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Dear Heart

Words by
JAY LIVINGSTON
& RAY EVANS

Music by
HENRY MANCINI

Dear heart, wish you were here to warm this night. My dear heart,

seems like a year since you've been out of my sight.

A single room, a table for one; it's a
lone - some town all right! But soon I'll

kiss you hel - lo at our front door, and

dear heart I want you to know I'll leave

your arms never more.
Charade
Title Song From The Stanley Donen Production  
A Universal Release

Lyrics by
JOHNNY MERCER

Music by
HENRY MANCINI

When we played our CHARADE  
We were like

child - ren pos - ing  
Playing at games,

act - ing out names,  
Guess-ing the parts we played.
Oh, what a hit we made. We came on next to closing.

Best on the bill, lovers until love left the masquerade. Fate seemed to pull the strings, I turned and you were gone. While from the
darkened wings the music box played on.

Sad little serenade. Song of my heart's com-

posing I hear it still I always will

Best on the bill CHARADE.
Dreamsville

Words by
RAY EVANS and
JAY LIVINGSTON

Music by
HENRY MANCINI

Piano

Slow

Refrain (slowly and expressively)

Cmaj9 Gm7 Cmaj9 Gm7 F#9

I'm in Dreams-ville, holding you;

Cmaj9 F9 Dm7 Ebm7 Em7 A7

dream-y view, Just we

dm7 G7b9) G9 Cmaj9 Gm7

two a-lone with love in Dreams-ville,

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C maj 9  
Gm7  
F#9  
Cm9  
F9  

Time is new; We're here to

Dm7  
Ebm7  
Dm7  
D#9  
Cmaj9

love and we do. We can

Am6  
B7+  
Em9  
A7(9)  
F#m7  
D

see the rest of the world below us from our pink

F9  
Bm6  
C#9+  
Am6  
B7(9)

cloud. There's no boundary to this magic land

19598
As we go exploring hand in hand in Dreamsville,
far away,
And here we love,
Here we'll stay.

Dreamsville,
far away,
And here we love,
Here we'll stay.
Moon River

Words by
JOHNNY MERCER

Music by
HENRY MANCINI

Slowly

Moon Riv - er, wid - er than a
mile: I'm cross - in' you in style some day.

Old

dream - mak - er, you heart - break - er, wher -

ever you're go - in', I'm go - in' your way:

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Two drifters, off to see the world. There's such a lot of world to see.

We're after or the same rainbow's end waitin' round the bend.

My Huckleberry friend, Moon River...
How Soon
Theme from the Richard Boone TV Show

Lyric by
AL STILLMAN
A. S. C. A. P.

Music by
HENRY MANCINI
A. S. C. A. P.

F
F(sus8)

HOW SOON the flame of love can
die.

Gm (Fbass)
C7 (Fbass)

HOW SOON good-night becomes good-by.

F (Ebass)
D7

You're gone now and life goes
don now and every-thing seems out of

Gm (Fbass)
Gm (Ebass)
C7 (Ebass)
D7

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Gm7(b5)        C7        F

tune.

But time can bring a change of

Gm
(F bass)

heart

And love can make another

Am7(b5)
D7
Gm
G#7

start.

Some day you may come back to

F
Bm7(b5)
Gm7
C7

me to stay but who can (ritard) say HOW

1. F
Gm
C7

SOON.

molto rit.

2. Gbmaj7
Fmaj7

SOON.

How Soon -2
Mr. Lucky

Words by
JAY LIVINGSTON
and RAY EVANS

Music by
HENRY MANCINI

Moderato

Piano

Refrain (con moto) D9 Dm7 G9

They call us lucky, you and I, Lucky

Cm7 F7(6) Bb maj9 Am7

girl, lucky guy. When you take my hand or

D9(65) D9 Bm7 G Cm7 Am7 D9

touch my cheek I know I'm on a lifetime lucky

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Dm7  G9  D9  Dm7
streak.  A lucky rainbow lights the sky

G9  Cm7  F7(6)  Bbmaj7  E+
When we kiss. when we sigh. He: They
She: They

Eb  D9  Bm7  Eb7  Am7
say I'm lucky, mister lucky guy and you're the
say you're lucky, mister lucky guy but darling

G  G
reason why. They call us why.
so am I.
Man's Favourite Sport

Lyrics by
JOHNNY MERCER

Music by
HENRY MANCINI

Bouncy

Bdim Cm7 F7 Bb Cm7 F7

Some men are good at hunting quail.
Some like to sail, while others like to
men like swimming in the sea.
men

