In other words,

in other words,

F.S.: I,
A.C.J.: I

love, I love you.

Fly Me to the Moon - 6 - 6
PP9509
LUCK BE A LADY

Words and Music by FRANK LOESSER

Duet with Chrissy Hynde

Slowly and freely

\( \text{Ai7Alt.} \)

\( \text{Gdim7} \)

\( p \) cresc.

\( \text{(with pedal)} \)

\( \text{Db/A}\)

\( \text{Ai7}(9) \)

\( \text{Ab13} \)

\( \text{Db9} \)

F.S.: Yeah, they call you Lady Luck but

\( \text{Ai7}(9) \)

\( \text{Ab13} \)

\( \text{Db9} \)

\( \text{G6} \)

\( \text{Gdim7} \)

there is room for doubt. At times, you have a

\( f \) mp cresc.
very unladylike way of running out. C.H.: You’re

on this date with me and the pickings have been

lush. And yet, before the evening is over you

might give me the brush. F.S.: You might forget your
man-ners, you might re-fuse to stay. And

Fast swing $\frac{\text{d}}{\text{c}} = 160$ (\musicnotes)

so, the best that I can do is pray.

poco rit.
F.S.: Luck—be a lady tonight.

C.H.: Luck—be a lady tonight.

F.S.: Luck, if you've ever been a lady to begin—
with please be a lady to-night.

C.H.: Luck let a gentleman see

just how nice a dame
I can be.

I know the way you've treated all those gals before me.

F.S.: Please be a lady with me.

Luck Be a Lady - 14 - 6  
PF9509
C.H.: A lady doesn't leave her estranged
court. She'd have a fair heart,

and it isn't nice.}

F.S.: A

lady doesn't wander all over the room
and then blow on some other guy's dice.

C.H.: Why don't we keep this party polite?

Never get out of my sight.
Stick with me baby, I'm the gal-
that you came in with. Luck be a la-
dy to-night.
D9(11)
D6
D9(11)
D6

D6
D9(11)
D6

D7sus
D7
Gb
B7

D6
Edim7
Em7
Edim7/Ab
D6
C13(b9)
B13
Bb13
A13

NC.

Dmaj9
Em7(b5)/D

F.S.: Luck let a gentle man see

Luck Be a Lady - 14 - 10
PP9509
Dmaj9   Em7(+5)/D   Dmaj9
just how nice a

Em7(+5)/D   Dmaj9   Em7(+5)/D   Dmaj9
dame you can be. C.H.: I know the way-

D7sus   G   C13
you've treated all those gals before me.

D9   Emaj9   Dmaj9
F.S.: Luck be a lady with me.
Coda

Φ   A♭13sus   A♭13   D♭6

F.S.: So, why don’t we keep this

D9(#11)   D♭6   D9(#11)


D♭6

F.S.: Never get out of my sight.   C.H.: No way!
F.S.: Stick with me baby, I'm the guy.
C.H.: Stick with me baby, I'm the gal.

that you came in with.
that you came in with.

F.S.: Luck be a lady.

C.H.: Luck be a lady.
A FOGGY DAY

Music and Words by GEORGE GERSHWIN and IRA GERSHWIN

Duet with Willie Nelson

Swing \( \text{d} = 138 \)

\[
\begin{align*}
B/F\# & \quad C\text{m7/F}\# \\
B/F\# & \quad C\text{m7/F}\# \\
A/B & \quad B7 \\
A/B & \quad B7
\end{align*}
\]

\[
D/E \quad E7(\text{s9}) \quad A13\text{sus} \quad A13(\text{s9})
\]

\[
D^{9} \quad B7(\text{s9}) \quad Em9 \quad A13 \quad A13(\text{s9})
\]

W.N.: A foggy day—
F.S.: in London town,

D^{9} \quad Bm7(\text{s5}) \quad E7 \quad B^{9}(\text{11}) \quad A9\text{sus} \quad A13

it had me low—
W.N.: and it had— me down.

