THE REAL BOOK OF BLUES

Instant no-frills arrangements of 225 great blues numbers

★ melody line ★ chords ★ lyrics ★

That’s all there is to it! Just open the book and start playing!
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A Mess Of Blues

Words & Music by Doc Pomus & Mort Shuman

Medium tempo

(C7) I just got your letter, baby; a-too bad you can’t come home.
F7 slept a wink since Sun-day; I can’t eat a thing all day.

C7 I swear I’m go-in’ cra-zy, sit-tin’ here all a-lone.
G7 F7 C Ev’ry day is just blue Mon-day since you’ve been a-way.

G7 F7 C Since you’re gone I got a mess of blues. I ain’t.

1.

C7 F7 B7 C Whoops, there goes a tear-drop, rollin’ down my face.

G7 N.C. If you cry when you’re in love, it sure ain’t no dis-grace.

C7 I gotta get my-self to-geth-er, be- fore I lose my mind. I’m gon-na

F7 catch the next train go-in’, and leave my blues be-hind. Since you’re

G7 F7 C7 F7 C gone I got a mess of blues.
All Or Nothing At All

Medium slow

Am Am7 Am6 Am Am6

All, or nothing at all, Half a

Am7 Am6 Bb9 Bb6 Bb9 B7 Gm Em7(b5) A7(b9)

love never appealed to me, If your heart never could

Dm G7 G7aug Cmaj7

yield to me, Then I'd rather have nothing at all!

Bm7(b5) E7(b9) Am Am7 Am6

All or nothing at all!

Am Am6 Am7 Am6 Bb9 Bb6 Bb9 B7 Gm

If it's love, there is no in-between, Why begin, then

Em7(b5) A7(b9) Dm G7

cry for something that might have been, No, I'd rather have

G7aug Cmaj7 Bbm E7 Ab Ab7aug

nothing at all, But, please, don't bring your
lips so close to my cheek. Don’t smile, or I’ll be
lost beyond recall. The kiss in your eyes, the

touch of your hand makes me weak; And my heart may grow
dizzy and fall. And if I fell under the spell of your
call, I would be caught in the undertow.

So, you see, I’ve got to say: No!

No! All or nothing at all!
After You've Gone

Medium slow

Words & Music by Henry Creamer & Turner Layton

\( \text{Eb}^\text{maj7} \quad \text{Eb}^\text{m6} \quad \text{Bb}^\text{maj7} \)

(\( \text{Eb}^\text{maj7} \quad \text{Eb}^\text{m6} \quad \text{Bb}^\text{maj7} \))

After you've gone and left me crying, After you've gone

G9

there's no denying, You'll feel blue, you'll feel sad,

C9

You'll miss the bestest gal you've ever had, There'll come a time,

F9

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

Bb

Oh! Babe, think what you're doing, You know my love for you will

Bb7

drive me to ruin; After you've gone, after you've gone a

Em6

way...

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As Long As I Have You

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium tempo

N.C.           F

mf

Long as I have you,  Long as I have you,

Nothing I wouldn't do, baby, Long as I have you.

Well, I don't mind working, I'll be your slave,  Just call me baby, and I'll

B♭7

rise from my grave.  Long as I have you,  Long as I have you,

F

Nothing I wouldn't do, baby, Long as I have you.

Verse 2
I'll do like a lizard,
I'll drag in the sand;
Just call me sweet names,
And I'll be your man.
Long as I have you,
Long as I have you,
Nothing I wouldn't do, baby,
Long as I have you.
As Time Goes By
Words & Music by Herman Hupfeld

You must re- member this, a kiss is still a kiss, a sigh is just a sigh;
when two lovers woo, they still say, "I love you." On that you can re- ly;
The fundamental things ap- ply, as time goes by.
No mat- ter what the fu- ture brings, as time goes by.

Moon- light and love songs nev- er out of date,
Hearts full of pas- sion, jeal- ousy and hate; Woman needs man— and
man must have his mate, That no one can de- ny. It's still the same old sto- ry, a
fight for love and glo- ry, A case of do or die!

The world will always wel- come lo- vers, as time goes by.
Autumn Leaves (Les Feuilles Mortes)

Medium slow

Music by Joseph Kosma ★ Words by Jacques Prevert

N.C. Am7 D7 Gmaj7

The falling leaves drift by my window,

Cmaj7 Fmaj7(b5) B7 Em

The Autumn leaves of red and gold.

Am7 D7 Gmaj7

I see your lips, the Summer kisses,

Cmaj7 Fmaj7(b5) B7 Em

The sun-burned hands I used to hold.

B7 Em

Since you went away, the days grow long:

Am7 D7 G

And soon I’ll hear old Winter’s song.

Am6 B7(b9) Em

But I miss you most of all, my darling.

A/C# Am/C B7 Em

When Autumn leaves start to fall.
Baby Doll
Words & Music by Bessie Smith

Medium tempo

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

F  D\(^7\)  G\(^7\)  C\(^7\)  F

Hon-ey there's a fun-ny feel-ing 'round my heart, and it's

D\(^7\)  G\(^7\)  C\(^7\)  F  C\(^7\)  F

bound to drive your ma-ma wild. It must be some-thing they
call the Cu-ban Doll, it weren't your ma-ma's an- gel child.

C  G\(^7\)  C\(^7\)

F\(^7\)  B\(^b\)  G\(^9\)  C\(^{13}\)

went to see the doc-tor the oth-er day, he said I's well as well could

F  G\(^7\)

be: But I said, "Doc-tor, you don't know_

C\(^7\)  F  F/E\(^b\)

real-ly what's wor-ry-ing me, I want to be some-bo-dy's

D\(^7\)  G\(^9\)  C\(^{13}\)  F

ba-by doll, so I can get my loy-ing all the time._
F/Eb\ D7\ G7\ C7
want to be some-body's ba-by doll, to ease my mind.

F7
He can be ug-ly, he can be black, so long as he can ea-gle rock and
tell the jack. I want to be some-body's ba-by doll, so I can get

G9\ C9\ F\ D7\ G9\ C7
— my lov-in' all the time; I mean to get my lov-in' all the

time. Lord, I went to the gypsy to get my for-tune told; She said "You in

Bb\maj7\ Bdim
hard luck, Bes-sie, dog-gone your bad luck soul!" I

F\ F/Eb\ D7\ G9\ C9
want to be some-body's ba-by doll, so I can get my lov-in' all the

time; I mean to get my lov-in' all the time.
Back Door Man
Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium slow

Well, the men don’t know but the little girls understand.

When everybody’s try’n to sleep,

I’m somewhere makin’ my midnight creep.
Verse 3
They take me to the doctor, shot full of holes;
Nurse cried "Can't save his soul."
Accused him for murder, first degree,
Judge wife cried "Let the man go free."

Verse 4
When everybody's tryin' to sleep,
I'm somewhere makin' my midnight creep;
Every morning the rooster crow,
Something tell me I got to go.

Verse 5
Cop's wife cried, "Don't kick him down,
Rather be dead, six feet in the ground."
When you come home you can eat pork and beans;
I eat more chicken any man seen.

Verse 6
When everybody's try'n to sleep,
I'm somewhere makin' my midnight creep.
Just the mornin' the rooster crow,
Somethin' tell me I got to go.
Baby What You Want Me To Do?

Words & Music by Jimmy Reed

Medium tempo

\[ E^7 \]

Got me run-nin’, you got me hid-in’,
You got me run, hide, hide, run, any way you want to. Let it roll,
yeah, yeah, yeah.
You got me
doin’ what you want me; baby, why you want to let go?

Verse 2
Goin’ up, goin’ down,
Goin’ up, down, down, up, any way you want it.
Let it roll, yeah, yeah, yeah.
You got me doin’ what you want me;
Baby, why you want to let it go?

Verse 3
Got me beeping, got me hiding,
Got me beep, hide, hide, beep, any way you want to.
Let it roll, yeah, yeah, yeah.
You got me doin’ what you want;
Baby, why you want to let it go?

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Verse 2
I woke up this morning, wouldn’t even get out of my door. (Twice)
Enough trouble to make a poor girl wonder where she gonna go.

Verse 3
They rowed a little boat, about five miles ’cross the farm. (Twice)
I packed up all my clothing, threwed it in and they rowed me along.

Verse 4
It thundered and it lightened and the winds began to blow. (Twice)
There was a thousand women didn’t have no place to go.

Verse 5
I went out to the lonesome, high old lonesome hill. (Twice)
I looked down on the old house where I used to live.

Verse 6
Backwater blues have caused me to pack up my things and go. (Twice)
’Cos my house fell down and I can’t live there no more.

Verse 7
Mmm, I can’t live there no more. (Twice)
And there ain’t no place for a poor old girl to go.
Big Spender
Words by Dorothy Fields ★ Music by Cy Coleman

‘Striper’ Tempo

\( \text{(mf)} \)

\( \text{Dm} \)

\( \text{N.C.} \)

The minute you walked in the joint, I could see you were a

\( \text{Bb} \)

\( \text{E7} \)

\( \text{A7} \)

\( \text{Dm} \)

man of distinction, A real big spender, good looking, so refined. Say,

\( \text{Bb9} \)

\( \text{A7\text{aug}} \)

wouldn’t you like to know what’s going on in my mind? So let me get

\( \text{Dm} \)

\( \text{Bb} \)

\( \text{E7} \)

right to the point: I don’t pop my cork for ev’ry guy I see.

To \( \Theta \) Coda

\( \text{Dm} \)

\( \text{Bb9} \)

\( \text{A7} \)

\( \text{Dm} \)

Hey! Big spender, spend a little time with me.

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Wouldn’t you like to have fun, fun, fun? How’s about a few laughs, laughs? I can show you a good time,

— Let me show you a good time. The minute you

CODA

Hey, big spender! Hey, big spender!

Spend a little time with me. Spend a little time with me,
Black Coffee

Medium slow

Words & Music by Paul Francis Webster & Sonny Burke

1. I'm feel-in' mighty lonesome, haven't slept a wink;
   I talk-in' to the shadows, one o' clock to four;
   And walk the floor and watch the door;
   And in between I drink black coffee,
   Lord how slow the moments go, when all I do is pour black coffee.

2. Since my gal went away,
   Love's a sorry affair,
   My nerves have gone to pieces,
   I know where all the blues are,
   And my hair's turnin' grey.

3. 1. I'm cos baby I've been there.
   Now a man is born to love a woman.

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work and slave to pay her debts; And, just because he's only human,
To drown his past regrets in coffee and cigarettes! I'm

moon-in' all the morn-in' and mourn-in' all the night; And

in between it's nicotine and not much heart to fight black coffee.

Feel-in' low as can be. It's driv-in' me crazy, this

wait-in' for my baby to maybe come around.
Behind Closed Doors

Traditional

Medium tempo

N.C.  G7  C7

\[mf\]

Now, I don't want my baby stand-in' behind a closed door.

G  G7  C7

No, I don't want my baby

G

stand-in' behind a closed door.

Now

D7  C7  G

when the door is closed, no one but the Lord above to know.

Verse 2

When I first met you, baby, you was behind a closed door. (Twice)

You know I was beggin' and beggin' you, make me a pallet on your floor.

Verse 3

Darling, you know I love you, I love you for myself.

Don't want you to fool around and find somebody else.

I don't want you, baby, standing behind a closed door.
Blue Haze

By Miles Davis

Medium swing

\[ \text{Cm7} \] \hspace{1cm} \text{Eb maj7} \hspace{1cm} \text{Dm6} \hspace{1cm} \text{Ddim} \hspace{1cm} \text{Ebm}\]

\[ \text{Eb6/9} \] \hspace{1cm} \text{Cm7} \hspace{1cm} \text{Bb}\]

\[ \text{Eb6/9} \] \hspace{1cm} \text{Dm7} \hspace{1cm} \text{Ddim} \hspace{1cm} \text{Eb m}\]
Blue Train Blues (Ticket Agent Take Your Window Down)

Words & Music by Spencer Williams

Medium slow

Tick-et a-gent, tick-et a-gent, ease your win-dow down; 'Cos my ba- By, hon-ey ba-By's 'bout to leave this town. He's tak-in' a run-out pow-der.

I mean he's beat-in' it; He's try'n to make his get a-way. The old rap-

- scal- lion is go-in' to Gal- lion. That is why I say:

Blue train's at the sta-tion, fire-man's shove-lin' coal; En-gin-

eer he's at the throt-tle, 'bout to make that blue train roll. Tick-et a-gent,

ease your win-dow down. If you don't I'll

g get the blue train blues. Blue train whis-tle's blow-in',

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I can hear its shrill; You'd better stop my baby, or my Smith and Wesson will.

Ticket agent, ease your window down.

Please don't make me get those blue train blues.

I lay my head upon the railroad track;

I lay my head upon the railroad track.

When the blue train comes a-long,

I won't snatch it back.

I want my man, don't want no blue train blues.
Blues Ain’t Nothing

Words & Music by Georgia White

Medium tempo

Well, the blues ain’t nothin’, no, the blues ain’t nothin’ but a
good man feelin’ bad. No, the blues ain’t nothin’ but a
good man feelin’ bad.

It must have been those weary blues I had.

Verse 2
Honey, when I die, honey, when I die, don’t you go wear no black.
Honey, when I die, don’t you go wear no black;
For if you do, my bones’ll come a-creeping back.

Verse 3
I’m a-going downtown, I’m a-going downtown, gonna buy myself some glue.
I’m a-going downtown, gonna buy myself some glue;
‘Cos the woman I’ve been loving, she broke my heart in two.
Blues And Booze

Medium tempo

(D=\text{\textbf{\textit{j}}\text{\textbf{\textit{j}}}})

\begin{align*}
&\text{D} & \text{G7} & \text{D} & \text{D7} \\
&\text{G} & \text{D} & \text{G7} & \text{D} \\
&\text{A7} & \text{G} & \text{D} & \text{G7} \\
\end{align*}

Went to bed last night, and boy I was in my sleep, sleep I went...

to bed last night, and I was in my sleep...

up this morn-in', the po-lie was shak-in' me...

---

Verse 2
I went to the jailhouse, drunk and blue as I could be. \textit{(Twice)}
But that cruel old judge sent my man away from me.

Verse 3
They carried me to the courthouse; Lordy, how I was cryin'. \textit{(Twice)}
They jailed me sixty days in jail, and money couldn't pay the fine.

Verse 4
Sixty days ain't long if you can spend them as you choose. \textit{(Twice)}
But this seems like jail, in a cell where there ain't no booze.

Verse 5
My life is all a misery when I cannot get my booze. \textit{(Twice)}
I spend every dime on liquor, got to have the booze to go with these blues.
Blues Around My Bed

Words & Music by Spencer Williams

Medium slow

I woke up this morn-in', foun' my lov-in' man had fled. Didn't say good-bye, that is why I sit and sigh.

Left without a warnin', now my happiness is dead; And I shake with fright with the comin' of the night.

On my lonely pillow, heavily lies my head; 'Cos my man's gone and left me with the blues a-roun' my bed. Cry-in' Lawdy, Lawdy, I wish that I was dead.
Deep shadows taunt me, got the blues a-roun' my bed.

I'm a weep-in' willow, many tears I've shed Since

my man went and left me with the blues a-roun' my bed. Sigh-in' mercy, mercy,

because I'm so afraid.

When memories haunt me,

with those blues a-roun' my bed. (Instrumental)

32
Boats way up the river, and it's comin' down;

I quake and quiver 'cos it's Alabama bound, Takin' my man away to stay, that's what the Captain said.

Never sleepin' ever creepin' blues a-roun' my bed; Blues a-roun' my bed.
Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gives To Me

Words & Music by Arthur N. Swanstrom, Charles R. McGarron & Carey Morgan

Medium swing

What is that song about kisses? What is that song about

smiles? If I could have my way, I'd sing a song today

That would beat them all by miles. I wouldn't sing about

smiling. That's not the title I'd choose. I would sing about

what I've got. And what I've got's the weary blues. There are

blues that you get from worry. There are blues

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That you get from pain;
And there are blues when you're lone-

ly for your one and only,
The blues you can never ex-

plain.
There are blues that you get from longing;

But the bluest blues that be
Are the sort of blues that's on my mind,
They're the very meanest kind:

The blues my naughty sweetie gives to me.
Blues Stay Away From Me

Words & Music by Wayne Raney, Henry Glover, Alton Delmore & Rabon Delmore

Slow

\( \text{\( \frac{3}{4} \)} \)

\(F\)

\(C^7\)

\(F\)

\(Cm^7\)

\(F^7\)

1. Blues, stay a-way from me.

2. Life is full of mi-ser-y.

\(B^b\)

\(C^7\)

\(F\)

\(Dm\)

\(F/C\)

Blues, why don’t you let me be?

Don’t know

Dreams are like a me-mo-ry,

Bring-ing

\(C^7\)

\(F\)

\(Gm^7\)

\(C^7\)

why you keep on haunt-ing me.

back your love that used to be.

\(F\)

\(C^7\)

\(F\)

\(Cm^7\)

\(F^7\)

Love was nev-er meant for me.

Tears, so ma-ny I can’t see.

\(B^b\)

\(C^7\)

\(F\)

\(Dm\)

\(F/C\)

True love was nev-er meant for me.

Seems some-how

Years don’t mean a thing to me.

Time goes by-

\(C^7\)

\(F\)

\(Gm^7\)

\(Gm^7/C\)

\(F\)

we nev-er can a-gree.

and still I can’t be free.
Bluesette

Words by Norman Gimbel ★ Music by Jean Thielemans

Medium jazz waltz

\( G \quad F^\#_m7(b5) \quad B7(b9) \quad Em7 \quad A7(b9) \)

Poor little, sad little, blue Bluesette, don't you cry,
Long as there's love in your heart to share, dear Bluesette,

\( Dm7 \quad G7(b9) \quad Cmaj7 \quad C6 \quad Cm7 \quad F7(b9) \)

don't you fret. You can bet one lucky day you'll wakeen
don't despair. Some blue boy is longing, just like you, to

\( Bb^\text{maj}7 \quad Bb^m7 \quad Eb7(b9) \quad Ab^\text{maj}7 \)

and your blues will be forsaken. One lucky
find a someone to be true to; Two loving

\( Ab6 \quad Am7(b5) \quad D7(b9) \quad Bm7 \quad Bb7 \quad Am7 \quad D7 \)

day, lovey love will come your way.
arms he can nestle in and stay.

\( G \quad F^\#_m7(b5) \quad B7 \quad Em7 \quad A9 \)

Get set, Bluesette, true love is coming. Your troubled heart
soon will be humming. (Hum)

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

doo-ya, doo-ya, doo-ya, Doo-oo-oo Bluesette.

Pretty little Bluesette, 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

Bm7 Bb7 Am7 D7 G
good times are com-ing, Blues-ette. Long as there's love in your

F#m7(b5) B7(b9) Em7 A7(b9) Dm7 G7(b9)
heart to share, dear blues-ette, don't des-pair.

Cmaj7 C6 Cm7 F7(b9) Bb7(b9)
Some blue boy is long-ing, just like you, to find a some-one

Bbm7 Eb7(b9) Abmaj7 Ab6 Am7(b5) D7(b9)
to be true to. One luck-y day love-ly love will come your

Bm7 E7 Am7
way. That mag - ic day

D7 D11 G Bb6 Am7 Abmaj7 G
may just be to - day.
**Body And Soul**

*Music by John Green * Lyrics by Frank Eyton, Edward Heyman & Robert Sour

\[ \text{Slow} \ (\ldots = \ldots) \]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Am7} & \quad \text{Am9} & \quad \text{Am7} & \quad D9(b5) & \quad \text{Gmaj9} & \quad C9 & \quad \text{Bm7} & \quad Bb\text{dim} \\
& \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
1. \quad \text{Am7} & \quad \text{Am/G} & \quad F#m7(b5) & \quad B7(b5/b9) & \quad \text{Em7} & \quad \text{Am7} & \quad D7 & \quad \text{Gmaj7} & \quad \text{Cmaj7} & \quad F9 (#11) & \quad E7(b9) \\
& \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
2. \quad \text{Em7} & \quad \text{Am7} & \quad D7 & \quad G & \quad \text{Am7} & \quad Bb\text{m6} & \quad E7 & \quad A\text{b} & \quad Bb\text{m} & \quad \text{Cm (add A\text{b}) Bb\text{m9}} \\
& \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Bb\text{m9}} & \quad E7(b9) & \quad A\text{bmaj9} & \quad A\text{b6} & \quad Bb\text{m7} & \quad E7 & \quad A\text{bm7} & \quad D7\text{aug} & \quad Gb\text{maj7} & \quad A\text{clim} \\
& \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Abm7} & \quad G7(b5) & \quad Gbmaj7 & \quad C\text{clim} & \quad Bm7(b5) & \quad E7(b5) & \quad \text{Am7} & \quad \text{Am9} \\
& \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Am7} & \quad D9(b5) & \quad \text{Gmaj9} & \quad C9 & \quad \text{Bm7} & \quad Bb\text{dim} \\
& \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Am7} & \quad \text{Am/G} & \quad F#m7(b5) & \quad B7(b5/b9) & \quad \text{Em7} & \quad \text{Am7} & \quad D7 & \quad \text{G6/9} \\
& \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp} & \quad \text{mp}
\end{align*}
\]

Born To Lose

Words & Music by Ted Daffan

Medium tempo

Born to lose, I've lived my life in vain;

Ev'ry dream has only brought me pain.

It's so hard to face that empty dawn.

All my life, I've always been so blue;

You were all the happiness I knew;

Born to lose, and now I'm losing you.

Born to lose, it seems so hard to bear;

There's no use to dream of happiness;

All I long to always have you near.

You've grown tired and see is only loneliness.

Now you say we're through;

Born to lose, and always been so blue;

1.

2.

now I'm losing you.

Born to you.

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Bring It With You When You Come

Words & Music by Gus Cannon

Medium fast

Now I was layin' around a little town,

smokin' a snipe cigar. I was waiting for a

handout, just to catch an empty car. Just as the

freight train came rollin' by, my wait was all in vain.

Back off, back off, you dirty bum, and
Catch the next freight train. Now, if you wanna be a little girl of mine. Bring it with you when you come.

Played around the little town, your head chock full of rum.

I can't send you downtown for too little sap, now.

She's sitting on another man's lap. Now, you want to be a girl of mine. Bring it with you when you come.
Bright Lights, Big City
Words & Music by Jimmy Reed

Medium fast

\[ \text{A7} \]

Bright lights, big city, gone to my baby's head...

\[ \text{D7} \]

Bright lights, big city, gone to my baby's head...

\[ \text{A7} \]

I tried to tell the woman, but she don't believe a word I said.