Bdim Cm7 F7 Bb Cm7 F7 Bb

Some men prefer to surf, still others like the turf,
and fence. Developing physique, some climb a mountain peak, and
links. Some think a game is nice called curling on the ice, or

Gm7 C7 Gb,5 F7 Bdim Cm7 F7

lose a lot of money on the jocks.
Some men say judo is their
rough it in those little canvas tents.
To some, a parachute's the
even mumble-ty peg or tiddly winks.
Some like the sports of yester-

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dish, thing, day,  
While others fish  
He pulls a string  
And even play  
where mountain water swirls,  
as down to earth he hurls,  
the ancient game of scurrs,  
But let a  
But let a

Eb  Ab7  Bb  Gm  Cm7  F7  F+  Bb

girl appear, he'll pursue her,  
And run his fingers through her curls.

doll appear, he'll pursue her,  
And run his fingers through her curls.

maid appear, they'll pursue her,  
And run their fingers through her curls.

Bb7  Eb  Ab7  Bb  G7  Cm7

And that's the way it's been since the world began,  
The favorite sport of

F7  Bb  Cb  Bb  Bdim  Bb  Gb7  Cm7  F11  Bb

man is girls!  
2) Some girls!  
3) Some girls!

Additional Choruses

Chorus (4)
One man is good at shooting skeet.  
Another's treat  
Is maybe throwing darts.  
Some men go in for squash,  
Some others, klubish,  
Still others love a lively game of hearts.  
Some men put on an aqualung,  
And swim among  
The barnacles and pearls.  
But let a chick appear,  
They'll pursue her,  
And run their fingers through her curls.  
And that's the way it's been  
Since the world began,  
The favorite sport of man is girls!

Chorus (5)
Some like the arrow and the bow,  
While others throw  
A discus down the green  
Still others like to bowl,  
Or shooting for a hole.  
Especially the one they call nineteen.  
Some men go gliding through the sky,  
Or even try  
To capture flying squirrels.  
But let a lass appear,  
They'll pursue her,  
And run their fingers through her curls.  
And that's the way it's been  
Since the world began,  
The favorite sport of man is girls!

Man's Favorite Sport - 2
I Love You and
Don't You Forget It

Lyric by
AL STILLMAN

Lively Latin style

Music by
HENRY MANCINI

1. I love you and don't you forget it. 2. I love you and don't you forget it.
14. I love you and don't you forget it. 15. I love you and don't you forget it.

3. I love you and don't you forget it, Baby.
16. I love you and don't you forget it, Baby.

Love me, too, and you won't regret it. Love me, too, and you won't regret it.
Love me, too, and you — won’t re-gret it, Baby.

4. I love you and don’t — you for-get it. 5. I love you and don’t — you for-get it.

17. I love you and don’t — you for-get it. 18. I love you and don’t — you for-get it.

6. I love you and don’t — you for-get it, Baby.

19. I love you and don’t — you for-get it, Baby.

7. I love you and don’t — you for-get it, That makes sev-en times — that I said it,

20. I love you and don’t — you for-get it, That makes twen-ty times — that I said it,

I don’t see how you — can for-get it now!
8. I love you in the Spring-time.

9. I love you in the Fall.

love you at a party.

We always have a ball:

And when you're in my arms, dear,

11. I love you most of all.
In the morning and in the evening and when its cloudy or clear,

12. I’m in love with you. 13. So in love with you every day of the year.

now!

that I said it, I don’t see how you can forget it now!
SLOW HOT WIND

Lyric by
NORMAN GIMBEL

Music by
HENRY MANCINI

Am

Dm7

His\{  gaze over me like a SLOW.
Her\} swept over me like a SLOW.

Am

Am

Some days it's too warm to fight a

Am

Dm7

F

SLOW HOT WIND.
There in the shade.

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like a cool drink waiting,

he sat with slow fire in his eyes, just

waiting.

Some days it's too warm to fight

a SLOW HOT WIND.

A Slow Hot Wind 2
MOSTLY FOR LOVERS

Lyric by
PAUL FRANCIS WEBSTER

Music by
HENRY MANCINI

Moderately slow

G7

C

Fm

The night is MOST-LY____ FOR LOV-ERS,____ dream-ers____ and lov-ers;____ But

C

Ab7

G9

C

tacet

G7

most-ly____ for you and me.____ The moon shines bright-ly____ for

C

Fm

C

Ab7

G9

C

oth-ers,____ night-ly____ for oth-ers;____ But some-how____ they just don't see____.
There may be lips that are willing; I've kissed a few. But how much more thrilling, since I've found love that's true. That's why I sing songs for lovers, mostly for lovers; But this one is just for you! The night is
PUNCH AND JUDY

Words by
JAY LIVINGSTON and RAY EVANS

From the Stanley Donen Production, "CHARADE"

Music by
HENRY MANCINI

Moderate two-beat

There is a puppet, name of Pun-chi-nel-lo, he's a very noisy fellow,

Always hit- tin' some-one on the bean.