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I viewed the morning with much alarm.

F.S.: the British Museum

had lost its charm. How long, I wondered, could this thing last?
D\(^6\)  Bm7(\(^{+5}\))  E7  Bb9(\(^{+11}\))  A9sus  A13

W.N.: But the age of miracles had never passed, for

D9sus  D13  D9sus  D13(\(^{+9}\))  Gmaj9  C13

suddenly, I saw you standing right there.

Both: And in

Fm7  G6  D/A  A\(^{+}\)dim7  Bm7  E9  A13sus  A13(\(^{+9}\))

foggy London town the sun was shining, shining, shining everywhere.

D6  Fm7  Bb13(\(^{+9}\))  E\(^6\)  Gm7(\(^{+5}\))  C7(\(^{+15}\))

F.S.: A foggy day———
back in London town, it had me low.

and it also had me down.

W.N.: I viewed the morning with much alarm.

the British Museum.
had lost its charm.  
F.S.: How long, I wondered,

could this thing last?  
W.N.: But the age of miracles,
it hadn't passed, and

suddenly, I saw you standing right there.
Both: And in foggy London town the sun was shining, shining,

shining everywhere.

Here and there,

ev'rywhere.
WHERE OR WHEN

Words by
LORENZ HART

Music by
RICHARD RODGERS

Duet with Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme

Slowly

\[ \text{F11} \quad \text{E11} \quad \text{Bb11} \]

(with pedal)

E.G.: When you're awoke, the things you think come from the dreams you dream.

\[ \text{A}\# \quad \text{Fm11} \quad \text{D}\#13(b11) \quad \text{Bb9sus} \quad \text{E}\# \]

S.L.: Thought has wings, and lots of things are seldom what they seem.
E.G.: Sometimes you think you've lived before all that you live today.

S.L.: Things you do come back to you, as though they knew the way. Both: Oh, the tricks your mind can play.

Refrain 1:

E.G.: It seems we stood and we talked like this.

*S.L. sings harmony part indicated in cue notes throughout*
S.L.: Just like this, once before, once before. We looked at each other in the same way then.

E.G.: but I can't remember where, where or when. S.L.: I swear I can't remember.

F.S.: The clothes you're wearing are the clothes that you wore... darling. Both: where or when...
The smile you're smiling, you were smiling then;
I can't remember.

S.L.&E.G.: That you wore...
The smile you're smiling, you were smiling then;

where or when.
I swear I just can't remember where or when.

Some things that have happened for the first time,
Doo doo 'n' doo doo 'n'

Where or When - 9 - 4
PF9509
they all seem to be happening once a-
doo doo 'n' doo doo doo

gain.
And, so it seems, we have

Seems to be it just keeps hap' nin' a - gain.

met once be - fore, and then we laughed once be - fore, we al - so

We have met once be - fore; ho ho ho, once, we al - so
loved once before. But who knows, who knows where or when...
loved once before. Who knows where or when...

All: Bop bah, doo bah doo bah doo doo, doo... bop bah... doo bah... ba da doo ba doo doo,... ba da dah...
member, can't re-mem-ber where or when.

Refrain 2:

Cm6

Fm7

G7

Fm7

S.L.: Some-things that have hap-pened for the first time,

E.G.: Doo doo 'n' doo doo 'n'

mf

G7 Dm7(♭5) A♭7 G7 Cm C9

F.S.: they all seem to be hap-pen-ing once a-

doo doo 'n' doo doo doo.
S.L.&E.G.: Here we go, it's happening. And, so it seems.

we have met once before, and then we

cresc. poco a poco

laughed once before, also loved once before, and then we laughed, once before, also loved
C7(19)  Fm7

fore.  But who knows,  who knows.

once be-fore  But who knows,

Bb13  B13  Bb13(11)  Bb13(9)  Eb7(9)  D7(9)  Eb7(9)  Abm11

where-or when.

who knows, where,

E.G.: Where-or when-

cresc.