Verse 2
All right, pretty baby, gonna need my help some day. (Twice)
You gonna wish you had listened to some of the things I say.

Verse 3
Bright lights, big city, gone to my baby's head. (Twice)
I got to tell your mama that you don't believe a thing I said.
Broken Hearted Blues

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Slow

D7  mf  G7

Chills on my pillow, ice-water in my baby's bed...

D  D7  G7

Yeah, chills on my pillow,

D

ice-water in my baby's bed...

D7  A7

All the good things I have done for you woman,

G7  D7  G7  D

and you left me for another man...

Verse 2
If you happen to see my baby, I want you to tell her I been cryin' on my knees. (Twice)
Tell me pray to my master, please hope her back to me.

Verse 3
If I had ten million dollars, woman, you know I would give you every dime. (Twice)
Just to hear you call me daddy one more time.

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Buddy Bolden’s Blues
By Ferdinand ‘Jelly Roll’ Morton

Medium slow

Thought I heard buddy Bolden say, “You’re nasty, you’re dirty,
take it away. You’re terrible, you’re awful; take it away,”
I thought I heard him say, I thought I heard Buddy Bolden shout,
“Open up that window and let that bad air out. Open up that window and let that
bad air out,” I thought I heard Buddy Bolden shout.
thought I heard Judge Fogarty say— "Thirty days in the market;

take him away. Give him a good broom to sweep with,

Take him away," I thought I heard him say— I

thought I heard— Frankie Dusen shout "Gal, gimme that money, I'm gonna

beat it out. I mean gimme that money; I'm gonna

beat it out." 'Cos I thought I heard Frankie Dusen shout.
Brother, Can You Spare A Dime

Music by Jay Gorney ★ Words by E. Y. Harburg

Medium slow

\[ Cm \quad G^7/D \quad C^7/E \quad F \quad B^b/D \quad E^b \quad G^7 \]

1. Once I built a rail-road, made it run; Made it race against time.
2. Once I built a tow-er to the sun; Brick and riv-er and lime.

\[ Dm^7(b5) \quad G^7 \quad Cm \quad Ab^7 \quad Fm^6 \quad G^7 \quad Cm \quad G^7 \]

Once I built a rail-road, now it's done. Brother can you spare a dime?
Once I built a tow-er, now it's done. Brother can you spare a dime?

\[ C^7 \quad C^7(b9) \quad C^7sus^4 \quad C^7 \]

Once, in kha-ki suits, gee we looked swell;

\[ C^7(b9) \quad Gm^7(b5)/C \quad \| \quad C^7 \quad F^7 \]

Full of that Yan-kee Doo-dle-de-dum. Half a mil-ion boots went

\[ Cm^7 \quad F^9 \quad Cm^7 \quad Am^7(b5)/Eb \quad D^7(b5) \quad G^7 \]

slog-gin' thro' hell, And I was the kid with the drum.

\[ Cm \quad G^7/D \quad C^7/E \]

Say, don't you re-mem-ber, they called me Al;

\[ F^7 \quad B^b/D \quad E^b \quad G^7 \quad Dm^7(b5)/Ab \quad G^7 \]

It was Al all the time. Say, don't you re-mem-ber,

\[ Cm \quad Ab^7 \quad Fm^6 \quad G^7 \quad Cm \]

I'm your pal! Buddy can you spare a dime?
Built For Comfort
Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium tempo

N.C.  mf  A7

Some folks built like this, some folks built like that, But the
way I'm built, well don't you call me fat. Because I'm

D7  A7

built for comfort, I ain't built for speed;

E7

But I got everything,

D7  A7

All that a good girl needs.

Verse 2
I ain't got no diamonds, I ain't got no boat,
But I do have love that's gonna fire your soul.
'Cos I'm built for comfort, I ain't built for speed;
But I got everything all you good women need.

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Can’t Help Lovin’ Dat Man

Medium slow

Fish got to swim and birds got to fly I got to love one

man till I die Can’t help lov-in’ dat man of mine

Tell me he’s lazy tell me he’s slow tell me I’m crazy

maybe I know Can’t help lov-in’ dat man of mine

When he goes away 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 can be home without him ain’t no home to me

Can’t help lov-in’ dat man of mine

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Can't Stop Lovin'

Medium tempo

Words & Music by Elmore James

N.C.   D7
\[mf\]
\[\begin{align*}
&\text{I can't stop lov-in',} \\
&\text{my ba-by to-night.}
\end{align*}\]

G7   D7
\[\begin{align*}
&\text{I can't stop lov-in',} \\
&\text{my ba-by to-night.}
\end{align*}\]

A7   G7   D7
\[\begin{align*}
&\text{No mat-ter what I do,} \\
&\text{she won't treat me right.}
\end{align*}\]

Verse 2
I loved my baby, this mornin' soon. (Twice)
I didn't come back home till this afternoon.

Verse 3
When I leave my baby, she's all alone. (Twice)
I can't have no lovin', cos my baby's gone.

Verse 4
Oh, baby, come and walk with me. (Twice)
I'll make you happy, baby, as any girl can be.
Careless Love
Traditional

Medium slow

\[ F \quad C^7 \quad F \quad B^b \quad F \quad C^7 \]

1. Love, oh love, oh care-less love; Don't
   heed, for what I say is true;

\[ F \quad D^7 \quad G^7 \quad C^7 \]

You spend your lives in misery. You've
you go to my head like wine.

\[ F \quad F^7 \quad F^7_{aug} \quad B^b \quad B_{dim} \]

ruin'd the life of many a poor girl, And
let love do to ev'ry one of you What

\[ F/C \quad C^7 \quad F \quad B^b \quad F \quad Gm^7 \quad C^7 \quad F \]

now you've ruin'd this life of mine. 2. Pay care-less love has done to me.

Chelsea Bridge
By Billy Strayhorn

Slowly
N.C.

Dm(maj7)  F9(#11)  Dm(maj7)  F9(#11)

D7(b9)  D7  G9  C13  F6

1.

E9  Eb9  Bb7sus4  Eb7  Ab6  Fm9

Bb7sus4  Eb7(b9)aug  Ab9  Dbmaj7  E7/D  Cb/Eb

Bm  F9(#11)  E9  Eb9  Dm(maj7)  F9(#11)

Dm(maj7)  F9(#11)  D7(b9)  D7  G9  C13  F6
Come Back Baby
Words & Music by Norman Petty & Fred Neil

Medium slow

Please come back, baby, please don't go, For the way I

love you, you'll never know. So come back, baby, let's talk it

o-ver, just one more time.

Verse 2
For the way I love you, you know I do; For the way you love me, baby,
You never know. Come back, baby, let's talk it over One more time.

Verse 3
You know I love you, tell the world I do; For the way I love you, baby,
You'll never know. So come back, baby, let's talk it over One more time.
Come Sunday
By Duke Ellington

1. Oo
2. Lord, dear Lord above, God Almighty, God of love;

Sunday, oh come Sunday, that's the day.
Please look down and see my people through.

I believe that God put sun and moon up in the sky,
Heaven is a goodness time, a brighter light on high.

I don't mind the grey skies, 'cos they're just clouds passing by.
Do unto others as you would have them do to you. And

(Spoken)
(Sing)

2. Freely

have a brighter by and by. Lord, dear Lord above, God Al -
-might-y, God of love;— Please look down and see my peo-ple through—

I be-lieve God is now, was then

and al-ways will be. With God's bless-ing we can make it

through e-ter-ni-ty. Lord, dear Lord a-bove,— God Al-might-y, God of love;—

— Please look down and see my peo-ple through.
Corrine Corrina

Words & Music by J. M. Williams & Bo Chatman

‘Gospel’ swing

C G7 Cdim C Adim A♭7 G7 C

Corrine Corrina, where you been so long?

C7 F C G7

Corrine Corrina, where you been so long?

C Am6 A♭7 G7 Dm7 G7 Adim A♭7 G7 C F7

Ain’t been no lovin’ since you been gone.

C G7 Cdim C Adim A♭7 G7 C

I love Corrina, tell the world I do.

C7 F C G7

I love Corrina, tell the world I do.

C Am6 A♭7 G7 Dm7 G7 Adim A♭7 G7 C F7 C

I pray ev’ry night she seems to love me too.
Cottonfields
Words & Music by Huddie Ledbetter

When I was a little bit ty ba-by, my mo-ther rocked me in the
cradle, In them old cot-ton-fields back home...

When I was a lit-tle bit ty ba-by, my mo-ther
rocked me in the cradle, In them old cot-ton-fields back

Oh, when them cot-ton balls got rot-ten, you could-n’t
pick ve-ry much cot-ton, In them old cot-ton-fields back

It was down in Lou-si-an-a, just a-bout a
mile from Tex-ar-ka-na, In them old cot-ton-fields back home...
Crazy Man Blues

Words & Music by Sonny Terry

Yes, a man is got to be crazy, follow the women every where. Yes, a man is got to be crazy, follow the women every where.

Well, I ain’t singin’ this song ’cos I ain’t got no one;...

Yes, you know I can get some-body, pal.

Verse 2

Yes, a man’s got to be crazy to think he got a woman all by himself. (Twice)
I say as I’m back in town; yes, you know she’s cutting out with somebody else.

Verse 3

Yes, a man is crazy to give one woman all his pay. (Twice)
I said, before I’d be like them, I’d walk out of the front door to stay.
Crossroads Blues
Words & Music by Robert Johnson

Verse 1
I went to the cross-roads, fell down on my knees.
I went to the cross-roads, fell down on my knees.
I asked the Lord above, have mercy,
save poor Bob if you please.

Verse 2
Standin' at the crossroad, tried to flag a ride. (Twice)
Didn't nobody seem to know me, everybody pass me by.

Verse 3
Standin' at the crossroad, risin' sun goin' down. (Twice)
I believe to my souls, po' Bob is sinkin' down.

Verse 4
You can run, you can run, tell my friend Willie Brown, (Twice)
That I got crossroad blues this mornin'; Lord, I'm sinkin' down.

Verse 5
And I went to the crossroad, mama, I looked east and west. (Twice)
Lord, I didn’t have no sweet woman, oh well, babe, in my distress.
Cry Your Blues Away

Words & Music by Arthur Crudup

Medium slow

\( \text{(mf) } \)

\( G^7 \)

\( \text{Darling, unveil your face, go on and cry your blues away.} \)

\( C^7 \)

\( G \)

\( G^7 \)

\( C^7 \)

\( \text{Darling, unveil your face, go on and cry your blues away.} \)

\( G \)

\( D^7 \)

\( \text{You know I'm so glad.} \)

\( C^7 \)

\( G \)

\( \text{Trouble don't last always.} \)

Verse 2
Remember you told me I would never hear you say. (Twice)
That is the reason, darling, why I can't say goodbye.

Verse 3
I'm gonna find someone to love me, someone I can call my own. (Twice)
You know, I'm so tired of staying in this world alone.

Verse 4
Darling, you don't want me, you really treat me like a slave. (Twice)
You know, some of these mornings I'll be dead and in my grave.
Dark And Dreary
Words & Music by Elmore James

Medium slow

I have lost my ba-by, almost lost my mind.

I've lost my ba-by, almost lost my mind.

Way she treat me, gonna drive a man stone blind

Verse 2
Well, the road seemed dark and dreary, while I travelled down that way. (Twice)
Well, my baby left me, she just come back home today.

Verse 3
Oh, I love my baby, tell the world I do. (Twice)
Well, I need a little lovin', darlin'; gonna make my dream come true.

Verse 4
Oh, I love you darlin', like a schoolboy loves his pie. (Twice)
Now ain't that the way to treat me, darlin'; my hurt's so long that I will die

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De Kalb Blues

Words & Music by Huddie Ledbetter
Arranged & Adapted by Alan Lomax & John A. Lomax

De Kalb blues, babe, make me feel so bad.

De Kalb blues, babe, make me feel so bad.

just to think about the times I once have had.

Verse 2
Wasn’t for the powder and the straightnin’ comb, (Twice)
Lord, these De Kalb women would not have no home.

Verse 3
Buy me a pistol, get me a Gatlin’ gun. (Twice)
Ever catch you, baby, we gonna have some fun.

Verse 4
Some folks told me De kalb blues ain’t bad. (Twice)
It’s the worry’st blues that I ever had.

Verse 5
If the blues was whiskey, I’d stay drunk all the time; (Twice)
Stay drunk, baby, to get you off of my mind.

Verse 6
Look here, baby, what more can I do? (Twice)
Well, I had five dollars and I gave you two.
Deep River
Traditional

Slowly

Deep river, my home is over

Jordan. Deep river, I

want to cross over into camp ground. Lord, I am a-

Lord, I am a-comin'. I want to cross over into

very slow

camp ground. I want to cross over into camp ground.
Don’t Fish in My Sea

Words & Music by Bessie Smith & Ma Rainey

Medium tempo

My daddy come home this mornin’, drunk as he could be.

Verse 2
He used to stay out late, now he don’t come home at all. (Twice)
I know there’s another mule been kicking in my stall.

Verse 3
If you don’t like my ocean, don’t fish in my sea. (Twice)
Stay out of my valley, let my mountain be.

Verse 4
I ain’t had no loving since God knows when. (Twice)
That’s the reason I’m through with these no-good, trifling men.

Verse 5
You’ll never miss the sunshine till the rain begin to fall. (Twice)
You’ll never miss you ham till another mule be in your stall.
Don't Go To Strangers

Words by Redd Evans ★ Music by Arthur Kent & Dave Mann

**Medium slow**

\[
\begin{align*}
& B^b _{m^p} \quad B^b _{\text{maj}^7} \quad E^b _9 (b5) \quad E^b _7 \quad B^b _6 \quad B^b _{\text{maj}^7} \quad 3 \\
& \text{Build your dreams to the stars above;} \quad \text{But when you need someone} \\
& \text{Play with fire till your fingers burn;} \quad \text{And when there's no place for}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
& D^m _7 (b5) \quad G^7 \quad C^m _7 \quad 3 \quad C^m _7 (b5) \quad F^7 \quad C^m _7 \quad F^7 \quad B^b \quad G^m _7 \\
& \text{true to love,} \quad \text{Don't go to strangers,} \quad \text{darling, come to me.} \\
& \text{you to turn,} \quad \text{Don't go to strangers,} \quad \text{for, when}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
& C^9 \quad F^m _{13 (b9)} \quad F^7 \quad C^m _7 \quad F^7 \quad B^b \quad E^b \quad B^b _{\text{dim} B^b} \\
& \text{— darling, come to me.} \\
& \text{you hear a call to follow your heart, You'll follow your heart I know} \\
& \text{I've been through it all; for I'm an old hand, And I'll understand if you go. So,}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
& B^b \quad B^b _{\text{maj}^7} \quad E^b _9 (b5) \quad E^b _7 \quad B^b _6 \quad B^b _{\text{maj}^7} \quad 3 \\
& \text{make your mark for your friends to see;} \quad \text{But when you need more than}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
& D^m _7 (b5) \quad G^7 \quad C^m _7 \quad 3 \quad C^m _7 (b5) \quad F^7 \quad C^m _7 \quad F^7 \quad B^b \quad E^b _7 \quad B^b \\
& \text{company,} \quad \text{Don't go to strangers, darling, come to me.}
\end{align*}
\]
Down By The Riverside

‘Gospel’ swing

F

1. I met my little bright-eyed doll Down by the river-side,
   asked her for a little kiss. Down by the river-side,
   Down by the river-side,
   Down by the river-side.

C7

2. She said, “Have patience, little man; I’m sure you’ll understand,
   I hardly know your name.” I said “If
I can have my way, may-be some sweet day

Your name and mine will be the same, I'd

Wed my little bright eyed doll Down by the riverside,

Down by the riverside Down by the riverside I'd

Wed my little bright eyed doll Down by the riverside,

Down by the riverside
Don’t Sell It (Don’t Give It Away)

Medium tempo

Words & Music by Oscar Woods

G
It was ear-ly one morn-in’ ’bout the break of day.

C7
Don’t you hear me cry-in’, won’t you list-en what I say? Ear-ly one morn-in’

G D7
ba-by, ’bout the break of day. Told me not to sell it;

G Chorus G
Pa-pa, don’t you give it a-way. I said yes, ba-by, yes;

G7
no, ba-by, no. Yes, ba-by, yes; no, ba-by, no. Said

C7 G
yes, ba-by, yes; hear me say no, ba-by, no.

D7
Thought I found Jel-ly, ’shaw don’t sell no more.

Verse 2:
You know you didn’t want me, why did you call; don’t you hear me cryin’ little all and all.
You know you didn’t want me, baby why did you call?
I can get more women than a passenger train can haul.

Chorus
Duet
By Neal Hefti

Medium tempo
\( \text{\(\frac{3}{4}\)} \)

\( Eb \)

\( Eb7 \quad Ab \quad Cb \)

\( Eb \quad Gm/D \quad Bb\text{-m6}/Db \quad C7 \quad F11 \)

\( Bb9 \)

1.

\( Eb \quad Eb7/G \quad Ab \quad F9/A \quad Bb \quad Gb\text{-dim} \quad Fm7 \quad E9 \)

2.

\( Eb \quad Eb/Db \quad Ab/C \quad Bb11 \quad Eb \quad F11 \quad Bb9 \quad Eb \)
Dust My Broom

Words & Music by Robert Johnson

Medium tempo

I'm gon' get up in the morn-in', I believe I'll dust my broom.

Girlfriend, the black man you been lovin',
girlfriend, can get my room.

Verse 2
I'm gon' write a letter, telephone every town I know. (Twice)
If I can't find her in West Helena, she must be in East Monroe, I know.

Verse 3
I don't want no woman wants every downtown man she meet. (Twice)
She's a no good doney, they shouldn't low her on the street.

Verse 4
I believe, I believe I'll go back home. (Twice)
You can mistreat me here, babe, but you can't when I get home.

Verse 5
And I'm gettin' up in the morning, I believe I'll dust my broom. (Twice)
Girlfriend, the black man that you been lovin', girlfriend, can get my room.
Dust Pneumonia Blues

Medium tempo

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie

N.C. C

\[ \text{mf} \]

\( \begin{align*}
\text{I got that dust pneumo-ny, pneumo-ny in my lung...} \\
\text{F} \\
\text{I got the dust pneumo-ny, pneumo-ny in my lung...} \\
\text{G7 F7 C} \\
\text{And I'm gon-na sing this dust pneumo-ny song.}
\end{align*} \)

Verse 2
Now there ought to be some yodelling in this song. (Twice)
But I can't yodel for the rattling in my lung.

Verse 3
My good gal sings the dust pneumony blues. (Twice)
She loves me 'cos she's got the dust pneumony too.

Verse 4
If it wasn't for choppin', my hoe would turn to rust. (Twice)
I can't find a woman in this black old Texas dust.

Verse 5
Down in Oklahoma the wind blows mighty strong. (Twice)
If you want to get a mama, just sing a California song.

Verse 6
Down in Texas my gal fainted in the rain. (Twice)
I threwed a bucket of dirt in her face just to bring her back again.
Early Autumn

Words by Johnny Mercer ★ Music by Ralph Burns & Woody Herman

1. When an early Autumn walks the land and chills the breeze, And
   touches with her hand the Summer trees, Perhaps you'll understand
   what memories I own.

2. There's a dance in the lonely Spring of ours that started so April-hearted
   Seemed made for just a boy and girl. I never dreamed did you?
   Fall could come in view so early, early.

Darling, if you care, please let me know; I'll meet you anywhere,
I miss you so. Let's never have to share another early Autumn.
Evil (Is Goin' On)
Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium slow

If you're a long way from home, can't sleep at night,
Grab your telephone, something just ain't right. That's evil, evil is goin' on.
I am warning you brother, you better watch your happy home.

Verse 2
Well, if you call her on the telephone,
And she answers awful slow,
Grab the first thing smokin',
If you have to hobo.
That's evil, etc.

Verse 3
If you make it to your house,
Knock on the front door;
Run around to the back,
You catch him just before he goes.
That's evil, etc.
Feel So Bad
Words & Music by Chuck Willis

Medium tempo

(C7 = 3/4)

C

Feel so bad, feel like a ball-game on a rainy day.

F9

Feel so bad, feel like a ball-game on a rainy day.

G7

Yes, I got my rain-check; shake my head and walk away.

C

Oo, people, that's the way I feel.
Oo, people, that's the way I feel.

Sometimes I think I won't; then, again, I think I will.

Sometimes I want to stay here; then, again, I want to leave.

Yes, I've got my train fare; pack my bag and ride away.
Fever
Words & Music by John Davenport & Eddie Cooley

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

\(\text{Dm}\)

1. Nev-er know how much I love you,
(Verses 2, 4, 5, 6, see block, lyric)

Ne-ver know how much I care. When you put your arms a-round-

\(\text{A}\text{7}\) \(\text{Dm N.C.}\)

— me, I get a fev-er that’s so hard-tobear. You give me fev-er

\(\text{Dm}\) \(\text{Bb6}\) \(\text{Dm}\)

when you kiss me, Fev-er when you hold-me tight;

\(\text{B}\text{b}\) \(\text{A}\text{7}\) (Dm)Dm

Fev-er in the morn-ing, Fev-er all through the night.

3.

\(\text{Dm}\)

3. Ev-’ry bo-dy’s got the fev-er,

That is some-thing you all know. Fev-er is n’t
Repeat whole sequence, then D.C. al Fine

such a new thing; fever started long ago.

Verse 2
Sun lights up the daytime,
Moon lights up the night.
I light up when you call my name,
And you know I'm gonna treat you right.
You give me fever when you kiss me,
Fever when you hold me tight;
Fever in the morning,
Fever all through the night.

Verse 4
Romeo loved Juliet,
Juliet she felt the same;
When he put his arms around her, he said
"Julie, baby, you're my flame.
Thou givest fever when we kisseth,
Fever with thy flaming youth.
Fever, I'm aflame;
Fever, yea, I burn forsooth!"

Verse 5
Captain Smith and Pocahontas
Had a very mad affair;
When her daddy tried to kill him, she said
"Daddy-o, don't you dare!
He gives me fever with his kisses,
Fever when he holds me tight.
Fever, I'm his missus;
Oh, Daddy, won't you treat him right?"

Repeat Verse 3

Verse 6
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!
They give you fever when you kiss them,
Fever if you live and learn;
Fever till you sizzle —
What a lovely way to burn!
Fine And Mellow (My Man Don’t Love Me)

Medium slow

Words & Music by Billie Holiday

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 mellow.