(bee-kee-kee-kee-kee-en)

wife, a girl whose name is Ju-dy; life has made her mean and moo-dy,
And she hits him back in every scene. (What a scene, what a scene!) In every
land and principality they have
yelled and screamed with rage: They get a
hand in each locality, as they ex-
plode and nearly wreck the stage! This little chap begins with "Howdy doody;" whip! Look out, he's punching Judy, stand and look at Punch and Judy, and they're acting mean and moody.

And he never seems to get enough. Their little Don't believe a single word you see. For when they're pup is always yippin' yappin', yup, he hates to see it happen, thru with all their hootin', hiss-in', you can bet they're huggin', kiss-in';

19598
I can tell you, it gets mighty rough! (grr-ruff, grr-ruff!) The children
That's the way that married life should be! (did-ale-ee, did-dle-ee)

lore to laugh at their shenanigans, when all the pandemonium begins;
Soon as they go into all their shenanigans the little audience is full of happy grins.
But when the show is over and the curtain falls,

then mister Punch will take his Judy's hand. And he will

sweet patootie little Judy back in their room, and whisper

"Darling, tonight you were grand!" So when you
Words by
RAY EVANS and
JAY LIVINGSTON

"SESSION AT PETE'S PAD"

Music by
HENRY MANCINI

When the sun goes down, take me STRAIGHT TO BA-

When the lights start light-in' the town, there's only one place for me!

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I go STRAIGHT TO BABY;

When the beat starts rock-in' the town— I long for her company.

I'm feel-in' good as soon as she says hello.

And when she starts in
GBmaj7  Fm7  Em7  Ebm7  Dmaj7  Db6  Dm9  G7(b9)

Lookin' at me just so, I glow!

Cm6  G7(b9)  Cm6  Cm6  G7(b9)

Now the sun is down, and I'm here with ba-

Cm6  Cm6  G7(b9)  Cm6

by, When the lights start light-in' the town,

Ab9  G7(b9)  Ab9  G9  Db9

1. Cm6  Ab9  G9  Db9  Ab9  G9  Db9  Cm6/9

This is the place for me!

Straight To Baby-3
BYE BYE

Words by
JAY LIVINGSTON
and RAY EVANS

Music by
HENRY MANCINI

Every night your line is busy; all that buzzin' makes me dizzy.

Could n't count on all my fingers all the dates you've had with swingers.

BYE BYE, bye baby!

Optional Bass: play this bass through entire number, except last 3 bars.

(8va lower)
I'm gonna kiss you good-bye and go right thru that door-way!

So long, I'm leavin'!

This is the last time we'll meet on the street go-in'

your way. Don't look surprised; you know you
but - tered your bread... so now it's fair you should stare at the
back of my head... If... you write a let - ter to me... my for - mer
friend, don't you end with an R. S. V. P. I'm go - in'

1. BYE. BYE; I'm mov-in'.
2. BYE. I'm bye, ba - by!
Tomorrow I may be split-tin' to Britain or
Now that I've heard all that jazz and where-as I have

1.
Nor-way.
I'm say-in' had it, why

2.
pad it? I'm thru now, with you now. So ba-by it's

Gb:maj7(11)
au-re-voir, a-di-os, ciao ciao, BYE BYE!

Fmaj7(11)

Optional.
JOANNA

Lyric by JOHNNY MERCER

Music by HENRY MANCINI

Moderately

Gm    Gm+    Gm6    Gm7    Eb    Cm

Jo-an-na's like a day with sum-mer on the way. All beau-ti-ful and

F9, b9(5) Bbmaj7    Gm    Gm+    Gm6

gay and bright. One of Jo-an-na's smiles lights up the sky for

Gm7    Eb    Cm    F9, b9(5) Bbmaj7

miles; She walks in beau-ty through the night. And when she does

Gm

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19598
I stand there starry-eyed, So proud that I am by her side. To think we ever met, I can't believe it yet! She really has my heart, and here's the wildest part, JO-

AN-NA says that she loves me., Jo-an-na's me..
TO MY LOVE

Words by
JAY LIVINGSTON
and RAY EVANS

Music by
HENRY MANCINI

Moderately slow

Fm7

Bb7

Eb\text{maj}7

Gm7

TO MY LOVE I give the lilac tree,
And the

Fm7

Bb7

Eb\text{maj}7

Eb6

Fm7

rainbow on the way.