G7(13)  Gb13  C7(15)  Fm11  Ab/Bb  Eb13(11)

S.L.: where-or when, where-or when.
EMBRACEABLE YOU

Spanish Version by
JOHNNIE CAMACHO
French Version by
EMELIA RENAUD

Words and Music by
GEORGE GERSWIN and
IRA GERSHWIN

Duet with Lena Horne
Slowly

Dmaj9/A
Bb9/A
Dmaj9/A
Gm/A

(with pedal)

Dmaj9
Ddim7
A11

L.H.: Em-brace me,
my sweet em-brace-able you.

Em11
A7(6)
Dmaj7
Gm/D
D6
F7(13)

F.S.: Em-brace me,
you ir-re-place-a-ble you.
L.H.: Just one look at you, my heart grew tipsy in me.

F.S.: You and you alone bring out the gypsy in me.

L.H.: I love all the many charms about you;

Both: above all, I want my arms about you.
F.S.: Don't you be a naughty baby; come to papa, come to papa do; my sweet em-
braceable you.

L.H.: I love all the many charms about
you;

F.S.: above all,

I want my arms about

you.

L.H.: Don't be a naughty baby:

cresc.

come-to ma-ma, come-to ma-ma do:

F.S.: my sweet embrace-able

you.

L.H.: My sweet embrace-able you.
(From "THE THREE PENNY OPERA")

MACK THE KNIFE

English Words
MARCI BLITSTEIN

Original German Words
BERT BRECHT

Music by
KURT WEILL

Duet with Jimmy Buffet
Moderate swing $\frac{1}{4} = 156$ (\(\frac{\text{crotchet}}{4}\))

Verse 1:
G6  Bm11  E7\(\flat9\)  Am7  E7

shark has-- pretty teeth, dear, and he

Mack the Knife - 11 - 1
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Am7  D9  G6  B7(9)

shows 'em, pearly white.

Em7  Bm  Bdim7  Am7

jack-knife has Mac heath, dear, and he

D11  D7  G6  E7sus  Am11  D11

keeps it way outta sight.

Verse 2:

G6  Cmaj7  Bm11  E7  Am7  D11

shark bites with his teeth, dear, scarlet
Am7        D11        G6        B7(9)
  bil - lows,     they be - gin to spread.  Fancy

Em7        Bm Bdim7 Am7        Bdim7
  white gloves... has... Mac - heath, dear... so there's

Am7        D11        G6        Eb13
  nev-er, nev-er a trace of red.  F.S.: On a side
cresc.

Verse 3:
Ab6        Bb7
  walk one Sun - day morn - ing,
  J.B.: lies a

Mack the Knife - 11 - 3
PP9505
bod-y ooz-ing life. F.S.: Some-one's

Fm7

sneak-in' 'round that cor-ner; Both: could that some-

E♭11 A♭m9

one per-haps per-chance be Mack the Knife?

Verse 4:

A6 B♭m7

J. B.: From a tug-boat on the riv-er, go-in' slow,
F.S.: a cement bag is drop-pin' down.

J. B.: You know that cement is for the weight, dear;

F.S.: you can make a large bet that burn's in town.

J. B.: (spoken): Yeah, he's in town!

Verse 5:

My man, Louie Miller,

J. B.: he split the scene,
babe.

F.S.: after draw-in' out all the bread from his

stash.

J.B.: Now Mac - heath spends like a

sail - or;

do you sup - pose, this guy, he did some - thing

Verse 6:

F.S.: Ol' Satch - mo, Lou - ie Arm -
strong, Bob-by Dar-in, they did this song nice:

Lady Ella too. They all sang it

with so much feel-ing... F.S.: that Ol’ Blue Eyes, he ain’t gon-na add-

an-thing new. J.B.: Oh yes you do. But when this big fat
band jump in behind me, swing-in’ hard, Jack,
J. B. (spoken): That’s Jimmy, Frank!