Love will make you drink and gamble,

make you stay out all night long.

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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.
Folsom Prison Blues
Words & Music by Johnny Cash

Medium fast

\[ mf \]
\[ G \]

1. I hear the train a-comin' it's roll-in' 'round the bend;
And I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when.
I'm stuck at Folsom Prison, and time keeps draggin' on.

\[ G7(#9) \]
\[ C7 \]

But that

\[ D7 \]
\[ G \]

train keeps rollin' on down to San Antonio.
Verse 2
When I was just a baby, my mama told me "Son, 
Always be a good boy, don't ever play with guns."
But I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die. 
When I hear that whistle blowin', I hang my head and cry.

Verse 3
I bet there's rich folk eatin' in a fancy dinin' car; 
They're prob'ly drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars. 
Well, I know I had it comin', I know I can't be free;
But those people keep a-movin', and that's what tortures me.

Verse 4
Well, if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine, 
I bet I'd move to over a little farther down the line; 
Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to stay, 
And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away.
Five Long Years
Words & Music by Eddie Boyd

Medium slow

If you've ever been mistreated, you know just what I'm talkin' about.
If you've ever been mistreated,
you know just what I talkin' about.
I work
five long years for one woman, and she had the nerve
to kick me out.

Verse 2
I got a job at a steel mill, truckin' steel just like a slave.
Five long years of fright, I'm runnin' straight home with all of my pay.
Mistreated, you know what I'm talkin' about?
I work five long years for one woman, and she had nerve to throw me out.
Frankie And Johnny

Traditional

Medium tempo

Frankie and Johnny were sweethearts. Oh, what a couple in love!

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

This is the end of my story and this is the end of my song.

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

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From Four Until Late

Words & Music by Robert Johnson

Medium tempo

From four un-til late, I was wring- ing my hands and

From four un-til late, I was wring-

-ing my hands and cryin'.

I be-lieve

-to my soul that your dad-dy's Gulf-port bound-

Verse 2
From Memphis to Norfolk is a thirty-six hours' ride. (Twice)
A man is like a prisoner, and he's never satisfied.

Verse 3
A woman's like a dresser; some men always ramblin' through its drawers. (Twice)
It 'cos so many men wear an apron over-all.

Verse 4
From four until late, she get with a no good bunch and clown. (Twice)
Now she won't do nothin' but tear a good man's reputation down.

Verse 5
When I leave this town, I'm gon' bid you fare, farewell. (Twice)
And when I return again, you'll have a great long story to tell.

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Go Back To Your No Good Man

Words & Music by Lonnie Johnson

Medium tempo

N.C.  D

It's true you bake good jelly roll, the best I've ever found.

D7  G9

It's true you bake good jelly roll, it's the best I've ever found. But it's one thing you gotta stop ma-ma; that's serving it all over town.

Verse 2
Don't you think because I love you, you can play me for a chump to my face. (Twice)
But I'm not as dumb as you think, there's another woman to fill your place.

Verse 3
Give me them clothes I bought you, take my diamonds off your hand. (Twice)
Now you just like I found you, go back to your handy man.

Verse 4
Now, I put shoes on your feet when your bare feet was pattin' the ground. (Twice)
While I was out slaving for you, you was chasin' every rat in town.

Verse 5
Now, woman I stuck with you when you didn't have a friend at all. (Twice)
So give them shoes I bought you, and that wig, and let your head go bald.

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Georgia On My Mind
Words by Stuart Gorrell ★ Music by Hoagy Carmichael

Freely

\[ \text{F} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{G9} \quad \text{C7} \]

Melodies bring memories that linger in my heart,

\[ \text{F} \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{Dm} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{C13} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{aug} \]

Make me think of Georgia. Why did we ever part?

\[ \text{F} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{G9} \quad \text{C7} \]

Some sweet day, when blossoms fall and all the world's a song,

\[ \text{F} \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{Dm} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{C13} \quad \text{F} \]

I'll go back to Georgia, 'cos that's where I belong.

\[ \text{A7} \quad \text{Dm} \quad \text{Gm7} \quad \text{Bbm} \]

Georgia, Georgia, The whole day through, Just an

\[ \text{F} \quad \text{D7} \quad \text{Gm7} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{F#dim} \quad \text{Gm7} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{aug} \]

old sweet song keeps Georgia on my mind. (Georgia on my mind.)

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Georgia, Georgia, a song of you
Comes as sweet and clear as moonlight through the pines.

Other arms reach out to me;
Other eyes smile tenderly;

Still in peaceful dreams I see the road leads back to you.

Georgia, Georgia, no peace I find;
Just an old sweet song keeps Georgia on my mind.
I've had my fun, if I don't ever get well no more.
Had my fun, if I don't ever get well no more.
I know my health is failing me,
I know that I'm goin' down slow.

Verse 2
Somebody write my mother, tell her the shape I'm in. (Twice)
Tell her to pray for me, forgive me for my sins.

Verse 3
Mother, please don't send no doctor, doctor can't do no good. (Twice)
Back when I was young, didn't do the things I should.
Good Morning Blues

Medium tempo

C7                      F
Good morn - ing blues, blues how do you

C                      C7                      F7
Good morn - ing blues,
do?

C
blues how do you do?

I'm

G7                      C
do-ing all right, good morn - ing, how are you?

Verse 2
Laid down last night, turnin' from side to side. (Twice)
I was not sick, but I was just dissatisfied.

Verse 3
When I got up this mornin', blues walkin' round my bed. (Twice)
I went to eat my breakfast, the blues was all in my bread.

Verse 4
I sent for you yesterday, here you come walking today. (Twice)
You got your mouth wide open, you don't know what to say.
Good Morning Heartache

Words & Music by Irene wigginbotham, Ervin Drake & Dan Fisher

Medium slow

(♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩
Stop haunting me now; Can't shake you no-how.

Just leave me alone; I've got those Monday blues.

straight through Sunday blues. Good morning, heart-ache,

here we go again; Good morning, heart-ache, you're the

one who knew me when. Might as well get used to you.

Good morning, heart-ache, sit down...
Goodbye Baby
Words & Music by Sam Ling, Joe Josea & Jules Taub

Medium slow
N.C. E

Now, good-bye, ba-by,
gotta

E7
leave you now. Oh, you told me dar-lin’
you

E
love me no how. Oh, yeah, I gotta leave

B7
you, ba-by good-bye.

Verse 2
Aw baby, here’s my right hand,
I love you, baby; I can’t get you to understand.
Oh, bye, goodbye, baby, baby goodbye.

Verse 3
Aw yes, here’s all of me.
I’ll take you, baby, to some place you ought to be.
Oh, bye now, goodbye, baby goodbye.
Green River Blues

Words & Music by Charley Patton

**Verse 2**
I think I heard the Marion whistle blow. (Twice)
And it blew just like my baby gettin' on board.

**Verse 3**
Some people say the Green River blues ain't bad. (Twice)
Then it must not have been them Green River blues I had.

**Verse 4**
It was late last night, everything was still. (Twice)
I could see my baby up on a lonesome hill.

**Verse 5**
How long, how long, evening train been gone. (Twice)
Yes, I'm worried now but I won't be worried long.
Hear Me Talkin’ To Ya
Words & Music by Louis Armstrong

Medium tempo

Ram-blín’ (man—woman) makes no change in me,— I’m gonna ramble back to my

C7 F7 C

used to be.— Ah, you hear me talk-in’ to ya, I don’t bite my tongue;

G7 Dm7 G7

You want to be my (man—woman) you got to fetch it with you when you come.

C F C G7 C

Eve and Adam in the Garden takin’ a chance,

C7 F7

Adam didn’t take time to get his pants,— Ah, you hear me talk-in’ to ya,

C G7

Don’t bite my tongue; You want to be my (man—woman) you got to

Dm7 G7 C F C G7 C

fetch it with you when you come.— I don’t care whether they’re
young or old,— When the chips were down— they had trouble Lord,— Ah, you hear me talk-in’ to ya, I don’t bite my tongue;

You want to be my {man—} you got to fetch it with you when you come:

Hello Central, give me Six-O-Nine,— What takes a git-tin’ in these his or mine?— Ah, you hear me talk-in’ to ya, I don’t bite my tongue;

You want to be my {man—} you got to fetch it with you when you come.
Here's That Rainy Day

Words & Music by Johnny Burke & Jimmy Van Heusen

Slowly

\[
\begin{align*}
G & \quad B^b & \quad E^b_{maj^7} & \quad A^b_{maj^7} \\
May - be \ I & \quad should \ & \quad have \ & \quad saved \ & \quad those \ & \quad left - \ & \quad over - \ & \quad dreams; \\
Am^{11} & \quad D & \quad D^7 & \quad D^9 & \quad D^7(b^9) & \quad G_{maj^9} & \quad G^7(b^9) \\
\text{Fun - ny,} \ & \quad but \ & \quad here's \ & \quad that \ & \quad rain - y \ & \quad day. \ \\
C^m & \quad C^m_{(maj^7)} & \quad C^m^7 & \quad F^#^9 & \quad F^9 & \quad B_{maj^7} & \quad B^b_{maj^7} & \quad F & \quad E^b_{maj^9} & \quad E^b & \quad E^b_6 \\
\text{Here's that rain - y day they told me about,} \ & \quad And \ & \quad I \ & \quad laughed \ & \quad at \ & \quad the \ & \quad thought \ & \quad that \ & \quad it \ & \quad might \ & \quad turn - out \ & \quad this \ & \quad way. \\
Am & \quad Am_{(maj^7)} & \quad Am^7 & \quad E^b^9 & \quad D^9 & \quad G_{maj^7} & \quad G^#_{dim} & \quad Am^9 & \quad D^13(b^9) \\
\text{Where is that worn - out wish that I threw away,} \\
Am^{11} & \quad D & \quad D^7 & \quad D^9 & \quad D^7(b^9) & \quad G_{maj^9} & \quad G^9 & \quad D^b^9(b^5) \\
\text{After it brought my lover near?} \\
C_{maj^7} & \quad C/B & \quad Am^7 & \quad D^13 & \quad C_{dim} & \quad Bm^7 & \quad B^b_{dim} \\
\text{Funny how love becomes a cold rainy day;} \\
Am^{11} & \quad D & \quad D^7 & \quad D^9 & \quad D^13(b^9) & \quad G & \quad A^7 & \quad A^b_{maj^7} & \quad G \\
\text{Funny, that rainy day is here.}
\end{align*}
\]

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Hey Hey Pretty Mama

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Hey, hey, pretty mama, how you want your rolling done?
Hey, hey pretty mama, how you want your rolling done?
You get it three times a day or you can have it from sun to sun.

I know you don’t know what I’m putting down, but I
I got a long wind just like a greyhound. And when I love I gonna
love you right; if you need me, baby, I can roll all night. Hey,
hey, pretty mama, how you want your rolling done?

Verse 2
Now tell me, baby, if your love is true;
Time pass so fast when I’m loving you.
Now tell me, baby, if I love you too strong;
When I get in the mood, I can roll all night long.
Hey, hey, pretty mama, etc.
Hoochie Coochie Man
Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium tempo

The gypsy woman told my mother,
before I was born: "You got a boy child comin',
goin' be a son of a gun." Gonna make pretty women,
jump and shout; Then the world gonna know

Chorus

D7

what it's all about... I'm him,

A7

Everybody knows I'm him.
Verse 2
I got a black cat bone,
I got a mojo too.
I got the Johnny conkeroo;
I'm gonna mess with you.
I'm gonna make you girls
Lead me by my hand;
Then the world's gonna know
I'm that hoochie coochie man.
Chorus

Verse 3
On the seventh hour,
On the seventh day,
On the seventh month,
The seventh doctor said:
"He was born for good luck."
And that, you'll see,
I got seven hundred dollars;
Don't you mess with me.
Chorus
How Insensitive

Music by Antonio Carlos Jobim ★ Original Lyrics by Vinicius De Moraes ★ English Lyrics by Norman Gimbel

Bossa nova

\[ \text{Dm} \quad \text{ Db dim} \]

\text{How___ in-sen-si-tive________ I must have seemed.}

\text{Now___ she's gone away________ and I'm alone.}

\[ \text{Cm}^\flat \quad \text{G}^7/B \]

\text{______ when she told me that she loved me.________ How__________ Vague________}

\[ \text{Bb}^\flat \quad \text{E}^b\text{maj7} \]

\text{______ un-moved and cold________ I must have seemed________}

\text{______ drawn and sad________ I see it still________}

\[ \text{Em}^7(b5) \quad \text{A}^7 \quad \text{Dm} \]

\text{______ when she told me so sincerely________ Why,________}

\text{______ all her heart-break in' that last look________ How,________}

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F7  Bdim

she must have asked, did I just turn-

Bb maj7  Gm6  Dm

and stare in icy silence? What

Cm7  F7  Bm7  E7

was I to say? What can you say-

was I to do? what can one do-

Gm6  A7  Dm

when a love affair is over?

Em7(b5)  A7  Dm

- - - er?
How Do You Want It Done?
Words & Music by Big Bill Broonzy

Medium tempo
\[ \text{\(\frac{4}{4}\)} \]

Why don’t you tell me, lov-in’ ma-ma, how you want you roll-in’ done?

Why don’t you tell me, lov-in’ ma-ma, how you

want you roll-in’ done?

Lord, I
give you sat-is-fac-tion, now, if it’s all night-long.

Verse 2
Lord, I got up this morning just about the break of day. (Twice)
Lord, I’m thinkin’ ‘bout my baby; Lord, the one that went away.

Verse 3
I got me a little brownskin, just as sweet as she can be. (Twice)
Lord, she low and she squatty, but she’s alright with me.

Verse 4
Lord, some of these old mornings, mama; Lord, it won’t be long. (Twice)
Lord, I know you gonna call me, mama; Lord, and I’ll be gone.
I Can’t Stop Loving You

Words & Music by Don Gibson

Medium slow

C   C7   F
Those happy hours that we once knew, Though long ago, they still make me blue. They say that time _

C³ C G⁷ C
—heals a broken heart. But time has stood still _

C F C C G⁷ F
—since we’ve been apart. I can’t stop loving you, _

C G⁷
— I’ve made up my mind To live in memories of the lonesome kind. _

C C G⁷ F C
—I can’t stop wanting you, It’s useless to say; _

G⁷ C F C
—So I’ll just live my life in dreams of yesterday._
I Ain’t Got Nobody (And There’s Nobody Cares For Me)

Words & Music by Roger Graham & Spencer Williams

Medium slow

There’s a saying going round, and I begin to think it’s true:

It’s awful hard to love someone when they don’t care ’bout you.

Once I had a lovin’ gal, as good as any in this town;

But now I’m sad and lonely, for she’s gone and turned me down.

Now I ain’t got nobody, And there’s

no body cares for me.
I'm so sad and lonely;

Won't somebody come and take a chance with me?

I'll sing sweet love songs, honey, all the time,

If you'll come and be my sweet baby mine. 'Cos

I ain't got nobody, And there's nobody

cares for me. No, me.
I Just Want To Make Love To You

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium 'Stop' tempo

[D7 N.C.]
I don't want you to be no slave,
I don't want you to work all day,
I just want to make love to you.
I don't want you to wash my clothes,
I don't want you to keep our home,
I don't want your money too.
I just want to make love to you.

Verse 3
I don't want you to cook my bread,
I don't want you to make my bed.
I don't want you 'cos I'm sad and blue;
I just want to make love to you.
I Wanna Be Around

Words & Music by Johnny Mercer & Sadie Vimmerstedt

Medium swing

I wanna be around, to pick up the pieces when
wanna be around, to see how she does it when

Somebody breaks your heart; Some somebody twice as smart as I,
she breaks your heart to bits; Let's see if the puzzle fits

A somebody who will swear to be true, Like
you used to do with me. Who'll leave you to learn that

Mis'ry loves company, wait and see!

CODA

So fine. And that's when I'll discover that re
venge is sweet; As I sit there applauding from a front row seat,

Somebody breaks your heart like you broke mine.
I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel To Be Free

Words by Billy Taylor & Dick Dallas ★ Music by Billy Taylor

Medium tempo

\[ D^{II} | G | B^{7} | E^{m} | G^{I3} | C | D^{II} | G \]

I wish I knew how it would feel to be free.

\[ D^{II} | G | C | G/B | G | D/F\# | G | D/F\# | A^{I3} | A^{7} | D^{7} \]

I wish I could break all these chains holding me.

I wish I could break all these chains holding me.

How sweet it would be if I found I could fly.

How sweet it would be if I found I could fly.

\[ D^{II} | G | B^{7} | E^{m} | G^{I3} | C | D^{II} | G \]

I wish I could say all the things I should say.

I wish I could say all the things I should say.

I'd soar to the sun and look down at the sea.

I'd soar to the sun and look down at the sea.

\[ C^{\#dim} | G/D | B^{7}/D\# | E^{m} | C^{\#dim} | G/D \]

Say 'em loud, say 'em clear for the whole world to hear.

Say 'em loud, say 'em clear for the whole world to hear.

Then I'd sing 'cos I'd know how it feels.

Then I'd sing 'cos I'd know how it feels.

1. \[ D^{II} | G | D^{II} | G \]

2. \[ D^{II} | G \]

world to hear to be free.

world to hear to be free.
I'll Be Seeing You

Music by Sammy Fain ★ Words by Irving Kahal

Medium slow

Eb G7 Fm C7 Fm C7 Fm

I'll be seeing you in all the old familiar places

C7 Fm Bb7(b5) Bb7 Eb6

That my heart and mind embraces all day through;

Cm Fm7

In that small café, the park across the way, The

Bb9sus4 Bb7aug Eb6 Bb9aug

children's carousel, the chestnut tree, the wishing well.

Eb G7 Fm C7 Fm C7 Fm

I'll be seeing you in every lovely summer's day; In

C7 Fm Bb7(b5) Bb7 Gm7(b5) C7

everything that's light and gay, I'll always think of you that way. I'll

Fm G7 Cm F9

find you in the morning sun; and, when the night is new, I'll be

Fm7 Abm6

looking at the moon — but I'll be seeing you.
I'm A King Bee

Medium tempo

Words & Music by James Moore

A7

I'm a king bee, buzz-in' 'round your hive.

E7

A7

I'm a king bee, buzz-in' 'round your hive.

E7

B7

Well, you know I can make good honey,

let me come inside.

Verse 2
I'm a king bee, buzzin' all night long. (Twice)
When you can hear me buzzin', there's some stinging goin' on.

Verse 3
I'm a king bee, I want you to be my queen. (Twice)
When we get together, make honey the world ain't seen.

Verse 4
I'm a king bee, buzzin' all night long. (Twice)
I can make plenty honey, when your man is not at home.
I'm So Glad

Words & Music by Skip James

Fast

D  mf  G
I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm glad, I'm glad. I don't know what to do,

D
Don't know what to do, I don't know what to do.

G
I'm tired of weepin', tired of moanin',

D    A7(#9)     D
I'm tired of groanin' for you.

Verse 2
I'm so tired of moanin', tired of groanin', tired of longin' for you.
I'm so glad, and I am so glad. I am glad, I'm glad.
I don't know what to do, know what to do. I don't know what to do.
I'm so tired, and I am tired. I am tired.

Verse 3
And I'm so glad, I am glad, I am glad, I'm glad.
I don't know what to do, know what to do. I don't know what to do.
I'm tired of weepin', tired of moanin', tired of groanin' for you.
I'm so glad, and I am glad. I'm glad, I'm glad.
I don't know what to do, know what to do. Don't know what to do.
If I Had You

Words & Music by Ted Shapiro, Jimmy Campbell & Reg Connelly

Medium slow

\( \text{Clef: Treble} \)

\( \text{Tempo: } \frac{3}{4} \)

\( \text{Key: Bb} \)

\( \text{Chords: Bb, Bb9, Bb7, Eb6, Ebmaj7, Em6, Bb, Dbdim, Cm7, F9, F7, Bb, Cm7, F7, Aug, Bb9, Bb7, Eb6, Ebmaj7, Em6, Bb, Dbdim, Cm7, F7} \)

I could show the world how to smile,
all of the while;
I could change the grey skies to blue
if I had you.

I could leave the old days behind;
Leave all my pals, I'd never mind.

I could start my life all anew
if I had you.

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I could climb the snow-capped mountains, Sail the mighty ocean wide;

I could cross the burning desert.

If I had you at my side, I could be a king, dear, uncrowned;

Humble or poor, rich or renowned.

There is nothing I couldn't do if I had you.
In A Sentimental Mood

Slowly

Words & Music by Duke Ellington, Irving Mills & Manny Kurtz

In a sentimental mood, I can see the stars come thro' my room;

While your loving attitude is like a flame that lights the gloom. On the wings of ev'ry kiss drifts a melody so strange and sweet;

In this sentimental bliss you make my paradise complete. Rose petals seem to fall; it's all like a dream to call you mine.

My heart's a lighter thing since you made this night a thing divine.

In a sentimental mood, I'm within a world so heavenly;

--- For I never dreamt that you'd be loving sentimental me.

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In The Heat Of The Night

Words by Marilyn & Alan Bergman ★ Music by Quincy Jones

1. In the heat of the night, Well I've got troubles wall to
   I'm praying hard to feel the
   wall.
   sun.
   I believe in the night.
   Ain't a woman yet was born.

   Must be an ending to it all.
   Knows how to make the morning come.
   So hold on hard it won't be long:

   Just you be strong and it'll be alright.
   In the heat of the

   2. Waiting just to see the dawn.
   In the heat of the night.
It Makes My Love Come Down
Words & Music by Bessie Smith

Medium tempo

When I see two sweet-hearts spoon, underneath the sil'v'ry moon, It makes my love come down,

I wanna be a round. Kiss me, honey,

it makes my love come down.

Cuddle close, turn out the light, do just what you did.

— last night. It makes my love come down,
Verse 2
Wild about my toodle-oh; when I gets my toodle-oh,
It makes my love come down, want every pound.
Hear me cryin’, it makes my love come down.
Likes my coffee, likes my tea; daffy about my stingereee.
It makes my love come down, I wanna be around.
Oh, sweet papa, it makes my love come down.

Verse 3
If you want to hear me rave, honey, give me what I crave.
It makes my love come down, actin’ like a clown.
Can’t help from braggin’, it makes my love come down.
Come on and be my desert sheik, you’re so strong and I’m so weak.
It makes my love come down, to be love-land bound.
Red hot papa, it makes my love come down.