TO MY LOVE I

Bb7

Eb\text{maj}7

Gm

Cm7

F7

give the melody

Of the lark on a soft summer
day. In your hand I'll place the morning star, And a dream that's shiny new. If I owned the world I'd give it all to my love, to my life, to you. TO MY LOVE, TO MY you.
SONG ABOUT LOVE

Lyric by
AL STILLMAN

Music by
HENRY MANCINI

Moderately

G7

Oh! let me sing you a SONG A-BOU{T LOVE that I know.

G7

A song that somebody sang to his love long ago:

F

Love is bight-er than the starry sky that shines above, Love is fair-er than the
things that I am dreaming of. Love is something you can never buy, except with love.

except with love. Love is deeper than the mighty sea, and poets say it's the nicest kind of poetry, and so I pray, darling, you will give your love to me today.
Those were the words of a SONG ABOUT LOVE that I knew,

And now I'm singing that SONG ABOUT LOVE just for you:

Love is brighter than the starry sky that shines above,

Love is fairer than the things that I am dreaming of, Love is something you can
ne- ver buy, ex- cept with love, Ex- cept with love.

Love is deep- er than the mighty sea, and poets say It's the nic- est kind of

po- et- ry, and so I pray, Dar- ling, you will give your love to me to-

1. day!

2. day!
Henry Mancini

Henry Mancini was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on April 16, 1924. His father, Quinto, and his mother, Anna, soon moved to the steel town of Aliquippa, Pennsylvania. It was here at the age of eight that young Henry was first introduced to music. His father, a former flutist, started him off on the flute.

At the age of twelve he took up the piano and within a few years became interested in arranging. A need for instruction and guidance led to Max Adkins, who was then conductor and arranger for the house orchestra at the Stanley Theater in Pittsburgh.

Soon after graduation from Aliquippa High School in the fall of 1942 he enrolled at the Juilliard School of Music. His studies were interrupted by a service draft call in 1943. Upon release from the service in 1945, Mr. Mancini joined the Glenn Miller/Tex Beneke orchestra as pianist-arranger. It was here that he met his wife, the former Ginny O'Connor, who was singing with the band.

They were married in Hollywood in 1947 and now live in the Holmby Hills section of Los Angeles, with their three children, a boy, Chris, and twin girls, Monica and Felice.

Private studies continued with Ernst Krenek, Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco and Dr. Alfred Sendry.

In 1952, Mr. Mancini joined the music department of Universal-International Studios. During the next six years he contributed to over one hundred films, most notable of which were THE GLENN MILLER STORY (for which he received an Academy Award nomination), THE BENNY GOODMAN STORY, and Orson Welles' TOUCH OF EVIL.

Soon after leaving UI, he was engaged by producer/director Blake Edwards to score the TV series PETER GUNN. His use of the jazz idiom created an instant success and resulted in a nomination from the TV Academy of Arts and Sciences for the Emmy Award.

The album MUSIC FROM PETER GUNN was released by RCA Victor and to date has sold over one million copies. The album was voted two Grammies by the members of N.A.R.A.S. (National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences) as “Album of the Year” (1958) and “Best Arrangement of the Year”.

The success of “PETER GUNN” was soon repeated by another Edwards-Mancini collaboration, “MR. LUCKY”. The use of lush strings and organ provided a complete contrast from the driving GUNN music. The album MUSIC FROM MR. LUCKY joined PETER GUNN as a best-seller. N.A.R.A.S. again honored Mr. Mancini with two Grammies for “Best Arrangement” and “Best Performance by an Orchestra”. (His album THE BLUES AND THE BEAT was also awarded a Grammy that year — 1960). Mr. Mancini is now the proud owner of eleven Grammies.

To date, this is a record accomplishment.

His return to motion picture scoring has so far produced the scores to HIGH TIME, THE GREAT IMPOSTER, BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S, BACHELOR IN PARADISE, HATARI, EXPERIMENT IN TERROR, DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES, CHARADE, SOLDIER IN THE RAIN and THE PINK PANTHER.

In 1962 the Motion Picture Academy recognized Mancini's ability by awarding him two Oscars, one for best original score, BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S and the other for best song, MOON RIVER (lyrics by Johnny Mercer). In 1963 Mancini and Mercer won another Oscar for their DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES.

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