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The
STANDARDS
REAL BOOK

A Collection Of Some Of
The Greatest Songs Of the 20th Century

Created by Musicians, for Musicians

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You Make Me Feel So Young
You Taught My Heart To Sing
You Took Advantage Of Me
You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To
You'll Never Know
You're The Top
Yours Is My Heart Alone

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Love Speaks Louder Than Words
Not Like This
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COUNT BASIE
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Doxy
Forest Flower
The Old Country
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Take Five
Those Eyes

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On A Misty Night
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Isn't It A Pity
It Ain't Necessarily So
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Love Walked In
The Man I Love
My Man's Gone Now
Nice Work If You Can Get It
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Oh, Lady Be Good
(Our) Love Is Here To Stay
'S Wonderful
Somebody Loves Me
Someone To Watch Over Me
Soon
Strike Up The Band
Summertime
That Certain Feeling
They All Laughed
They Can't Take That Away From Me
Thou Swell
Who Cares?

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All Through The Night
Anything Goes
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Begin The Beguine
Dream Dancing
Easy To Love
From This Moment On
Get Out Of Town
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Let's Do It
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Night And Day
So In Love
What Is This Thing Called Love?
You Do Something To Me
You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To
You're The Top

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All The Way
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LEONARD BERNSTEIN
Lucky To Be Me
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SAMMY FAIN
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Love Is A Many Splendored Thing
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HARRY WARREN
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Summer Night
This Heart Of Mine
This Is Always
You'll Never Know

JOHNNY MANDEL
Close Enough For Love
A Time For Love
You Are There

MICHEL LEGRAND
How Do You Keep The Music Playing?
I Will Wait For You
The Summer Knows

CY COLEMAN
The Best Is Yet To Come
I'm Gonna Laugh You Right Out Of My Life
Why Try To Change Me Now?

ALEC WILDER
Blackberry Winter
Trouble Is A Man
Publisher's Foreword

We at Sher Music Co. are again proud to present to you a compilation of some of the greatest songs ever written, this time all standards in one way or another. We hope and know that you will find this volume to be of much use in your pursuit of beauty and we have taken every measure possible to insure that each tune is presented accurately.

For the Standard Songs (the great bulk of the book), we have used many of the best jazz and jazz vocal versions to arrive at a consensus of how the tune has been interpreted over the years. What you get here is much more than just a reprint of the original sheet music—it is a distilled version of how each tune has evolved, with the best and/or most common chord changes included.

Main And Alternate Chords

Our basic goal was to have the bottom, or main changes reflect the common practice of how a jazz player would be expected to play the tune on a gig or at a jam session. You can feel confident calling any of the standards in this book and telling your bandmates to use the bottom changes—they should sound just right in every case. The alternate chords above the main chords have several different functions. Sometimes they are hipper substitute chords, often classic ones used by Miles Davis, Bill Evans, Coltrane, etc. On other occasions, the alternate chords are a reflection of the earlier Broadway or cabaret-style changes found in the original sheet music. Sometimes the alternate changes are a simpler version of the main changes, to be used during solo choruses. We suggest that you read through the alternate changes on any given tune before performing them to see if, or in what way, you want to incorporate them into your version of the tune.

Transcription Choices

For some of the Standard Songs we have included direct transcriptions of the greatest jazz versions of the song, either as the only chart included (e.g. Bill Evans' "My Man's Gone Now" and "Alice In Wonderland") or as separate alternate versions (e.g. Coltrane's "But Not For Me"), or sometimes both, e.g. the standard version of "Summertime" followed on page 2 of the chart by Miles & Gil Evans' classic version. We hope you enjoy seeing these "Great Moments In Jazz" put down on paper for you to work off of.

The Jazz Standards and the Pop Standards are usually direct transcriptions of the original version of the tune, often with added features such as separate rhythm section parts (e.g. "What A Fool Believes"). In general, we have tried to format the charts in this book so that they could be played on a gig without rehearsal, but for many of the more contemporary pop standards we decided that more involved charts were essential to capture the beauty of the original recording.

By design, this book is full of tunes that you and your audiences know and love. The few more obscure tunes were included because they were just too beautiful to omit. So do yourself a favor and play through the tunes you might not have heard of (e.g. "Not Like This", "Those Eyes" and "I Have The Feeling I've Been Here Before"). You'll be glad you did.

Thank Yous

All of us who will be using this book for many years to come owe Dave Olsen of Warner Brothers Publications in Miami a big "Thank You". Being a musician himself, Dave understood the artistic and historical significance of this project and was instrumental in helping Sher Music Co. obtain permission to use most of the tunes in this book. It simply wouldn't have happened without him. Thanks, big guy! And thanks too to the rest of the good people at Warner Bros., especially Cheryl Swack, who helped make this particular dream a reality.

I personally owe a big debt of gratitude to Larry Dunlap who devoted every spare minute for about a year to getting this book transcribed and for doing a world-class job. But what else would you expect from a world-class pianist, arranger and all-around professional? Also, thanks to Mark Levine (the one and only) who proofread these charts and made numerous invaluable suggestions. In addition, thanks to Art Khu, Bob Franks, Fred Zimmerman, Will Johnson, Randy Vincent, Ray Scott, Chuck Gee and other Bay Area musicians for reading through these tunes with a critical eye. Once again, thanks are due to Ernie Mansfield and Ann Kritinsky for producing the world's most legible music manuscript, Kendrick Freeman for his careful work on the Drum Appendix and Attila Nagy for the cover design. Also, thanks to John Brenes, singer Liz Lewis, Kyle St. John, Tom Edwards and disc jockey extraordinaire Bob Parlocha for suggesting tunes and versions of tunes to use.

A continuous thank you to Gayle Levin, Helaine Dorenfeld, Anita Pilkington, Sue Claxton, Susan McNutt, Tom Carlin of Ag Press, and especially Ann Hyland for keeping Sher Music Co. running smoothly. And, of course, much thanks to my family—my father Maury, my brother Jon, my wonderful kids Ben and Anna, and my sweet wife, Sueann—for all the love, support, friendship and inspiration a person could ask for. (Sueann also created the gorgeous mosaic gracing the front cover of the book!) We all hope the end result will keep you smiling for years to come.

Dedication

Lastly, I would like to dedicate this book to the memory of Sky Evergreen (aka Bob Bauer) who died of AIDS in 1997. Sky was Sher Music Co.'s transcriber from our first book onwards and was wise beyond his years and musically gifted beyond the norm. We who knew him will never forget his beautiful spirit and genius.

Chuck Sher
Musical Editor's Foreword

This is a remarkable book and it once again reflects Chuck Sher's expansive vision when it comes to publishing the best compilations of written music possible.

Having spent a major portion of my professional life accompanying vocalists, I was very excited about the prospect of working on a book primarily comprised of American standards. I am familiar with a multitude of wonderful songs that make up The Great American Songbook and was thrilled to be able to have as much input as I did in selecting the songs included here.

You will find songs that are familiar as well as lesser known gems that will make your musical life profoundly richer. Get ready to discover many beautiful melodies and lyrics. This is a collection that will be treasured for many years, I feel certain. I don't believe I am overstating the impact that this volume will have when I say that the instrumentalists and vocalists who work with these songs will raise the level of music in general.

This volume contains many of the greatest standards and jazz compositions ever written. A significant number have been recorded or performed only infrequently, in part because it has been very difficult to find accurate printed versions of them before now.

I urged Chuck to include verses whenever possible and it didn't take a lot to coax him into agreeing that they would be a valuable addition. In some cases the verses are not up to the quality of the song itself, but you will find forgotten verses (even to familiar songs) that will turn your head around. I feel that any vocalists who use this book should at least have the option of including the verses to songs they might want to perform.

Instrumentalists include the verses less often, but I'm sure some instrumentalists would want to include some of these. I presented the songs so the verses could easily be performed or not. All verses are clearly marked. Almost without exception they come before the song itself and set up the song. If you do not wish to include the verse, simple begin at letter A of any song (including the pickup notes.) Written instructions make it easy to perform the songs with solos and additional lyrics without including the verses. But please give yourself a treat and at least check them out.

You will notice something new in the inclusion of smaller size notes in some tunes. These are either harmony notes or accompanying figures. I thought it would be easier to distinguish them from the main melody notes if they were smaller. They can be disregarded without endangering the song, if you wish.

We listened to as many recordings of each song as was practical—often 15 or 20 versions of a frequently recorded song, attempting to distill out what are the chords most used by jazz vocalists and instrumentalists. These are the main changes. The alternate chords (in parenthesis) are chords less frequently used (but still good) or, in some cases, chords closer to the original sheet music. It was often very difficult to decide what chords to include here. "Round Midnight" comes to mind as a composition that had a very large number of harmonic choices. So the alternate changes are not exhaustive and please feel free to add your own reharmonizations as you see fit.

I want to thank some of the vocalists who have let me accompany their vocal flights. I have had the great pleasure of working with one of the world's great ballad singers, Bobbe Norris, since the late 1970s. Her warm and unique voice and her deep love of great songs are a constant inspiration to me. Some other singers I owe enormous debts to include Cleo Laine, Mark Murphy and Nancy King. They have led me on many a merry musical chase.

Along with Chuck I wish to thank Ernie Mansfield, Ann Krinitisky, Chuck Gee and Mark Levine for their great work in putting this book together. Some of the people who have introduced me to these songs include John Rogers, Jerry Dean, Bob Parlocha, Braley Brown, David Friesen, Ernie Hood, Gene Esposito and George Moffatt. Thanks for the gift!

I can't wait to see what projects Sher Music Co. comes up with in the future. Just let me catch my breath, OK Chuck? Thanks for everything.

Larry Dunlap
GENERAL RULES FOR USING THIS BOOK

FORM
1. Key signatures will be found at the top of each page, as a rule. Any change of key will be noted not only where it occurs but also at the start of the next line. The key signature holds even if there is a change of clef, and is not restated. A change of key to C Major will appear as a clef followed by the natural followed by the previous key signature.
2. The coda sign is to be taken only when ending the tune unless otherwise stated. Some tunes have dual codas (Coda 1, Coda 2) to make it possible to fit a complex tune on two pages.
3. All repeats are observed during a 'D.C. al Coda' or 'D.S. al Coda' except in the following cases:
   a) when a Coda sign appears in a repeated section, the Coda is taken before repeating (unless marked 'on repeat'.)
   b) when an instruction to the contrary appears (e.g., 'D.S. al 2nd ending al Coda'.)
4. A Coda sign just within repeats is taken before repeating. A Coda sign just outside of repeats is taken after repeating.
5. When no solo form is specified, the whole tune is used for solos (except any Coda.)
6. Til Cue 'On Cue signifies dual endings for a section that repeats indefinitely. The 'til cue' ending is played until cue, at which point the 'on cue ending is played instead.
7. A section marked '4xs' is played four times.
8. A section marked 'ENDING' is played to end a tune; it directly follows the last bar of the head.

CHORDS
9. Chords fall on the beats over which they are placed.
10. Chords carry over to the next bar when no other chords or rests appear.
11. Chords in parentheses are optional except in the following cases:
    a) turn-arounds  b) chords continued from the line before  c) verbal comment explaining their use (e.g., for solos, for bass but not piano, only at certain times, etc.)
12. Optional chords in parentheses last as long as the chord they are written over or until the closing parenthesis is encountered, whichever is longer.
13. Written out piano or guitar voicings are meant to be played as written. Chord symbols appearing with such voicings often will not describe the complete voicing; they are meant to aid sight-reading and are often used for solos.
14. Multiple voices playing different rhythms are separated by having their stems lie in opposite directions whenever possible.

TERMS
15. An 'altered' dominant chord is one in which neither the fifth nor the ninth appears unaltered. Thus it contains b5 and/or #5, and b9 and/or #9.
16. 'Freyly' signifies the absence of a steady tempo.
17. During a 'break', piano, bass and drums all observe the same rests. The last beat played is notated as \( \frac{1}{4} \) or \( \frac{1}{2} \) to the left of the word 'break'.
18. A 'sample bass line', 'sample solo', or 'sample fill' are transcribed lines given as a point of reference.

TRANSPOSITIONS
19. Bass lines are always written to be read by a bass player, i.e. one octave higher than they sound.
20. Tenor sax and guitar lines are often written an octave higher than they sound and flute lines an octave lower to put them in a more readable range. There will be a verbal note to this effect in every case.
21. All horn and harmony parts are written in concert key (not transposed.)

ABBREVIATIONS
15ma. 15 ma b. 8va 8va b. accel. alt. bar. bgkr. bs. cresc. decres. dr. elec. bs. fl. gliss. gtr. indef. L.H. Med. N.C. Orig. perc. pn. R.H. sop. stac. susp. synth. ten. trb. trbs. trp. tpts. unis. V.S. V.S. subito (quick page turn) x. x's elec. pn. ..... electric piano fl. ..... flute gliss. ..... glissando gtr. ..... guitar indef. ..... indefinite (till cue) L.H. ..... piano left hand Med. ..... Medium tempo N.C. ..... No chord Orig. ..... Original perc. ..... percussion pn. ..... piano R.H. ..... piano right hand sop. ..... soprano saxophone stac. ..... staccato susp. ..... suspended synth. ..... synthesizer ten. ..... tenor saxophone trb. ..... trombone trbs. ..... trombones trp. ..... trumpet tpts. ..... trumpets unis. ..... unison V.S. ..... Voltri Subito (quick page turn) x. ..... time x's ..... times

ORNAMENTS AND SYMBOLS
Slide into the note from a short distance below  Slide into the note from a greater distance below  Fall away from the note a short distance  Fall away from the note a greater distance  Top note of a complete voicing
A rapid variation of pitch upward, much like a trill  Mordent  A muted or optional pitch  Note with indeterminate pitch  Rhythm played by drums or percussion
CHORD SYMBOLS

The chord symbols in this book follow (with some exceptions) the system outlined in "Standard Chord Symbol Notation" by Carl Brandt and Clinton Roemer. It is hoped you will find them clear, complete and unambiguous.

Below are two groups of chord spellings.

1) The full range of chords normally encountered, given a C root, and
2) Some more unusual chords. (Note: some groups of notes below could be given different names, depending on context. See previous page for a definition of 'altered' chords.)

(No Chord)
NC C bass C C6 C9 C (add 9)

CMA7 CMA7(add13) CMA9 CMA13 C7 C9 C13

CMI CMI6 CMI69 CMI(add9) CMI7 CMI7(add11) CMI7(add13)

CMI9 CMI11 CMI13 CMI(M7) CMI9(M7) CMI7(5) CMI9(5) CMI11(5)

Cdim C7 C7(addM7) C+ C7sus C7sus C7sus C7sus4-3

CMA7(5) CMA7(5) CMA7(add11) CMA9(11) CMA13(11) C7(5) C9(5)

C7(5) C9(5) C7(9) C7(9) C7(9) C7(9)


CE GC BC C(add9) C(add9omit3) C7(omit3) CMI7(omit5)

CMA7(5) F7sus(add3) Bb(add13) A7(add9) G7(add11)

F F# E+ G7sus A GMA7(5) E7(add5) BMA7sus F#
After You
(from "The Gay Divorcee")

Freely

(Verse)

(G\(^{13}\)) D\(_{mi}\)^7\(^{(11)}\) G\(^{13}\) C\(_{maj}\)^7 (A\(_{mi}\)^7) D\(_{mi}\)^7 G\(^{9(\#5)}\) C\(_{maj}\)^6

Though with joy I should be reeling, That at last you came my way, There's no further use concealing That I'm feeling far from gay. For the

D\(_{mi}\)^7 E\(_{b}\)^7 C\(_{maj}\)/E\(^{6}\) (A\(^{9}\)) D\(_{mi}\)^7\(^{(11)}\) G\(^{9(\#5)}\) C\(_{maj}\)^7

rare allure about you Makes me all the plainer see, How inane, how vain, how empty, life without you would be.

(Ballad)

(F\(_{maj}\)^7\(^{(6)}\) B\(^{7(\#5)}\) F\(_{mi}\)^7 E\(_{mi}\)^7 A\(^{9}\) /)

D\(_{mi}\)^7 G\(^{7}\) D\(_{mi}\)^7 G\(^{7}\)

After you, who could supply my sky of blue? After

(C\(_{maj}\)^9 A\(_{mi}\)^7)

D\(_{mi}\)^7\(^{(11)}\) G\(^{7}\)

you who could I love? After

(C\(_{maj}\)^9 G\(^{9(\#5)}\) C\(_{maj}\)^9 G\(^{9(\#5)}\) C\(_{maj}\)^9 G\(^{9(\#5)}\) C\(_{maj}\)^9 G\(^{9(\#5)}\) C\(_{maj}\)^9)

you, why should I take the time to try, For who
else could qualify After you who? Hold my hand and swear, You'll never cease to care, For without you there, What could I do? I could search years, But who else could change my tears Into laughter, after you? (fine) After

Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine
Again

Music by Lionel Newman
Lyric by Dorcas Cochran

Ballad

Again, This couldn’t happen again.
This is the thrill divine.

A lifetime. This never happened before,
That such as you would suddenly be mine;

Mine to hold as I’m holding you now, and yet never so near.
Mine to have when the now and the here disappear.

When

Again, This couldn’t happen again.
This is the thrill divine.

A lifetime. This never happened before,
That such as you would suddenly be mine;

Mine to hold as I’m holding you now, and yet never so near.
Mine to have when the now and the here disappear.

What’s more

Though I have prayed for a

A lifetime. This never happened before,
That such as you would suddenly be mine;

Mine to hold as I’m holding you now, and yet never so near.
Mine to have when the now and the here disappear.

What matters, dear,

When

This doesn’t happen again,
We’ll have this moment forever,
But never, never, again.
Agua De Beber
(Water To Drink)
Music by Antonio Carlos Jobim
English lyric by Norman Gimbel
Portuguese Lyric by Vinicius de Moraes

Medium Bossa Nova
(Intro) Dm7
(E7(#9) A7(#5) Dm7 E7(#9) A7(#5)

(Dm7 BbMA7 Dm7)

Your love is rain.

A

E7(#9) Gm7 A7(#5)

(G9)

— my heart the flower. I need your love*

— another springtime. I’ll never feel

Gm9 C13 Fma9 F6,9 Fma9 F6,9

— or I will die. My very life

— the summer sun. Unless you’re there

E7 Eb7 Dm7 Db7 F9 C F7(#9) E7(#9)

— is in your power. Will

— to share that springtime. And like

E7(#9) Esus A7 Sus

— I wither and fade or blossoms to the sky?

— the rain and the flower our hearts are one. Água de beber,

B

G13 Gm7 Dm7

Água de beber calmará água de beber,

G13 Gm7 Dm7

opt. (Give the flower water to drink.)

— Água de beber calmará

— opt. (Give the flower water to drink.)