Verse 4
If you want me for your own, kiss me nice and leave me alone.
It makes my love come down, it makes my love come down.
Take me bye-bye, it makes my love come down.
When you take me for a ride, when I’m close up by your side,
It makes my love come down, ridin’ all around.
Easy ridin’ makes my love come down.
It Could Happen To You

Slow

Fmaj9  Am7(b5)  D7(b9)  D7  Gm9  Bm7(b5)  E7(b9)  E7

Hide your heart from sight.

Am  F7(b9)/A  Bbmaj7  Bb6  A7sus⁴  A7  Am7(b5)  D7

Lock your dreams at night;

Gm9  Bbm⁶  —— Fmaj9  F⁶  Em7(b5)  /  A7(b5)  A7

It could happen to you.

Don’t count stars or you might stumble;

Dm  Dm(maj7)  Dm⁷  G⁹  Bbmaj7  Am⁷  Gm⁹  Gb⁷⁹(b5)

Someone drops a sigh and down you tumble.

Fmaj9  Am7(b5)  D7(b9)  D7  Gm9  Bm7(b5)  E7(b9)  E7

Keep an eye on spring.

Am  F7(b9)/A  Bbmaj7  Bb6  A7sus⁴  A7  Am7(b5)  D7

Run when church-bells ring;

Gm9  Bbm⁶  —— Fmaj9  F⁶  Am7(b5)  /  D7(b5)  D7

It could happen to you.

All I did was wonder how your arms would be;

Gm⁷  Bbm⁶  C♭⁹(b9)  F

And it happened to me.
It's Only A Paper Moon
Music by Harold Arlen ★ Words by E. Y. Harburg & Billy Rose

Medium slow

G mp G#dim Am7 D7 Am7 D7

1. Say, it's only a paper moon, — Sailing over a cardboard sea, —
   But it wouldn't be make believe, — If you believed in me.

2. Yes, it's only a canvas sky, — Hanging over a muslin tree, —
   But it wouldn't be make believe, — If you believed in me.

D7

G G Am7 A♭9 G / Em Am7

— believed in me. — Without your love, it's a honky-tonk parade. With out your love, it's a

Bm D13 G Am7 A♭9 G Em

— melody played in a penny arcade. — It's a Barnum and

Bm7 E7 A9 D9 G G#dim

— Bailey world. — Just as phony as it can be. — But it wouldn't be

Am7 D7 Am7 D7 G G G#dim

— make believe. — If you believed in me.

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Jailhouse Blues
Words & Music by Bessie Smith & Clarence Williams

Medium tempo

\( \text{Thir-ty days in jail, with my back turned to the wall,} \)

\( \text{to the wall. Thir-ty days in jail, with my} \)

\( \text{back turned to the wall. Look here,} \)

\( \text{mis-ter jail keep-er, put a-no-ther gal in my stall.} \)

Verse 2
I don’t mind jail, but I got to stay there so long, so long. (Twice)
Well, every friend I had has done shook hands and gone.

Verse 3
Good morning blues, blues how do you do? How do you do?
Good morning blues, blues how do you do?
Well, I just come here to have a few words with you.
Kindhearted Woman Blues
Words & Music by Robert Johnson

Medium tempo

I got a kind-hearted woman, do anything in this world for me.

I got a kind-hearted woman,
do anything in this world for me.

-ill hearted women, man, they will not let me be.

Verse 2
I love my baby, my baby don’t love me. (Twice)
But I really love that woman, can’t stand to let her be.

Verse 3
Ain’t but one thing, make Mr. Johnson drink;
I’s worried ’bout how you treat me, baby, I begin to think.
Oh, babe, my life don’t feel the same;
You break my heart, when you call Mr. So and so’s name.

Verse 4
She’s a kindhearted woman, she studies evil all the time. (Twice)
You well’s to kill me, as to have it on your mind.
Lazy River
Words & Music by Hoagy Carmichael & Sidney Arodin

Moderato

D7
Am7(b5) D7aug G7

Up a lazy river by the old mill-run, That lazy, lazy river in the
Dm7 G7 C7 Gm7 C7
noon-day sun, Linger in the shade of a kind old tree;

F C7 F F#dim Gm11 Eb7 D7
Throw away your troubles, dream a dream with me. Up a lazy river, where the

Am7(b5) D7aug G7
Dm7 G7
robin's song. A-wakes a bright new morning, we can loaf a-long.

Bb Bdim F/C D7 G9 C7
Blue skies up above, ev'ry-one's in love. Up a lazy river, how

F D7 G9 C7 F
happy you can be. Up a lazy river with me.
Lazybones

Words & Music by Johnny Mercer & Hoagy Carmichael

Slow blues

1. Lazybones, sleepin' in the sun, How you 'spect to get your
day's work done? Never get your days work done, Sleepin' in the noon-day

2. Lazybones, sleepin' in the shade, How you 'spect to get your
corn meal made? Never get your corn meal made, Sleepin' in the evenin'

D D7 Gmaj7 C9(#11) Fm7(b5) B7aug Em E7/B Bb7(b5) A7 A11

D D/F# Fdim Em7 D Em7 Fdim D/F# G G6

sun. shade. When 'ta-ters need spray-in', I
bet you keep prayin' the slugs fall off of the vine.__ And

Gmaj7 G D A7 D G D Em7 Fdim D/F#

when you go fish-in', I bet you keep wish-in' the fish won't grab at your line._

A9 A7 A11 A7 D G D G

La - zy-bones, loafin' thro' the day,

D G A7aug D D7 Gmaj7 C9(#11) Fm7(b5) B7aug

How you 'spect to make a dime that way? Never make a dime that

Em E7/B Bb7(b5) A7 A11 D G9 D

way. (Well look - y here: He nev - er heard a word I say.)
Learnin' The Blues

Medium slow

Words & Music by Dolores Vicki Silvers

1. The tables are empty, the dance floor's deserted;
you light, one after the other,

You play the same love song, it's the tenth time you've heard it.
Won't help you forget her and the way that you love her.

That's the beginning, just one of the clues.
You're only burning a torch you can't lose;

You've had your first lesson in learnin' the blues.
But you're on the right track for learnin' the blues.

2. The cig-arettes When you're at home alone the
blues will taunt you constantly. When you're out in a crowd the
blues will haunt your memory. The nights when you don't sleep,
the whole night you're crying; But you can't forget her,
soon you even stop trying. You'll walk the floor
and wear out your shoes. When you feel your heart break,
you're learning' the blues.
Lean Baby

Words by Roy Alfred ★ Music by Billy May

Medium bounce

My lean baby, tall and thin;
She's so skinny, she's so drawn;
When she stands sideways you
bones and shin. But when she tells me maybe she loves me, I feel as
think she's gone. But when she calls me baby, I feel fine. To think she's

C/G  Am7  Dm7  G7  C \[1.\]  Dm7  G7 \[2.\]  F#dim  Gm7  C7

mel-low as a fel-low can be.
fran-tic-ly ro-man-tic-ly mine.

F  F#dim  Gm7  C7  F  G#dim  Am7  D7

ten-der; She makes my heart sur-ren-der. And ev-'ry night when

G  Dm7  G7

I hold her tight. The feel-ing is nice: my arms can go a-round twice.

C  C/E  F7(b9)  F#dim  C/G  Am7  D7(b9)  G7

My lean baby, she's so slim; A broom-stick's wider but not as trim. And when she
starts to kiss me, then I know I love her so, I'll nev-er let her go.

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Li’l Darlin’
By Neal Hefti

Medium slow

\[ \begin{align*}
&G^9 / D \\
&Db^9(\#11) C^11 \\
&B^b_m^6 \\
&Am^7 \\
&Am^7(b5) A^b^7(b9/b5) \\
&G^9 / D \\
&Db^9(\#11) C^11 \\
&C^7(b9) F^b^3 \\
&F^9_{aug} \\
&B^b^6 B^b_m^6 F^9 \\
&B^b^6 B^b_m^6 A^m^7(b5) D^7(b5) \\
\end{align*} \]

To Coda

1.

\[ \begin{align*}
&G^9 \\
&Gm^7/C C^9 \\
&Am^7(b5) D^7(b9/b5) \\
\end{align*} \]

2.

\[ \begin{align*}
&G^9 / D \\
&Db^9(\#11) C^11 \\
&C^7(b9) F^6 \\
&Am^7 \\
&D^7(b9/b5) \\
\end{align*} \]
You've got to cry a little, die a little;
Well, and sometimes you got to lie a little... Oh, life is like that;
Well that's what you've got to do.
Well, if you don't understand, people, I'm sorry for you.

Verse 2
Sometimes you'll be held up, sometimes held down;
Well, sometimes your best friends don't even want you around. You know
Life is like that, etc.

Verse 3
There's some things you got to keep, some things you got to repeat;
People, happiness is never complete. You know
Life is like that etc.

Verse 4
Sometimes you'll be helpless, sometime you'll be restless;
Well, keep on strugglin' so long as you're not breathless.
Life is like that etc.
Limehouse Blues
Words by Douglas Furber ★ Music by Phil Braham

Oh, Lime-house Kid! Oh, oh, oh, Lime-house Kid!

Going the way that the rest of them did.

Poor broken blossom, and nobody's child;

Haunting and taunting, you're just kind of wild. Oh!

oh, Lime-house blues; got the real Lime-house blues.

Can't seem to shake off those sad China blues.

Rings on your fingers and tears for your crown:

That is the story of old China-town.
Little David Play On Your Harp

Traditional

‘Gospel’ swing

N.C.

F Bb7 F Bb7 F C7

Lit-tle Dav-id, play on your harp; Hal-le-luhl, hal-le-

F C11 F Bb7 C11 F Bb7

-luhl! Lit-tle Dav-id, play on your harp; hal-le-luhl!

1. F N.C. F N.C.

Lit-tle Dav-id Now Dav-id was a shep-herd boy;

He killed Go-lli-a-th and shout-ed for joy.

2.

F Bb7 F Bb7 F C7

Lit-tle Dav-id play on your harp; Hal-le-luhl, hal-le-

F C11 F Bb7 C11 F Bb7 F

-luhl! Lit-tle Dav-id, play on your harp; hal-le-luhl!

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Little Queen Of Spades

Words & Music by Robert Johnson

Medium tempo

Now she is a little queen of spades,

and the men will not let her be.

Hoo, she's the little queen of spades,

and the men will not let her be.

Ev'ry time she makes a spread, hoo, fair brown, cold chills just run all over me.

Verse 2
I'm gon' get me a gamblin' woman, if it's the last thing that I do. (Twice)
Well, a man don't need a woman, hoo fair brown, that he got to give all his money to.

Verse 3
Everybody say she got a mojo, now she's been using that stuff. (Twice)
But she got a way of trimmin' down, hoo fair brown, and I mean it's most too tough.

Verse 4
Now, little girl, since I am the king, baby, and you is a queen. (Twice)
Let us put our heads together, hoo fair brown, then we can make our money green.
Little Red Rooster

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium tempo

(N.C. A7)

I am a little red rooster, too lazy to crow for day.

(A E7)

I am a little red rooster, too lazy to crow for day. Keep ev'ry thing in the

(barn-yard upset in ev'ry way.

Verse 2

The dogs begin to bark and the hounds begin to howl. (Twice)
Oh, watch out strange kin people, the little red rooster is on the prowl.

Verse 3

If you see my little red rooster, please drive him home. (Twice)
There's been no peace in the barnyard since my little red rooster's been gone.
Long Gone Lonesome Blues

Medium tempo

Words & Music by Hank Williams

I went down to the river to watch the fish swim by.

But I

find me a river, one that's cold as ice.

When I

got to the river so lonesome I wanted to die.

Oh,

find me that river, Lawd, I'm gonna pay the price.

Oh,

Lawn, and then I jumped in the river but the dog-gone river was dry.

Lawn, I'm goin' down in it three times but I'm only comin' up twice.

I had me a woman, she couldn't be true; She

She told me on Sunday she was checkin' me out; A-

made me for my money and she made me blue. A man needs a woman that

long about Monday she was nowhere about. And here it is Tuesday, ain't

he can lean on, But my leanin' post is done left and gone;

She's had no news. Got them "Gone but not forgotten" blues.

long gone and now I'm

1.

lonesome blues

2.

Gonna blues.
Love In Vain

Words & Music by Robert Johnson

Medium slow

\( \text{\( \frac{\text{j}}{\text{j}} = \frac{3}{\text{j}} \)} \)

And I followed her to the station, with a suitcase in my hand.

And I followed her to the station, with a suitcase in my hand.

Well, it's hard to tell, it's hard to tell,

when all your love's in vain, All my love's in vain.

Verse 2

When the train rolled up to the station, I looked her in the eye. (Twice)
Well, I was lonesome, I felt so lonesome, and I could not help but cry.
All my love's in vain.

Verse 3

When the train it left the station, with two lights on behind, (Twice)
Well, the blue light was my blues, and the red light was my mind.
All my love's in vain.
Medium slow

Blue, blue, my world is blue; Blue is my world now I'm without you.
Red, red, my eyes are red, Crying for you alone in my bed.

Grey, grey, my life is grey; Cold is my heart since you went away.
Green, green, my jealous heart; I doubted you and

now we're apart When we met, how the bright sun

shone! Then love died; now the rainbow is gone.

Black, black, the nights I've known; Longing for you, so lost and alone.

Blue, blue, my world is blue; Blue is my world now I'm without you.
Lover Man (Oh Where Can You Be)

Words & Music by Jimmy Davis, Roger Ram Ramirez & Jimmy Sherman

Slow

Dm7 mp Dm7 G7 G7
I don’t know why, but I’m feelin’ so sad;
The night is cold, and I’m so all alone;

C9 Gm7 C9 C9 C7 C7aug F7
I long to try something I’ve never had,
I’d give my soul just to call you my own,
Nev’er had no kissin’;
Got a moon above me,

Bb9

Oh, what I’ve been missin’!
But no one to love me.
Lover man, oh where can you be?

F Bb9 Am Cm6 D7 Am Cm6 G Eboaug F9
I’ve heard it said that the thrill of romance can be like a heav’ly dream.
I go to bed with a pray’r that you’ll make love to me, strange as it seems.

G D13 Gm Bb9m6 C7 Gm Bb9m6 Fmaj7 Eb9(#11)
Some day we’ll meet, and you’ll dry all my tears;
Then whisper sweet little things in my ears—
Huggin’ and a kissin’;

Em7(b5) A7(b5) A7 Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7

Bb9

Oh, what we’ve been missin’!
Lover man, oh where can you be?
Lush Life
Words & Music by Billy Strayhorn

I used to visit all the very gay places; those come-what-girls I knew had sad and sul-len gray faces with distin-

may places where one relaxes on the axis of the
què traces that used to be there; you could see where they'd been

wheel of life, to get the feel of life from jazz and cocktails. The

washed away by too many thru-the-day twelve-o'clock tales. Then

you came along with your si-ren 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. Ah! yes I was wrong.

1.

2.
A\textsuperscript{9} (b5)  A\textsuperscript{b11}  Ab\textsuperscript{7(b9)}  D\textsuperscript{b}  D\textsuperscript{13}

a-gain I was wrong,  
Life is lone-ly a-

D\textsuperscript{b6}  D\textsuperscript{9}  D\textsuperscript{b6}  C\textsuperscript{9(b5)}  B\textsuperscript{13(b9)}  E  Eb\textsuperscript{9}aug  D\textsuperscript{13}  D\textsuperscript{7}

a-gain, and on-ly last year ev'-ry-thing seemed so sure.  
Now

D\textsuperscript{b}  D\textsuperscript{13}  D\textsuperscript{b}  D\textsuperscript{9}  D\textsuperscript{b6}  D\textsuperscript{b9}  C\textsuperscript{13}  F  E\textsuperscript{7}aug  B\textsuperscript{b}m\textsuperscript{9}  Eb\textsuperscript{7}

dife is aw-ful a-gain, a trough-ful of hearts could on-ly be a bore.  

A

Ab  Eb\textsuperscript{7}(#9)  A\textsuperscript{9}  Ab\textsuperscript{6}  Em\textsuperscript{9}  A\textsuperscript{7(b9)}  D\textsuperscript{6}  Dm\textsuperscript{7}  G\textsuperscript{7}  C\textsuperscript{6}  B\textsuperscript{7}  B\textsuperscript{b13}  A\textsuperscript{13(#9)}  Ab\textsuperscript{13}

week in Pa-ris will ease the bite of it; all I care is to smile in spite of it.

D\textsuperscript{b}  D\textsuperscript{13}  D\textsuperscript{b6}  D\textsuperscript{9}  D\textsuperscript{b6}  C\textsuperscript{9(b5)}  B\textsuperscript{13(b9)}

I'll for-get you, I will, while yet you are still burn-ing in-side my

B\textsuperscript{b13}  Eb\textsuperscript{m11}  Gb\textsuperscript{m9}  B\textsuperscript{9}  A\textsuperscript{9}aug  Ab\textsuperscript{13}

brain.  Ro-man-ce is mush, sti-fling those who strive.  I'll

Db\textsuperscript{maj9}  Db\textsuperscript{m7}  Gb\textsuperscript{b13(b9)}  Cb\textsuperscript{mag9}  Cb\textsuperscript{6}  F\textsuperscript{m11}  B\textsuperscript{b7}  E\textsuperscript{b}m\textsuperscript{7}  Gb\textsuperscript{m9}  B\textsuperscript{9}

live a lush life in some small dive; and there I'll be, while I

A\textsuperscript{9}aug  Ab\textsuperscript{13}  D\textsuperscript{9}  E  Eb\textsuperscript{6}  D\textsuperscript{maj7}  G\textsuperscript{9}  Db\textsuperscript{6(b9)}  Db\textsuperscript{mag9}

rot with the rest of those whose lives are lone-ly too.
Low Down Blues

Words & Music by Hank Williams

Medium tempo

F

1. Lord I went to the doctor, he took one look; He said, "The
ever knew a man could feel so bad."

Bb F F7 Bb

trouble with you ain't in my book. I'll tell you what it is, but it
never knew livin' could be so sad. All I do is

F C7 F

ain't good news: You got an awful bad case of them Low Down Blues. I got the
sit and cry. Lord, I'd have to get better before I could die."

Bb F Bb

mean old miseries in my soul. I went to the river but the

F Bb F

water's too cold; I walked the floor till I wore out my shoes. Lord, they're

C7 F C7 F

killin' me, I mean them Low Down Blues. 2. Lord, I Low Down Blues.
Verse 2
I'd be more than satisfied,
If I could reach that train and ride.
If I reach Atlanta with no place to go,
Make me a pallet on your floor.

Verse 3
Gonna give everybody my regards,
Even if I have to ride the rods.
If I reach Atlanta with no place to go,
Make me a pallet on your floor.
Mad About Him, Sad Without Him, How Can I Be Glad Without Him Blues

Words & Music by Larry Markes & Dick Charles

Medium swing

\[ \text{N.C.} \quad \text{C} \]

\[ \text{C} \hspace{1cm} \text{F7} \hspace{1cm} \text{G7} \]

I went to bed last eve-nin', feel-in' blue as I could be.

\[ \text{C} \hspace{1cm} \text{F7} \hspace{1cm} \text{G7} \]

I could-n't sleep last eve-nin', with what was wor-ry-in' me.

\[ \text{G7} \hspace{1cm} \text{F7} \hspace{1cm} \text{G7} \]

Oh, the tears I've wast-ed would sure-ly fill the deep blue sea.

\[ \text{C} \hspace{1cm} \text{G7} \hspace{1cm} \text{C} \]

I've got those cry a-bout him, die with-out him Lor-dy where am I with-out him blues.

\[ \text{C} \hspace{1cm} \text{G7} \]

He keeps me walk-in' on the floor, and like a fool I ask for more.

\[ \text{C} \hspace{1cm} \text{C/Bb Adim Fm6/Ab C/G} \hspace{1cm} \text{G7} \]

Al-tho' I know he is-n't good, I would-n't leave him if I could, ah no!

\[ \text{C} \hspace{1cm} \text{C/Bb Adim Fm6/Ab C/G} \hspace{1cm} \text{G7} \]

I'm not the first on his list, I'd nev-er be missed, I

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North, South and Central America, Japan, Australasia and the Philippines).
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wish I had a dime for ev'ry gal he's kissed; I swear—

I'd be a millionaire. And yet I wouldn't care, as 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 treat it like a joke.

He's just an orn'ry sort o' guy, and yet I'll love him 'til I die, poor me!

1.

C C/B♭ Adim Fm♭/A♭ C/G G7

2.

C C/B♭ Adim Fm♭/A♭ C/G F/G C N.C.

I went to
Matchbox Blues
Words & Music by Blind Lemon Jefferson

Medium tempo

I'm siti

3

n' here won
d'ring will a

match-box hold my clothes?

I'm

siti

3

n' here won
d'ring will a match-box hold my clothes?

I got so many matches but I

got so far to go.

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Mean And Evil
Words & Music by Elmore James & Joe Josea

My baby's so mean and evil, I don't know what to do.

My baby's so mean and evil, I don't know what to do.

Treat me low down and dirty,

well, I can't get along with you.

Verse 2
When we lived in a small town, you was nice and neat. (Twice)
I brought you to Chicago, you do nothin' but walk the street.

Verse 3'
Well, she used to cook my breakfast and bring it to my bed.
She used to wash my face and even comb my hair.
She's so evil I don't know what to do.
You treat me so low and dirty,
And I can't get along without you.
Mean Old Bed Bug Blues

Words & Music by Jack Wood

Medium slow

Gals, bed bugs—sure is evil, they don’t mean me no good.

Yeah, bed bug sure is evil, they don’t mean me no good.

Thinks he’s a woodpecker.

_and I’m a chunk of wood.

Verse 2
When I lay down at night, I wonder how can a poor gal sleep, (Twice)
When some is holding my hand, others eating my feet.

Verse 3
Bed bug as big as a jackass will bite you and stand and grin. (Twice)
They’ll drink all they can, and then turn around and bite you again.