I know I can’t lose. When I tell you

Both: all about Mack the Knife, babe,
F.S.: it’s an offer

Both: you can never refuse.
J. B.: We’ve got Patrick

Mack the Knife - 11 - 8
PP9505
Verse 8:

Williams, F.S.: Bill Miller playin' that piano, and this wonderful

great big band bringin' up the rear. Both: All these

bad cats— in this band, now— F.S.: they make the

greatest sound— you're ever gonna hear—

Mack the Knife - 11 - 9
PP9505
Verse 9:

D6

Oh, Su-key Taw-dry, Jen-ny Div-er

{music notation}

J. B.: Oh, Su-key Taw-dry Jen-ny Div-

A11

Polly Peach-um, Miss Lu-lu Brown

{music notation}

I know her well, Miss Lu-lu Brown

{music notation}

F#7 Bm7 Em11

J. B.: Yeah the line forms on the right, dear

{music notation}

Em7 Em9 Fdim7

F. S.: now that Mack-ie, J. B.: oh, Mack-ie yeah that bum is back

{music notation}

oh that
now I'm gon-na tell you what I think that you should do. What should I do?

You bet-ter lock your doors and call the Law be-cause Mack-ie, Mack-ie,

he's come back to town.

J. B.: Look out, old Mack-ie's back.
 HOW DO YOU KEEP THE MUSIC PLAYING?/
 MY FUNNY VALENTINE

"My Funny Valentine"
Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

"How Do You Keep the Music Playing?"
Words by ALAN and MARYLIN BERGMAN
Music by MICHEL LEGRAND

Duet with Lori Morgan
Slowly
Gm

(with pedal)

Ebmaj7 Dm7 Cm7 F13(9) Eb/Bb Adim/Bb

L.M.: How do you keep the music playing?

Bbmaj9 Gm7 Cm7 Eb/F F9 F7(9)

How do you make it last? How do you keep the song from fading too?

"How Do You Keep the Music Playing?"
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How Do You Keep the Music Playing?
My Funny Valentine - 6 - 1
PP9509
How do you lose yourself to someone,

and never lose your way?

How do you not run out of

new things to say?

F.S.: My funny Valentine, sweet comic Valentine,
you make me smile with my heart.

Your looks are laughable, unphoto-

L.M.: And, since we know we're always changing, how can it be the

graphable, yet your my favorite work of art.

You're sure your heart will fall a-

How Do You keep the Music Playing?
My Funny Valentine - 6 - 3
PP9309
Is your figure less than Greek? Is your mouth a little part each time you hear his name?

weak? When you open it to speak, are you smart?

LM: If we can be the best of lovers, yet be the best of friends;

How Do You keep the Music Playing?

My Funny Valentine - 6 - 4

PP509
Don't change one

if we can try with every day to make it better as it goes...

poco a poco cresc.

hair for me, not if you care for me. Stay, little

Stay, little

Valentine, please stay.

Valentine, please stay.
Each day is Valentine's Day.
With any luck, then I suppose the music never ends.

Winter-time, summer-time, evening-time.

Winter-time, summer-time, evening-time...

or any-time... I love you.
MY KIND OF TOWN

Words by
SAMMY CAHN

Music by
JAMES VAN HEUSEN

Duet with Frank Sinatra Jr.

Moderate swing

\[ \frac{3}{4} \]

\( \text{Eb} \quad \text{Bb7Alt.} \quad \text{Eb6} \)

\( \text{Gm11(b5)} \quad \text{C9} \)

\[ \text{F13(11)} \]

\( \text{Bb11} \quad \text{Bb7(13)} \quad \text{Gm7} \quad \text{C7(9)} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{F9} \quad \text{Fm7/Bb} \)

F.S.R.: My kind of town, Chicago is.