* This line is also performed “I need your kiss” or “I need your drink”
** “Bloom” is an alternative to “blossom”

(As is each x)

\[ \text{C} \quad D_{\text{Mi}}^7 \quad E^{7(#9)} \quad A^{7(#5)} \quad D_{\text{Mi}}^7 \quad E^{7(#9)} \quad A^{7(#5)} \]

(Instr. or vocal "scat")

\[ D_{\text{Mi}}^7 \quad B_{b}^{7} \quad D_{\text{Mi}}^7 \quad D_{\text{Mi}}^7 \]

(Solo pick-ups 2nd x)

I'll never see

Solo on AB (C as is each x)

After solos, D.S. al Coda

Additional English lyric:

The rain can fall on distant deserts.
The rain can fall upon the sea.
The rain can fall upon the flower.
Since the rain has to fall, let it fall on me.

Água de Beber (Portuguese lyric)

Eu quis amar mas tive medo.
E quis salvar meu coração.
Mas o amor sabe um segredo.
O medo pode matar o seu coração.

Água de beber, Água de beber camará.
Água de beber, Água de beber camará.

Eu nunca fiz coisa tão certa.
Entrei pra escola do perdão.
A minha casa vive aberta.
Abri todas as portas do coração.

Água de beber, Água de beber camará.
Água de beber, Água de beber camará.
Água de beber, Água de beber camará.
Ain't No Sunshine

Ain't no sunshine when she's gone,
It's not warm when she's away.
Ain't no sunshine when she's gone, and she's always gone too long any time she goes away.

Wonder this time where she's gone,
Wonder if she's gone to stay.

Ain't no sunshine when she's gone, and this house just ain't no home any-time she goes away.

An' I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know.
Alice In Wonderland
(from "Alice In Wonderland")

Music by Sammy Fain
Lyric by Bob Hilliard
(As performed by Bill Evans.
Lyric as performed by Tom Lellis)

Jazz Waltz

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{A*} \quad \text{D}_{\text{mi}}^9 &\quad \text{G}^{13} &\quad \text{C}_{\text{ma}}^9 &\quad \text{F}_{\text{ma}}^9 &\quad \text{B}_{\text{mi}}^7(\text{b5}) &\quad \text{E}_{\text{7}^6(\text{b9})} \\
(\text{bva ...}) &\quad \text{ } &\quad \text{ } &\quad \text{ } &\quad \text{ } &\quad \text{ }
\end{align*}
\]

Alice In Wonderland, How do you get to Wonderland? Over the hill or underland or just behind the tree. When clouds go rolling by, they roll away and leave the sky.

Where is the land beyond the eye that people cannot see? Where do stars go?

Where is the crescent moon? They must be some - where in the sunny afternoon.

\* Bill Evans plays all of this one octave higher, except the first 12 bars of letter B and the ad lib ending.

SHEETS FROM "B" are Bill Evans’ notes.
All About Ronnie

Joe Green

All about Ronnie, There's so much to tell, All about Ronnie,

C\textsuperscript{9}  F\textsuperscript{sus}  F\textsuperscript{7(b9)}  Bb\textsuperscript{6}  F\textsuperscript{sus}  Bb\textsuperscript{6}  (G\textsuperscript{7(b9)})

Ronnie, I know her so well. Ronnie, best told in a toast,

Her  Him  Her  Him

magical fingers, their sense of embrace, perfume that lingers, carressing your face.

Her  Him  Her  Him

per-fume that lingers, carressing your face. All about Ronnie,

Ronneie, best told in a toast, Let me propose it.

(C\textsuperscript{7}  D\textsuperscript{7(b9)})  (C\textsuperscript{7}  D\textsuperscript{7(b9)})  (Ab\textsuperscript{9(#11)})  G\textsuperscript{7(#5)}

pose it. I'm her favorite host. We'll drink from dry glasses, There's no need for wine. The champagne is Ronnie,

(C\textsuperscript{7(#5)})  (C\textsuperscript{7(#5)})  C\textsuperscript{7(b9)}  C\textsuperscript{7(b9)}  C\textsuperscript{7(#5)}  C\textsuperscript{7(#5)}

And Ronnie is mine.

(C\textsuperscript{7}  Gb\textsuperscript{9}  C\textsuperscript{7(#5)}  C\textsuperscript{7(#5)}  Bb\textsuperscript{6}  C\textsuperscript{9(#11)}  F\textsuperscript{sus})
Today I may not have a thing at all,
except for just a dream or two.
But I've got lots of plans for tomorrow, and all my tomorrows belong to you. Right now it may not seem like spring at all, we're drifting and the laughs are few. But I've got rainbows planned for tomorrow, and all my tomorrows belong to you.

No one knows better than I that luck keeps passing me by, that's fate!

But with you there at my side, I'll soon be turning the tide, just wait! As long as I've got arms that cling at all, it's you that I'll be clinging
to. And all the dreams I dream, beg, or borrow, on some bright tomorrow they'll all come true, and all my bright tomorrows belong to you.

* Optional ending

all my bright tomorrows belong to you.
All Of You (Standard Version)
(from "Silk Stockings")
Cole Porter

Freely
(Verse) (Bb7)
Bb7
F
Bb7
EmA7

After watching her appeal from every angle,

EmA7
Bb7
F
Bb7
Eb6

There's a big romantic deal I've got to wangle.

Eb6
Fm7
Fm7
Bb7
G7(#5) G7

For I've fallen for a certain lovely lass,

Gm7(#5) C7
Fm7
Bb7

And it's not a passing fancy or a fancy pass.

Medium

(Bb9 Sus4)

Fm7(#5) (Bb7(b9))
Eb6
Fm7(#5) (Bb7#9)

I love the looks of you, the lure of you. The

Fm7(#5) (Bb7#9)
Eb6
Amb6
(Bb7)
Db9(13)

sweet love of you, to make the pure of you, The

(Eb6)
Gb7

eyes, the arms, the mouth of you, the

 EbMA7
 D7(#9)
 Db9(13) C7(#5)
 * BMA9
 EMA9

East, West, North and the South of you. I'd love to

* Alternate chords (Miles' version) sometimes do not fit the original melody.

gain complete control of you, And

handle even the heart and soul of you. So

love at least a small percent of me, do, For

I love all of You. (fine) I love the

Solo on AB
After solos, D.S. al fine
**All Of You**  
(Bill Evans' Version)  
(Cole Porter)  
(As played by Bill Evans)

**Head & solos**

**Ending** (ad lib.)


Note: Bill Evans does not play the original melody. The original melody has been altered here to better fit his changes.
All The Way
(from "The Joker Is Wild")

Music by James Van Heusen
Lyric by Sammy Cahn

[B\text{b}_7]
\begin{align*}
\text{E}_\text{b}_\text{M}_\text{A}_7 & (\text{D}_\text{M}_\text{i}_\text{7}(5) & \text{G}_7(5)) \quad \text{C}_\text{M}_\text{i}_9 & \text{F}_9 \\
\text{F}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7 \quad \text{B}_\text{b}_\text{M}_\text{i} & \text{D}_\text{b}_\text{M}_\text{i}_6 \quad \text{E}_\text{b}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7 & (\text{C}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7 \text{B}_7) \quad \text{B}_\text{b}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7 \text{E}_\text{b}_7 \\
\text{B}_\text{b}_7 \quad \text{F}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7 & \text{D}_\text{b}_\text{M}_\text{i}_6 \quad \text{E}_\text{b}_6 & \text{F}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7 & \text{B}_\text{b}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7 \text{E}_\text{b}_7 \\
\end{align*}

When some-bod-y loves you, it’s no good un-less \text{he} \text{loves you all the way.}

Hap-py to be near you, when you need some-one to cheer you all the way.

\begin{align*}
\text{A}_\text{b}_\text{M}_\text{A}_7 & \quad \text{F}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7 \quad \text{E}_\text{b}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7 \quad \text{D}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7(5) \quad \text{G}_7(5) \quad \text{C}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7 & (\text{B}_7) \quad \text{B}_\text{b}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7 \text{E}_\text{b}_7(5) \\
\text{A}_\text{b}_\text{M}_\text{A}_7 & \quad \text{B}_\text{b}_9 \quad \text{D}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7(5) \quad \text{G}_\text{s}_\text{u}_\text{s} \quad \text{G}_7 \quad \text{C}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7 & (\text{B}_7) \quad \text{B}_\text{b}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7 \text{E}_\text{b}_7(5) \\
\end{align*}

Tall-er than the tall-est tree is, that’s how it’s got to feel.

\begin{align*}
\text{A}_\text{b}_\text{M}_\text{A}_7 & \quad \text{B}_\text{b}_9 \quad \text{B}_7 \quad \text{C}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7 & (\text{F}_9) \quad \text{F}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7 & \text{B}_\text{b}_7(5) \\
\text{A}_\text{b}_\text{M}_\text{A}_7 & \quad \text{B}_\text{b}_9 \quad \text{B}_7 \quad \text{C}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7 & (\text{F}_9) \quad \text{F}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7 & \text{B}_\text{b}_7(5) \\
\end{align*}

Deep-er than the deep blue sea is, that’s how deep it goes, if it’s real.

\begin{align*}
\text{E}_\text{b}_\text{M}_\text{A}_7 & (\text{D}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7(5) & \text{G}_7(5)) \quad \text{C}_\text{M}_\text{i}_9 & \text{F}_9 \\
\text{F}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7 \quad \text{B}_\text{b}_\text{M}_\text{i} & \text{D}_\text{b}_\text{M}_\text{i}_6 \quad \text{E}_\text{b}_6 & \text{F}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7 & \text{B}_\text{b}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7 \text{E}_\text{b}_7 \\
\end{align*}

When some-bod-y needs you, it’s no good un-less \text{he} \text{needs you all the way.}

Thru the good or lean years and for all the in be-tween years, come what may.

\begin{align*}
\text{B}_\text{b}_7 \quad \text{F}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7 \quad \text{D}_\text{b}_\text{M}_\text{i}_6 \quad \text{E}_\text{b}_6 & \text{F}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7 & \text{B}_\text{b}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7 \text{E}_\text{b}_7 \\
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{B}_\text{b}_7 \quad \text{F}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7 \quad \text{D}_\text{b}_\text{M}_\text{i}_6 \quad \text{E}_\text{b}_6 & \text{F}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7 & \text{B}_\text{b}_\text{M}_\text{i}_7 \text{E}_\text{b}_7 \\
\end{align*}

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Who knows where the road will lead us, only a fool would say. But

if you let me love you, it's for sure I'm gonna love you all the way,

all the way.
All Through The Night
(from "Anything Goes")

Medium
Verse
F FMI F FMI F FMI F FMI F FMI

The day is my en-e-my, The night is my friend, For I'm al-ways
F FMI F FMI F FMI F FMI F FMI
so a-lone Till the day draws to an end, But when the sun goes down
F FMI Eb9sus Eb9 AbMA7 Eb Eb6 Eb9sus Eb9 AbMA7 Ab6
And the moon comes through, To the mo-no-tone of the evening's drone I'm

BbMI7 FMI6 GMI7(5) C7 FMA7 GMI7 C7
all a-lone with you.

(Medium)
S
A FMA7 EMI7(5) A7(9) DMI7(Db7) CMI7 F7(9) BbMA7
All through the night I de-light

BbMI7 Eb7(9) AbMA7 (AbMI7 Db7) AMI7(5) D7(9) GMI7(5)
in your love. All through the night

C7(9) F6 D7(9) GMI7 C7(9)
you're so close to me.

B FMA7 EMI7(5) A7(9) DMI7(Db7) CMI7 F7(9) BbMA7 BbMI7 Eb7(9)
All through the night from a height far a-

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Above, you and your love bring me
ecstasy.

When dawn comes to
waken me, you're never there at all.

I know you've forsaken me
Till the shadows fall.

But then once again I can
dream I've the right to be close to you.

All through the night.

Solo on ABCD
After solos, D.S. al fine

Jazz performers often alter the melody to

These chords are less structured than the original changes.
The melody fits this chart's chords with some liberty.
Alone Together
(from "Flying Colors")

Music by Arthur Schwartz
Lyric by Howard Dietz

Ballad or Medium

\[
\begin{align*}
A & \quad D_Mi^6 (B_Mi^7(b5)) \\
E_Mi^7(b5) & \quad A^7(b9) \\
D_Mi^6 & \quad E_Mi^7(b5) \\
A^7(b9) & \quad D_Mi^6 \\
E_Mi^7(b5) & \quad A^7(b9)
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
& A\quad l\quad o\quad n\quad e\quad t\quad o\quad g\quad e\quad t\quad h\quad e\quad r,\quad \\
& B\quad e\quad y\quad t\quad h\quad e\quad r\quad t\quad h\quad e\quad r\quad e\quad c\quad d\quad t\quad h\quad e\quad r,\quad \\
& A\quad b\quad o\quad v\quad e\quad t\quad h\quad e\quad r,\quad \\
& W\quad e\quad r\quad 'e\quad n\quad t\quad t\quad o\quad o\quad p\quad r\quad o\quad d\quad t\quad o\quad o\quad t\quad \\
& c\quad l\quad i\quad n\quad g\quad e\quad t\quad h\quad e\quad r,\quad \\
& W\quad e\quad r\quad e\quad a\quad r\quad s\quad a\quad n\quad g\quad l\quad a\quad s\quad s\quad w\quad e\quad r\quad e\quad c\quad d\quad t\quad h\quad e\quad r,\quad \\
& A\quad l\quad o\quad n\quad e\quad t\quad o\quad g\quad e\quad t\quad h\quad e\quad r,\quad \\
& A\quad l\quad o\quad n\quad e\quad t\quad o\quad g\quad e\quad t\quad h\quad e\quad r,
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
& A\quad l\quad o\quad n\quad e\quad t\quad o\quad g\quad e\quad t\quad h\quad e\quad r, \\
& T\quad h\quad e\quad e\quad /\quad b\quad i\quad n\quad g\quad r\quad a\quad i\quad n, \\
& W\quad e\quad r\quad e\quad a\quad r\quad s\quad a\quad n\quad g\quad l\quad a\quad s\quad s\quad w\quad e\quad r\quad e\quad c\quad d\quad t\quad h\quad e\quad r, \\
& A\quad l\quad o\quad n\quad e\quad t\quad o\quad g\quad e\quad t\quad h\quad e\quad r, \\
& T\quad h\quad e\quad e\quad /\quad b\quad i\quad n\quad g\quad r\quad a\quad i\quad n
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
& A\quad l\quad o\quad n\quad e\quad t\quad o\quad g\quad e\quad t\quad h\quad e\quad r, \\
& W\quad e\quad r\quad e\quad a\quad r\quad s\quad a\quad n\quad g\quad l\quad a\quad s\quad s\quad w\quad e\quad r\quad e\quad c\quad d\quad t\quad h\quad e\quad r, \\
& F\quad (F^+) \\
& B^9 \\
& B^9 \\
& E_Mi^7(b5) \\
& A^7(b9)
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
& A\quad l\quad o\quad n\quad e\quad t\quad o\quad g\quad e\quad t\quad h\quad e\quad r, \\
& W\quad e\quad r\quad e\quad a\quad r\quad s\quad a\quad n\quad g\quad l\quad a\quad s\quad s\quad w\quad e\quad r\quad e\quad c\quad d\quad t\quad h\quad e\quad r, \\
& F\quad (F^+) \\
& B^9 \\
& B^9 \\
& E_Mi^7(b5) \\
& A^7(b9)
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
& A\quad l\quad o\quad n\quad e\quad t\quad o\quad g\quad e\quad t\quad h\quad e\quad r, \\
& W\quad e\quad r\quad e\quad a\quad r\quad s\quad a\quad n\quad g\quad l\quad a\quad s\quad s\quad w\quad e\quad r\quad e\quad c\quad d\quad t\quad h\quad e\quad r, \\
& F\quad (F^+) \\
& B^9 \\
& B^9 \\
& E_Mi^7(b5) \\
& A^7(b9)
\end{align*}
\]

The blind - ing rain, The star - less night,

\[
\begin{align*}
& A\quad l\quad o\quad n\quad e\quad t\quad o\quad g\quad e\quad t\quad h\quad e\quad r, \\
& W\quad e\quad r\quad e\quad a\quad r\quad s\quad a\quad n\quad g\quad l\quad a\quad s\quad s\quad w\quad e\quad r\quad e\quad c\quad d\quad t\quad h\quad e\quad r, \\
& F\quad (F^+) \\
& B^9 \\
& B^9 \\
& E_Mi^7(b5) \\
& A^7(b9)
\end{align*}
\]

what is there to fear to - geth - er? Our
Our love is as deep as the sea. Our love is as great as a love can be. And we can weather the great unknown, if we're alone together.
Am I Blue?
(from "On With The Show")
Music by Harry Akst
Lyric by Grant Clarke

Medium

C7    A7    FMA7    AM7    D7    GMI7    C7
Am I blue? Am I blue? Ain't these tears in these eyes tell in' you?

(A7)    (Db7)    (C7)    F7    D7    G7    C7
You'd be too If each plan with your man done fell through. Was a time

(B7)    BMI7(b5)    E7
I was his only one But now I'm the sad and lonely one "Lawdy," Was I gay?

(C)    FMA7    AM7    D7    GMI7    C7
Til today Now he's gone

(A7)    (Db7)    (C7)    F7    D7    G7    C7
and we're through Am I blue?
And The Angels Sing

Music by Ziggy Elman
Lyric by Johnny Mercer

Ballad or Medium

We meet, and the angels sing. The angels

sing the sweetest song I ever heard. You

You speak, and the angels sing, or am I

breathing music into every word?

Suddenly the setting is strange, I can see water and moonlight beam ing.

silver waves that break on some undiscovered shore. Then

suddenly I see it all change, long winter nights with the candles gleaming.
through all your face that I adore.

smile, and the angels sing, And 'tho it's just a gentle murmur at the start,

kiss, and the angels sing, And leave their music ringing in my heart.
Anything Goes
(from "Anything Goes")

Freely

(Free)

V CMI (Ab) CMI

Times have changed And we've often rewound the clock

\[ \text{Db Ab}^7 \text{Db} \]

\[ \text{G}^7 \text{Dmi}^7 \text{G}^7 \]

Since the Puritans got a shock When they landed on Plymouth Rock

\[ \text{C}^7 \text{Fmi} \text{C}^7 \text{Fmi} \]

If today Any shock they should try to stem,

\[ \text{G}^7 \text{Cmi} \text{G}^7 \text{Cmi} \]

'Stead of landing on Plymouth Rock, Plymouth Rock would land on them

\[ \text{Gmi}^7 \text{C}^9 \text{Dmi}^7 \text{Gmi}^7 \text{Dmi}^7 \text{Cmi}^7 \text{Dmi}^7 \]

In olden days a glimpse of stocking was looked on as something shocking

\[ \text{C}^7 \text{F}^6 \text{Bb}^9 \text{C}^6 \text{Ami}^7 \]

Now heaven knows Anything goes

\[ \text{Dmi}^7 \text{G}^7 \text{C}^6 \text{Cmi}^7 \text{Dmi}^7 \text{Cmi}^7 \text{Dmi}^7 \]

Good authors too who once knew better words

\[ \text{C}^6 \text{Dmi}^7 \text{Gmi}^7 \text{C}^9 \text{A}^7 \]

Now only use four-letter words, writing prose,
An - y - thing goes. The world has gone mad to-day. And good's bad to-day, And black's white to-day, And day's night to-day, When most guys to-day That women prize to-day, Are just silly gigolos. So though I'm not a great romancer I know that you're bound to answer when I propose, Anything goes. (fine) Solo on AB
After solos, D.S. al fine

* Originally
Silly gigolos.
As Time Goes By
(from "Casablanca")
Herman Hupfeld

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

You must remember this, a kiss is still a kiss, A sigh is just a sigh; The fundamental things apply, As time goes by.
And when two lovers woo, they still say, "I love you." On 
that you can rely;
No matter what the future brings, As time goes by.
Moon-light and love songs never out of date, Hearts full of passion, jealousy and hate;
Woman needs man and man must have his mate, That no man can deny.
It's still the same old story, a fight for love and glory, A case of do or die!
The world will always welcome

lovers, As time goes by. (fine) Solo on ABC

After solos D.S. al fine
I was never spell-bound by a starry sky.