Verse 4
Something moan in the corner, I went over and see. (Twice)
It was the bed bug a-prayin’: “Lord, gimme some more cheese.”
Mean To Me

Words & Music by Roy Turk & Fred E. Ahlert

Medium tempo

\[ D^{\text{aug}} G \quad \text{Em}^7 \quad \text{Am}^7 \quad D^9 \quad \text{Bm}^7 \quad \text{Em}^7 \]

1. You’re mean to me, why must you be mean to me?
2. I stay home each night when you say you’ll phone;

\[ C \quad C^6 \quad C^\# \text{dim} \quad G/D \quad E^7 \quad \text{Am}^7 \quad D^7 \]

Gee, hon-ey, it seems to me you love to see me
You don’t and I’m left a-lone, sing’in’ the blues and
cry-in’. I don’t know why sigh-in’. You treat me
cold-ly each day in the year You al-ways
scold me when-ever some-body is near. Dear,

\[ G \quad \text{Em}^7 \quad \text{Am}^7 \quad D^9 \quad \text{Bm}^7 \quad \text{Em}^7 \quad C \quad C^6 \quad C^\# \text{dim} \]

it must be great fun to be mean to me; You should’n’t, for
can’t you see what you mean to me?

Mean Woman Blues

Words & Music by Claude DeMetrius

I got a woman mean as she can be.

Sometimes I think she's almost mean as me.

I got a woman mean as she can be.

Sometimes I think she's almost mean as me.

black cat up and died of fright, 'Cos she crossed his path last night!

kiss so hard she bruise my lips; Hurts so good, my heart just flips!

strangest gal I ever had; Never happy less she's mad!

4. She makes love without a smile; Ooh, hot dog, that drives me wild!

I got a woman mean as she can be.

Sometimes I think she's almost mean as me.

1. 2. 3. 4. She me

3. The
Million Years Blues
(a.k.a. When My Heart Beats Like A Hammer)

Words & Music by John Lee Williamson

Medium slow

\[ \text{\( mf \)} \]

\[ \text{\( C \)} \]

When my heart gets to beat-in' like a hammer, and my eyes get full of tears.

When my heart gets to beat-in' like a hammer,

and my eyes get full of tears.

You only been gone twenty-four hours but it seems like a million years.

Verse 2

If I ever mistreat you, darlin'; God knows I never meant no harm. (Twice)
You know I'm just a little country boy, that raised down on the farm.

Verse 3

You give me so much trouble, I don't know what to do. (Twice)
I ain't got nothing now, and it's all on account of you.

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Meditation (Meditação)

Original Words by Newton Mendonca ★ English Lyric by Norman Gimbel ★ Music by Antonio Carlos Jobim

Medium Bossa nova

1. In_________my lone-li-ness___________When you’re gone—
2. Though_________you’re far away___________I have on-

—and I’m all by myself and I need your caress—
—ly to close my eyes and you are back to stay—

I_________just think of you_________And the thought—
I_________just close my eyes_________And the sad-

—of you holding me near—make my lone-li-ness soon dis-ap-pear—
—ness that miss-ing you brings—soon is gone—and this heart of mine sings

1. 2.

Yes,_________I love you so,—
And that for me is all I need to know.

I will wait for you. Till the sun

falls from out of the sky for what else can I do?

I will wait for you, Meditation

ting how sweet life will be when you come back to me.
Midnight Sun
Words by Johnny Mercer ★ Music by Sonny Burke & Lionel Hampton

Slowly Cmaj9

Your lips were like a red and ruby chalice, warmer than the

F9(#11) Bb maj9

summer night; The clouds were like an alabaster palace rising to a

Eb9(#11) Ab maj9

snowy height; Each star its own aurora borealis; suddenly you

Db9(#11) Cmaj9 Am7 Dm7 G13(b9)

held me tight, I could see the midnight sun. I can’t explain the silver rain that found me, or was that a moonlit veil?

Cmaj9 F9(#11)

The
music of the universe around me, or was that a nightingale?

Bb maj9 Eb9(#11)

And

Ab maj9 Db9(#11)

then your arms miraculously found me, suddenly the sky turned pale,
Cmaj⁹  Am⁷  Fmaj⁷(b⁵)  B⁷  Emaj⁷  E⁶

I could see the midnight sun. Was there such a night, it’s a

Em⁷  A¹³  A⁷aug  Dmaj⁹  D⁶  Dmaj⁹  D⁶  Dmaj⁷  D⁶

thrill I still don’t quite believe, But after you were gone, there was

Dm⁷  G¹³  G⁷aug  Em⁷  Eb⁹  Dm¹¹  Db⁷(#⁹)  Cmaj⁹

still some stardust on my sleeve. The flame of it may dwindle to an

F⁹(#¹¹)  B⁹maj⁹

ember, and the stars forget to shine. And we may see the meadow in De-

Eb⁹(#¹¹)  A⁵maj⁹

cember, icy white and crystal-line. But, oh, my darling always I’ll re-

Db⁹(#¹¹)

member, when your lips were close to mine. And we saw the

1. Cmaj⁹  C⁶  Dm⁷  G¹³(b⁵)  Cmaj⁹

midnight sun. Your midnight sun.

2. Cmaj⁹  D⁶  G¹³(b⁵)  Cmaj⁹  Db⁹(#¹¹)  C⁶/⁹

midnight sun. Your midnight sun.
Mind Your Own Business

Words & Music by Hank Williams

Medium fast

If the wife and I are fuss-in', brother, that's all right; 'cos me and that sweet woman got a license to fight. Why don't you mind your own business? Mind your own business! 'Cos if you mind your business then you won't be minding mine.

Verse 2
Oh, the woman on the party line's a nosey thing;
She picks up the receiver when she knows it's my ring.
Chorus

Verse 3
I got a little gal that wears her hair up high;
The boys all whistle when she walks by.
Chorus

Verse 4
Well, if I want to honky tonk around till two or three,
Now brother, that's my headache, don't you worry 'bout me.
Chorus

Verse 5
Minding other people's business seems to be high-toned;
I got all that I can do just to mind my own.
Chorus
Misty

Medium slow

Music by Erroll Garner ★ Words by Johnny Burke

Look at me, I’m as help- less as a kit-ten up a tree, And I feel like I’m way, And a thou- sand vi- o- lins be- gin to play; Or it might be the cling- ing to a cloud; I can’t un- der- stand, I get mis- ty just hold- ing your sound of your hel- lo, That mu- sic I hear, I get mis- ty the mo- ment you’re

1.                      12.                      G7(b5) C7 F7(b5) Bb7 Em7 Cm7 Fm7 Bb7(b9) Eb6 Ddim Eb6

hand, Walk my near. You can say that you’re

Bb7(b9)          Abmaj7 Ab6

lead- ing me on, But it’s just what I want you to do.

Am7 Adim F7

Don’t you no- tice how hope- less- ly I’m lost, that’s why I’m fol- low- ing

Bb7 Edim Fm7 Bb7 Emaj7 Bbm7 Eb7

you. On my own, would I wan- der through this won- der- land a-

Abmaj7

-lone, Nev- er know- ing my right foot from my left, My

Eb7 Cm7 Fm7 Bb7(b9) Eb

hat— from my glove; I’m too mis- ty and too much in love.

Moonglow
Words & Music by Will Hudson, Eddie de Lange & Irving Mills

Medium slow
Cadd\(^9\)mp  F\(^9\)(#11)  G\(^6\)  A\(^13\)  A\(^9\)aug

It must have been moon - glow,  way up in the blue;  
I still hear you say - ing  “Sweet - heart, hold me fast.”

Am\(^7\)  D\(^13\) (b9)  G/B  B\(^b\)dim  Am\(^7\)  B\(^b\)dim  G/B  G\(^7\)aug

It must have been moon - glow  that led me straight to you.
And I start a - pray - ing:

G/B  B\(^b\)dim  Am\(^7\)  B\(^b\)dim  G/B  G\(^9\)  F\(^9\)  F\(^9\)

“Oh Lord, please let this last.”  We seemed to float right thro’ the

E\(^9\)  A\(^9\)  Am\(^9\)  Eb\(^9\)  D\(^9\)  G\(^9\)aug

air;  Heavenly songs seemed to come from ev - ’ry - where.

Cadd\(^9\)  F\(^9\)(#11)  G\(^6\)  A\(^13\)  A\(^9\)aug

And now, when there’s moon - glow  way up in the blue,

Am\(^7\)  D\(^13\) (b9)  G/B  B\(^b\)dim  Am\(^7\)  A\(^b\)maj\(^7\)  G

I al - ways re - mem - ber  that moon - glow gave me

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Moonlight Becomes You

Medium slow

Music by Jimmy Van Heusen ★ Words by Johnny Burke

Moonlight becomes you, it goes with your hair;—
Moonlight becomes you, I'm thrilled at the sight;—
And certainly know the right thing to wear.

1.

Moonlight becomes you, it goes with your hair;—
Moonlight becomes you, I'm thrilled at the sight;—
And certainly know the right thing to wear.

2.

Manic tonight. You're all dressed up to go
dreaming. Now don't tell me I'm wrong. And what a night to go
dreaming! Mind if I tag along? If I say I

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More Than You Know

Words & Music by William Rose & Edward Eliscu ★ Music by Vincent Youmans

Medium slow

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...
Loving you the way that I do there's

nothing I can do about it;

honey I can't live without it.

cry, oh, how I'd cry if you got tired and said goodbye;

More than I'd show, more than you'd ever know.
My Babe
Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium fast

My baby don't stand no cheatin', my babe.
My baby don't stand no cheatin', my babe.
My baby don't stand no cheatin', she don't stand none of that
Mid-night creepin'. My babe, true little baby, my babe.

Verse 2
My babe, I know she love me, my babe. (Twice)
Oh yeah, I know she love me.
She don't do nothin' but kiss and hug me.
My babe, true little baby, my babe.

Verse 3
My babe, she don't stand no cheatin', my babe. (Twice)
Oh no, she don't stand no cheatin'.
Everything she do, she do so pleasin'.
My babe, true little baby, my babe.

Verse 4
My baby don't stand no foolin', my babe. (Twice)
My baby don't stand no foolin'.
When she's hot there ain't no coolin'.
My babe, true little baby, my babe.
My Baby Left Me
Words & Music by Arthur Crudup

Medium fast

F7

1. Yes, my baby left me, never said a word;
   Was it something I done, something that she heard?
   My baby left me, my baby left me.

My baby even left me, never said a word.

1. 2. 3. 4.

N.C.

Verse 2
Now I stand at my window, wring my hands and cry.
I hate to lose that woman, hate to say goodbye.
You know she left me; yes, she left me.
My baby even left me, never said a word.

Verse 3
Baby, one of these mornings, Lord, it won’t be long,
You’ll look for me, baby, and Daddy he’ll be gone.
You know you left me, you know you left me.
My baby even left me, never said goodbye.

Verse 4
Now I stand at my window, wring my hands and moan.
All I know is that the one I love is gone.
My baby left me, you know she left me.
My baby even left me, never said a word.
My Handy Man Ain’t Handy Any More

Medium tempo

Intro

\( \text{Eb Bb7 Eb Bb7 Eb C7 F7 Bb7} \)

Once I used to brag a-bout my han-dy man,— But I ain’t brag-gin’ no

\( \text{G7 C7 F9 Bb7 Eb Bb7 Eb Bb7 Eb C7} \)

more. Some-thin’ strange has hap-pen-ed to my han-ky man,— He’s

\( \text{Bb/F F7 Bb7 Fm C7 Fm} \)

not the man he was be-fore. Wish some-body could ex-plain to me A-

\( \text{F7 Bb7 Eb Bb7 Eb Bb7} \)

-bout this du-al per-son-al-i-ty: He don’t per-form his du-ties like he

\( \text{Eb7 Ab G7 Cm} \)

al-ways used to be im-pa-tient

\( \text{used to do;— He nev-er hauls the ash-es less I tell him to. Be-} \)

\( \text{to be-gin;— He nev-er used to wait to be in-vited in. But} \)

\( \text{F7 Ab7 G7 C7} \)

-before he hard-ly gets to work he says he’s through.— My

\( \text{now he’s full of lame ex-cu-ses, it’s a sin!— My} \)
Verse 2
Time after time, if I'm not right there at his heels,
He lets that poor horse in my stable miss his meals.
There's got to be some changes, 'cos each day reveals
My handy man ain't handy no more.

He used to turn in early and get up at dawn,
And, full of new ambitions, he would trim the lawn.
Now, when he isn't sleeping, all he does is yawn!
My handy man ain't handy no more.

Bridge
Once he used to have so much endurance;
Now it looks like he needs life insurance.

I used to brag about my handy man's technique;
Around the house he was a perfect indoor sheik.
But now the spirit's willing but the flesh is weak!
My handy man ain't handy no more.
My Creole Belle

Words & Music by J. Bodewalte Lampe

Medium fast

My Creole belle, I love her well;

My darlin' baby,

my Creole belle.

When the stars shine,

I'll call her mine;

My darlin' baby,

my Creole belle.

Verse 2
My Creole belle, I love her well;
I love her more 'n anyone can tell.
My Creole belle, I love her well;
My darlin' baby, my Creole belle.

Verse 3
When the stars are shining, I'll call her mine;
My darlin' baby, my Creole belle.
My Creole belle, I love her well;
My darlin' baby, my Creole belle.
Mystery Train
Words & Music by Sam C. Phillips & Herman Parker Jr

Medium fast
($\text{\textfrac{3}{4}}$)

N.C.  \( A^7 \)  \( E^7 \)

Train I ride, is sixteen coaches long.

\( A^7 \)  \( E^7 \)

Train I ride is sixteen coaches long.

\( B^7 \)  \( A^7 \)  \( E^7 \)

Well, that long black train take my baby and gone.

Verse 2
Mystery train, rolling down the track. (Twice)
Well, it took my baby and it won’t be coming back.

Verse 3
Train, train, rolling ’round the bend. (Twice)
Well, it took my baby, won’t be back again.

Verse 4
Train I ride, is sixteen coaches long. (Twice)
Well, that long black train take my baby and gone.
New York Town

Words & Music by Woody Guthrie

Medium tempo

I was standing down in New York town one day.

Standing down in New York town one day.

Standing down in New York town one day.

Sing-ing, hey, hey, hey, hey.

Verse 2
I was broke, I didn’t have a dime. (Three times)
Every good man gets a little hard luck sometime.

Verse 4
Down and out and he ain’t got a dime. (Three times)
I’m gonna ride that new mornin’ railroad train.

Verse 4
Holdin’ my last dollar in my hand. (Three times)
Looking for a woman that’s looking for a man.

Verse 5
If you don’t want me, just please leave me be. (Three times)
I can buy more lovers than the Civil War set free.
Medium slow

I woke up this mornin', feelin' awful sad;  
thought that you had left me, and my head was achin' bad. Oh, it was a  
nightmare, as plain as it could be. Yes, it was a  
nightmare, but baby don't do that to me!

Lips so sweet and tender, you were mine for life;  
your didn't want my money, least that's what you said;  
eyes they held the promise but your hand it held the knife. Oh it was a nightmare,  
you're in someone else's arms, I'm wishin' I was dead. Oh it was a nightmare,  
as plain as it could be. Yes, it was a nightmare, but  

1. G  
2. G C6 G  

baby don't do that to me! You
No More Blues (Chega De Saudade)

Original Words by Vinicius de Moraes ★ English Words by Jon Hendricks & Jessie Cavanaugh ★ Music by Antonio C. Jobim

Bossa nova

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 goodbyes. 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...

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A7  Ddim  Dmaj7
home - ward,  ______  For ev - er home - ward.

F#m7  Fdim  Em7  E7
trav - elled 'round the world,  in search of hap - pi - ness,  ______  But all the hap -

Em7(b5)  A7(b9)
- pi - ness  I found  was  in  my  home - town.

Dmaj7  Bm7  E7  F#7
No more blues,  I'm goin' back home.  No,  no more

Bm7  Bbm7  Am7  D7(b9)  Gmaj9
dues,  I'm through with all my wan - drin'.  Now  I'll set - tle down  and

C11  Fm7  B7  B7aug
live  my  life,  and  build  a  home,  and  find  a  wife.  When

E7  Em7  Fm7  B7
we set - tle down,  there'll  be  no more blues;  ______  Noth - in'  but hap - pi - ness.  When

E7  Em7  A13  D
we set - tle down,  there'll  be  no more blues.
No Matter How She Done It
Words & Music by Hudson Whittaker

Medium tempo

I know a gal by the name of Mae-Lou. She

shook it so much she had the German flu. No matter how she done it,

No matter how she done it,

No matter how she done it, She done it just the same.

Verse 2
The women don’t like her, they call her Ida Mae,
But the way the men love her is a cryin’ shame.
No matter how she done it, etc.

Verse 3
She shakes all over when she walks.
She made a blind man see, and a dumb man talk.
No matter how she done it, etc.

Verse 4
The copper brought her in, she didn’t need no bail.
She shook it for the judge, and put the cop in jail.
No matter how she done it, etc.
No More Lovers
Words & Music by Arthur Crudup

Medium tempo

We won’t be no more lovers, we gon’ be old friends...

We won’t be no more lovers, we gonna be old friends...

You can help me find a woman, I’ll help you out with your man.

Verse 2
I was in love with you baby, you was in love with someone else. *(Twice)*
You know darn well that I loved you, and wanted you for myself.

Verse 3
I even tried to love you when I knew you was untrue. *(Twice)*
You went away and left me, I’ll find someone who is true.
No Smoking

By Duke Ellington

Slow

No smoking— let these dying embers remain; ‘Cos

where we’re concerned I may get burned again.

No smoking— for me; I know the

glow from this cigarette is the torch that I’m carrying yet. Re-
C7
Cdim C Gm9 C7aug Fmaj9 F6 Fmaj7 F7

Remember where there's smoke there's always fire.

Am Am7 Am6 Dm7 Dm9 (b5) G13(b9)

And my love lit the flame, but not your desire.

Cmaj9 C6 A7 Dm7 Fm6

No smoking, let the ashes fall where they may; They're

Cmaj7/E Ebdim Dm7 Bm7(b5) E7 A7

like burned out dreams, like smoke that is blown away. No joking;

rall.

Dm7 Eb7aug Db9 C / Ab6 F/G C

No smoking for me.
Nobody Knows You When You’re Down And Out

Medium slow

Words & Music by Jimmie Cox

Once I lived the life of a millionaire; Spending my money, I didn’t care. I took all my friends out for a good time, Buyin’ high price liquor, champagne and wine. When I began to fall so low, I didn’t have a friend and no place to go. If I ever get hold of a dollar again, Gonna hold on to it till the eagle grins.

F A7 D7 Gm D7 Gm
Nobody knows you when you’re down and out.

Bb E7 F D7 G9
In your pocket not one penny; And your friends, you

Gm9 C7 F A7 D7
haven’t any. But if you ever get on your feet again,

Gm D7 Gm Bb E7
Then you’ll find your long lost friends. It’s mighty strange.

F D7 G9
without a doubt; Nobody knows you when you’re

C7 F D7 G7 C7 F
down and out. I mean when you’re down and out.
Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen

Traditional

Slow

F Bb F Bb C7

No-body knows the trouble I've seen, No-body knows but Jesus;

F Bb A7 D7 Bb C7 F Bb F

No-body knows the troubles I've seen, Glory Hallelujah! Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down; Oh, yes, Lord! Sometimes I'm almost to the ground, Oh, yes, Lord!

Bb F Bb C7

No-body knows the trouble I've seen, No-body knows but Jesus;

F Bb A7 D7 Bb C7 F Bb F

No-body knows the troubles I've seen, Glory Hallelujah!
One For My Baby (And One More For The Road)

Medium slow

Words by Johnny Mercer ★ Music by Harold Arlen

(♩=♩=♩=♩)

It's quarter to three, there's no one in the place except you and me.

So set 'em up, Joe; I've got a little story you oughta know.

We're drinking, my friend, to the end of a brief episode.

So make it one for my baby, and one more for the road.

I got the routine, so drop another nickel.
in the machine. I'm feeling so bad.

wish you'd make the music dreamy and sad. 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 buddy I'm a kind of poet and I've gotta lotta things to say.

And when I'm gloomy, you simply gotta listen to me un-
-til it's all talked away. Well, that's how it goes; and,

Joe, I know you're getting anxious to close. So

thanks for the cheer; I hope you didn't mind my bending your ear. This

torch that I've found must be drowned or it soon might explode.

So make it one for my baby, and one more for the road;

That long, long road.
Ol' Man River

Music by Jerome Kern ★ Words by Oscar Hammerstein II

Slow

 Eb Cm7 Eb Ab Eb Ab

Ol' man riv-er, dat ol' man riv-er, he must know sump-in', but

Eb Edim Fm7 Bb9 Fm7 Bb9

don't say noth-in'; He jus' keeps roll-in', he keeps on roll-in' a-

Eb Ab6 Eb Fm7 Bb7 Eb Cm7 Eb Ab

-long. He don't plant 'ta-ters, he don't plant cot-ton, an'

Eb Ab7 Eb/G Gbdim7 Fm7 Bb7

dem dat plants 'em is soon forgot-ten; But ol' man riv-er, he

Fm7 Bb9 Eb Ab6 Eb Am7(b5) D7 Gm D7(b9)

jus' keeps roll-in' a-long. You an' me, we
sweat an' strain, bod-y 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'
skee red of dy-in'. But ol' man riv-er, he just keeps roll-in' a-

1. 
\[ Eb \ A^m \ Eb \ / \ Fm7 \ B^b7 \] 
\[ Eb \ / \ Fm7 \ A^m6 \ Eb \]

2. 
\[ Eb \ A^m \ Eb \ / \ Fm7 \ B^b7 \] 
\[ Eb \ / \ Fm7 \ A^m6 \ Eb \]

-long. 
-long.
One More River

Medium tempo

Old Noah once he built the Ark,
patched it up with hick-ry bark,
There's one more riv-er to cross;
And

cross.
One more riv-er, and that's the riv-er of Jordan;

One more riv-er, There's one more riv-er to cross.

The animals went in one by one... The animals went in seven by seven...
The elephant chewing a caraway bun... Said the ant to the elephant, "Who are you shovin'?"
The animals went in two by two... The animals went in eight by eight...
The rhinoceros and the kangaroo... They came with a rush 'cos it was late...
The animals went in three by three... The animals went in nine by nine...
The bear, the flea and the bumble bee... Old Noah shouted, "Cut that line!"
The animals went in four by four... The animals went in ten by ten...
Old Noah got mad and hollered for more... The Ark she blew her whistle then...
The animals went in five by five... And then the voyage did begin...
Leapin' and dancin' and doin' the jive... Old Noah pulled the gang-plank in...
The animals went in six by six... They never knew where they were at...
The hyena laughed at the monkey's tricks... Till the old Ark bumped on Ararat...
Please Warm My Wiener
Words & Music by Bo Chatmon

Medium tempo

I got some-thin’ to tell you, ba-by, don’t get mad this time;

If you want my wie-ner, you gim-me, he’s all up in my mind. Ba-by,

please warm my wie-ner; ba-by, please warm my wie-ner.