Fm

\( \text{Bb13(11)} \quad \text{Eb(9)} \quad \text{Ev7(13)} \)

My kind of town, Chicago is.
A½6    Adim7    Eb/Bb    Bdim7    Cm7
My kind of people too;

F7    Cm7    F7    Fm7/Bb    Bbdim7    Fm7/Bb    D/Bb
people who, they all smile at Both: you, and

E½6    D+    D½9(#11)    C7    C9(#5)
each F.S.Jr.: time I roam, Chicago is,

Fm7    Bb7(#9)    E½(9)    E9(#5)
it’s calling me home, Chicago is.
A♭6  Adim7  E♭6/B♭  C7(13)
Both: One town that'll never ever let you down.

F9  B♭13  E♭6  B♭m7  Bm7/B♭  Cm7/B♭
It's my kind of town.

B♭m7/E♭  Ebmaj7  E♭6  B♭m7  E♭6
sub. p
sub. p  cresc. poco a poco

C7(13)  G♭7(13)  Fmaj9  E+  E♭9(11)
Jr: Every bit of it is my kind of town.

My Kind of Town - 6 - 3
PF9509
Chicago is; Sr.: my kind of town,

Chicago is; Jr.: Yes, my kind of

razzma-tazz; Sr.: and it has, it has

all that jazz and, each time I leave.
Chicago is, it's tugging my sleeve, Chicago is.
Jr.: The Wrigley

Building, Chicago is. Sr.: The Chicago

Cubbies, Chicago is. Both: One town, that'll

Jr.: (spoken) Hey, don't forget them Sox!

My Kind of Town - 6 - 5
PP9509
never ever let you down.  Jr.: it's my,
Sr.: it's my, it's...

my, my, kind of town.

Chicago, Chicago, Chicago.
THE HOUSE I LIVE IN

Words by LEWIS ALLAN

Music by EARL ROBINSON

Duet with Neil Diamond

Slowly & dramatically

F.S.: What is A-mer-i-ca to me? N.D.: A name, a map, or a flag I see? F.S.: A cer-tain word: De-moc-ra-cy?

N.D.: What is A-mer-i-ca to me? The house I live in;

The House I Live In - 6 - 1
PF9509

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Gm7  G7  C(9)  C  Dm/G  G9  Cmaj7

a plot of earth, the street. The gro- cer and the butch- er and all the

Bright waltz

E(b9)  Eb  C(9)  C  Dm9  G7

peo- ple that I meet. F.S.: The chil- dren in the

C6  C/G  G9/D  G13  G#dim7

play- ground, the fac- es that I

cresc.

Am  Em/G  F  a tempo  F6  F#dim7  C/G  Dm/G  G7

see, all rac- es and re- li- gions; that’s A- mer- i- ca to

rit.  a tempo  molto dim.
The place I work in, the work-er by my side.
The lit-tle town or cit-y where my peo-ple lived and died.
The "how-dy" and the hand-shake; the air of feel-ing free;

F.S.: and the right to speak your mind out; Both: that's A- mer-i-ca to
me. F.S.: The things I see about me, N.D.: the big things and the small; F.S.: that little corner newsstand, N.D.: or the house a mile.

tall. F.S.: The wedding and the churchyard; N.D.: the laughter and the tears. Both: The dream that’s been growing for more than two-hundred
years.  
F.S.: The town I live in; the

F.S.: The town I live in; the

street, N.D.: the street, the house, the house, the room.
N.D.: The pavement of the

F.S.: The town I live in; the

street, N.D.: the street, the house, the house, the room.
N.D.: The pavement of the

city, or a garden all in bloom.  F.S.: The church, the school, the
cresc.

F.S.: The town I live in; the

street, N.D.: the street, the house, the house, the room.
N.D.: The pavement of the

city, or a garden all in bloom.  F.S.: The church, the school, the
cresc.

clubhouse;  N.D.: the million lights I see;  Both: es-
cresc.

The House I Live In - 6 - 5
PP9509
Majestically

pe·cial·ly, the peo·ple...

molto dim. e rit.

that's Amer·i·ca to me.

rail.