What is there to moon-glow, when love has passed you by.

Then there came a midnight, and the world was new. Now here am I so spell-bound, darling. Not by stars, but just by you.

At last my love has come along, My lonely days are over and life is like a song.

At last the skies above are blue, My heart was wrapped in
clover the night I looked at you. I found a

dream that I can speak to, A dream that I can call my own. I found a

thrill to press my cheek to, A thrill I've never known. You

smiled and then the spell was cast, And here we are in

Heaven, For you are mine At Last. (fine)

Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine
At Long Last Love
(from "You'll Never Know")

I'm so in love, And though it gives me joy in-
tense, I can't decipher, If I'm a lifter, Or if it's just a first offense.

Is this a play-time affair of May-time, Or is it a wind-fall?

Is it an earthquake or simply a shock? Is it the good turtle soup or merely the mock?

cocktail, this feeling of joy, Or is what I
feel the real McCoy?

all time, or simply a lark?

Is it G nada I see or only Asbury Park?

fan - cy not worth think - ing of, Or is it at

long last love?

(Solo on AB)

After solos, D.S. al fine
Autumn Nocturne

Music by Josef Myrow
Lyric by Kim Gannon

Ballad (often with a swing eighth note feel) (AmiⅦ)

When autumn sings her lullaby
And green leaves turn to gold
Then I remember last September you and I said goodbye,
Whispering that we would be returning when Autumn came again.

Now Autumn roams the hills once more
But you forgot your vow
And here am I alone with only memories,
Only lonely memories, Autumn memories of you.

Love, when the leaves are turning
I get a hungry yearning for your arms.
Love, when a heart is sober it
shadows bright October's golden charms. The flaming moon reminds me of the night of love that we once knew. Each tiny star is but a pray'r that when it's fall again love will call again and you'll be beside me to make my autumn dreams come true.

--- Solo on ABC true. After solos, D.C.al last x ending

Original ending (each time)

* C\textsubscript{MA}\textsuperscript{9} D\textsubscript{b}\textsuperscript{9(#11)} C\textsubscript{MA}\textsuperscript{9} D\textsubscript{b}\textsuperscript{9(#11)} C\textsubscript{MA}\textsuperscript{9} D\textsubscript{b}\textsuperscript{9(#11)} D\textsubscript{MI}\textsuperscript{7} A\textsubscript{b}\textsuperscript{9} G\textsuperscript{9} D.C. for solos

Letter A, bars 8 and 15, and letter C, bar 6, are originally written

\begin{align*}
&\text{D}\textsuperscript{9} \\
&\text{G}\textsuperscript{7(#5)}
\end{align*}
Bags' Groove

Medium

(melody)

(optional counter-melody)

(sample bass, optional tacet till letter B, 1st x only)

(lower notes are optional harmony)

(lower notes optional)

(optional counter-melody)

(bass etc.)

* The turns in the melody of the head are optional.
Baltimore Oriole
(from "To Have And Have Not")

Music by Hoagy Carmichael
Lyric by Paul Francis Webster

Medium Ballad*

\[ \text{G}_{\text{MI}} \]

\[ \text{F} \quad \text{C}_{\text{E}} \quad \text{C}_{\text{MI}} \quad \text{C}_{\text{MI}} \quad \text{G}_{\text{MI}} \quad \text{G}_{\text{MI}} \]

Bal-ti-more Ori-ole took a look at the mer-cu-ry, for-ty be-

low.

No life for a la-dy to be drag-gin' her

feath-ers a-round in the snow.

(Boy) Leav-ing me blue.

(Girl) Leav-ing her mate,

off she flew}

she flew straight}

to the Tan-gi-pa-ho where a two-tim-in'

black-bird met the di-vine Miss O! I'd like to ruf-

-fle his pu-mage! Bal-ti-more Ori-ole messed a-roun' with that

big mouth 'til he singed her wing.

For-giv-in' is eas-y,
it's a woman-like, now-and-then-could-happen thing.

Send her back home, home ain't home without her warbling;

Make a lonely man happy, Baltimore Orioles

come down from that bough,

fly back to me now.

Last four bars, alternate:

bough. Fly to your daddy now.

* Mark Murphy performs this Up Tempo. (One measure here equals two measures in Mark's version.)
A Beautiful Friendship  
Music by Donald Kahn  
Lyric by Stanley Styne

This is the end of a beautiful friendship. It

end ed a mo - ment a go.

This is the end of a beautiful friendship.

I know, for your eyes told me so.

We were always like sis - ter and brother, un -

til to - night when we looked at each other.

That was the end of a beautiful friendship and

just the be - gin - ning of love.

The rhythm of the melody is freely interpreted. It was originally written as follows:
Begin The Beguine
(from "Jubilee")

Medium or Beguine

When they begin the Beguine

It brings back the sound of music so tender,

It brings back a night of tropical splendour.

It brings back a memory ever green.

I'm with you once more under the stars,

And down by the shore an orchestra's playing,

And even the palms seem to be swaying.

When they begin the Beguine.

To live it again is past all endeavour,

Except when that tune clutches my heart,

And there we are, swearing to love forever,

And promising never, never to part.

What moments divine, what rapture serene,

Till clouds came along to disperse the joys we had.
This version is a composite of several instrumental versions.
The original vocal version is significantly different, so the lyric was not added here.
The Best Is Yet To Come

Music by Cy Coleman
Lyric by Carolyn Leigh

Medium

\[ A^*_{AbMA^7} (Ab^7 Ab^6 Ab^+ Ab) \]
\[ AbMA^7 (Ab^7 Ab^6 Ab^+ Ab) \]
\[ (Eb^{13}) \]
\[ (Eb^{13}) \]

(bass in 2)

You came along and ev'ry-things start-in' to hum;

\[ B_{BbMi^7} \]
\[ D_{Eb^7} \]
\[ D_{AbMA^7} \]
\[ G_{Dm^7} \]

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

\[ C_{CMA^7} (C^7 C^6 C^+ C) \]
\[ CMA^7 (C^7 C^6 C^+ C) \]

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

\[ CMA^7 (C^7 C^6 C^+ C) \]
\[ A^9 (A^7^{(b9)} A^7) \]
\[ A_{AMA^7} A^7 \]

You think you've seen the sun but you ain't seen it shine!

\[ C_{Dm^7} \]
\[ G^7 \]
\[ D_{G^7} \]

Wait till the warm-up's under-way. Wait till our lips have met.

\[ D_{Dm^7} \]
\[ G^7 \]
\[ Eb^9 \]

Wait till you see that sunshine day. You ain't seen nothin' yet!

\[ D_{AbMA^7} (Ab^7 Ab^6 Ab^+ Ab) \]
\[ F^9 (F^{7(b9)} F^7) \]
\[ F_{FMA^7} F^7 \]

The best is yet to come and babe won't it be fine.

\[ B_{Bb^9} B_{Bb^{7(b9)}} \]
\[ Eb^9 \]
\[ \text{optional ommit 1st ending} \]

The best is yet to come, come the day you're mine.

*(optional repeat for solo on ABCD)*

* Ignore chords in parentheses for solos.
mine. Come the day you’re mine. I’m gonna teach you to fly.
We’ve only tasted the wine. We’re gonna drain the cup dry.
Wait till your charms are ripe for these arms to surround.
You think you’ve flown before, but you ain’t left the ground.
Wait till you’re locked in my embrace.
Wait till I draw you near. Wait till you see that sunshine place.
Ain’t nothin’ like it here! The best is yet to come and babe, won’t it be fine.
The best is yet to come—come the day you’re mine.
Bewitched
(from "Pay Joey")

Freely (Verse)

D7m G7(b9) C7 MA7 (A7m7) D7m G7(b9) C7 MA7 A7(b9)

He's a fool and don't I know it, But a fool can have his charms.

D7m G7(b9) E7m A7m9 D7m G7 A7(b9)

I'm in love and don't I show it, Like a babe in arms.

D7m G7(b9) C7 MA7 (A7m7) D7m G7(b9) C7 MA7 A7(b9)

Love's the same old sad sensation. Lately I've not slept a wink,

D7m G7(b9) E7m A7m9 D7m G7

Since this half-pint imitation Put me on the blink.

(Ballad) A

G7 c7 C7 MA7 (C#7)

I'm wild again, Be-guiled again, A sim-mering, whim-mering

FM7 (F#m7(b5)) B7(b9) C6 E7 Am7

child again. Be-witched, both-ered and be-wil-dered am

D7m G7 Sus G7 C7 MA7 (C#7)

I. Could-n't sleep, and would-n't sleep, When

Cm7 C7(b5) FM7 (F#m7(b5)) B7(b9) C6 E7 Am7

love came and told me I should - n't sleep. Be-witched, both-ered and be-

D7m / Gm11 C7 FM7 (E7(b5)) E7m A7(b9)

wil - dered am I.

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Lost my heart, but what of it? He is cold, I agree.

He can laugh but I love it. Althought the laugh’s on me. I’ll

sing to him, each spring to him, And long for the day when I’ll

cling to him. Be witched, bothered and bewildered am

Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine

I. (fine)

I’m

* Letter A, bars 1–3 and 9–11 and letter C, bars 1–3 are often played or sung as follows (note the last note of the second bar):

Additional Lyric (as sung by Ella Fitzgerald)

Verse
After one whole quart of brandy, Like a daisy I’m awake.
With no Bromo Seltzer handy, I don’t even shaker.
Men are not a new sensation; I’ve done pretty well, I think.
But this half-pint imitation put me on the blink.

Extra Refrains
(I’ve) Seen* a lot — I mean a lot —
But now I’m like sweet seventeen a lot —
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I.
I’ll sing to him. Each spring to him.
And worship the trousers that cling to him —
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I.
When he talks, he is seeking
Words to get off his chest.
Horizontally speaking,
He’s at his very best.
Vexed again, Perplexed again,
Thank God I can be oversexed again —
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I.

Wise at last, My eyes at last
Are cutting you down to your size at last —
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered no more.
Burned a lot, But learned a lot.
And now you are broke, though you earned a lot —
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered no more.
Couldn’t eat — Was dyspeptic,
Life was so hard to bear.
Now my heart’s antiseptic,
Since you moved out of there.
Romance — finis; Your chance — finis;
Those ants that invaded my pants — finis —
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered no more.

* Ella sings “Sinned” There is an original additional refrain that Ella does not sing.
Bidin' My Time
(from "Girl Crazy")

George Gershwin
Ira Gershwin

Some fellers love to "Tip Toe Through The Tulips."

Some fellers go on "Singing In The Rain."

Some fellers keep on "Paintin' Skies With Sun-Shine."

Some fellers must go "Swingin' Down The Lane."

I'm bidin' my time, 'Cause that's the kind-a guy
I'm bidin' my time, 'Cause that's the kind-a guy
I'm While other folks grow dizzy I keep busy
I'm Beginnin' on a Monday right through Sunday,

Bidin' my time. Next year, next year,
Bidin' my time. Give me, give me
Some thin's bound to happen.
This year, this year,
Glass that's full of tinkle.
Let me, let me

I'll just keep on nap-pin'
And bid-in' my
dream like Rip Van Winkle.
He bid-ed his
time
'Cause that's the kind-a guy I'm.
And like that Winkle guy I'm.

no re-gret-tin' when I'm set-tin'
Bid-in' my
time.
Chas-in' 'way flies, how the day flies, Bid-in' my
time.

Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine

The form is sometimes performed AABC.
Blackberry Winter

Alec Wilder
Loonis McGlohon

Ballad

A

Fmaj7   (Bbmaj7)
Dmi7   Gmi7   C13sus

Blackberry Winter comes without a warning... just

Fmaj7   (Bbmaj7)
Gmi7   C13sus   Ami7   Bbmaj7

when you think that spring’s around to stay, so you wake up on a

Ami7   Dmi7   Gmi7   C13sus

cold rainy morning and wonder what on earth became of

F6   Dmi7   Gmi7   C13sus

May. Blackberry Winter

(Bbmaj7)
Dmi7   Gmi7   C13sus   Fmaj7   (Bbmaj7)

only lasts a few days, just long enough to get you feeling

Ami7   Bbmaj7
Ami7   Dmi7

sad when you think of all the love that you wasted on

Gmi7   C13sus

some-one whom you never really had.

(Bbmaj7)
Cmi7   Eb   F/Eb   Dmi7   Gmi7   Cmi7   F7

I’ll never get over losing you, but I’ve had to learn that life goes
And the memories grow dim like a half-gotten song, 'til a

Black-ber-ry Win-ter re-minds me you are gone and

I get so lone-ly, most of all in spring-time. I

wish I could en-joy the first of May, but I know it means that

Black-ber-ry Win-ter is not too far a-way.

Other alternate chords, at letter C only:

[C Bm7(13) BbM6 A7 Ab7 G7 C7sus F7 (C7sus)]
Blue And Sentimental

Freely (Verse) (Bb13) E6

The romance is over, you've broken each vow.

You never loved me, I see it all now. I should be glad that we're through,

but I'm still in love with you.

Blue and sentimental, my dreams are blue dreams, just won't come true dreams, I find.

Blue and sentimental, I can't forget you,

my heart won't let you out of my mind. It rains all the time since you said "Goodbye." The skies and my eyes and my heart all cry.

Blue and sentimental, if you don't want me why do you haunt me and keep me feeling blue and sentimental?

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Blue Gardenia
(from "Blue Gardenia")

Bob Russell
Lester Lee

Freely

(Amaj7) D7 G6
A7 D7 G6 Amaj7 D7
A flow-er re-minds me of plac-es we used to walk to.

G6
F#m7(5) B7 E#m7(11) A7
Amaj9 D7
Now the eve-ning finds me with on-ly a flow-er to talk to.

(Ballad or Medium)

Amaj7 D13sus D13(b9) Gmaj7
F#7
Blue Gar-den-ia, Now I'm a-lone with you

(Bbmaj7 E7)
Amaj7 D13(b9) Gmaj7
E7 and I am al-so blue. She has tossed us a-side. And like

Amaj7 D13sus D13(b9) Gmaj7
Amaj7 D13(b9)
you, gar-den-ia, once I was near her heart.

Amaj7 D13(b9)
Amaj7 D13(b9)
After the tear-drops start, where are tear-drops to hide?

(Bbmaj7 E7)
Amaj7 D13(b9)
Amaj7 D13(b9)
I lived for an hour. What more can I tell?

(Bbmaj7 G#maj7)
B9 E13 E#m7 A7
Love bloomed like a flow-er. Then the pet-als fell.
Blue Gardenia, Thrown to a passing breeze, But

pressed in my book of Memories. (fine)

Solo on ABC

After solos, D.S. al fine
The Blue Room
(from "The Girl Friend")

Music by Richard Rodgers
Lyric by Lorenz Hart

Verse

Medium or Freely

(FMA7) Bb FMA7 Bb FMA7 Bb F

He: All my future plans, Dear, will suit your plans, Read the little blue prints.
She: From all visitors and inquisitors, We'll keep our apartment.

Bb F Bb F D9 GMI D9 GMI D9

Here’s your mother’s room, Here’s your brother’s room. On the wall are two prints.
Here’s the kid-dies’ room, Here’s the bid-dy’s room, Here’s a pantry heart meant.
Here we’ll be our-selves And we’ll see our-selves Doing all the lined with shelves, dear. Hear I’ve planned for us, Some thing grand for us, Where we two can be our-selves, dear.

(C13) F6 C7 FMA7 Bb FMA7

We’ll have a blue room, A new room, For two room, Where every day’s a holiday because you’re married to me.

(CMI7) FMA7 F9 BbMA9 Eb9 DMI7 G9 GMI7 C7

Not like a ball-room, A small room, A hall room, Where...
(C₇)  
F₇  F⁹  B₇  E₉  (D₇  G⁷)  
\[ \text{I can smoke my pipe away, With your wee head on my knee.} \]

(B₇)  
G₇  C₇  A₇  A⁹  
\[ \text{We will thrive on, keep alive on Just nothing but kisses,} \]

(G₇)  
G₇  C₇  E₉  D₇  D₇  G₉  G₇  C₇  
\[ \text{With Mister and Missus On little blue chairs.} \]

(C₇)  
F₆  D₇  G₇  C₉  F₇  D₇  G₇  C₇  
\[ \text{You'll sew your trou-sseau, And Robinson Crusoe is} \]

(D₇)  
F₇  F⁹  B₇  E₉  (A₇  G⁷)  \[ \text{not so far from worldly cares As our blue room far away upstairs. (fine)} \]

Solo on ABC  
After solos, D.S. al fine
Blues In The Night
(from "Blues In The Night")

Music by Harold Arlen
Lyric by Johnny Mercer

Medium, Bluesy (Bb6 Bb7)
F9 Bb6 F9 Bb7)

My ma-ma done tol' me when I was in {knee-pants, pig-tails, }
My ma-ma done tol' me,

Bb7 (E7)
Eb7 (Ebm13)

Son! A wo-man'll sweet talk, and give ya the big eye,
Hon! A man's gon-na sweet talk,

Bb6 CM7 Dm7 G7(b9)

but when that sweet talkin' done { A wo-man's a two-face, A man is a two-face, } A

(Eb7)
C7(b9)
F7(#5)

wor-ri-some thing who'll leave ya t' sing the blues in the night.

Bb6 Bb7

Now the rain's a-fall-in', hear the train a-callin', whoo-ee, (My

Bb6 (E7(#5)) Eb7

ma-ma done tol' me. ) Hear that lone-some whistle blow-in' cross the tres-tle,

whoo-ee, (My ma-ma done tol' me. ) A whoo-ee-duh-whoo-ee, Ol'

(Eb7)
C7(b9)
F7(#5)

click-e-ty-clack's a-e-ch-o-in' back the blues in the night. The eve-nin'

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breeze'll start the trees to cry-in' and the moon'll hide its light,
Take my word the mock-in' bird'll sing the saddest kind o' song.

when you get the blues in the night.
He knows things are wrong and he's right.