Won’t you just warm my wie-ner, ‘cos he really don’t feel right cold.

Verse 2
Now listen here, sweet baby, I ain’t no lyin’ man;
If you warm my wiener one time you’ll want to warm him again.
Baby, please warm my wiener; oh, warm my wiener.
Won’t you just warm my wiener, ‘cos he really don’t feel right cold.

Verse 3
Says some say to take hot water, baby can’t you see;
But your heat, baby, is plenty warm enough for me.
Baby, please warm my wiener; please warm my wiener.
Won’t you just warm my wiener, ‘cos he really don’t feel right cold.

Verse 4
Now listen here, sweet baby, you know that time is growing old;
I don’t want you to warm half of my wiener, I want you to warm him all.
Baby, please warm my wiener; baby, please warm my wiener.
Won’t you warm my wiener, ‘cos he really don’t feel right cold.
Pickpocket Blues

Words & Music by Bessie Smith

Medium tempo

(C mf)

My best man, my best friend told me to stop peddling gin.

They even told me to keep my hands out people's pockets where their money was in.

But I wouldn't listen or have any shame, 'long as someone else would take the blame.

Now I can see it all come home to me. I'm
sittin' in the jail-house now. I mean, I'm in the jail-house now. I done stop runnin' around with this one and these good-lookin' browns. Any-time you see me I was good-time bound, with this one, that one, most all in town.

I'm in the jail-house now, I'm sittin' in the jail-house now.
Prelude To A Kiss

Words & Music by Duke Ellington, Irving Gordon & Irving Mills

Medium swing

\( \text{D}^\text{13} \quad \text{D}^\text{9}\text{aug} \quad \text{G}^\text{9} \quad \text{G}^\text{7(b9)} \quad \text{C}^\text{9} \quad \text{Fmaj}^\text{7} \quad \text{B}^\text{13} \quad \text{B}^\text{9}\text{aug} \quad \text{E}^\text{9} \quad \text{E}^\text{7(b9)} \)  

If you hear a song in blue,  Like a flower crying

\( \text{A}^\text{7(b9)} \quad \text{Dm} \quad \text{Fadd}^\text{9} \quad \text{G}^\text{7aug} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{D}^\text{13} \)  

for the dew,  That was my heart serenading you;

\( \text{Dm}^\text{7} \quad \text{G}^\text{7(b9)aug} \quad \text{C}^\text{6} \quad \text{Bb}^\text{maj7} \quad \text{A}^\text{7aug} \quad \text{D}^\text{13} \quad \text{D}^\text{9aug} \quad \text{G}^\text{9} \quad \text{G}^\text{7(b9)} \)  

My prelude to a kiss,  If you hear a

\( \text{C}^\text{9} \quad \text{Fmaj}^\text{7} \quad \text{B}^\text{13} \quad \text{B}^\text{9aug} \quad \text{E}^\text{9} \quad \text{E}^\text{7(b9)} \quad \text{A}^\text{7(b9)} \quad \text{Dm} \)  

song that grows from my tender sentimental woes,

\( \text{Fadd}^\text{9} \quad \text{G}^\text{7aug} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{D}^\text{13} \quad \text{Dm}^\text{7} \quad \text{G}^\text{7(b9)} \quad \text{G}^\text{9aug} \quad \text{C} \)  

That was my heart trying to compose,  My prelude to a kiss.
Tho' it's just a simple melody, with nothing fancy,

no-thing much, You could turn it to a sym-pho-ny; 

Schu-bert tune— with a Gersh-win touch. Oh! How my love song gently cries— for the ten-der-ness with-in your eyes!— My

love is a pre-lude that nev-er dies— A pre-lude to a kiss.
Police Dog Blues

Words & Music by Arthur Phelps

Medium tempo

(D = \( \frac{3}{4} \))

\( D \quad G^7 \quad D \quad D^7 \)

All my life I've been a trav-lin' man.

\( G^9 \quad D \)

All my life I've been a trav-lin' man.

\( A^7 \quad G^7 \quad D \)

Stay-in' a lone and do-in' the best I can...

Verse 2
I shipped my trunk down to Tennessee. (Twice)
Hard to tell about a man like me.

Verse 3
I met a gal, I couldn't get her off my mind. (Twice)
she passed me up, said she didn't like my kind.

Verse 4
I'm scared to bother around her house at night. (Twice)
She got a police dog cravin' for a fight.

Verse 5
His name is Rambler, when he gets a chance, (Twice)
He leaves his mark on everybody's pants.

Verse 6
Guess I'll travel, I guess I'll let her be. (Twice)
Before she sticks her police dog on me.
Verse 2
I got mean things, I got mean things all on my mind. (Twice)
Hate to leave you here, babe, but you treat me so unkind.

Verse 3
Runnin' down to the station, catch the first mail train I see. (Twice)
I got the blues about Miss So-and-so, and the child's got the blues about me.

Verse 4
I'm leaving this morning with my arms fold up and cryin'. (Twice)
I hate to leave my baby, but she treats me so unkind.
Quiet Nights Of Quiet Stars (Corcovado)

English Words by Gene Lees ★ Music & Original Words by Antonio Carlos Jobim

Bossa nova

D\textsuperscript{9} \textsuperscript{mp} \quad A\textsuperscript{b} \textsuperscript{dim}\textsuperscript{7}

Qui- et nights of qui- et stars, qui- et chords from my gui- tar

Gm\textsuperscript{7} \quad G\textsuperscript{b}\textsuperscript{7} \quad F\text{dim} \quad F\text{½}\textsuperscript{9}

Float- ing on the si- lence that sur- rounds us.

Fm\textsuperscript{7} \quad Em\textsuperscript{7} \quad A\textsuperscript{7}\text{aug}

Qui- et thoughts and qui- et dreams, qui- et walks by qui- et streams,

D\textsuperscript{9} \quad Dm\textsuperscript{7} \quad A\textsuperscript{b} \textsuperscript{dim}

And a win- dow look- ing on the moun- tains and the sea. How love- ly!
This is where I want to be; here, with you so close to me, until—the final flicker of life's ember.

I, who was lost and lonely, believing life was only a bitter tragic joke, have found with you.

The meaning of existence, oh my love.
Recado Bossa Nova (The Gift)

Words & Music by Djalma Ferreira & Luiz Antonio

Bossa nova

Dm

A7

D7

Gm7

Em7(b5)

Eb13

Dm

To Coda ᴴ

1.

E7

A7(b9)

2.

Cm7

A7

Dm

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Richlands Woman Blues

Words & Music by Mississippi John Hurt

Medium tempo

N.C. | F | C

G

Gimme red lip-stick and a bright purple rouge.

G

a shingle-bob haircut and a shot of good booze.

F | C

Hurry down, sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn.

F

If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

Verse 2

Come along young man, everything settin' right;
My husbands goin' away till next Saturday night.
Hurry down, sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn;
If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.
Verse 3
Now I'm raring to go, got red shoes on my feet,
My mind is sittin' right for a Tin Lizzie seat.
Hurry down, sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn;
If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

Verse 4
The red rooster said, "Cockle-doodle-do-do."
The Richlands' woman said, "Any dude will do."
Hurry down, sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn;
If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

Verse 5
With rosy red garters, pink hose on my feet,
Turkey red bloomer, with a rumble seat.
Hurry down, sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn;
If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

Verse 6
Every Sunday mornin', church people watch me go,
My wings sprouted out, and the preacher told me so.
Hurry down, sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn;
If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

Verse 7
Dress skirt cut high, then they cut low;
Don't think I'm a sport, keep on watchin' me go.
Hurry down, sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn;
If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.
Run here, Roberta, sit down on my knee.

Run here, Roberta, sit down on my knee.

Got something to tell you, and that's been worrying me.

**Verse 2**
I went down to the river, I sat down on the ground. (Twice)
I'm gonna stay right here, Lord, till Roberta comes down.

**Verse 3**
Oh, Roberta, tell me how long, how long? (Twice)
I'm gonna wait for you baby, I've gotta see you since you been gone.

**Verse 4**
Well, way up the river, just as far as I could see. (Twice)
Lord, I thought I'd find my old time used to be.

**Verse 5**
She was a brownskin woman, she had black wavy hair. (Twice)
And I can't subscribe her, anymore, anywhere.

**Verse 6**
I'm going to the station and talk to the chief of police. (Twice)
Roberta done quit me, I can't see no peace.
Rockin' Chair
Words & Music by Hoagy Carmichael

Medium slow

\[
\begin{align*}
&Eb & E^b_{maj7} & Bm^7 & Eb^9 & A^b_{maj7} & Db^9 \\
&\text{Old rock-in' chair's got me, cane by my side;} \\
&Gm^7 & C^7_{aug} & C^7 & F^7 & F^7(b5)/B & B^b_{7sus4} & B^b^7 \\
&\text{Fetch me that gin, son, 'fore I tan your hide.} \\
&E^b^6 & Cm^7 & Am^7(b5) & D^7 & Gm \\
&\text{Can't get from this cabin, goin' nowhere;} \\
&Cm^7(b5) & F^7 & E^b/B^b & G^b_{dim} & B^b^7/F & E^b & E^b^7 \\
&\text{Just sit me here grabbin' at the flies 'round this rock-in' chair.} \\
&A^b^9 & E^b_{maj7} \\
&\text{My dear old Aunt Harriet, in heaven she be;} \\
&Am^7(b5) & D^7 & Gm^7 & Cm^7 & F^9_{sus4} & F^9 & Fm^7 & B^b^7 \\
&\text{send me sweet chariot for the end of these trouble I see.} \\
&E^b & E^b_{maj7} & B^b^m7 & Eb^9 & A^b_{maj7} & Db^9 \\
&\text{Old rock-in' chair gits it, judgment day is here.} \\
&Gm^7 & C^7 & Fm^7 & Em^7 & Eb & Fm^7 & B^b^7 & E^b & A^b^9 & E^b \\
&\text{chained to my rock-in' chair.} \\
\end{align*}
\]

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San Francisco Bay Blues

Medium fast

Words & Music by Jesse Fuller

I got the blues for my baby, left me by the San Francisco bay;

Ocean liner took her so far away.

Didn't mean to treat her so bad, she was the best gal I ever had;

Said goodbye, made me cry,

I wanna lay down and die.

I ain't got a nickel and I ain't got a lousy dime;

If she ever comes back, I
think I'm gonna loose my mind. If she ever comes back to stay, it'll be another brand new day.

Walk-in' with my baby down by the San Francisco bay.

Verse 2
Sitting down by my back door, wondering which way to go;
Woman I'm so crazy about, she don't love me no more.
Think I'll take me a freight train, 'cos I'm feeling blue;
Ride all the way till the end of the line, thinking only of you.

Verse 3
Meanwhile, in another city, just about to go insane,
Sound like I heard my baby, the way she used to call my name.
If she ever come back to stay, it'll be another brand new day,
Walking with my baby down by the San Francisco Bay.
Salty Dog
Traditional

Medium fast

\( \text{Chorus} \)

\( \text{F} \quad \text{D}^7 \quad \text{G}^7 \)

\( \text{Why don't you let me be your salty dog? Don't want to be your man at all...} \)

\( \text{F} \quad \text{B}^b7 \quad \text{F} \quad \text{G}^7 \)

\( \text{Salty dog, mama's little salty dog... Just like huntin' for a needle in a bale of sand... Tryin' to find a woman has'n't got no man...} \)

\( \text{C}^7 \quad \text{F} \)

\( \text{Salty dog... you salty dog... Why don't you let me be your salty dog? Don't want to be your man at all...} \)

\( \text{C}^7 \quad \text{F} \quad \text{B}^b7 \quad \text{F} \)

\( \text{Salty dog, mama's little salty dog...} \)

Verse 2
Little fish, big fish, swimming in the water.
Come on back here, man, and give me my quarter.
Salty dog, you salty dog.

Chorus

Verse 3
God made the women and he made her mighty funny.
Kiss 'em on the mouth, just as sweet as any honey.
Salty dog, you salty dog.

Chorus
See See Rider
Words & Music by Gertrude ‘Ma’ Rainey

Medium slow
\( \text{C mp} \quad \text{Cdim C} \quad \text{Cdim C} \quad \text{Cdim} \)

I'm so un-hap-py, I feel so blue; I al-ways feel so sad. I made a mis-take right from the start, Tho' it seems so hard to part._ A-bout this let-ter that I will write, I hope he will re-mem-ber

rit._
\( \text{G Am} \quad \text{A#dim G/B G7} \quad \text{C} \)

when he re-ceives it. See see ri-der, see what—you have done._

\( \text{C7} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{Fm} \quad \text{C F/A C/G F6} \)

— Lawd, Lawd, Lawd. Made me love you, now your own girl come._

\( \text{C/E Dm7 C Am7 D9} \quad \text{G7} \)

—you made me love you, now your real girl come._

1._
\( \text{C C/Bb Adim Fm/Ab C/G F#dim G7} \)

2._
\( \text{C C/Bb Adim Fm/Ab C/G G11 C N.C.} \)

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Serenade In Blue

Medium slow

When I hear that serenade in blue, I'm some-where in an-oth-er world a-

-lone with you, Shar- ing all the joys we used to know Man- ny moons a-

-go. Once a-gain your face comes back to me,

Just like the theme of some for-got-ten me-lo-dy

In the al-bum of my me-mo-ry; Ser-e-nade in blue. It
seems like only yesterday, A small café, a crowded floor, And

as we danced the night away, I heard you say "forever more," And

then the song became a sigh, forever more be came goodbye, But

you remained in my heart, So tell me, darling, is there still a spark,

Or only lonely ashes of the flame we knew?

Should I go on whistling, in the dark, Se-rena-de in blue?
Seven Eleven

By Carpenter & Williams

Medium swing

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{F6} \)

\( \text{F9} \)

\( \text{Bb9} \)

\( \text{F6} \)

\( \text{Gm9} \)

\( \text{C13} \)

\( \text{F6} \)

\( \text{C7} \)

\( \text{F6} \)

\( \text{F9(b5)} \)

\( \text{Bb9} \)

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Seventh Son
(Original Version)

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium tempo

Now everybody's cryin' about the seventh son...
In the whole round world there is only one... I'm the one,

Yeah, I'm the one.

I'm the one, I'm the one, the one they call the seventh son.

Verse 2
Now I can tell your future, before it comes to pass.
I can do things for you, make your heart feel glad.
I can look in the skies, and predict the rain.
I can tell when a woman's got another man.
I'm the one, etc.

Verse 3
I can hold you close and squeeze you tight.
I can make you grab for me, both day and night.
I can heal the sick, I can raise the dead.
I can make you, little girl, talk out of your head.
I'm the one, etc.

Verse 4
I can talk these words, and sound so sweet,
And make your lovin' heart even skip a beat.
I can take you, baby, hold you in my arms,
And make the flesh quiver lovely forms.
I'm the one, etc.
Seventh Son
(Version 2)

Medium tempo

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

1. Ev’rybody’s talkin’ bout the seventh son. In the whole wide world there’s only one. I’m the one;
   Yes, I’m the one.
   I’m the one, I’m the one; the one they call the seventh son.

2. I can tell your future, it will come to pass; I can do things for you, make your heart tell glad;
   Look in the sky, predict the rain; I can tell when a woman’s got another man. I’m the one;
   Yes, I’m the one. I’m the one, I’m the one; the one they call the seventh son.

Verse 3
I can talk these words that will sound so sweet
They will even make your little heart skip a beat;
I can heal the sick and raise the dead;
I can make little girls talk out their head.
I’m the one, etc.
Shake That Thing
Traditional

Medium fast

Now, the old folks like it, and the young folks too. The old folks tell the young folks how to do. You gonna shake that thing, aw, shake that thing. I'm gettin' sick and tired of tellin' you to shake that thing.

Verse 2
Now, it ain't no Johnson, ain't no chicken wings. All you do is to shake that thing. Why don't you shake that thing, shake that thing? I'm getting sick and tired of telling you to shake that thing.

Verse 3
I was walking downtown and stumbled and fell. My mouth jumped open like a front wheel well. Why don't you shake that thing, shake that thing? I'm getting sick and tired of telling you to shake that thing.
Shake Your Money Maker

Words & Music by Elmore James

Verse 1
Well, I got a gal, she lives up on the hill.

Chorus
You've got to shake your money-maker, shake your money-maker.

Verse 2
Love you, baby, tell you the reason why. (Twice)
Every time you leave me, I want to lay down and die.

Chorus

Verse 3
I got a baby, she lives up on the hill. (Twice)
Says she gonna love me, but I don't think she will.

Chorus

Verse 4
I got a gal and she just won't be true. (Twice)
She got to the place, won't do a thing I tell her to.

Chorus
She Ain't Nothing But Trouble
Words & Music by Arthur Crudup

Verse 2
Darlin', you ain't nothin' in the world but trouble; I love you just the same. (Twice)
I don't want my baby talkin' to another man.

Verse 3
Take me, darlin', hold me in your arms.
Love me, baby, love me all night long.
You ain't nothin' in the world but trouble, wherever she may be.

Verse 4
Now when the sun starts risin', Lord, I'm wringin' my hands and cryin'. (Twice)
I love you, baby, I just can't get you off my mind.
Singing The Blues
Words & Music by Melvin Endsley

Medium tempo

F

Well I never felt more like singing the blues—

'cos ne-er felt more like cry-in' all night—'

Bb

'cos

F

I nev-er thought that I'd ever lose your love, dear,

ev'-ry-thing's wrong and no-thing ain't right without you.

C7

1.

F Bb F C7

why do you do me this way?

Well, I

C7

2.

F F7 Bb F

You got me singing the blues

The moon and stars no long-er shine, The
dream is gone I thought was mine. There's nothing left for
me to do but cry over you. Well, I
never felt more like running away but why should I go 'cos
I couldn't stay without you, You got me singing the

1.
F Bb F C7

2.
F Bb F
Silver City Bound

Words & Music by Huddie Ledbetter
Arranged & Adapted by Alan Lomax

Medium tempo
(♩= 3⁄8)

Chorus
N.C.
D

Sil-ver Ci-ty bound, I’m Sil-ver Ci-ty bound,

D7     G7     D
Well, I tell my ba - by I’m Sil-ver Ci-ty bound.

A7
Hey, blind Lem-on gon-na ride on down.

Verse
B7     E7     A7
Catch me by the hand, aw, ba - by. Blind

D     B7
Lem-on was a blind man. Catch me by the hand, aw,

E7     A7
ba - by. Blind Lem-on was a blind man.

Verse 2
Catch me by the hand, aw, baby,
Blind Lemon was a blind man. He’d holler: (Twice)
Chorus

Verse 3
Catch me by the hand, aw, baby,
And lead me all throughout the land. (Twice)
Chorus

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Smoke Gets In Your Eyes

Music by Jerome Kern ★ Words by Otto Harbach

They asked me how I knew my true love was true. I, of course, replied, "Something here inside can't be denied."

They said some day you'll find all who love are blind. When your heart's on fire, you must realize smoke gets in your eyes.

So I chaffed them and I gaily laughed to think they could doubt my love.

Yet today my love has flown away. I am without my love.

Now laughing friends deride tears I cannot hide. So I smile and say, "When a love-ly flame dies, smoke gets in your eyes."
So Blue

Music by Helen Crawford & Ray Henderson ★ Words by Lew Brown & Buddy De Sylva

Medium jazz waltz

I knew I'd miss your smile, And miss your kisses for a while,
But never knew that I'd be oh, so blue.

Both sleeping And waking, My poor heart is aching;
You know dear, It's breaking for you.

I'll be in heaven when I hold you in my arms again,
But, until then, I'll just be oh, so blue.

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Solitude

Medium slow  Words by Eddie de Lange & Irving Mills ★ Music by Duke Ellington

(N.C. Emaj7 Cm7 Fm7 Fm9)

In my solitude you haunt me with
solitude you taunt me with

re- ver- ies of days gone by.
memories that never die.

2.

Emaj7 E9 Ab6 Fm7 F#dim

I sit in my chair, I'm filled with despair;
there's

no-one could be so sad.
With gloom ev'rywhere,

sit and I stare; I know that I'll soon go mad.

so- li- tude I'm praying; dear

Lord above, send back my love.
Someday
Words & Music by Arthur Crudup

Medium tempo

\[ mf \]

\( \text{G}^7 \)

Someday, baby, some, some old lonesome
day,
Someday, baby, some, some old lonesome
day,
You know I won't be worried and
treated this-a way.

Verse 2
When I go in my room, I fall down on my knees and pray, (Twice)
That I have someone to love me, and I wish that you were there.

Verse 3
I have found somebody, some woman that really cares for me. (Twice)
I mean I found a woman who wants to be my honey bee.
Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child

Traditional

Slowly

Em

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child. Sometimes I feel like a

Em

motherless child. Sometimes I feel like a motherless child, A

C9 Em Am6 Em C9 Bb7sus4 B7 Em

long way from home; A long way from home.

Am6 Em C9 Em

True believer, I'm a motherless child A long way from

Am6 Em rit. C9 Bb7sus4 B7 Em

home; A long way from home.
Sorrowful Blues
Words & Music by Bessie Smith

Medium tempo

(♩ = 3⁄4)

If you catch me stealin', I don't mean no harm.

If you catch me stealin', I don't mean no harm.

It's a mark in my family and it must be carryin' on.

Verse 2
I got nineteen men and I won't want no mo'. (Twice)
If I had one more, I'd let that nineteen go.

Verse 3
It's hard to love another woman's man. (Twice)
Can't catch him when you want him, you got to catch him when you can.

Verse 4
Have you ever seen a preacher throw a sweet potato pie? (Twice)
Just step in my backyard and taste a piece of mine.
Spoonsful

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium tempo

(♩♩= 120 ♩)

mf

E7 vamp

It could be a spoonful of diamonds, could be a spoonful of gold; Just a little spoon of your precious love, satisfy my soul.

Men lies about a little, Some men cries about a little, Some of 'em dies about a little. Everybody fight about a spoonful; That spoon, that spoon, that spoonful.

Verse 2
It could be a spoonful of coffee, it could be a spoonful of tea; But a little spoon of your precious love is good enough for me.

Men lies about that spoonful, Some of them dies about that spoonful, Some of them cries about that spoonful, But everybody fight about that spoonful; That spoon, that spoon, that spoonful.

Verse 3
It could be a spoonful of water, saved from the desert sand; But one spoon of luck from my little forty five save me from another man.
Sporting Life Blues

Traditional

Medium slow

(N.C.)

\[ \text{C7}^{\text{3}} \quad \text{Cm} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{E7} \]

I'm get-tin' tired of hang-ing 'round. Get a

job and set-tle down. This old night life, this old

sport-in' life, is kill-ing me.

Verse 2

I got a letter from my home;
Most of my friends are dead and gone.
This old night life, this old sportin' life,
Is killing me.

Verse 2

There ain't but one thing that I've done wrong;
Lived this sportin' life too long.
This old night life, this sportin' life,
Is killing me.

Verse 3

I've been a liar, and a cheater too;
Spent all of my money and my booze on you.
This old night life, this old sportin' life,
Is killing me.

Verse 4

I'm getting tired of running around;
I think I'll marry and settle down.
This old night life, this old sportin' life,
Is killing me.
Squeeze Me
Words & Music by Clarence Williams & Thomas 'Fats' Waller

Medium slow

\[\begin{align*}
  \text{G7} & \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{F6} \\
  \text{G7} & \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{F6} \text{ Fdim F7} \quad \text{Bb} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{Bm7} \quad \text{Cdim A7/C#}
\end{align*}\]

Baby you've been dog-gone sweet to me,

you're the only one I see.

You know I need but you, 'cos

you're my gal;

You love me like no one can.

Some-thing \[\begin{align*}
  \text{Dm} & \quad \text{Bdim} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{Gm7} \quad \text{C7} \\
  \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Gm/Bb A7} & / \quad \text{Dm7} \quad \text{G7}
\end{align*}\]

'bout you I can't re-sist,

When you kiss me, mom-ma, I stay kissed.

Oh, ba-by, squeeze me and squeeze me a-gain;

Oh, hon-ey,

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G7  C7  F6  E7  F6  Eb7 D7  G9  C13

don't stop, till I tell you when.  Now, ba - by, squeeze me and kiss me some

Fm  Dm7(b5)  C/G  G7  Gm7/C  C7  F  Eb7  D7

more,  Just like you did be - fore.  Your ba - by

g7  C7  F6  Ebmaj7  D7  G7  C7

cu - pid is stand - ing close by,  Oh, mom - ma don't let your sweet ba - by

F9  F7  Bdim Bb dim Adim Abdim Gdim F#dim Fdim Edim Eb dim Ddim

cry. Just pick me up on your knee, I

G7  Dm7  Gm7(b5) G7  C7  Gb7(#9) F6  Eb7 D7  C7  Gb7(#9) F6

feel so good - y good - y when you kiss me. Oh, mom - ma, you kiss me.
St. James Infirmary

Words & Music by Joe Primrose

Slow

I went down to St. James’ Infirmary, To see my baby there.

She was lyin’ on a long wooden table; So cold, so still, so bare. Good luck, God speed and bless her, Where ever she may be. She could search this whole wide world

over, She’d never find a better man than me.

St. Louis Blues

Words & Music by W. C. Handy

Medium tempo

\(\text{mf}\)

\(\text{G}^7\)

\(\text{C}^7\)

\(\text{G}\)

\(\text{G}^7\)

I hate to see the ev'nin' sun go down,

\(\text{C}\)

\(\text{C}^7\)

\(\text{G}\)

Hate to see the ev'nin' sun go down;

\(\text{D}^7\)

\(\text{G}\)

\(\text{D}^7\)

'Cos my baby he done left this town.

\(\text{G}^7\)

\(\text{C}^7\)

\(\text{G}\)

\(\text{G}^7\)

Feel-in' to-mor-row like I feel to-day;

\(\text{C}\)

\(\text{C}^7\)

\(\text{G}\)

Feel to-mor-row like I feel to-day.

\(\text{D}^7\)

\(\text{G}\)

I'll pack my trunk make my get-a-way.

St. Lou-i-s
Gm with her diamond rings, pulls that
C#dim D7
man 'round by her apron strings, 'twant for
Gm D7
powder, and for store-bought hair, the
Gm C#dim D7
man I love would not gone nowhere, nowhere. Got the
St. Louis blues, just as blue as I can be, that
C C7 G
man got a heart like a rock cast in the sea, or
Am7 D7 G C7 G
else he wouldn't have gone so far from me.

(See over for block lyrics)
Verse 2
Been to the Gypsy to get my fortune told;
To the Gypsy, to get my fortune told.
'Cos I'm most wild about my jelly roll.

Gypsy done told me: "Don't you wear no black."
Yes she done told me: "Don't you wear no black;
Go to St. Louis, you can win him back."

Help me to Cairo, make St. Louis by myself;
Gone to Cairo, find my old friend Jeff.
Goin' to pin myself close to his side;
If I flag his train, I sure can ride.

I love that man like a schoolboy loves his pie;
Like a Kentucky colonel loves his mint and rye.
I'll love my baby till the day I die.

Verse 3
You ought to see that stovepipe brown of mine;
Like he owns the diamond Joseph line.
He'd make a cross-eyed old man go stone blind.

Blacker than midnight, teeth like flags of truce;
Blackest man in the whole St. Louis.
Blacker the berry, sweeter is the juice.

About a crap game, he knows a powerful lot;
But when work time comes, he's on the dot.
Goin' to ask him for a cold ten spot;
What it takes to get it, he's certainly got.

A black-headed gal make a freight train jump the track;
Said a black-headed gal make a freight train jump the track.
But a red-headed woman makes a preacher ball the jack.
Stars Fell On Alabama

Words by Mitchell Parish ★ Music by Frank Perkins

C A7 D9 G9 C

We lived our little drama, we kissed in a field of white, light,

Em Ebdim Dm7 D9 G13 Em Eb7 Dm7 G7

And stars fell on Alabama last night.

1.

D9 G13 C F7 C

Alabama last night.

I never planned in my imagination a situation so heavenly,

Em7 Ebdim Dm7 G7 C C#dim

A fairy-land where no one else could enter, and in the centre just you and

Dm7 G7 Am Am7 F#m7 B7

me, dear. My heart beat like a hammer, my arms wound around you

E Dm7 G7 C A7 D9 G9 C

tight, And stars fell on Alabama last night.
Stella By Starlight

Music by Victor Young ★ Words by Ned Washington

Medium slow

The song a robin sings.

Through years of endless Springs;

The murmur of a brook at eventide.

That ripples by a nook where two lovers hide;

A great symphonic theme:

That’s Stella by starlight, and not a dream.

My heart and I agree,

she’s everything on earth to me.
Sugar Blues

Medium tempo

Music by Clarence Williams ★ Words by Lucy Fletcher

Have you heard—these blues that I'm goin' to sing to you?

When you hear them they will thrill you thro' and thro'.

They're the sweet-est blues you've ever heard; Now listen and don't say a word.

Sugar blues,

Ev'rybody's sing-ing the su-gar blues; The whole town is ring-ing,
lovin' man's sweet as he can be, But the dog-gone fool turned
love my coffee, I love my tea, But the dog-gone cream turned

so - ur on me. I'm so un - hap - py, I feel so bad, I could
so - ur on me. You can say what you choose, But I'm

lay me down and die. You can say what you choose, But I'm

all confused; I've got the sweet, sweet sugar blues, more sugar; I've

I've got the sweet, sweet sugar blues. I've got the blues.
Summertime Blues
Words & Music by Eddie Cochran & Jerry Capehart

Medium rock

\[ E \quad A \quad B \quad E \quad A \quad B \quad E \]

I'm a-

\[ E \quad A \quad B \quad E \quad A \quad B \ quad E \quad A \]

gonna raise a fuss, I'm gonna raise a hol- ler,

(Verses 2, 3 see block lyric)

\[ B \quad E \quad A \quad B \quad E \quad A \]

About workin' all sum-mer just to try to earn a dol-

\[ A \quad B \quad E \quad A \quad B \quad E \quad A \]

ev'ry time I call my ba-by to try to get a date, My

\[ E \quad N.C. \quad A \quad B \quad E \quad A \quad B \quad E \quad A \quad B \quad E \quad A \]

boss says "No dice, son, you got- ta work late". Some-

times I won- der what

\[ E \quad N.C. \quad A \quad B \quad E \quad A \quad B \quad E \quad A \quad B \quad E \quad A \]

I'm gonna do, But there ain't no cure for the Sum-

ter-time blues.
Verse 2
A-well my 'n' Poppa told me "Son, you gotta make some money,
If you wanna use the car to go a-ridin' next Sunday."
Well, I did'nt go to work, told the boss I was sick.
"Now you can't use the car 'cos you didn't work a lick."
Sometimes I wonder, etc.

Verse 3
I'm gonna take two weeks, gonna have a fine vacation.
Gonna take my problem to the United Nations.
Well, I called my Congressman, and he said "Nope,
I'd like to help you, son, but you're too young to vote."
Sometimes I wonder, etc.
Sunny
Words & Music by Bobby Hebb

Medium tempo

\[ \text{Dm} - \text{Bb maj}^7 - \text{Em}^7(b5) - \text{A7(b9)} \text{ N.C.} \]

mf
(Instrumental)

\[ \text{Dm} - \text{F7} - \text{Bb7} - \text{A7 sus}^4 \text{ A7} \]

1. Sunny, yesterday my life was filled with rain;
2. Sunny, thank you for the sunshine bouquet;

Sun-ny, you smiled at me and really eased the pain. Oh, the
Sun-ny, thank you for the love you've brought my way.

Dm - F7 - Bb7 - A7 sus^4 A7

dark days are done, the bright days are here;
You gave to me your all and all;
Now I feel

E_b9(b5) - Em^7(b5) - A7(b9)

so sincere. Sunny one so true, I love you;
ten feet tall. Sunny one so true, I love you.
B♭maj⁷  Em⁷(b5)  A⁷(#9)  N.C.  Dm

(Instrumental)

3. Sunny, _____
4. Sunny, _____

F7  B♭maj⁷  A⁷sus⁴  A⁷  Dm

thank you for the truth you’ve let me see;
thank you for that smile up on your face;

Sunny, _____
Sunny, _____

F7  B♭maj⁷  A⁷sus⁴  A⁷

thank you for the facts from A to Z.
thank you for that gleam that flows with grace.

My _____

Dm  F7  B♭maj⁷

life was torn like wind-blown sand.
Then a rock was formed when.

You’re my spark of nature’s fire;
You’re my sweet com-

E♭₉(b₅)  Em⁷(b₅)  A⁷(b₅)  Dm

we held hands.
complete desire.

Sunny one so true, I love you.
Sunny one so true, I love you.

B♭maj⁷  Em⁷(b₅)  A⁷(#9)  N.C.  A⁷(#9)  Dm⁹(maj⁷)

(Instrumental)
Take These Chains From My Heart

Words & Music by Fred Rose & Hy Heath

Medium tempo

F         C7
Take these chains from my heart and set me free; You've grown
heart just a word of sympathy; Be as

F

G7       C7
cold and no longer care for me. All my faith in you is
cold to my heart as you can be. Then, if you no longer

F7       Bb       G7       C7
gone, But the heart-aches linger on. Take these chains from my heart and set me
care for the love that's beating there, Take these chains from my heart and set me

F       Bb       F       C7       F       C7
free. Take these tears from my eyes and let me see. Just a
free. Take these chains from my heart and set me

F

C7
free. You've grown

spark of the love that used to be. If you love some body
cold and no longer care for me. All my faith in you is

F7       Bb       G7       C7
new, Let me find a new love too. Take these chains from my
gone, But the heart-aches linger on. Take these chains from my

1.
F       Dm7       Gm7       C7

2.
F       Bb       F

heart and set me free. Give my free.
Tenor Madness

Medium swing

$\text{B}_b^7$ $\text{Eb}_7$ $\text{B}_b^7$

$\text{Eb}_7$ $\text{Ed}_\text{dim}$

$\text{Eb}_7$ $\text{G}_7(\#9)$ $\text{C}_m$

$\text{F}_7$ $\text{B}_b^7$ $\text{G}_7(\#9)$ $\text{C}_7$ $\text{F}_7(\#9)$

$\text{B}_b^7$ $\text{Eb}_7$ $\text{B}_b^7$ $\text{Eb}_7$ $\text{Ed}_\text{dim}$

$\text{B}_b^7$ $\text{G}_7(\#9)$ $\text{C}_m$

$\text{F}_7$ $\text{B}_b^7$ $\text{G}_7(\#9)$ $\text{C}_7$ $\text{F}_7(\#9)$
Texas Blues
Words & Music by Lowell Fulson

Medium tempo

I'm Texas bound, freight train on my mind.
I'm Texas bound, I got a freight train on my mind.
If you miss me on the local look for me on the blind.

Verse 2
My suitcase is packed, my trunk's already on. (Twice)
You know by that, this sweet papa's going to be gone.

Verse 3
Just look around the corner, see that passenger train. (Twice)
Be a long, long time before you see my face again.

Verse 4
It takes a good ol' fireman, a cool kind of engineer, (Twice)
That'll pull that train, take me away from here.

Verse 5
I'm Texas bound, got no time to lose. (Twice)
'Cos my sweet mama quit me, left me with the Texas blues.
That Ole Devil Called Love

Medium slow

Words & Music by Doris Fisher & Allan Roberts

Fm7

Some-one’s whis-p’rin’ in my ear, I say no, no, go a-way but he don’t hear...

Dm7

He fol-lows me a-round, builds me up, tears me down... I

Cm9

try my best to shake him but he just hangs a-round. It’s that ole dev-il called

Fm7

love a-gain; Get’s be-hind me and keeps giv-ing me that shove a-gain. Put-ting

Cm7

rain in my eyes, Tears in mydreams, and rocks in my heart. It’s that

Fm7

sly son-of-a-gun a-gain, He keeps tell-ing me that I’m the luck-y

Gm7

one a-gain. But I still have the rain, Still have those tears and those
rocks in my heart.
Suppose I didn’t stay,

ran away, wouldn’t play, that devil what a potion he would brew.

He’d follow me around, build me up, tear me down, Till

I’d be so bewildered, I wouldn’t know what to do. Might as well give up the

fight again. I know darn well he’ll convince me that he’s right again, When he

sings that siren song. I just gotta tag along with that

ole devil called love. It’s that love.
That's Why I'm Lonesome

Words & Music by Arthur Crudup

Verse 1
Well, I've got no one to love me, guess I'm all alone,
That's why I'm worried, darling, and I'm all alone. You know I'm worried, yes, I'm lonesome. You know I'm lonesome baby, in this world for you.

Verse 2
Sometimes I'm on the wonder, wonder to myself;
You know I love you, baby, and you love somebody else.
But I am wondering, yes, I'm wondering;
You know I'm wondering, baby, in this world for you.

Verse 3
I ain't got nobody, I'm here all alone;
The one I love, she really don't stay at home.
That's why I'm lonesome, yes, I'm lonesome;
You know I'm lonesome, baby, in this world for you.
The Birth Of The Blues

Words & Music by Ray Henderson, Lew Brown & Buddy DeSylva

Medium slow

They heard the breeze in the trees—singing weird melodies—

And they made that the start of the blues—

And from a jail came the wail of a down heart-ed frail—And they

played that as part of the blues—

From a whip-poor-

-will out on a hill, they took a new note; Pushed it thro' a

horn till it was worn into a blue note—And then they

nursed it, rehearsed it, and gave out the news—That the

South-land gave birth to the blues—

The Breeze (That's Bringing My Honey Back To Me)

Medium slow

Words & Music by Tony Sacco, Dick Smith & Al Lewis

\[ \text{\( \text{\( E^7 \)} \)} \]

Day after day, I'm wait-in' patient-ly; And,
I al-ways keep my win-dow op-en wide;

\[ \text{\( A^9 \)} \]

when the sal-ty wind is blow-in' from the sea,
like to let the friend-ly breeze come right in-side,

\[ \text{\( D^7 \)} \]

I pre-tend that it's the breeze that's fill-in' the sail that's mov-in' the ship that's
And pre-tend that it's the breeze that's fill-in' the sail that's mov-in' the ship that's

\[ \text{\( G \quad F^9 \quad E^b^9 \quad D^7(b^9) \quad G \quad F^7 \quad F \quad G \)} \]

bring-in' my hon-ey back to me. me. Mis-ter
bring-in' my hon-ey back to
wind keep blow-in' stronger. 'Cause I must have that gal of mine.

Ever' day seems so much longer, Don't forget it's daylight-saving time.

I get so lonesome wait-in' days and weeks. But every breath of air that lingers on my cheeks. Seems to whisper it's the breeze that's

fill-in' the sail that's mov-in' the ship that's bring-in' my hon-ey back to me.
The Blues Never Die
Words & Music by Otis Spann

Medium slow

G7

\[ \text{Ev'-ry-body won-drin'—where the blues come from—} \]

C7

G

\[ \text{Ev'-ry-body won-drin'—where did the blues come from—} \]

D7

Way back in the low lands,

G7

C7

G7

right off of my coun-try farm.

Verse 2
When you in trouble, blues is a man's best friend. (Twice)
Blues ain't gonna ask you where you goin', and the blues ain't gonna ask you where you been.

Verse 3
We can't let the blues die, blues don't mean no harm. (Twice)
I'm gonna move back in the lowlands, that's where the blues come from.
The First Time I Met The Blues
Words & Music by Eurreal Montgomery

Medium slow

The first time I met the blues, I was walk-in’ down thro’ the
woods.

Yeah, the first time I met the blues,
don’t you know I was walk-in’ down thro’ the woods.

Yeah, I stop my house to play the blues;

blues, you know you done me all the harm that you could.

Verse 2
The blues got after me, they ride me from tree to tree. (Twice)
Yeah, you should have heard me beggin’ “Blues, blues, don’t bother me.”

Verse 3
Yeah, good morning blues; blues, I wonder what you’re doin’ here so soon. (Twice)
You know you’ll be with me every morning, every night, and every noon.

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The Lady Sings The Blues

Words by Billie Holiday ★ Music by Herbie Nichols

Slow

\( \text{Am}^6 (\text{maj}^7) \quad \text{F}^7/\text{A} \quad \text{Am}^6 \quad \text{Am}^9 \)

La - dy sings the blues, she’s got them bad,____ she feels so sad;

\( \text{Amaj}^7 \quad \text{Dmaj}^7 \quad \text{A} \quad \text{G}^9 (\#11) \quad \text{F}^7 \quad \text{Bm}^9 \quad \text{E}^7 (\#9) \)

Wants the world to know just what the blues is all a-bout.

\( \text{Am}^6 (\text{maj}^7) \quad \text{F}^7/\text{A} \quad \text{Am}^6 \quad \text{Am}^9 \)

La - dy sings the blues, she tells her side,____ no-thing to hide;

\( \text{Amaj}^7 \quad \text{Dmaj}^7 \quad \text{A} \quad \text{G}^9 (\#11) \quad \text{F}^7 \quad \text{Bm}^9 \quad \text{E}^7 (\#9) \)

Now the world will know just what the blues is all a-bout.____

The

\( \text{A} \quad \text{Gmaj}^7 \quad \text{F}^7 (b9) \quad \text{A}^9 \)

blues ain’t no-thin’ but a pain in your heart,____ When you

\( \text{A}^7 \)

get a bad start, when you and your man have to part.
B7
I ain't gonna just sit around and cry; And now I

E9  E7(b9)  E7  Am6 (maj7)
know I won't die because I love him. Lady sings the

F7/A  Am6  Am9  Amaj7
blues, she's got 'em bad, she feels so sad; But now the world will

To Coda

Dmaj7  A  G  E7(#9)  Am (maj7)  Am6  E7(#9)
know she's never gonna sing them no more.

CODA

A  G  E7(#9)  Am add N.C.  E7aug N.C.  Am (maj7)
never gonna sing them no more, no more.
The Nearness Of You

Music by Hoagy Carmichael ★ Words by Ned Washington

Slow

\[ \text{N.C.} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{Fmaj7} \quad \text{Cm7/F} \quad \text{F7aug} \]

It's not the pale moon that excites me, That

\[ \text{Bbadd9 Bb} \quad \text{Bbdim} \quad \text{Bbm6 F/A Ab9 Gm9 C7(b9)} \]

thrills and delights me; Oh no, it's just the nearness of

\[ \text{Am7 F#dim Gm7 Gm7/C F Fmaj7 Cm7/F F7aug} \]

you. It isn't your sweet conversation That

\[ \text{Bbadd9 Bb} \quad \text{Bbdim} \quad \text{Bbm6 F/A Ab9 Gm9 C7(b9)} \]

brings this sensation; Oh no, it's just the nearness of

\[ \text{F6 Bb6/F F N.C. Edim C7(b9)} \]

you. When you're in my arms, and I feel you so
close to me, All my wildest dreams come true.

I need no soft lights to enchant me, If you'll only grant me the right
to hold you ever so tight, And to feel in the night the nearness of you.
The Lonesome Road

Words by Gene Austin ★ Music by Nathaniel Shilkret

Medium swing

Look down, look down that lonesome road
Before you travel on,
Look horn weary
totin' such a load, Tredging down that lonesome road. Look down, look

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The Night We Called It A Day
Words by Tom Adair ★ Music by Matt Dennis

Medium slow
D7   Am7(b5) D7(b9) Gmaj7 G6 D13 D13(b9)

There was a moon out in space, But a cloud drifted over it's
song of the spheres, Like a minor lament in my

G6   Em7   A7(b9) Bm7 Bb7 Am7 Ab9(#11)

face; You kissed me and went on your way, The night we called it a
ears; I hadn't the heart left to pray, The night we called it a

day. I heard the day. Soft thro' the dark, The

Cm6/B B7(#9) Em(maj7) Em6 F#m7(b5) B7aug B7 Em / Em(maj7) Em7

hoot of an owl in the sky; Sad thro' his song, No

Em7(b5) A7(b9) Bb9 D7 Am7(b5) D7(b9)

bluer was he than I. The moon went down, stars were

Gmaj7 G6 D13 D13(b9) G6

gone, But the sun didn't rise with the dawn; There

Em(maj7) Em7 A9 A7(b5) Bm7 Bb7 Am7 Ab9 G

wasn't a thing left to say, The night we called it a day.

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The Old Piano Roll Blues

Words & Music by Cy Coben

Medium bounce

\( \text{mf} \) \( \text{C}^7 \) \( \text{Cdim} \) \( \text{C}^7 \)

I wanna hear it again, I wanna hear it again,

F \( \text{C}^7 \)
The old piano roll blues.