From Nat-chez to Mo-bile, from Mem-phis to St. Joe, where-ever the four winds

blow, I been in some big towns an' heard me some big talk,

but there is one thing I know, { A wo-man's a two face, } A

wor-ri-some thing who'll leave ya t' sing the blues in the night. (Hum)

My ma-ma was right, there's blues in the night.
Bluesette

Music by Jean "Toots" Thielemans
Lyric by Norman Gimbel

Medium Jazz Waltz

Poor little sad little blue Bluesette. Don't you
Long as there's love in your heart to share, dear Blues-

cry, don't you fret. You can bet one lucky
etcode, don't despair. Some blue boy is long-ing,

day you'll waken and your blues will be for-
just like you, to find a some-one to be

saken. One lucky day lovely love will come your
true to. Two loving arms he can nestle in and

Get set, Bluesette, true love is coming. Your troubled heart

soon will be humming. (Scat/hum)

Doo-ya, doo-ya, doo-ya, doo-ya, doo-ya, doo-ya,
Doo-oo-oo, Bluessette.

Pretty little Bluessette mustn't be a mourner. Have you heard the news yet? Love is 'round the corner. Love wrapped in rainbows and tied with pink ribbons to make your next Spring-time your gold wedding ring time. So dry your eyes. Don't cha pout, don't cha fret, good-y good times are coming, Bluessette.

Solo on C
After solos, D.C. al Coda

One lucky day love-ly love will come your way.

that mag-ic day may just be to-

Optional vamp & fade on last 4 bars, using alternate chords (in parentheses)

In some versions, letters B and/or C are omitted.
Born To Be Blue

Mel Tormé
Robert Wells

Some folks were meant to live in clo-ver,
But they are such a chos-en few.
And clo-ver, be-ing green,
is some-thing I’ve nev-er seen—
’cause I was born to be blue.

When there’s a yel-low moon ab-ove me,
They say there’s moon-beams I should view,
But moon-beams, be-ing gold,
Are some-thing I can’t be-hold—
’Cause I was born to be blue.

When I met you the world was bright and sun-ny;
When you left the cur-tain fell,
I’d like to laugh,
but noth-ing strikes me fun-ny;
Now my world’s a fa-ded pas-tel.
Well,
I guess I'm luckier than some folks; I've known the thrill of loving you. And that alone is more than I was created for.

'cause I was born to be blue.
But Not For Me (Standard Version)
(from "Girl Crazy")

Freely or Medium Tempo

Verse

Old Man Sunshine listen, you! Never tell me, "Dreams come true!" Just try it And I'll start a riot.

Beatrice Fairfax, don't you dare Ever tell me he will care. I'm certain It's the final curtain. I never want to hear from any cheerful Pollyannas, Who tell you fate supplies a mate; it's all bananas!

Med. Ballad or Swing

They're writing songs of love, But not for me. A lucky star's above, But not for me.

They're writing songs of love, But not for me. A lucky

star's above, But not for me. With love to

two by four, But not for me. I know that

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lead the way
I’ve found more clouds of gray
Than any
love’s a game;
I’m puzzled, just the same,
Was I the

Russian play
could guarantee.
I was a
moth or flame?
I’m all at sea.
It all be-

fool to fall
And get that way.
Heigh-ho! A-
gain so well,
But what an end!
This is the

last! and al-
so Lack-a-day!
Although I
time a fell-
er needs a friend,
When ev-
’ry
can’t dismiss the mem-
’ry of his kiss,
I guess he’s
happy plot ends with the mar-
riage knot,
And there’s no

not for me. (fine)
He’s knock-

Solo on AB
After solos, D.S. al fine
"But Not For Me" (Coltrane Version)

George Gershwin
Ira Gershwin
(As played by John Coltrane)

* This melody uses phrases from both the first and last choruses to make it as close to the original melody as was played.
Piano comps, disregarding bass notes, throughout.
Caught Up In The Rapture

Garry Glenn
Dianne Quander
(As performed by Anita Baker)

Medium Rock Ballad
(Intro) Dm9 Gm7 Am7 Bbmaj7

When we met,
always knew
side by side I would feel
'til the storms of life pass us by,

On my mind constantly,
in my arms,

Light my life,

warm my heart,
say tonight,

is where you should be.

will be just the start.

You let my love fly freely.
I want you in my life for all time.

Ah, Caught up in the rapture of love.

Nothing else can compare.

When I feel the magic of you,
Charade
(from "Charade")

Music by Henry Mancini
Lyric by Johnny Mercer

When we played our charade 
We were like children posing,
Playing at games, acting out

names, Guessing the parts we played.

Oh, what a hit we made,
We came on next to closing;
Best on the bill, lovers un-

until love left the masque-rade.

Fate seemed to pull the strings, I turned

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and you were gone. While from the darkened
wings the music box played on.

Sad little serenade, Song of my heart's composing; I hear it still,

I always will, Best on the bill charade.
The Christmas Waltz

Music by Jule Styne
Lyric by Sammy Cahn

Frosted window panes, candles gleaming inside, painted
Candy canes on the tree; Santa’s on his way, he’s
Filled his sleigh with things, things for you and for me. It’s that

Time of year when the world falls in love. Every song you hear

Seems to say: Merry Christmas, may your New Year

Dreams come true.” And this song of mine, in three-

Quarter time, wishes you and yours the same thing

too.

* In some versions the last 2 bars of letter B are expanded to 4 bars (with no fermatas).
Close Enough For Love
(from "Agatha")

Music by Johnny Mandel
Lyric by Paul Williams

Ballad (Fm7 Dm7(95))

A
Fm7 Fm7 Fm6 G7(95) C9sus C7(9) Fm7 Bb9 Eb7sus Eb7(95) Ab13 Ab7(95)

You and I, an un-matched pair, took the time to touch, to share.

Db9 Bbm7 G13 Db9 G C13 F13 Cb9 Bb13 Eb9sus Eb7(95) Ab13 Ab13(9)

Worlds a-part the night we met, we braved the odds and won the bet. Not

Db9 G13 Gm7(95) C7(95) Fm7 D7(95) G7(9) Csus

perfect yet, but close enough for love.

(Fm7 Dm7(95))

B
Fm7 Fm7 Fm6 G7(95) C9sus C7(9) Fm7 Bb9 Eb7sus Eb7(95) Ab13 Ab7(95)

How old fashioned pure romance. Shared a kiss and shared a dance.

Db9 Bbm7 G13 Db9 G C13 F13 Cb9 Bb13 Eb9sus Eb7(95) Ab13 Ab13(9)

Shared the body and bouquet. We'll taste the wine another day, When

Db9 G13 Gm7(95) C7(95) Fm7 C Cm7 F7(9)

you and I are close enough for love. Not just lovers,

Bbm7 (E9(95)) Eb9sus Eb7(96) Abm7 Fm7 Dm7(95) G9sus G7(9)

more than friends. Who knows where one starts, one ends.

(Em7(9) Am7)

Tracing lives through

Em7(B13) Am7

sleepless nights, that I'll remember always always.
Long good-byes and tear-ful looks hold up well in poems and books, but you and I have life to hold, the great-est stor-y nev-er told. Not per-fect yet, but close e-nough for love.

Simplified changes:

\[\begin{align*}
\text{A} & \quad \text{B} & \quad \text{FMI}^7 & \quad \text{D7}\{13\} & \quad \text{G7}\{13\} & \quad \text{C7}\{10\} & \quad \text{FMI}^7 & \quad \text{Bb9} & \quad \text{Eb7} & \quad \text{Ab7} \\
\hline
\text{Db6} & \quad \text{BbMI}^7 & \quad \text{G7} & \quad \text{C7} & \quad \text{F7} & \quad \text{Bb7} & \quad \text{Eb7} & \quad \text{Ab7} & \quad \text{Db6} & \quad \text{G7} \\
\hline
\text{GMI}^7\{10\} & \quad \text{C7}\{13\} & \quad \text{FMI}^7 & \quad \text{D7}\{13\} & \quad \text{G7}\{10\} & \quad \text{C7}\{10\} & \quad \text{FMI}^7 & \quad \text{DMI}^7\{13\} & \quad \text{G9} & \quad \text{G7}\{13\} \\
\hline
\text{Em7} & \quad \text{A7}\{13\} & \quad \text{DMI}^7 & \quad \text{G7} & \quad \text{C7} & \quad \text{G7}\{10\} & \quad \text{C7}\{13\} & \quad \text{G7}\{13\} \\
\hline
\text{Db6} & \quad \text{BbMI}^7 & \quad \text{G7} & \quad \text{C7} & \quad \text{F7} & \quad \text{Bb7} & \quad \text{Eb7} & \quad \text{Ab7} \\
\hline
\text{Db6} & \quad \text{G7} & \quad \text{GMI}^7\{13\} & \quad \text{C7}\{13\} & \quad \text{FMI}^7 & \quad \text{D7}\{13\} & \quad \text{G7}\{10\} & \quad \text{C7}\{13\} \\
\end{align*}\]
Close To You

Music by Burt Bacharach
Lyric by Hal David

Medium Slow
(Eb13)

Why do birds suddenly appear every time you are near?

Just like me they long to be close to you.

On the day that you were born the angels got together and decided to create a dream come true.

So, they sprinkled moon dust in your hair of gold and star-light in your eyes of blue.

That is why all the boys in town follow you all around.

Just like me they long to be

Eb\(_{\text{MA}}\)^9  (B\(_{\text{MI}}\)\(^7\)  Eb\(_{\text{13}}\) )

Solo on ABC
After solos, D.C. al Coda

Just like me they long to be close to you. (Vamp & fade)

* Optional Tag

Letter A, bars 2 & 3 and 10 & 11, and letter C, bars 2 & 3, are often performed as follows:

(Ab\(_{\text{MA}}\)^9  (F\(_{\text{MI}}\)^7)

Ah, close to you.
Come Fly With Me

Music by James Van Heusen
Lyric by Sammy Cahn

Freely

When dad and mother discovered one another, They dreamed of the day when they would love and honor and obey, And during all their modest spooning, They'd blush and speak of honey-mooning, And if your memory recalls, They spoke of Niagara Falls. But today, my darling, today, When you meet the one you love, you say:

Come fly with me! Let's fly! Let's fly away! If you can use some exotic booze, there's a bar in far Bombay, Come fly with me! Let's fly! Let's fly away! Come fly with me! Let's float down to Peru! In Llama Land there's a one man band and he'll toot his flute for you, Come
fly with me! Let's take off in the blue!
(Once I get you)

Up there, Where the air is rarified,
We'll just glide, starry-eyed, (Once I get you)

Up there, I'll be holding you so near,

You may hear angels cheer, 'cause we're together.

Weatherwise it's such a lovely day!

just

say the words and we'll beat the birds down to Acapulco Bay. It's

perfect for a flying honeymoon, they say. Come

fly with me! Let's fly! Let's fly away! (fine) Come

Solo on ABC

After solos. D.S. al fine
The Continental

Music by Con Conrad
Lyric by Herb Magidson

(Drop in)

Eb MA7 Eb7 FMI7 BbMI7 EbMA7 Eb7 FMI7 BbMI7 (etc.)

FMI7 BbMI7 EbMA7 Eb7 FMI7 BbMI7

Dangerous

It's something
daring,
passion,
The Continental,
A way of dancing that's really ultra
An invitation to moonlight and romance.
It's very subtle,
It's quite the fashion,
The Continental,
Because it does what you want it to
Because you tell of your love while you do.

It has a dance.
Your lips whisper so tenderly,
Her eyes answer your song.
Two bodies swaying,
The Continental,
And you are saying just what you're thinking of;
So keep on dancing
The Continental,
For it's the song of romance and of

love. (optional D.S.) for solos

You kiss while you're dancing;

it's continental

You sing while you're dancing:

your voice is gentle and sentimental.

You'll know before the dance is through

That you're in love with her and she's in love with you.

You'll find while you're dancing,

That there's a rhythm in your heart and soul;

A certain rhythm that you can't control,

And you will do The Continental all the time.

optional back to letter E for solo

(etc.) Beautiful music!

Dangerous rhythm!
Cotton Tail
(a.k.a. Cottontail)

Medium Up Tempo

A: Bb6 Gmi7 Cmi7 F7 (Dmi7 G7(9))
Bb6 Gmi7 Cmi7 F7
Bb6 Bb7

Eb6 E7

1. Bb6 (Gmi7 Cmi7)
   Bb6 (F7(5))
   Bb6 F Gmi7 Cmi7 F7

B: (Ad lib)

A#m7

D7 Dmi7 G7 Gmi7 C7 Cmi7 F7

C: Bb6 Gmi7 Cmi7 F7 (Dmi7 G7(9))
Bb6 Gmi7 Cmi7 F7

Bb6 Bb7 D Eb6 E7

Bb6 F Gmi7 Cmi7 F7 Bb6

Solo on AABC
On cue, go on

D: Bb07

(Basso optional)

Bb07

Bb07 F7

(Solo, etc.)

Bb6 Gmi7 Cmi7 F7 (Dmi7 G7(9))
Bb6 Gmi7 Cmi7 F7
Bb6 Bb7 Eb6 E7

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D.C. for more solos (AABC)
After solos, D.C. al Coda

* Kenny Clarke plays letter B, the bridge, like this:
Crazy He Calls Me

Music by Carl Sigman
Lyric by Bob Russell

Medium Ballad

I say I'll move the mountains, and I'll move the mountains,

If he wants them out of the way. Crazy, he calls me,

Sure I'm crazy, crazy in love, I'd say.

say I'll go through fire, and I'll go through fire,

As he wants it, so shall it be. Crazy, he calls me,

Sure I'm crazy, crazy in love, you see.

Like the wind that shakes the bough, he moves me with his smile. The

difficult I'll do right now, The impossible will take a little while.

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say I'll care forever, and I mean forever

If I have to hold up the sky. Crazy, he calls me,

Sure I'm crazy, crazy in love am I.
Crazy Rhythm
(from "Here's How")

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

I feel like the Emperor Nero when Rome was a very hot town.
Each Turk and each Latin, the Russians and Prussians as well,
Father Knickerbocker, forgive me, I play while your city burns down.

Through all it's night life I sure to come under your spell.
Their native folk songs they fiddle away.
Soon throw away.

It's not the right life, but think of the pay.
Those Harlem smoke songs they soon learn to play.

Some day I will bid it good-bye, I'll put my fiddle away and I'll say:
Can't you fall for Carnegie Hall; Oh, Dan-ny, call it a day and we'll say:

Crazy Rhythm, here's the doorway, I'll go my way,
You'll go your way, Crazy Rhythm, from now on we're through.

Here is where we have a showdown,

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I'm too high-hat, you're too low-down, Crazy Rhythm,
here's goodbye to you. They say that when a high-brow
meets a low-brow walking along Broadway, Soon the high-brow
he has no brow. Ain't it a shame, and you're to blame.

What's the use of Prohibition? You produce the
same condition. Crazy Rhythm, I've gone crazy,
too. (fine) Solo on ABC

Bars 1-4 & 9-12 of letter A are sometimes played with these chords:
Cute

Neal Hefti

Medium

A

\( B_b^6 \) \( A_Mi^7 \) \( A_b^9 \) \( G_Mi^9 \) \( C^9\text{(5)} \) \( F_{MA}^9 \)

(dr. fill)

B_b^6 \( A_Mi^7 \) \( A_b^9 \) \( G_Mi^9 \) \( C^9\text{(5)} \) \( C_{MI}^7 \) \( F^9 \)

(dr. fill)

B_{MA}^7 \( A_Mi^7 \) \( G_Mi^7 \) \( B_b^6 \) \( B_{MI}^6 \)

F_{MA}^7 \( B_b^6 \) \( A^7\text{(9)} \) \( D_{MI}^7 \)

(dr. fill)

(on D.S. go to 2nd ending)

1.

\( D_{MI}^6 \) \( D_{MI}^7 \) \( B_{MI}^7\text{(5)} \) \( B_{MI}^9 \) \( E^9 \) \( A_{MA}^9 \)

(dr. fill)

2.

\( B_b^6 \) \( A_Mi^7 \) \( A_b^9\text{(11)} \) \( G_Mi^7 \) \( C^7\text{(9)} \) \( F^6 \)

(dr. fill)

(Solos)

B

\( G_Mi^7 \) \( C^7 \) \( A_Mi^7 \) \( D^7 \) \( G_Mi^7 \) \( C^7 \)

\( C_{MI}^7 \) \( F^7 \) \( B_b^6\text{MA} \) \( E^9 \) \( A_Mi^7 \) \( (D^7\text{(9)}) \)

\( B_{MI}^7\text{(5)} \) \( E^7\text{(9)} \) \( A_{MA}^7 \) \( A_{MI}^7\text{(5)} \) \( A_b^9 \cdot C \cdot G_Mi^7 \) \( C^7 \)

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Repeat BC for solos
After solos, D.C. al 2nd ending al Coda

N.C.
Dancing In The Dark

Ballad or Medium*

Music by Arthur Schwartz
Lyric by Howard Dietz

[Music notation]

Dancing in the dark Till the tune ends, We're
dancing in the dark And it soon ends. We're
waltzing in the wonder of
why we're here.

Time hurries by, we're here and gone.

Looking for the light Of a new love to
brighten up the night. I have you, love, And
we can face the music together,

Dancing in the dark. (fine) Solo on AB

* Also played as a Samba.
Optional Interlude

What though love is old?
What though song is old?

Through them we can be young.

Hear this heart of mine. Make yours part of mine.

Dear one, tell me that we're one.

D.C. al fine

* Alternate chords for the Interlude are Fred Hersch's.
He plays the Interlude like this:

Most jazz performers (and others) do not include the Interlude.
Dancing On The Ceiling
(from "Evergreen")

Music by Richard Rodgers
Lyric by Lorenz Hart

The world is lyr-i-cal
At night I creep in bed
And nev-er sleep in bed,

Has brought my lover to me.
But look a-bove in the air.
Though he's some oth-er
And to my great-est

place,
joy,
his face
my boy
I se-e.

It is my prince who walks into my dream and talks.

He danc-es o-ver-head on my ceil-ing, near my bed,

In my sight,
Through the night.

I try to hide in vain un-derneath my coun-ter-pane.

* In Frank Sinatra’s performance, the last four bars of the verse are omitted.
There's my love up above.

I whisper "Go away, my lover, It's not fair."

But I'm so grateful to discover He's still there.

I love my ceiling more since it is a dancing floor.

Just for my love. (fine) Solo on ABC. After solos, D.S. al fine.
Day In, Day Out

Music by Rube Bloom
Lyric by Johnny Mercer

Day in, ________ day out ________ The

same old hoo-doo follows me about, ________ The same old

pounding in my heart whenever I think of you ________ and darling, I

think of you ________ day in and day out. ________ Day

out, ________ day in, ________ I

needn’t tell you how my days begin ________ When I a-

wake I awake with a tingle, one possibility in view,

That possibility of maybe seeing you. ________ Come
rain, come shine, I
meet you and to me the day is fine, Then I
kiss your lips and the pounding becomes the ocean’s roar, A thousand drums. Can’t you
see it’s love, can there be any doubt, when there it
is, day in, day out.