F G\( \text{C}^9 \) C\( \text{C7} \) Cdim
We're sitting at an up-right, my sweet-ie and me;
PUSH in' on the ped-als, mak-ing sweet har-mo-ny. When we hear

C\( \text{C7} \) Cdim C\( \text{C7} \) F Am\( \text{C7(b5)} \)
rink-i-ty tink, and we hear plink-i-ty plink,

D\( \text{D7} \) Gm B\( \text{Bb} \)m6
We cuddle clos-er it seems.

And while we kiss, kiss, kiss a-way all our cares,

F Cdim C\( \text{C7} \) Cdim
The player piano's play-in' razz-a-ma-tazz.

C\( \text{C7} \) F Dm\( \text{D7} \) Gm\( \text{G} \) C\( \text{C7} \) F
I wanna hear it again, I wanna hear it again,

The old piano roll blues.
The Very Thought Of You

Medium slow

N.C.  \[\text{Ab}\]

The very thought of you, and I longing

\[\text{Ab6}\]

\[\text{Ab}\]

\[\text{Ab6}\]

get to do. The little ordinary things that every one here for you;

You'll never know how slow the moments go 'till I'm

\[\text{Bb9}\]

\[\text{Dbmaj7}\]

\[\text{Eb7}\]

\[\text{Abmaj9}\]

ought to do. I'm living in a kind of day-dream, I'm

near to you. I see your face in every flower, your

\[\text{Fm7}\]

\[\text{G7aug5}\]

\[\text{G7}\]

\[\text{Cm}\]

\[\text{Abm}\]

\[\text{Bb13}\]

happy as a king; And, foolish though it may seem, to

\[\text{Bbm7}\]

\[\text{Eb7}\]

\[\text{Ddim}\]

me that's every thing. The mere above; It's just the

\[\text{Eb7}\]

\[\text{Adim}\]

\[\text{Bbm7}\]

\[\text{Eb7}\]

\[\text{Ab}\]

thought of you, the very thought of you, my love.
The Woman I Love

Words & Music by B. B. King & Joe Josea

(Medium tempo) C7 F7

Well, the woman I love

C7 F7

more than skin and bone. Yes, the woman I love

C7

ain't much more than skin and bone. She's

G7 F7 C7

on her way to the grave, but she won't leave mus-cat a-

F7

-lone. Yes, her legs are so lit-tle, they look just like a

C7 F7

cig-a-rette. Yes, her legs are so lit-tle, they look just like a

C7 G7

cig-a-rette. Yes, she's on her way to the grave,

F7 C7

but moon-shine is still the best.
Three Hours Past Midnight
Words & Music by Johnny 'Guitar' Watson & Sam Ling

Medium slow

Here it is three hours past mid-night, and my baby's no-

where a-round.

Well, here it is three hours past mid-night,

Well, I listen so hard to hear her footsteps,

Well, I ain't even heard a sound

and I want my baby; I want her by my side. (Twice)
Well, if she don't come home pretty soon, yes I just can't be satisfied.

Verse 3

Yes, I toss and tumble on my pillow, but I just can't close my eyes. (Twice)
If my baby don't come back pretty quick, yes I just can't be satisfied.
These Foolish Things

Medium slow

Words by Eric Maschwitz ★ Music by Jack Strachey

\( \text{Eb} \quad \text{Cm}^7 \quad \text{Fm}^9 \quad \text{Bb}^7 \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Cm}^7 \)

\( \text{Fm}^7 \quad \text{Bb}^7 \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Eb}^7\text{aug} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{C}^7 \quad 3 \quad 3 \)

\( \text{A cigarette that bears a lipstick's traces,} \quad \text{An airline ticket to romantic places,} \quad \text{And still my heart has wings; These foolish things remind me of you.} \)

\( \text{F}^7 \quad \text{Fm}^7 \quad \text{Bb}^7 \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Cm}^7 \quad \text{Fm}^7 \quad \text{Bb}^7 \quad \text{Fm}^9 \quad \text{Bb}^7 \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Cm}^7 \quad \text{Fm}^7 \quad \text{Bb}^7 \quad \text{Eb} \)

\( \text{A tinkling piano in the next apartment,} \quad \text{Those stumbling words that told you what my heart meant,} \)

\( \text{Eb} \quad \text{Eb}^7\text{aug} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{C}^7 \quad 3 \quad 3 \quad \text{F}^9 \quad \text{Bb}^7 \quad \text{F}^9 \quad \text{Bb}^7 \)

\( \text{A fairgrounds painted swings; These foolish things remind me of} \)
you. You came, you saw, you conquer'd me;

When you did that to me, I knew somehow this

had to be. The winds of March that makes 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.
Time On My Hands

Words by Harold Adamson & Mack Gordon ★ Music by Vincent Youmans

Medium slow

Dmaj7

C#7

Time on my hands, you in my arms,

Em7

A13

Nothing but love in view,

Dmaj7

C#7

Then, if you fall once and for all,

Em7

F#7

I'll see my dreams come true,

B7aug

B7

E7

Em7

A13

Moments to spare for someone you care for,

Dmaj9

E7

Em7

A9

One love affair for two;

With

Dmaj7

B7aug

B7

time on my hands and you in my arms, And

E9

Em9

A13

D

love in my heart for you.

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Trane's Blues

Medium swing

By John Coltrane

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Travelling Riverside Blues

Words & Music by Robert Johnson

Medium tempo

(♩= ♩♩♩)

N.C.  C

If your man___ gets per-son-al want to have your fun___

G7

If your man___ gets per-son-al___

G7

want to have your fun___

Just come on

D7

back to Friar's___ Point, ma-ma, and barrel-house all night long___

Verse 2
I got women in Vicksburg, clean on into Tennessee. (Twice)
But my Friar's Point rider, now, hops all over me.

Verse 3
I ain't gonna state no color, but her teeth crowned with gold. (Twice)
She got a mortgage on my body, now, and a lien on my soul.

Verse 4
Lord, I'm goin' to Rosedale, gon' take my rider by my side. (Twice)
We can still barrelhouse, baby, 'cos it's on the river side.

Verse 5
You can squeeze my lemon till the juice run down my leg. (Twice)
But I'm goin' back to Friar's Point, an' I'll be rockin' to my head.
Trouble In Mind
Words & Music by Richard M. Jones (Chippie Hill)

Medium slow

Trouble in mind, I'm blue, but I won't be blue always;

'Cos the sun gonna shine on my back door some day,

I'm gonna lay my head on a lonesome railroad line,

And let the Two Nine-teen pacify my mind.

Verse 2
I'm all alone at midnight, and my lamp is burning low;
Never had so much trouble in my life before.
I'm gonna lay my head on that lonesome railroad track;
But when I hear that whistle, Lord, I'm gonna pull it back.

Verse 3
I'm going down to the river, take along my rocking chair;
If the blues don't leave me, I'll rock away from here.
Trouble in mind, I'm blue, but I won't be blue always;
'Cos the sun gonna shine on my back door some day.
Tuxedo Junction

Words by Buddy Feyne  * Music by Erskine Hawkins, William Johnson & Julian Dash

Medium slow swing

Way down south in Birmingham, I mean south in Alabama. An 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 'til 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 heading in for Tuxedo Junction now.

Way down
Unforgettable
Words & Music by Irving Gordon

Medium slow

Un-forg-get-ta-ble, that's what you are;

Un-forg-get-ta-ble, 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 some-one been more — Un-forg-get-ta-ble, in ev'ry way;

And for-ev-er more that's how you'll stay.

That's why, darling, it's in-cre-di-ble that some-one so

un-forg-get-ta-ble thinks that I am un-forg-get-ta-ble too.
Walk Right In
Words & Music by Gus Cannon & H. Woods

Medium tempo

C
mf

A7

D7

G7

Walk right in, sit right down; and, baby, let your mind roll on.

C

A7

on. Hey, walk right in, stay a while; but,

D7

G7

C
daddy, you been stayin' too long. Now ev'-ry-body's talkin' 'bout a

C7

F

new way of walkin'; do you want to lose your mind? Hey,

C

A7

D7

G7

C

walk right in, sit right down; daddy let your mind roll on.

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Walkin' Blues
Words & Music by Robert Johnson

Medium tempo

N.C.  G7

I woke up this morn-in', feel-in' round for my shoes.

Know by that... I got these old walk-in' blues, well. Woke this morn-in'

feel 'round for my shoes... But you know... by that... I got these old walk-in' blues.

Verse 2
Well, leave this mornin' if I have to, ride the blind.
I feel mistreated, and I don't mind dyin'.
Leave this mornin', if I have to, ride the blind.
Babe, I been mistreated, and I don't mind dyin'.

Verse 3
Well, some people tell me that the worried blues ain't bad.
Worst old feelin' I most ever had.
People tell me that these old worried blues ain't bad.
It's the worst old feelin' I most ever had.

Verse 4
She got an easy movement from her head down to her toes.
Break in on a dollar most anywhere she goes.
Ooh, to her head down to her toes.
Lord, she break in on a dollar most anywhere she goes.
Walking My Troubles Away

Traditional

Medium tempo

E

Paper boy—hollerin', "Ex-tra, have you read the news?"

Shot the brown I love, I got them walking blues. I keep on

A7

walking, trying to walk my troubles away.

B7

I'm so glad, trouble don't last always.

Verse 2
You used to be my sweet hip, you soured on me;
We won't be together like we used to be.
I keep on walking, trying to walk my trouble away.
I'm so glad, trouble don't last always.

Verse 3
I got the bad, luck blues, my bad luck time done come.
They said bad luck follow everybody; seem like I'm the only one.
I keep on walking, trying to walk my trouble away.
I'm so glad, trouble don't last always.
Way Down In The Mine
Traditional

Come all you young fellers, so brave and so fine, And

seek not your fortune 'way down in the mine; It'll

form as a habit and seep in your soul, Till the

streams of your blood run as dark as the coal. It's dark as a

dungeon and damp as the dew, where the dangers are double and the
pleasures are few, where the rain never falls and the sun never shines;
It's dark as a dungeon 'way down in the mine.
1. There's mine.
2. There's mine.
3. It's dark as a dungeon, etc.

Verse 2
There's many a young feller I knew in my day
Who lived just to labour his whole life away;
Like a fiend with his dope, or a drunkard his wine,
A man may have lust for the lure of the mine.
It's dark as a dungeon, etc.

Verse 3
I pray, when I die and the ages shall roll,
My body will blacken and turn into coal.
As I stand at the door of my heavenly home,
I'll pray for the feller a slave to my bones.
It's dark as a dungeon, etc.
Weary Blues
Traditional

Medium tempo

1. Wish I could lose those weary blues.
   big, your love was small.

   Gm7  C7  F7  C7
   My tired heart can’t love no more.
   And now I’ve got no love at all.

   G7  C
   Can’t love the way it did before.
   Wish I could lose these weary

2. My love was blues.
   Want you in the morn’in’ and I

   C7  F  C7  F
   want you in the evenin’. Yes, I want you, yes, I want you but it don’t do no good.

   C7
   Miss you when it’s rain-in’ and I miss you when it’s shin-in’, and I
wish that I could kiss you and I would if I could... But my

heart can't forget the run-around it used to get. Oh, can't you see? I'm tired of This old unfair one-sided love. Come back to me, please don't refuse, And help me lose these weary blues.
Weeping Willow Blues

Traditional

Medium tempo

Lord, that weep-in' willow, and that mourn-in' dove!

That weep-in' willow, and that mourn-in' dove!

I got a gal up the coun-try you know— I sure do love.

Verse 2
Now if you see my woman, tell her I says hurry home. ( Twice)
I ain't had no loving since my gal been gone.

Verse 3
Where it ain't no love, ain't no getting along. ( Twice)
My gal treat me so mean and dirty, sometime I don't know right from wrong.

Verse 4
Lord, I laid down last night, tried to take my rest. ( Twice)
My mind started wandering like the wild geese in the west.

Verse 5
Gonna buy me a bulldog, watch you while I sleep. ( Twice)
Just to keep these men from making the 'fore day creep.

Verse 6
You gonna want my love, baby, some lonesome day. ( Twice)
Then it will be too late, I'll be gone too far away.
When The Lights Go Out

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Medium tempo

\[ F_{mf} \quad F/A \quad B^b \quad C^7 \quad F \quad F/A \]

1. I love to look at my baby's face. I love to feel that
2. I love to see her walk-in' down the street. She always dresses so

\[ B^b \quad C^7 \quad F \quad F/A \quad B^b \quad Bdim \]

silk and lace. And when she kiss it nearly makes me shout. Great
nice and neat. You never know what it's all about. Great

\[ F/C.N.C. \]

| 1. | C^7 | 2. | F^7 |

God Almighty, when the lights go out! You can
God Almighty, when the

\[ B^b \quad Bdim \quad F \quad B^b \quad Bdim \]

use your imagination. You'd still be far behind. There is

\[ B^b \quad Bdim \quad F \quad G^7 \]

nothing in creation like that girl, that
gal of mine. I love to hold her when she talks that talk.

\[ C^7 \quad F \quad F/A \quad B^b \quad C^7 \quad F \quad F/A \]

I love to watch her when she walks that walk. And if I pet her when she's

\[ B^b \quad Bdim \quad F/C.N.C. \quad B^b \quad F \]

try'n to pout. Great God Almighty, when the lights go out!

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When Sunny Gets Blue

Words by Jack Segal ★ Music by Marvin Fisher

Slow

\( \text{mp} \)  \text{Gm7} \quad \text{C7} \quad \text{Bb_m7} \quad \text{Eb9} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{Gm7} \\
\begin{array}{cccccc}
\text{When Sunny gets blue, her eyes get grey and cloudy,} \\
\text{Then the rain begins to fall; --}
\end{array}

\text{Am7} / \text{D9(b5)} \quad \text{D7(b9)} \quad \text{G9} \quad \text{Bb_m} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{Ab_m6} \\
\begin{array}{cccccc}
\text{pit-ter pat-ter, pit-ter pat-ter; Love is gone, so what can matter?}
\end{array}

\text{Gm7} \quad \text{Bb13} \quad \text{D13} \quad \text{D7_aug G9 G7} \quad \text{Gm7 C7} \quad \\
\begin{array}{cccccc}
\text{No sweet lover man... comes to call. When Sunny gets blue, she}
\end{array}

\text{Bb_m7} \quad \text{Eb9} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{Gm7} \quad \text{Am7 / D9(b5) D7(b9)} \quad \\
\begin{array}{cccccc}
\text{breathes a sigh of sadness, Like the wind that stirs the trees; --}
\end{array}

\text{G9} \quad \text{Bb_m} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{Ab_m6} \quad \\
\begin{array}{cccccc}
\text{Wind that sets the leaves to sway in', Like some violins are playin'}
\end{array}
Weird and haunting melodies. People used to love to hear her laugh, see her smile; That's how she got her name.

Since that sad affair, she's lost her smile, changed her style;

Some-how she's not the same. But memories will fade, and pret-ty dreams will rise up

Where her oth-er dreams fell through... Hurry, new love, hurry here To rall.

kiss away each lone-ly tear, And hold her near when Sun-ny gets blue.
When You Got A Good Friend

Words & Music by Robert Johnson

Medium slow

When you got a good friend, that will stay right by your side;

When you got a good friend, that will stay right your side, Give her

all of your spare time, love and treat her right.

Verse 2
I mistreat my baby, and I can’t see no reason why. (Twice)
Every time I think about it, I just wring my hands and cry.

Verse 3
Wonder, could I bear apologise, or would she sympathise with me. (Twice)
She’s a brownskin woman, just as sweet as a girlfriend can be.

Verse 4
Mmm, babe, I may be right or wrong.
Baby, it your opinion, I may be right or wrong.
Watch your close friend, baby, you enemies can’t do you no harm.

Verse 5
When you got a good friend that will stay right by your side, (Twice)
Give her all of your spare time, love and treat her right.
When Your Lover Has Gone

Words & Music by E. A. Swan

Gmaj7
Gm7 Bm C G7 C Em G
When you're a-lone, who cares for star-lit skies?

A7sus4 A7 Cm Cm(maj7) Cm7 Cm6
When you're a-lone, the magic moon-light dies.

G/B B7(#9) Em / Eb aug G/D C7m7(b5) A13 A9
At break of dawn there is no sunrise.

Gadd9 G Gdim D7 D7aug Gadd9 Em7 Am7 D7aug
When your lover has gone.

Gmaj9 G7 C9(#11) C11 C9
What lonely hours the evening shadows bring!

A7sus4 A7 Cm Cm(maj7) Cm7 Cm6
What lonely hours with memories lingering.

G/B B7(#9) Em Cm6/Eb G/D G/B B7(b5) E7aug E7
like faded flowers Life can't mean anything

rit.
A9 C9 Eb9 D7(b9) aug Gadd9 / E9 Am7/D G
when your lover has gone.

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Wild About That Thing

Words & Music by Spencer Williams

Medium tempo

\[ \text{C} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \]

Hon-ey ba-by won't you cuddle near, Let sweet ma-ma whis-per

\[ \text{C7} \quad \text{F7} \]

in your ear. I'm wild about that thing,

\[ \text{C} \quad \text{Bb7} \quad \text{A7} \quad \text{D7} \]

It makes me laugh and sing. Give it to me, papa;

\[ \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{C} \]

I'm wild about that thing.

Verse 2

Do it easy, honey, don't get rough; from you, papa, I can't get enough.
I'm wild about that thing, I'm wild about that thing;
Everybody knows it, I'm wild about that thing.

Verse 3

Please don't hold it, baby, when I cry; Give me every bit of it or else I'll die.
I'm wild about that thing, I'm wild about that thing;
All the time I'm cryin', I'm wild about that thing.
Verse 4
What's the matter, papa, please don't stall; don't you know I love it and I want it all?
I'm wild about that thing, just give my bell a ring;
You touched my button, I'm wild about that thing.

Verse 5
If you want to satisfy my soul, come on and rock me with a steady roll.
I'm wild about that thing; gee, I like your ting-a-ling.
Kiss me like you mean it, I'm wild about that thing.

Verse 6
Come on turn the lights down low; say you're ready, just say let's go.
I'm wild about that thing, I'm wild about that thing;
Come on and make me feel it, I'm wild about that thing.

Verse 7
I'm wild about it when you hold me tight; let me linger in your arms all night.
I'm wild about that thing, my passions got the fling;
Come on, hear me cryin', I'm wild about that thing.
Willow Weep For Me

Words & Music by Ann Ronell

Slow
\[ \text{\( \frac{4}{4} \)} \]

\[ G \quad D^9_{\text{aug}} \quad G \quad D^9_{\text{aug}} \]

Willow weep for me, willow weep for me;

\[ G \quad Em \quad Bm \quad Em \]

Bend your branches green along the stream that runs to sea.

\[ C^9 \quad Daug \quad G \quad Dm^7 \quad G \quad D^9_{\text{aug}} \]

Listen to my plea; listen, willow and weep for me.

\[ G \quad D^9_{\text{aug}} \quad G \quad D^9_{\text{aug}} \]

Gone my lover's dream, lovely summer dream;

\[ G \quad Em \quad Bm \quad Em \]

Gone and left me here to weep my tears into the stream.

\[ C^9 \quad Daug \quad G \quad Dm^7 \quad G \]

Sad as I can be; hear me, willow, 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.
Worried Man Blues

Medium tempo

G

It takes a worried man to sing a worried

C

song, it takes a worried man to sing a worried

G

song. It takes a worried man to sing a worried

D7

G C G

song: I’m worried now, but I won’t be worried long.

Verse 1
I went across the river, and I lay down to sleep. (3 times)
When I woke up, I had shackles on my feet.

Verse 2
Twenty one links of chain around my leg. (3 times)
And, on each link, an initial of my name.

Verse 3
When everything goes wrong, I sing a worried song. (3 times)
I’m worried now, but I won’t be worried long.
You'll Like My Loving

Medium tempo

A7

I know you like my lovin', I can tell

D7(9)

from the way you whine.

A7

I know you like my lovin', I can tell from the way you whine.

E

Let you taste my jell-y you just worries me all the time.

Verse 2

I told you, pretty mama, I had the best jelly in town. (Twice)
Since you got a little taste, you just keep on hanging around.

Verse 3

I swim deep, pretty mama, just like a catfish loaded down. (Twice)
And every time you see me, you wants to fall down on the ground.

Verse 4

When me and my baby starts to lovin', we wants to fight like cats and dogs. (Twice)
But before it's over with, we hollerin' "Lord, oh, Lordy Lord."
You Can’t Judge A Book By Its Cover

Words & Music by Willie Dixon

Fast  G7

You can’t judge an apple by lookin’ at a tree.

You can’t judge honey by lookin’ at the bee.

You can’t judge a daughter by lookin’ at the mother.

You can’t judge a book by lookin’ at its cover, oh!

Can’t you see,

Whoa!
You misjudged me.

Look like a farmer, but I'm a lover, You can't tell a book by looking at its cover.

Verse 2
You can't judge sugar by looking at the cane.
You can't judge a woman by looking at her man.
You can't judge a sister by looking at her brother.
You can't judge a book by looking at the cover.

Chorus

Verse 3
You can't judge a fish by looking in the pond.
You can't judge right from looking at the wrong.
You can't judge one by looking at the other.
You can't judge a book by looking at the cover.

Chorus
Your Cheatin' Heart

Words & Music by Hank Williams

Medium tempo

N.C.  C  C7  F

Your cheat-in' heart will make you weep; You'll cry and
cry and try to sleep. But sleep won't come the whole night
heart will pine some-day, And crave the

G7  C  G11  C  C7

love you threw a-way. The time will come when you'll be

F  G7  C  C

through; Your cheat-in' blue; Your cheat-in'

blue; Your cheat-in'

heart will tell on you.) When tears come

C  D7

down like fall-in' rain, You'll toss a-round and call my

G7  C  C7  F

name. You'll walk the floor the way I do; Your cheat-in'

F

heart will tell on you. Your cheat-in' you.
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Jack Long

Jack Long's career began in his teens when he played piano with many luminaries of the British jazz world. He first came to the attention of the music industry in the 1970s as a big band arranger with his transcriptions of some of the classic American recordings in this genre - all still widely played today.

He has since acted as musical director for several well-known entertainers, notably Ray Ellington, and worked as a session pianist and accompanist, while combining a parallel career in contemporary 'serious' music, editing for a number of publishers, including Chester and Novello, and composers such as Alexander Goehr. His own compositions have featured in film and television productions along with a wide range of original material for innumerable singers, producers such as Bruce Welch, and ensembles of all descriptions, including the National Youth Jazz Orchestra.

An experienced arranger, both in broadcasting and recording, his credits range from small studio groups to 150-piece orchestra and chorus.