* Often performed:
A⁹ A⁷(b⁹) / A⁷(b⁹) D⁷/F♯

** Often performed:
E₇/E♭ G⁷ G₇(♭⁵)

Letter A, bars 8-11, are originally written as follows. They are more often played as in the chart.
Days Of Wine And Roses
(from "Days Of Wine And Roses")
Music by Henry Mancini
Lyric by Johnny Mercer

Medium Ballad
or Medium Up

(C7) A FMA7

The days of wine and roses Laugh and

GMI9

run away Like a child at play, Through the

(FMA9)

meadowland toward a closing door, A door marked "Never-

(AMI7) (A7(b9))

gmore," That wasn't there before. The

(DMII7(b9))

lone-ly night discloses Just a

(GMI9)

passing breeze Filled with mem-

(FMA9)

ories Of the

(AMI7) (A7(b9))

golden smile that intro-

(BMI7(b9))

duced me to The

days of wine and roses and you.

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Dedicated To You

By Sam Cahn

Verse

All I am or hope to be, Depends upon your

love for me. You're the only one I'll ever

care for. You're the only one, my dear, and therefore:

If I should write a book for you, That brought me fame and

fortune too, That book would be, like my heart and me,

"Dedicated to you!" And if I should paint a picture too,

That showed the loveliness of you, The art would be, like my

heart and me, "Dedicated to you!"

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you, because your love is the beacon that lights up my way. To
you because with you, I know, a lifetime could be just one
heavenly day. If I should find a twinkling star,
one half so wondrous as you are, That star would be, like my
heart and me, “Dedicated to you!” (fine)
Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine
Deep Purple

Freely (F₇, Eb⁵, D⁹)
Verse: F F⁷ F⁶ G₇ (Db⁹) C⁹

The sun is sinking low behind the hill.

F₇ C⁹ F₇ E₇(#5) A⁷(#5) A⁷

I loved you long ago, I love you still.

D₇(C#) F⁷ B⁵ B⁹ C⁷(#5) C#₉

Across the years you come to me at twilight,

D₇ (MA7) G₇ Sus G⁹ C₇ Sus rall. C⁹

to bring me love's old thrill.

[Ballad or Medium] A

C₇ F₇ D⁷(#9) G₇ MA₇ (MA7) (7) C₇ Sus C₉

When the deep purple falls over sleepy garden walls, and the

F₇ A₇(#5) A₇ D⁷ E₇ D⁹ D⁷(#9)

stars begin to flicker in the sky,

Thru the

G₇(B₉(#11)) A₇ Sus A₇(b₉) C⁹

mist of a memory you wander back to me,

G₇ C⁹ C₇(#5) F₇ A₇(#5) D⁷(#9) G₇ MA₇ G₇ C₉

breathing my name with a sigh.

In the
still of the night once again I hold you tight. Tho' you're gone, your love lives on when moonlight beams. And as long as my heart will beat, Lover, we'll always meet here in my Deep Purple dreams. (When the)

Solo on AB

Originally the last note was C, except the final time when it was an F as written here.

After solos, D.S. al fine
(Sittin' On) The Dock Of The Bay

Medium Slow 60's Folk/Rock

gtr.

G

bs.

A

G

B

C

C B B^b A

Sit-tin' in the morn-in' sun,
Left my home in Georgia,
I'll be sit-tin' when the even-in' come.

A

G

B

Watch-in' the ships roll in,
'Cause I've had noth-in' to live for,
then I

C

C B B^b A

B G

E(add 9)

watch 'em roll a-way a-gain.
Yeah! I'm sit-tin' on the dock of the bay.

E(add 9)

G

watch-in' the tide roll a-way,
noth-in's gon-na come my way.

G

A

'G

E

I

sit-tin' on the dock of the bay wast-in' time.

E

CG

D

C

Look like noth-ing's gon-na change.

G

D

C

G

D

Ev'-ry'-thing still re-mains the same.

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ten people tell me to, so I guess I'll remain the same.

Sittin' here restin' my bones and this loneliness won't leave me alone.

Two thousand miles I roam just to

make this dock my home. Now, I'm just gon' sit at the dock of the bay,

watchin' the tide roll away, ooh wee, I'm

sit-tin' on the dock of the bay wastin' time

Optional solos on ABABCDE
After solos D.S. al Coda
Don't Be Blue

Music by John Guerin
Lyric by Michael Franks

Bright Quasi Shuffle
(Intro) (Instrumental ad lib)

(bass mostly roots or walk over changes) *

Don't be blue, you ain't got far to go.
Don't be blue, the sun is bound to shine.

You see bet - ter when you're mov-in' slow.
Af - ter win - ter comes the sum - mer - time.

Don't get locked in - to your sad - ness.
If you're locked in - to your sad - ness.

Cop a bluff, Strut your stuff.

If you stum - ble just be tongue-in - cheek.

Love is al - ways just like hide - and - seek.

* Bass can walk over changes (with hits on the head) for the entire tune.
Ab\textsuperscript{13} \textsubscript{SUS} \quad \textit{(etc.)} \quad Ab\textsuperscript{\#11} \quad Db\textsuperscript{6/9} \\

An- to- ny and Cle- o- pa- tra did it too. So don't. \\
Ro- meo and Ju- liet did it too. So don't. \\

(Db\textsuperscript{6/9}) Ab\textsuperscript{13} \textsubscript{SUS} Db\textsuperscript{MA} \textsuperscript{9} \\

Db\textsuperscript{MA} \textsuperscript{9} C\textsuperscript{13} \textsubscript{SUS} \\

C\textsuperscript{9} \\

(solo pick-ups) \\

just don't be blue. \\

no \\

C \textsuperscript{Solos} \\

F\textsuperscript{MA} \textsuperscript{9} \\

(bass/rhythm etc., or walk) \\

Db\textsuperscript{13} \textsubscript{SUS} \\

C\textsuperscript{13} \textsubscript{SUS} \\

If this high-speed hassle gets you down. Re-mem-ber \\

F\textsuperscript{MA} \textsuperscript{9} \\

Bb\textsuperscript{13} \textsubscript{SUS} \\

Ev- ery- one is lost un-til they're found. \\

2. Plus solos \\

C\textsuperscript{13} \textsubscript{SUS} Db\textsuperscript{7(#9)} C\textsuperscript{7(#9)} \\

For additional solos, Repeat letter C with 2nd ending \\
After solos, D.S. al Coda \\

Db\textsuperscript{7(#9)} C\textsuperscript{7(#9)} \\

C\textsuperscript{13} \textsubscript{SUS} C\textsuperscript{7(#9)} Ab\textsuperscript{13} \textsubscript{SUS} Ab\textsuperscript{9} F\textsuperscript{MA} \textsuperscript{9} \\

don't be blue, just don't be blue.
Don't Worry 'Bout Me

Music by Rube Bloom
Lyric by Ted Koehler

This is the one moment that I thought I never could live through. But now somehow, that it's here, my dear, that foolish fear disappears. And

saying goodbye seems sweet. __ It's plain that fate didn't want us on a one way street.

Don't worry 'bout me, I'll get along. For

get about me, be happy, my love. Let's say that our little show is over, and so, the story ends. Why not call it a day the sensible way, and still be friends. 'Look

out for yourself should be the rule. Give your heart and your love to whom ever you love, don't be a fool. Darling,

why should you cling to some fading thing that used to be? If you can forget, don't worry 'bout me. (fine) Solo on AB

After solos, D.S. al fine
Doodlin'  
Horace Silver

Medium  
(hand, sn, sh, perc, etc.)

(D♭7) N.C.

(D♭7)

(Getta be on time.

Find that sign?

(B♭7)

Gonna be mat-in',

Climb-in' the four walls,

Anticipatin',

No reser-

ho -tel,

pack-in' a big grip,

Check in our ho-

Marriage is just fine.

We don't want no one to
tune in while we're at play,

spoon-in'.

tune in while we're at play,

Honeymoon-in' is for

For us to go dine.

We just dood - le all day.

(B♭7)

(e♭m7)

(A♭9)

(D♭6)

We don't want no one to
tune in while we're at play,

spoon-in'.

(B♭7)

(C)

(A♭7)

(D♭6)

(B♭7)

(C)

We just dood-le all night.
We sure like it that way,

We don’t fuss, we don’t fight.
Well, what more can I say?

We sure dood-le just right.

(Solos) (Db blues)

Till cue

On cue break

(ds. al Coda
(with repeat)

The vocal version simplifies the melody slightly:

Tak-in' a long trip, Pack-in' a big grip, (etc.)
Doxy

Sonny Rollins

Medium

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{A} & : \quad F^7(\#5) \quad Bb^7 \quad (A^7) \quad D^7 \quad G^7 \quad C^7 \quad F^7 \quad Bb^7 (F^7(\#5)) \\
Bb^7 & : \quad (A^7) \quad Ab^7 \quad (E^b^7) \quad D^7 \quad G^7 \quad C^7 \quad F^7 \\
Bb^9 & : \quad (B^9(\#11)) \quad Bb^7(\#9) \\
End & : \quad E^0^7 \\
\text{Solos} & : \quad Bb^7 \quad (A^7) \quad Ab^7 \quad (E^b^7) \quad D^7 \quad G^7 \quad C^7 \quad F^7 \quad Bb^7 (F^7(\#5)) \\
\text{After solos} & : \quad Bb^7 \quad (A^7) \quad Ab^7 \quad (E^b^7) \quad D^7 \quad G^7 \quad C^7 \quad F^7 \quad Bb^7 (F^7(\#5)) \text{ (last x)} \\
\text{Vamp & fade} & : \quad C^7 \quad F^7 \quad Bb^7 G^7
\end{align*}
\]

The head is played twice at the beginning, one time after solos.

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\[4\]
“Doxy” is played with many variations. Here is a version as played by Dexter Gordon.

Medium [A]

(F↑) Bb↑ E↑ D↑ G↑ C↑ F↑ Bb↑ F↑

Bb↑ E↑ D↑ G↑ C↑ F↑

Solos: (Bb↑ Bb↑)

B↓ Bb↑(♯9) E↓(♯11)

Eb↑ A↑ Ab↑ Ab↑)

Bb↑ E↑ D↑ G↑

C↑ F↑ Bb↑ F↑

Solo on [A]

After solos, D.C. al Coda

C↑ F↑ Bb↑ (A↑ Ab↑) G↑(♯5)

(A↑ Ab↑) G↑(♯5)

C↑ F↑ Bb↑9(♯11)
Dream Dancing
(from "You'll Never Get Rich")

When shades en - fold
The sunset's gold

And stars are bright a - bove a - gain,

I smile, sweet - heart,
For then I know I can start to

live a - gain,
to love a - gain.

When day is gone And night comes on, un - til the
dawn what do I do? I clasp your hand and

wan - der through slum - ber - land, ___,
Dream dance - ing ___ with you. ___

dance be - tween a sky se - rene and fields of

* Also done as a Bossa Nova.

green, sparkling with dew. It's joy sublime, When I spend my time.

Dream dancing with you.

Dream dancing, Oh, what a lucky windfall!

Touching you, clutching you all through the night. So say you

love me, dear, And let me make my career.

Dream dancing, To Paradise prancing,

Dream dancing with you.

Solo on ABC.

After solos, D.S. al fine
Dreamsville

Music by Henry Mancini
Lyric by Jay Livingston & Ray Evans

Ballad

I'm in Dreams-ville holding you; A dreamy view,
Just we two alone with love in Dreams-ville,

Time is new; We're here to love and we do. We can see the rest of the world below us from our pink cloud. There's no bound'ry to this magic land As we go exploring hand in hand in dreamy Dreams-ville, far a way, And here we love, Here we'll stay.

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Easy To Love
(from "Born To Dance")

Freely or Med. Ballad
(Verse) $B^b_{MA}$

I know too well that I'm just wasting precious time in thinking such a thing could be, That you could ever care for me.

I'm sure you hate to hear That I adore you, dear, But grant me, just the same, I'm not entirely to blame, for

Easy to idolize, all others above,

So worth the yearning for,

So swell to keep ev'ry home fire burning for.
We'd be so grand at the game, So care-free together, that it does seem a shame, That you can't see Your future with me, 'Cause you'd be oh, so easy to love! (fine) Solo on AB

After solos, D.S. al fine

Originally written (note bars 3 & 7)
Embraceable You
(from "Girl Crazy")
George Gershwin
Ira Gershwin

Dozens of girls would storm up; I had to lock my door.

Somehow I couldn't warm up to one before.

What was it that controlled me? What kept my love-life lean?

My intuition told me You'd come on the scene.

Lady, listen to the rhythm of my heart-beat, And you'll get just what I mean.

Embrace me, My sweet embrace-able you.

Embrace me, You ir-replace-able you.
Just one look at you, my heart grew tipsy in me.

You and you alone bring out the gypsy in me.

I love all the many charms about you.

Above all I want my arms about you.

Don’t be a naughty baby, Come to papa, Come to pa-pa, do! My sweet embraceable you.  
(fine) Solo on AB. After solos, D.S. al fine

Rhythm of melody is often altered to:
Letter A, bar 3, and similar measures throughout

brace - a - ble you.
Everything Must Change

Ballad

Everything must change,
(Winter turns to) spring,

nothing stays the same.
a wounded heart will heal,

Every one will change,

but never much too soon,
yes, everything must

same.
The young become the old,

and mysteries do unfold,

'cause that's the way of time.

Nothing and no one goes unchanged.

There are not many things in life you can be sure of. Except rain comes from the clouds,

sun lights up the sky, and hummingbirds do fly.

Win - ter turns to hummingbirds do fly.

(Optional solos on AB)
Rain comes from the clouds, sun lights up the sky, and humming-birds do fly.

Rain comes from the clouds, sun lights up the sky, and music makes me cry.

Interlude from Quincy Jones' version. (Inserted before letter B, 2nd x)

(Trombone solo)

(Solo etc., busier feel)
Falling In Love With Love
(from "The Boys Of Syracuse")

Music by Richard Rodgers
Lyric by Lorenz Hart

Medium or Bright
(see note at end)

(A) BbMa7 (EbMA7 DmI7 G7(b9)) CmI7

Falling in love with love is falling for make believe.

(F) G7(b9)

CmI7 F7

F7

Falling in love with love is playing the fool.

BbMa7

CmI7 Bb6

F7

BbMa7

F7

Bb6

AII7 D7

such a juvenile fantasy.

GmI7 C7 CmI7

GmI7 C7 CmI7

Learning to trust is just for children in school.

F7

BbMa7 (EbMA7 DmI7 G7(b9))

F7

I fell in love with love one night when the moon was full.

CmI7

(DmI7 G7(b9))

CmI7

I was unwise with
eyes unable to see._____

I fell in love with love, with love everlasting.

But love fell out with me._____

This piece is frequently played or sung in an Up Tempo 4 or 2:

* Smaller notes (in parentheses) are the original notes. Larger notes are more frequently played or sung.
Fascinating Rhythm
(from "Lady, Be Good")

George Gershwin
Ira Gershwin

Got a little rhythm, a rhythm, a rhythm
That pitterpats through my brain.
So darn persistent, the day isn't distant
When it'll drive me insane.

Comes in the morning with
out any warning,
And hangs around me all day.
I'll have to sneak up to it,

Some-day, and speak up to it,
I hope it listens when I say:

Fascinating Rhythm
You've got me on the go.
Fascinating Rhythm
I'm all a-quiver.

What a mess you're making!
The neighbors want to know why I'm
always shaking just like a flivver.
Each morning

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I get up with the sun, (Start a hop-ping, nev-er stop-ping)
To find at night, no work has been done. I know that
once it did - n't mat - ter But now you're do - ing wrong. When you start to pat - ter, I'm so un-
hap - py. Won't you take a day off? De - cide to run a-long Some-where
far a-way off, And make it snap - py!
Oh, how I long to be the man (gal) I used to be!
Fas-ci-na-ting Rhythm, Oh, won't you stop pick - ing on me! (fine) Solo on ABCD
After solos, D.S. al fine

Note: Last 3 bars are sometimes played:

Originally in Eb, instrumentalists more often play this tune in F.
A Felicidade

Music by Antonio Carlos Jobim
Lyric by Vinicius de Moraes

Medium Samba (Ami⁹) C⁷

1. Tristeza não tem fim
2. (Tristeza) não tem fim

Fe - li - ci - da - de é como gota De - or - va -
Fe - li - ci - da - de é como pluma Que - o - ven -

B C⁷

A lho nu - ma pé - ta - la de flor.
A to vai levan - do pe - lo ar.

B₇⁹

Bri - lha tran - qui - la De - pois de le - ve - os - ci - la E cai -
Voa tão le - ve Mas tem a vi - da bre - ve Pre - ci -

D₇

Com - mo u - ma lá - gri - ma de a - mor.
Sa que ha - ja ven - to sem pa - rar.

C⁷

A fe - li - ci - da - de do po - bre pa - rece -
A fe - li - ci - da - de es - ta so - nhan - do

G⁷

- gran - de i - lu - são do car - na - val.
- o - lhos da mi - nha na - mo - ra - da.

A gen -
te trabalha o ano inteiro Por
moesta noite, passando, passando Em

um momento de sonho Pra fazer a fantasia De rei-
busca da madruga da Falem baixo por favor Pra que e-

ou de pirata ou jardineira Pra tu-
la a cor de alegre com o dia. O fe-

do se achar na quarta feira. 2. Tris-
re cendo beijos de amor.

* In some versions letter A is repeated. (Form: AABCD)
A Foggy Day
(from "A Damsel In Distress")

Freely
(Verse)
F\textsubscript{MA}\textsuperscript{7}  
(B\textsubscript{b}\textsuperscript{9})  
F\textsubscript{MA}\textsuperscript{7}  
(B\textsubscript{b}\textsuperscript{6})  
F\textsubscript{MA}\textsuperscript{7}  
E\textsuperscript{7}  
F\textsubscript{MA}\textsuperscript{7}  
A\textsubscript{MI}  
D\textsuperscript{9(13)}  
G\textsubscript{MI}\textsuperscript{7}  
C\textsuperscript{7}  
C\textsuperscript{7(#5)}  
F\textsubscript{MA}\textsuperscript{7}  
A\textsubscript{MI}  
A\textsubscript{MI}\textsuperscript{6}  
A\textsubscript{MI}\textsuperscript{7}  
D\textsuperscript{7(13)}  
F\textsubscript{MA}\textsuperscript{7}  
A\textsubscript{MI}\textsuperscript{9}  
G\textsubscript{MI}\textsuperscript{7}  
C\textsuperscript{7(b9)}  
F\textsuperscript{6}  
(D\textsuperscript{7}  
G\textsubscript{MI}\textsuperscript{7}  
C\textsuperscript{7}  
(Medium)
A\textsubscript{MI}\textsuperscript{9}  
(G\textsubscript{b}\textsuperscript{9})  
G\textsuperscript{9}  
C\textsuperscript{7(13)}  
F\textsuperscript{6}  
(A\textsubscript{b}\textsuperscript{9})  
G\textsuperscript{7(13)}  
C\textsuperscript{9}  
F\textsubscript{MA}\textsuperscript{7}  
(F\textsuperscript{9}  
C\textsubscript{MI}\textsuperscript{7}  
F\textsuperscript{7(b9)}  
B\textsubscript{b}\textsubscript{MA}\textsuperscript{9}  
E\textsubscript{b}\textsuperscript{9}  
I was a stranger in the city. Out of town were the people I knew. I had that feeling of self-pity. What to do? What to do? What to do? The outlook was decidedly blue. But as I walked through the foggy streets alone, It turned out to be the luckiest day I've known.

A foggy day in London town Had me low and had me down.

I viewed the morning with alarm. The
(F_Ma^7)  
A_Mi^7  
D^7(#9)  
(G_Mi^9)  
G^9  
C^9  

British Museum had lost its charm. How long, I wondered, could this thing last? But the age of miracles hadn't passed. For, suddenly, I saw you there. And through foggy London town the sun was shining every where.

(F_Ma^7)  
G_Mi^7  
A_Mi^7  
G_Mi^7  
F_Ma^7  
F_Ma/C  
G_Mi/C  
G_Mi/C  
A_Mi/C  
G_Mi  
C^7(#9)  
(F_Ma^7)  
D_Mi^7  
G_Mi^7  
C^7

Solo on AB  
After solos, D.S. al fine
From This Moment On
(from "Kiss Me Kate")

Freely
Verse

Now that we are close, no more nights morose. Now that
we are one, the beguine has just begun. Now that we're side by side,

the future looks so gay, Now we are alibied when we
say:

From this moment on, You for

me, dear, only two for tea, dear,

from this moment on. From this happy day,

no more blue songs,
Only whoop-dee-doo songs, from this moment on.

For you've got the love I need so much,

Got the skin I love to touch, Got the arms to hold me tight,

Got the sweet lips to kiss me good-night.

From this moment on, You and I, babe, we'll be rid-in' high, babe,

Every care is gone from this moment

Solo on ABC After solos, D.S. al fine
Get Here

Brenda Russell

Pop Ballad

El. p. solo

You can reach me by rail - way.___ you can reach me by sail - boat.___ climb a tree and swing

trail - way.___ You can reach me on an air - plane.___ you can reach me with __ your mind.

rope to rope.___ Take a sled and slide down a slope ___ in - to these arms __ of mine.

You can reach me by car - a-van ___ cross the de - sert like an a-rab man ___ I don't care.

You can jump on a speed-y colt ___ cross the bor - der in a blaze of hope ___ I don't care.

how you get here, just get here if ___ you can.

You can reach me by

There are hills and moun - tains be - tween us, ___ al - ways some-thing to get
o-ver. If I had my way, sure-ly you would be clos-er. I need you
clo-ser.

D.S. al 2nd ending al Coda
(Instrumental solo in letter A)
(optional repeat letter A for longer solo)

clo-ser.

You can wind-surf in-to my life, take me up on a
car-pet ride.

You can make it in a big bal-loon, but you bet-ter make it soon.

You can reach me by car-a-van, cross the des-ert like an
a-rab man.

I don’t care how you get here, just get here

if you can.

I don’t care how you get here, just get here if you can.
Get Out Of Town
(from "Leave It To Me")

Freely (or Slow)

Verse

\[
\begin{align*}
G_{7} & \quad B_{7}(b5) & \quad E_{7} \quad A_{7}(b5) & \quad D_{7}(b9) & \quad G_{7}(D) \\
& \quad A_{7}(b5) & \quad D_{7} & \quad E_{7} & \quad A_{7} & \quad D_{7} \\
& \quad D_{7} & \quad B_{7}(b5) & \quad A_{7}(b5) & \quad F_{7}(b9) & \quad B_{7}(b5)
\end{align*}
\]

The farce was ended, The curtains drawn,

And I at least pretended That love was dead and gone.

But now from nowhere you come to me as before
To take my heart and break my heart once more.

Get out of town Beefore it's too late, my love.

Get out of town, Be good to me, please.

Why wish me harm? Why not retire to a farm And be content to charm The birds off the trees?

Just disappear, I care for you much too much, and
when you are near, close to me, dear, we touch too much,

The thrill when we meet Is so bitter-sweet That,

darling, it’s getting me down. So on your mark, get

set, Get out of town. (fine)

Solo on AB
After solos, D.S. al fine
The Girl From Ipanema
(Garota de Ipanema)  Music by Antonio Carlos Jobim
Portuguese Lyric by Vinicius de Moraes
English lyric by Norman Gimbel

Medium Bossa Nova

A

\( \text{F}_\text{Ma}^\text{9} \)  
\( \text{G}_\text{Ma} \)

Tall and tan and young... and love-ly, The Girl... From I-pan-ema...

\( \text{G}_\text{Ma}^\text{9} \)  
\( \text{Gm}_\text{i}^7 \)

...ma goes walk-ing, and when... she pass-es, each one... she pass-es goes...

\( \text{G}_\text{Ma}^\text{9} \)  
\( \text{Gb}_\text{Ma}^\text{9} \)  
\( \text{Gb}_\text{Ma}^\text{7} \)

"ahh!"

When she walks she's like... a san-mba that...

\( \text{Gb}_\text{Ma}^\text{7} \)

swings so cool and sways... so gen-tle that when... she pass-es, each one...

\( \text{Gb}_\text{Ma}^\text{7} \)  
\( \text{F}_\text{Ma}^\text{7} \)

... she pass-es goes... "ahh!"

B

\( \text{Gb}_\text{Ma}^\text{7} \)

Oh,... but I watch her so sad-ly...

\( \text{Gb}_\text{Ma}^\text{7} \)  
\( \text{Gb}_\text{Ma}^\text{7} \)

How... can I tell her I love her?

\( \text{Gb}_\text{Ma}^\text{7} \)  
\( \text{Gb}_\text{Ma}^\text{7} \)

Yes,... I would give my heart glad-ly... But each...
Girl From Ipanema (Garota de Ipanema) Portuguese Lyric
(The melody rhythm with the Portuguese lyric is considerably different.)

Olha que coisa mais linda, Mais cheia de graça,
E ela menina Que vem e que passa,
Num doce balanço, caminho do mar.

Moça do corpo dourado, Do sol de Ipanema,
O seu balançado é mais que um poema,
E a coisa mais linda que eu já ve passar.

Ah!, porque estou tão sozinha.
Ah!, porque tudo é tão Triste.
Ah!, a beleza que existe.
A beleza que não é só minha, Que também passa sozinha.

Ah!, se ela soubesse Que quando ela passa
O mundo sorrindo se enche de graça
E fica mais lindo Por causa do amor.
Folks are blessed who make the best of ev’ry day,

living by their own philo-sophy. Ev’ry one beneath the sun must

find a way, and I have found the only way for me.

I don’t believe in fret-tin’ and griev-in’, why mess a-round with strife?

Living I find is best when your mind is keen as a carv-ing knife.

I never was cut out to step and strut out, Give

me the simple life! Some find it pleas-ant din-

ing on pheas-ant, Those things roll off my knife.

Just serve play a lit-tle tune on a ten-cent fife.

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A cottage small is all I'm after,
I greet the dawn when I awaken,
not one that's spacious and wide;
A house that rings with joy and laughter and the sky is clear up above.
I like my scrambled eggs and bacon served by ones you love inside.
Some like the high road, I like the low road, free some one that I love.
Life could be thrilling with one who's willing to
from the care and strife.
Sound corny and seedy but
be a farmer's wife.
Kids calling me pappy would
yes, indeed; give me the simple life!
(fine)
Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine

* Originally
Good Bait

Medium Slow Bebop

F7(alt.)

G7 C Maj 7 F7 C Maj 7 D Maj 7 G7

(Cmaj7) F7(alt.)

C Maj 7 F7 C Maj 7 Bb Maj 7 Eb M7 A7

(Cmaj7) F7(alt.)

D Maj 7 G7 C Maj 7 F7 C Maj 7 Bb Maj 7 G7

(Cmaj7) F7(alt.)

Bb Maj 7 E7

(A9) A7 M7 Db Maj 7 G7 Gb Maj 7 F7 E7

G7 C Maj 7 F7 C Maj 7 Bb Maj 7

G7 C Maj 7 F7 C Maj 7

(bass in 2)

(F7 C Maj 7 F7 C Maj 7)

Bb Maj 7 E7

(Eb M7 A7

(D Maj 7 G7 C Maj 7 F7 C Maj 7 Bb Maj 7 G7)

(D Maj 7 G7 C Maj 7 F7 C Maj 7 Bb Maj 7 G7)

(bass in 2)

(F7 C Maj 7 F7 C Maj 7)

Bb Maj 7 E7

(Eb M7 A7

(D Maj 7 G7 C Maj 7 F7 C Maj 7 Bb Maj 7 G7)

(D Maj 7 G7 C Maj 7 F7 C Maj 7 Bb Maj 7 G7)

(Solos)

Drief 7(9) C Maj 7 F7(9) D Maj 7 G7(9) C Maj 7 F7(9)

Bb9 Sus Bb9

(bass walk)

E7 M7 A7

D Maj 7 Db Maj 7 C Maj 7 Cb7
Go back to letter D for more solos.
After solos, go on (or optional D.S. al fine)
The Good Life

Music by Sacha Distel
Lyric by Jack Reardon

Oh, the good life full of fun seems to be the ideal.

Yes, the good life let's you hide all the sadness you feel.

You won't really fall in love for you can't take the chance.

So be honest with yourself, don't try to fake romance.

It's the good life to be free and explore the unknown.

Like the heart-aches when you learn you must face them alone.

Please remember I still love you, and in

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case you wonder why, Well, just wake up, Kiss the good life goodbye.

The last line was originally: “Please remember I still love you, and in case you didn’t know, Well, just wake up, Kiss the good life hello.”
Have You Met Miss Jones?
(from "I'd Rather Be Right")

Music by Richard Rodgers
Lyric by Lorenz Hart

Freely

Verse

\( \text{F}_A^7 \)  \( \text{F}_{MA}^7 \)  \( \text{Ab}^{b_7} \)  \( \text{G}_{MI}^7 \)  \( \text{C}^7 \)  \( \text{A}_{MI}^7 \)  \( \text{Ab}^{b_7} \)

It hap-pen-ed, I felt it hap-pen. I was a-wake, I was-n't

\( \text{G}_{MI}^7 \)  \( \text{C}^7 \)  \( \text{D}_{MI}^7 \)  \( \text{G}^{7(9)} \)

blind. I did-n't think I felt it hap-pen. Now I be-

\( \text{F}_A^7 \)  \( \text{Ab}^{b_7} \)  \( \text{G}_{MI}^7 \)  \( \text{C}^{7(9)} \)  \( \text{C}_{MI}^7 \)  \( \text{F}^7 \)  \( \text{F}^7 \)  \( \text{B}_{bMA}^7 \)  \( \text{Eb}^{b_7} \)

lieve in mat-ter o-ver mind. And now, you see we must-n't

\( \text{A}_{MI}^7 \)  \( \text{D}^{7(9)} \)  \( \text{G}_{MI}^7 \)  \( \text{Ab}^{b_7} \)  \( \text{G}^{13} \)  \( \text{G}_{MI}^7 \)  \( \text{C}^7 \)

wait. The near-est mo-ment that we mar-ry is too late.

\( \text{F}_{MA}^7 \)  \( \text{B}_{b}^{b_9} \)  \( \text{A}_{MI}^7 \)  \( \text{D}^{7(9)} \)  \( \text{G}_{MI}^7 \)  \( \text{C}^9 \)  \( \text{C}_{MI}^7 \)  \( \text{C}^9 \)

"Have you met Miss Jones?" Some-one said as we shook hands.

\( \text{F}_{MA}^7 \)  \( \text{A}_{MI}^7 \)  \( \text{D}_{MI}^7 \)  \( \text{G}_{MI}^7 \)  \( \text{C}^{7(9)} \)

She was just Miss Jones to me.

\( \text{F}_{MA}^7 \)  \( \text{B}_{b}^{b_9} \)  \( \text{F}^{#0_7} \)  \( \text{A}_{MI}^7 \)  \( \text{D}^{7(9)} \)  \( \text{G}_{MI}^7 \)  \( \text{C}^9 \)  \( \text{C}_{MI}^7 \)  \( \text{C}^9 \)

Then I said, "Miss Jones, You're a girl who un-derstands,"
I'm a man who must be free."
And all at once I lost my breath, And all at once was scared to death, And all at once I owned the earth and sky.

Now I've met Miss Jones, And we'll go on meeting till we die, Miss Jones and I. (fine)

Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine

McCoy Tyner's chords for letter A (originally in E flat):
He Was Too Good To Me
(from "Simple Simon")

Music by Richard Rodgers
Lyric by Lorenz Hart

Freely
(Verse)

There goes my young intended, The thing is ended, regrets are vain.
I'll never find another half so sweet.

And we'll never meet again. I was a good sport.

Told him Goodbye, Eyes dim, But why complain?

He was too good to me. How can I get along now?

So close he stood to me, Ev'rything seems all wrong now.

He would have brought me the sun. Making me
When I was mean to him  He'd never say, "Go 'way now."
I was a queen to him.  Who's goin' to make me gay now?
It's only natural  I'm blue,

He was too good to be true.  (fine)  Solo on A$B$

After solos, D.S. al fine

The original melody varies considerably from this version.  
This version is based on recordings by Chet Baker and Meredith D'Ambrosio.
Hello

Lionel Richie

I've been alone with you inside my mind,
long to see the sunlight in your hair,
and in my dreams I've kissed your lips a thousand times.

I sometimes see you pass outside my door. I care.
Sometimes I feel my heart will overflow.

Is it me you're looking for? I can see it in your eyes, and I see it in your smile.
You're all I've ever wanted, and my arms are open wide. 'Cause you wonder what you do.

Tell me know just what to say
how to win your heart,
and you know just what to do,
and I want to tell you
so much,

I love you.
I love you.

* The melody is freely interpreted.
In the original version by Lionel Richie, the instrumental solo (D.S.) is only 6 bars long and the vocal that follows is:

Hello, is it me you’re looking for?
’Cause I wonder where you are
And I wonder what you do,
Are you somewhere feeling lonely
Or is someone loving you?
Tell me how to win your heart,
For I haven’t got a clue,
But let me start by saying “I love you.”
Hey There
(from "The Pajama Game")

Hey there, you with the stars in your eyes,
Love nev-er made a
fool of you,
You used to be too wise.

Hey there, you on that high fly-ing cloud,
Though she won't throw a
crumb to you,
You think some-day she'll come to you.

get her,
Her with her nose in the air.
She has you danc-ing
on a string.
Break it and she won't care.

Won't you
take this ad-vice I hand you like a broth-er?
Or are you
not seeing things too clear? Are you too much in love to hear? Is it
all going in one ear and out the other?

Most of the alternate chords are from Hal Galper's great version.
Hot House

Up Tempo, Bebop

(G₇[9/5])
A C₇[9/5]

C₇[9/5]  F₇(13/9)

(G₇[9/5])
D₇(9/5)
G₇(9/5)
C₇[9/5]

(G₇[9/5])
D₇(9/5)
G₇(9/5)
C₇[9/5]

(C₇[9/5])
F₇(9)
B₇(9)
A₇(9)
G₇(9)

(G₇[9/5])
C₇[9/5]

F₇(13/9)

Bars 1-4 of A and D are often played:

Based on the chords of “What Is This Thing Called Love?”

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A House Is Not A Home
Music by Burt Bacharach
Lyric by Hal David

Ballad

A chair is still a chair even when there's no one sitting there;

But a chair is not a house, and a house is not a home when there's no one there to hold you tight, and no one there you can kiss goodnight.

A room is still a room even when there's nothing there but gloom;

But a room is not a house, and a house is not a home when the two of us are far apart and one of us has a broken heart.

Now and then I call your name and suddenly your face appears. But it's just a crazy game.
When it ends it ends in tears. Darling, have a heart.

Don't let one mistake keep us apart. I'm not meant to live alone. Turn this house into a home. When I climb the stair and turn the key, Oh, please be there still in love with me.

Bridge in chart (letter B) is as played by McCoy Tyner.
The original bridge is as follows:

Now and then I call your name and suddenly your face appears.

But it's just a crazy game. When it ends it ends in tears.
How Do You Keep The Music Playing?

Music by Michel Legrand
Lyric by Alan and Marilyn Bergman

A

CMI7  CMI7  F9sus  F9  BbMA7  GMI7

How do you keep the music playing?
How do you make it last?

How do you keep the song from fading too fast?

GMI7  C9sus  C9  FMA7  DMI7

How do you lose yourself to someone and never lose your way?

EMI7(#5)  ASus  A7(b9)  DMI  DMI7(#5)  G7(b9)

How do you not run out of new things to say?

And since we know we're always changing, how can it be the same?

And tell me how, year after year, you're sure your heart will fall a part each time you hear his/her name?

F9sus  F7  (Eb7)

Bb  Bb  D7(#5)

B

CMI7  CMI7  F9sus  F9  BbMA7

And since we know we're always changing, how can it be the same?

CMI7  EMA7  DMI7  CMI7

GMI7  (both x5)

CMI7  C9sus  C9  FMA7  /  / (B7(#5))

How do you keep the music playing?
How do you make it
more I love the more that I'm afraid that last?

How do you keep the song from

in your eyes I may not see forever, forever.

fading keep the song from fading too fast?

If we can be the best of lovers, yet be the best of friends,

if we can try with every day to make it better as it grows,

with any luck then I suppose the music never

ends. I ends. (Optional D.C. for solos)
How Insensitive
(Insensatez)
Music by Antonio Carlos Jobim
Portuguese Lyric by Vinicius de Moraes
English lyric by Norman Gimbel

Med. Slow Bossa Nova

How insensitive
Now he's gone away
I must have seemed

when he told me that he loved me.

How unmoved and cold
Vague and drawn and sad,
I must have seemed

when he told me so sincerely.

Why, she must have asked, did I just turn

when she must have asked, could I just turn

and stare in icy silence?

What was I to say?

What was I to do?

and stare in icy silence?

What can you say?

What can you do?
when a love affair is over?

when a love affair is over?

---

Original Portuguese Lyric

A insensatez  
Que você fez  
Coração mas sem cuidado  
Fiz chorar de dor  
O seu amor  
Um amor tão delicado  
Ah!, por que você  
Foi fraco assim  
Assim tão desalmado  
Ah!, meu coração  
Quem nunca amou  
Não merece ser amado

Vai meu coração  
Ouve a razão  
Usa só sinceridade  
Quem semeia vento  
Diz a razão  
Colhe sempre tempestade  
Vai meu coração  
Pede perdão  
Perdão apaixonado  
Vai porque  
Quem não pede perdão  
Não é nunca perdoado
How little we know how much to discover what chemical
forces flow from lover to lover? How little we
understand what touches off that tingle that sudden ex-
(plosions when two tingles intermingle. Who cares to de-
fine what chemistry this is? Who cares with your
lips on mine how ignorant bliss is? So long as you
kiss me and the world around us shatters
How little it
matters, how little we know.
How Long Has This Been Going On?  
(from "Rosalie")  
George Gershwin  
Ira Gershwin

Freely (Verse)  
F\(_7\)  D\(_7\)  G\(_7\)  C\(_7\)  F\(_6\)  (D\(_7\) G\(_7\)  C\(_{sus}\) )

He: As a tot when I trot- ted in lit-tle vel-vet pan- ties.  
She: 'Neath the stars at ba-zars of-ten I've had to ca-re ss men.

F\(_{#9}\)  B\(_7\)  E\(_{#5}\)  E\(_{#9}\)  A\(_{M7}\)  A\(_{M7}\)  D\(_{sus4-3}\)

I was kissed by my sis- ters, my cous-ins and my aunt- ies.  
Five or ten dol-lars then I'd col-lect from all those yes  men.

G\(_7\)  F  A\(_7\)  E  D\(_{#5}\)  D\(_{#9}\)  G\(_7\)  D\(_{sus9}\)  G\(_7\)

Sad to tell, it was Hell, an in- fer-no worse than Dan-te's.  
Don't be sad, I must add that they meant no more than chess men.

G\(_7\)  D\(_{M9}\)  G\(_{13}\)  G\(_7\)  G\(_7\)

So, my dear, I swore,  
Dar-ling, can't you see

F\(_7\)  D\(_7\)  G\(_7\)  C\(_7\)  F\(_6\)  (D\(_7\) G\(_7\)  C\(_{sus}\) )

'Twas for char-i ty.

On my list I in-sist-ed that kiss-ing must be crossed out.  
Though these lips have made slips, it was nev-er re-al-ly se- ri-ous.

F\(_{#5}\)  A\(_{M7}\)  A\(_{M7}\)  B\(_7\)  E\(_{#5}\)  E\(_{#9}\)  A\(_{M7}\)  G  F\(_{#7}\)

Now I find I was blind, and oh la-dy, how I've lost out!  
Who'd a' thought I'd be brought to a state that's so de-li-cious?

(Ballad or Medium)  
G\(_7\)  F\(_{#7}\)  G\(_7\)  C\(_7\)  C\(_M7\)  F\(_9\)  B\(_b\)\(_M7\)  B\(_b\)\(_M\)\(_6\))

I could cry  
Salt-y tears;  
Where have I been all these years?

G\(_7\)  (C\(_7\)  F\(_{#7}\)  G\(_7\)  F\(_{#7}\)  G\(_7\)  D\(_b\)\(_9\)  C\(_9\)\(_13\)\)

Lit-tle wow,  
tell me now,  
how long has this been go-ing on?

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* Lower notes are the original notes. Upper notes are commonly used.
There were chills up my spine, and some thrills I can't define. Listen sweet, I repeat: How long has this been going on? I could melt, into Heaven I'm hurled. I know how Columbus felt, finding another world. Kiss me once, then once more. What a dunce I was before. What a break! For heaven's sake! How long has this been going on?

The original published sheet music is in G, but jazz musicians more often play this tune in F concert.
I Can't Get Started

Music by Vernon Duke
Lyric by Ira Gershwin

Freely or Bright (Verse)

I'm a glum one it's explainable: I met someone unattainable;

Life's a bore, The world is my oyster no more.

All the papers where I led the news With my capers now will spread the news,

"Superman Turns Out To Be Flash In The Pan!"

I've flown around the world in a plane; I've settled revolutions in

(I do a) hundred yards in ten flat; The Prince of Wales has copied my

Spain; The North Pole I have chartered, But can't get started with

hat; With queens I've à la carted, But can't get started with

you. A-round the golf course I'm un-der

you. The leading tailors fol-low my

par, And all the movies want me to star; I've got a

styles, And tooth-paste ads all feature my smiles; The As-tor

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house, a show-place, But I get no place with you. You're so su-
bilts I vis- it, But say, what IS it with you? When first we

preme, lyr- ics I write of you, Scheme just for a sight of you, met, how you elat-ed me! Pet, you dev-as-tat-ed me!

Dream both day and night of you And what good does it do? In nine-teen
Yet, now you've de-flat-ed me Till you're my Wa-ter-loo. I've sold my
twen- ty-nine I sold short; In Eng-land I'm pre-sent-ed at
kiss-es at a ba-zaar, And af-ter me they've named a ci-
court, But you've got me down-heart-ed 'Cause I can't get start-ed with

But late-ly how I've smart-ed 'Cause I can't get start-ed with

you. (fine) (I do a)

Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine

Letter B is originally written:
I Concentrate On You

(from "Broadway Melody Of 1940")

Med. Ballad or Med. Up*  Cole Porter

A  

When-ever skies look grey to me And trouble be-gins to brew, 

When-ever the win-ter winds be-come too strong, I con-cen-trate on you. 

When for-tune cries "nay nay" to me And peo-ple de-clare "You're through," When-ever the Blues be-come my only song I con-cen-trate on you. 

On your 

B  

smile so sweet, so ten-der, When at first { my your {kiss you } } de-cline, On the light in your eyes When {you } sur-ren-der

* Also done as an Easy Samba.

And once again our arms intertwine.

And so when wise men say to me

That love's young dream never comes true.

To prove that even wise men can be wrong, I concentrate on you.

Solo on ABC

After solos, D.C. al fine

Optional ending

I concentrate and concentrate

I concentrate on you.

Letter A, bars 13-16 and 29-32 and Letter C, bars 13-16 are written as they are most often performed.

The original melody was written:

I concentrate on you.
I Could Write A Book
(from "Pal Joey")

Music by Richard Rodgers
Lyric by Lorenz Hart

Freely

(Verse)

G F# F C E Cm/Eb G D C#7 D7 C/D

A B C D E F G I nev-er learned to spell, at least not

Gma7 Ami7 Bmi7 Ami7 G F# F C/E

well. One, two, three, four, five, six, sev-en, I

Cmi7 G D C#7 D7 C/D Gma7 Ami7 Bmi7 Ami7

nev-er learned to count a great a-mount.

Gmi7 C9 sus C9 Fma7 Emi7 A7

But my bus-ty mind is burn-ing to use what learn-ing I've got.

D7 Gma7 Dmi7 G7

I won't waste an-y time, I'll strike while the i-ron is hot.

(Ballad or Medium) (Emi7)

G7(b5) S[A] Cma7 Ami9 Dmi7 G7(b9) Cma7 Ami7 Dmi7 G7(b9)

If they asked me I could write a book, A-bout the

Cma7 (Dmi7) Emi7 A7(b9) Dmi7

way you walk and whis-per and look.

(G7(b5) /F)

Bmi7(b5) E7(b9)

I could

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write a preface on how we met, so the world would never forget. And the simple secret of the plot is just to tell them that I love you a lot. Then the world discovers as my book ends, How to make two lovers of friends. (fine)

Solo on AB
After solos, D.S. al fine
I Cover The Waterfront

Music by John Green
Lyric by Edward Heyman

Verse
Away from the city that hurts and mocks, I'm standing alone by the desolate docks, In the still and the chill of the night.

I see the horizon, the great unknown, My heart has an ache; It's as heavy as stone. Will the dawn coming on make it light?

Medium Ballad
I cover the waterfront, I'm watching the sea. Will the one I love be coming back to me?

In search of my love, And I'm covered by a starless sky above.
Here am I, patiently waiting, hoping and longing. Oh, how I yearn!

Where are you? Are you forgetting? Do you remember? Will you return?

I cover the waterfront, I'm watching the sea, For the one I love must soon come back to me. (fine) Solo on ABC

After solos, D.S. al fine
I Didn't Know About You

Music by Duke Ellington
Lyric by Bob Russell

Medium or Freely

(Verse) Fmaj7 D7(b9) Dmi7 G7 Gmi7 C13(b9) F6/9

If they would ask me I would say, I have had a thrill or so, But

Dmi7 G13 Dmi7 Gmi7 C7(#5)

that goes back to yes - ter - day, A long time a - go.

Medium Ballad or Medium

S

[A] Gmi7 C7(b9) (Ami7 Ab7 Gmi7 C7(b9))

I ran a - round with my own lit - tle crowd, The u - su - al laughs, not

(ami7(b5))

Eb9 D7(b9) G9(#11) G9 Gmi7 C13

of - ten but loud, and in the world that I knew I did - n't know a - bout

(Eb9 D9)

Ami7 Eb9(#11) D7(b9) Gmi7 C7(b9) Ami7 Ab7

you. Chas - ing af - ter the ring on the mer - ry - go - round, Just

(Gmi7 C7(b9))

Bb7 A7 Eb9 D7(b9) G9(#11) G9

tak - ing my fun where it could be found, and yet what else could I do;

Gmi7 C9sus C7(b9) F6 Gmi7 Ab7 F6

I did - n't know a - bout you. Dar - ling,

(Bbma7 E7#9)

Cmi9 F9 Cmi9 F7(b9)

now I know I had the lone - li - est yes - ter - day, ev - ry day.
In your arms I know for once in my life I'm living.

Had a good time every time I went out. Romance was a thing I kid-ded a-bout. How could I know a-bout love? I didn't know a-bout you.

Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine
I Didn't Know What Time It Was
(from "Too Many Girls")

Music by Richard Rodgers
Lyric by Lorenz Hart

Freely

(Verse)

Emi D C D Emi D
Once I was young yesterday, perhaps, Danced with Jim and Paul And

D C Emi D C D
kissed some other chaps. Once I was young, but never was naive, I

Gma7 Ami7 Bmi7 Gma7 B7(5) B7 Em7(5)
thought I had a trick or two up my imaginary sleeve.

E7 Ami7 D9 Dmi7 G7
And now I know I was naive.

Medium

A F#mi7 B7(9) Emi7 A7 F#mi7 B7(9) Emi7 A7
I didn't know what time it was, Then I met you.

Ami7 D7 Emi7 Emi7 Cma7 BMI7 Ami7 D7
Oh what a lovely time it was How sublime it was, too.

F#mi7 B7(9) Emi7 A7 F#mi7 B7(9) Emi7 A7
I didn't know what day it was. You held my hand,
Warm like the month of May it was, And I'll say it was grand.

Grand to be alive, to be young, to be mad, to be yours alone.

Grand to see your face, feel your touch, hear your voice say I'm all your own.

I didn't know what year it was, Life was no prize.

I wanted love and here it was Shining out of your eyes. I'm

wise and I know what time it is now.

(Solo on ABC)

After solos, D.S. al fine
Freely

I Get A Kick Out Of You
(from "Anything Goes")

Cole Porter

My story is much too sad to be told, But practically everything

leaves me totally cold. The only exception I know is the (B7)

Gmaj7 (Emaj7) Amaj7 D7 Gmaj7 (Emaj7) Amaj7 D7(b9) Gmaj7

When I'm out on a quiet spree Fighting vainly the old ennui,

And I suddenly turn and see your fabulous face.

I get no kick from champagne Mere alcohol doesn't thrill me at all, So tell me why should it be true

That I get a kick out of you?

Some get a kick from cocaine. I'm sure that if I took
even one sniff That would bore me terrifically too.

Yet I get a kick out of you.

I get a kick every time I see you standing there before me. I get a kick tho' it's clear to me You obviously don't adore me. I get no kick in a plane.

Flying too high with some gal in the sky Is my idea of nothing to do. Yet I get a kick out of you. (fine)

Solo on ABCD
After solos, D.S. al fine

* Upper notes are the original notes, lower notes are often used.

Note
rhythm is usually played or sung as
I Got Rhythm

George Gershwin
Ira Gershwin

Days can be sunny, with never a sigh.

Don't need what money can buy.

Birds in the tree sing their dayful of song.

Why shouldn't we sing along?

I'm chipper all the day, happy with my lot.

How do I get that way? Look at what I've got.

I got rhythm, I got music,

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

I got my man. Who could ask for anything more?

Old Man Trouble, I don't mind him.

You won't find him 'round my door.

I got starlight, I got sweet dreams.

I got my man. Who could ask for anything more? (fine)

Solo on ABC

After solos, D.S. al fine

ask for anything more? Who could ask for anything more? (fine)

Solo on ABC

After solos, D.S. al fine

Letter A bars 5-6 and 13-14, and letter C, bars 5-6, can also use the following chords:

B♭7 / A♭ / E♭7 / G / E♭6 / G↓ / G♭ / B♭6

Jazz instrumentalists often use the "shorter" ending, making letter C 8 bars long.
I Gotta Right To Sing The Blues
(from "Earl Carroll's Vanities")

Music by Harold Arlen
Lyric by Ted Koehler

I don't care who knows I am blue. My song

Slow & Bluesy or Freely

(DmI) GmI C7(b9) (F7#5)

would'n't take long to give my heart away. I know

(Bb6)

it's plain my heart's in pain. My song

(DmI) GmI C7(b9) F9 sus Bb6 F9 sus

couldn't belong to someone feeling gay.

(Slow & Bluesy)

(A)

I gotta right to sing the blues, I gotta right to feel low down,

(BbmI) F7(#5)

I gotta right to hang around, down around the river.

I gotta right to hang around, down around the river.

A certain man in this old town

GmI C9 CmI9 F9(13) CmI9 F9(13)

Keeps dragging my poor heart around.

* Also Medium Tempo.

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see for me is misery. I gotta
right to sing the blues, I gotta right to moan and sigh,
I gotta right to sit and cry Down a-round the
riv-er. I know the deep blue sea Will soon be
calling me. It must be love, say what you choose, I
gotta right to sing the blues. (fine) (I gotta)

Solo on AB
After solos, D.S. al fine
I Guess I'll Have To Change My Plan

Music by Arthur Schwartz
Lyric by Howard Dietz

Freely

Verse (G)

(DM7) DMI7 G7 CMA7 DMI7 G7

(G7 CMA7)

D7 Am7 CMA7 C6

D7 G7

E7 Eb7 DMI7 G7

(E7 A7 DMI7 G7)

A7 Am7 CMA7 C6

D7 G7

G7 EbMA7

E7 Am7 DMI7 G7

Am7 Eb6

D7 G7

G7sus G7

Ballad

(A)

(G13 CMA7 DMI7 G13)

D7 G7

CMA7 G13

Am7 D9 rit. G9 sus G7

G7

Am7 D9 G7

DM7 G7 DM9 G13

CMA7 Am7 DM7 G7

DM7 G7

DM9 G13

D13 G7

DM7 G7

DM7 G7

DM7 G7

DM7 G7

Am7 D13

DM7 G7

DM7 G7

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fore I knew where I was
at
I found my
self up on the shelf, and that was
boiling point is much too
low
For me to try to be a fly Lo-tha-ri-
that.
I tried to reach the moon but
when I got there,
o!
I think I'll crawl right back and
into my shell,
All that I could
get was the air. My
feet are back up on the
Dwelling in my
personal Hell. I'll
have to change my plan a-
round,
I've lost the one girl I
found. (fine) (I)
Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine
I Had The Craziest Dream
(from "Springtime In The Rockies")

Music by Harry Warren
Lyric by Mack Gordon

Freely
(Verse) C₉/₈ A₇/₉ G₁₃ F₇

In a dream the strangest and the
odd-est things ap-
pear; and

E₇/E₇ D₇

what in-sane and sil-ly things we do.

Here is one I see be-
fore me

E₇ C₆/₉ G₆ A₉ D₁₃ G₉/G₉ G₇

viv-id-ly and clear. As I re-call it you were in it too.

(Med. Ballad or Medium) B₇(alt.)

A C₇/F₉ E₇/B₇₉ D₇ A₇/B₇ D₇ A₇/B₇ D₇ A₇/B₇

I had the craziest dream last night, yes I did.

D₇ G₉/G₉ F₇ E₇ A₇/B₇ D₇ G₇

I nev-er dreamt it could be, Yet there you were in love with me.

E₇/B₇ A₇/B₇ E₇/B₇ A₇/B₇ D₇ A₇/B₇

I found your lips next to mine, so I kissed you, and you didn't mind it at all.

D₇ F₇/B₇ B₇/B₇ F₇/B₇ B₇/B₇

When I'm awake such a break never hap-pens, How
long can a\[guy\] go on dream\[ing?\] If there's a chance that you care\[\]
Then, please say you do; (Baby)
Say it and make my craziest dream come true. (fine) Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine
I have the feeling I've been here before,
More often than I choose to tell.

And though the view's been twice as clear before,
By now I know it pretty well.

Those tell tale things you try to let go by
Are old familiar signs.

I know the smile, the look, I know the book.
What's more I've even read between the lines.
I've seen the summer turn to fall before,
The joke November makes of May.

The times I thought I had it all before,
Then bit by bit it slipped a way.

Though on the losing side, that carpet ride is
always worth a try, I've seen the magic disappear before.

I've missed the boat and shed the tear before. The only news when you've been

here before is who will say "Goodbye?" (I have the feeling I've been)

* Also performed (Carmen McRae):

who will say "Goodbye?"
I Love Paris

Freely

Verse (G↑3) C F↑6

Every time I look down on this timeless town, whether

D↓Mi 7 G↑9 C

blue or grey be her skies, whether

E↓Mi 7↑(b5) A↑7 A↓Mi 7 D↑7

loud be her cheers, or whether soft be her tears, more and

D↓Mi 7↑(b5) G↑13 C G↓7↑(b9)

more do I realize, (that) (optional)

Medium 2 Beat *

S [A] C↓Mi 6

I love Paris in the spring-time,

C↓Mi 6

I love Paris in the fall.

(D↓Mi 7↑(b5) G↓7↑(b9))

I love Paris in the winter, when it drizzles.

* Also done Up Tempo. (Sometimes Letter A is Latin and Letter B is Jazz Swing.)
I love Paris in the summer, when it sizzles.

I love Paris every moment of the year.

Why, oh why, do I love Paris?

Because my love is near.

Optional ending

Because my love

is near.
I Love You
(from "Mexican Hayride")

Cole Porter

Freely

Verse

C7(#5) FMI Db9 GMI7 C7(#5) DbMA7

If a love song I could only write, A song with words and music divine,

BbMi7 GMI7 C7(#9) GMI7 C7(#9) E7(9)

I would serenade you every night,

GMI7 C7(#9) C7(#9)

Till you’d relent and consent to be mine.

But alas, just an amateur am I,

FMI DMI7 G7 C7(#9) Csus C7(#9)

And so I’ll not be surprised, my dear,

FMA7 F+ F6 F9 BbMA7

If you smile and politely pass it by

(EbMI7 GMI-Bb D7(A)) Bb7(#9) (E7(9))

When this, my first love song you hear,

(FMA9 A7(#5) D9 G9 Csus C7(#9) F6)

“I love you” hums the April breeze. “I love you”
I Loves You Porgy
(from "Porgy And Bess")

George Gershwin
Ira Gershwin
Du Bose & Dorothy Heyward

Ballad *
\( \text{(C}_8\text{SUS)} \) A \text{F}_7\text{MA}^9 \text{C}_7\text{MI}^9 \text{F}^7 \text{B}_7\text{bMA}^7 \text{(A}_7\text{MI}^7 \text{D}_7\text{MI}^7) \)
\( \text{G}_7\text{MI}^9 \text{C}_7\text{SUS} \)

I wants to stay here, but I ain’t wor-thy. You is too de-cent to un-der-

stan’ For when I see him he hyp-no-tize me, When he take

hol’ of me with his hot han’. I wants to han’.

Some day I know he’s com-in’ back to call me, He’s goin’ to han-dle me an’

hol’ me so. It’s goin’ to be like dy-in’, Por-gy, deep in-side me.

But when he calls, I know I have to go. I loves you, Por-gy, don’ let him

take me, Don’ let him han-dle me an’ drive me mad. If you kin
(Ami7) D9 (Ab13b9) Gmi9 Ami7 BbmA7 

Gmi9 (Ami7 BbmA7) Csus F6 (Csus) 

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

This version is based on several different instrumental versions.
*The original version does not repeat letter A. The form is ABA, with the 1st ending omitted.
The original version has other sections not included in this chart.
The lyrics of letters A and C are sometimes reversed.
(Verse) Freely or Medium

He: When I play roulette,
She: Though your lot is sad,

I have been a loser all my life.
Mine is really quite a hopeless case.

Like a two-year-old I pick 'em bad I'm told.
Oculists advise glasses for my eyes. With -

I think I'd find in you a perfect wife.
Out them I can't even see your face.

(Medium)

He & She: I may be wrong, but, I think you're wonderful!

I may be wrong, but, I think you're swell!

I like your style, say, I think it's marvelous.

He: I'm always wrong so how can I tell?
She: But I can't see so how can I tell?

Music by Henry Sullivan
Lyric by Harry Raskin
All of my shirts are unsightly, All of my ties are a crime. Deuces to me are all aces, Life is to me just a bore.

If, dear, in you I've picked rightly, It's the very first time. Faces are all open spaces, You might be John Barrymore.

He & She: You came along, say, I think you're wonderful! I think you're grand, but, I may be wrong.

Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine
I Only Have Eyes For You
(from "Dames")

Freely

Verse:

Cmaj7 Amin7 Dmin7 G7 Cmaj7 Dmin7 G7
My love must be a kind a blind love,

Cmaj7 Amin7 Dmin7 G7 Cmaj7 F#min7 B7(9)
I can't see any one but you.

And dear, I wonder if you find love

Am7 D9sus D7(9) G9sus rit. G9
An optical illusion too?

Ballad or Medium

A G9 Sus Dmin7 G7 3 Dmin7 (A7(9)3)
Are the stars out tonight? I don't know if it's cloudy or

(Dmin7 G7)
(G7 3) Cmaj7 (F9#11) Emin7 Cmaj7 F9 Emin7
bright, 'Cause I only have eyes for you,

(Ebmin7 Ab9) Dmin7 G7 3 Dmin7 (A7(9)3)
dear The moon may be high, but I can't see a thing in the

(Dmin7 G7)
(G7 3) Cmaj7 (F9#11) Emin7 E7(9)
sky 'Cause I only have eyes for you.

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I don't know if we're in a garden,

Or on a crowded avenue. You are

here, so am I. Maybe millions of people go

by, But they all disappear from view,

And I only have eyes for you. (fine) Solo on ABC

After solos, D.S. al fine

The Flamingos' version uses the following chords (in F) for the verse
(altered melody) and letter A, bars 1-4 & 9-12, and letter C, bars 1-4:
I Say A Little Prayer For You

Music by Burt Bacharach
Lyric by Hal David

The moment I wake up,
before I put
my make-up

I run for the bus, dear,
while riding I

think of us, dear.

While combing my hair now
and wondering what

At work I just take time
and all through my

dress to wear now

coffees break time

ever, ever you’ll stay in my heart
and I will love you for

ever and ever. We never will part.

Together, together, that’s how it must be.

To live without you would

only mean heart-break for me.
My darling, believe me, for me there is no one
but you. Please love me too.
I'm in love with you. Answer my prayer.
Say you love me too.

Optional D.C. (for solos)

Original ending

Optional vamp ending

Why don't you answer my prayer?

You know, every day I say a little

Solos could be a vamp:
I Want To Be Happy
(from "No, No, Nanette")

Music by Vincent Youmans
Lyric by Irving Caesar

(Verse) C\(^6\) A\(^{mi}\) D\(^{mi}\) G\(^7\) C\(^6\) A\(^{mi}\)

Freely or Medium

He: I'm a very ordinary man, trying to work out life's
She: No one ever talked like that to me, I have never known such

happy plan, doing unto others as I'd like to have the doing unto
sympathy, only in my dreams, it really seems to me it's too good to be

C\(^6\) F\(^{mi}\)\(^{7\#5}\) B\(^7\) E\(^{mi}\) C\(^{mi}\)\(^{7\#5}\) F\(^{mi}\)\(^{7\#5}\) B\(^7\)

me. When I find a very lonely soul,
true. There are smiling faces everywhere.

Em\(^{i}\) A\(^9\) G\(^{6\#}\) D\(^{sus}\) D\(^{7\#9}\) G\(^{7\#sus}\) G\(^7\)

To be kind becomes my only goal. I feel so much better when I
Surely I deserve my little share. I'm a lucky girl to know that

Am\(^{i}\) D\(^{7\sus}\) D\(^{7\#9}\) G\(^{7\#sus}\) G\(^7\)

tell them my philosophy. I can get it all from you.

(Medium or Up Tempo)

I want to be happy, but I won't be happy

D\(^{mi}\) G\(^7\) C\(^6\) Am\(^{i}\) D\(^{mi}\) G\(^7\)

till I make you happy too.

C\(^{ma}\) C\(^{ma}\) C\(^{#9\#7}\) D\(^{mi}\) G\(^7\)

Life's really worth living, when we are mirthgiving.
Why can't I give some to you?

When skies are gray and you say you are blue,

I'll send the sun smiling through.

I want to be happy, but I won't be happy

Till I make you happy too.  (fine)

Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine

Originally written:

I want to be happy, but I won't be happy
I Was Doing All Right
(from "The Goldwyn Follies")

George Gershwin
Ira Gershwin

Freely (G\textsuperscript{MA\textsuperscript{7}})
(Verse) G

\( G^\text{b} / G \)
\( F^\text{MA\textsuperscript{7}} \)
\( F^\text{MA\textsuperscript{7}} \)
\( D^\text{MI\textsuperscript{7}} D^7 \)
\( G^6 \)

Used to lead a quiet existence, always had my peace of mind.

\( D^\text{MA\textsuperscript{7}} \)
\( E^\text{MI\textsuperscript{9}} \)
\( D^\text{F#} \)
\( G^\text{MI\textsuperscript{7}} \)
\( F^\text{F#\textsuperscript{MI\textsuperscript{7}}} E^\text{MI\textsuperscript{7}} D^\text{6\textsuperscript{9}} \)

Kept Old Man Trouble at a distance; My days were silver lined.

\( A^\text{MI\textsuperscript{7}} \)
\( D^7 \)
\( D^\text{MI\textsuperscript{7}} \)
\( G^7 \)
\( D^\text{MI\textsuperscript{7}} \)
\( G^7 \)

Right on top of the world I sat, But look at me now, I don't know where I'm at.

Medium

\( A^\text{G\textsuperscript{MA\textsuperscript{7}}} E^{7\text{9\textsuperscript{(9)}}} \)
\( A^\text{MI\textsuperscript{7}} D^7 \)
\( B^\text{MI\textsuperscript{7}} E^{7\text{9\textsuperscript{(9)}}} \)
\( A^\text{MI\textsuperscript{7}} D^7 \)

I was doing all right, Nothing but rainbows in my sky.

\( G^\text{MA\textsuperscript{7}} G^7 \)
\( C^\text{MA\textsuperscript{9}} F^9 \)
\( (B^\text{MI\textsuperscript{7}} A^\text{MI\textsuperscript{7}}) \)

\( G^\text{D\textsuperscript{6}} D^9\text{Sus} \)
\( G^\text{MA\textsuperscript{7}} D^7 \)

I was doing all right till you came by.

\( G^\text{MA\textsuperscript{7}} E^{7\text{9\textsuperscript{(9)}}} \)
\( A^\text{MI\textsuperscript{7}} D^7 \)
\( B^\text{MI\textsuperscript{7}} E^{7\text{9\textsuperscript{(9)}}} \)
\( A^\text{MI\textsuperscript{7}} D^7 \)

Had no cause to complain, Life was as sweet as apple pie.

Never noticed the rain till you came by. But
now whenever you're away, Can't sleep nights and
suffer all the day. I just sit and wonder if
life isn't one big blunder. But when you hold me tight,
Ting-ling all through I feel somehow I was doing all right, But I'm
doing better than ever now. (fine) Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine
I Will Be Here For You

Med. Pop Ballad

(Richard Page
Steve George
John Lang)
(As performed by Al Jarreau)

Dialogue: These are the words:

A

F(add 9)

-Eb9(+11)-

D13

Gm9

Bb6.9

_go_de_a__m_i_le_-__m_i_le_-__

-Eb9(+11)-

D13

Gm9

Bb6.9

C

(DM/C C C)

_go_de_a__m_i_le_-__

(instr.)

I say when I want you near to me,

F(add 9)

-A7

Dm7

C C/Bb Bb

C

(DM/C C C)

in that place deep in my heart you will see,

EM7(5)

Am7

Dm7

C C/Bb Bb

C

(DM/C C C)

I am never far.

From that place deep in my heart you will see.

I'll be there, the one to help you understand.

EM7(5)

Am7

Dm7

C C/Bb Bb

A7(#5)

When you reach our for my love I'll be there.

Hey, yeah, I'll be there, the one to wash your tears away.

C

Dm7

A7(#5)

I will be here for you, baby, I will be here for you when you're
Bb\textsubscript{MA}\textasciix{9}  
G\textsubscript{MI}\textasciix{9}  A\textsuperscript{7(b9)} D\textsubscript{MI}\textasciix{9}  
fall-in'.

I will be here for you, baby.

A\textsuperscript{7(b9)}\textsubscript{[5]}  
Bb\textsubscript{MA}\textasciix{9}  G\textsubscript{MI}\textasciix{9}  C P\textsubscript{MI/C} C  
Let me love you.

When the world's too hard.

* D.S. for optional solos
Take Coda last x

D\textsubscript{MI}\textasciix{9}  
I will be here for you, baby, I will be here for you when you're

Bb\textsubscript{MA}\textasciix{9} (upper note 2nd x)  
G\textsubscript{MI}\textasciix{9}  A\textsuperscript{7(b9)} D\textsubscript{MI}\textasciix{9}  
fall-in'.

I will be here for you, baby.

A\textsuperscript{7(b9)}\textsubscript{[5]}  
Bb\textsubscript{MA}\textasciix{9}  G\textsubscript{MI}\textasciix{9}  A\textsuperscript{7(b9)} C\textsubscript{sus}  
Let me love you.

Ni-ta-kun-

E\textsuperscript{b6}\textsubscript{9} (♯11)  
D\textsubscript{13}\textsubscript{sus} G\textsubscript{MI}\textasciix{9}  
'G\textsubscript{MI}\textasciix{9}  A\textsuperscript{7(b9)} 2 G\textsubscript{MI}\textasciix{9} C\textsubscript{sus}  
'G\textsubscript{MI}\textasciix{9}  A\textsuperscript{7(b9)} 2 G\textsubscript{MI}\textasciix{9} C\textsubscript{sus}  
Ni-ta-kun-

F

E\textsubscript{bMI}\textasciix{9}  
I will be here for you, baby, I will be here for you when you're

C\textsubscript{bMA}\textasciix{9}  
A\textsubscript{bMI}\textasciix{9} B\textsuperscript{7(b9)}\textsubscript{[5]} E\textsubscript{bMI}\textasciix{9}  
fall-in'.

I will be here for you, baby.

B\textsuperscript{7(b9)}\textsubscript{[5]}  
C\textsubscript{bMA}\textasciix{9}  Ab\textsubscript{MI}\textasciix{9} B\textsuperscript{7(b9)}\textsubscript{[5]}  
Let me love you.  
(Vamp & fade)

* On Al Jarreau's version there are no solos. (Form: ABC AB Coda)
* On Al Jarreau's version there are no solos. (Form: ABC AB Coda)
I Will Wait For You
(from "The Umbrellas Of Cherbourg")

Medium or Ballad

Music by Michel Legrand
Original French text
by Jacques Demy
English lyric by Norman Gimbel

If it takes forever I will wait for you, for a
thousand summers I will wait for you, 'til you're
back beside me, 'til I'm holding you, 'til I
hear you sigh here in my arms.

where you wander, any where you go, Every
day remember how I love you so. In your
heart believe what in my heart I know; That for
ever more I'll wait for you.

clock will tick away the hours one by one, and then the time will come when all the

waiting's done. The time when you return and find me here and run,

Straight to my waiting arms. If it
takes forever I will wait for you, for a

thousand summers I will wait for you, 'til you're

here beside me, 'til I'm touching you and for -

ev'er more shar-ing your love.
I Wish I Knew
(from Billy Rose's "Diamond Horseshoe")

Music by Harry Warren
Lyric by Mack Gordon

Freely or Medium

(Verse) E\(^{7(9)}\) A\(\text{Mi}^{7}\) D\(^{9}\) (B\(\text{MI}^{7}\)) G\(\text{MA}^{7}\) E\(^{7(9)}\)

Is this the night I've waited oh so long for?
Is this my dream at last come true?
Are you the one my heart has saved its song for?
How can I tell, I wish I knew.

A\(\text{Mi}^{9}\) D\(^{9}\) A\(\text{MI}^{7}\) G\(\text{MA}^{7}\) E\(^{7(9)}\)

A\(\text{MI}^{7}\) D\(^{9}\) D\(^{7(9)}\)

I wish I knew someone like you could love me.
I wish I knew you placed no one above me.

Did I mistake this for a real romance?
I wish I knew, but only you can answer.

If you don’t care, Why let me hope and pray so.

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Don’t lead me on, If I’m a fool just say so.

Should I keep dreaming on, or just forget you?

What shall I do, I wish I knew.

(Solo on ABCD)

After solos, D.S. al fine

Note: These chords do not always fit the melody.
I Wish I Were In Love Again
(from "Babes In Arms")
Music by Richard Rodgers
Lyric by Lorenz Hart

You don't know that I felt good When we up and parted.

You don't know I knocked on wood, Gladly broken hearted.

Worrying is through, I sleep all night, Appetite and health restored.

You don't know how much I'm bored!

The sleepless nights, The daily fights, The quick to bogган when you
(The) fervent sigh, The blackened eye, The words "I'll love you till the
reach the heights; I miss the kisses and I miss the bites, I
day I die," The self-deception that believes the lie, I
wish I were in love again!

The broken dates, The endless waits, The
When love conceals It soon reveals The
love-ly lovin' and the hate-ful hates, The conversa-tion with the
faint a-ro-ma of per-forming seals, The dou-ble cross-ing of a

Verse
Medium or Freely

Music by Richard Rodgers
Lyric by Lorenz Hart

You don't know that I felt good When we up and parted.

You don't know I knocked on wood, Gladly broken hearted.

Worrying is through, I sleep all night, Appetite and health restored.

You don't know how much I'm bored!

The sleepless nights, The daily fights, The quick to boggan when you
(The) fervent sigh, The blackened eye, The words "I'll love you till the
reach the heights; I miss the kisses and I miss the bites, I

do-ly lovin' and the hate-ful hates, The con-ver-sa-tion with the
faint a-ro-ma of per-forming seals, The dou-ble cross-ing of a
pair of heels, I wish I were in love again!
No more pain, No more strain,
No more care, No despair,
Now I'm sane, but I would rather be gaga!
I'm all there now, But I'd rather be punch-drunk!

pulled out fur of cat and cur, The fine mismatching of a
lieve me, sir, I much prefer The classic battle of a
him and her, I've learned my lesson, but I wish I were in
him and her, I don't like quiet and

Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine

* Two bars before letter C, the break is optional (head only).
If There Is Someone Lovelier Than You

Music by Arthur Schwartz
Lyric by Howard Dietz

Freely (Verse) C\(^6\) G \(\text{F}\#\text{G}\) \(\text{G}^7\) C\(^6\) \(\text{D}\text{Mi}^7\) G\(^9\) C\(_{\text{MA}}\) \(\text{C}\) \(\text{C}\)\(^6\)

Every day is a brand new day
When you are mine,

C\(^6\) G \(\text{F}\#\text{G}\) \(\text{G}^7\) C\(^6\) \(\text{F}\#\text{Mi}^7\) \(\text{B}^7\) \(\text{E}\text{MA}^7\) E\(^6\)

But the moment that you go away,
No sun will shine.

E\(^6\) \(\text{B}^7\) \(\text{E}^\text{O7}\) \(\text{B}^7\) \(\text{D}\text{O7}\) \(\text{B}^7\)

Your love is my reward,
Each night I thank the Lord.

A\(^7\) A\(^\text{O7}\) G\(^9\) \(\text{G}\)\(^\text{SUS}\) \(\text{G}^7\) \(\text{G}\)\(^\text{13 SUS}\) \(\text{G}^7\)

Tell me till time is done
We'll be one.

Ballad (G\(^7\)) C\(_{\text{MA}}\) \(\text{A}^\text{MI}^9\) \(\text{D}\text{Mi}^7\) G\(^7\) \(\text{E}\text{MI}^7\) \(\text{A}^7\) \(\text{D}\text{MI}^7\) G\(^7\)

If there is someone lovelier than you,
Then

C\(_{\text{MA}}\) \(\text{B}^\text{MI}^7\) \(\text{E}\)\(^7\) \(\text{F}\#\text{MI}^7\) \(\text{B}^7\) \(\text{E}\text{MI}^7\) \(\text{A}^9\) \(\text{D}\text{MI}^7\) G\(^9\)

I am blind,
A man without a mind.

If

C\(_{\text{MA}}\) \(\text{A}^\text{MI}^9\) \(\text{D}\text{MI}^7\) G\(^7\) \(\text{C}\) \(\text{G}\text{MI}^7\) C\(^7\)

there is someone lovelier than you.
But

F\(_{\text{MA}}\) G\(^7\) \(\text{E}\text{MI}^7\) \(\text{A}^7\) \(\text{D}\text{MI}^7\) G\(^7\) \(\text{C}\text{MA}^7\) \(\text{A}^7\) \(\text{C}\) \(\text{C}\)\(^7\)

no, I am not blind,
My eyes have traveled every-where

Hope that I might find a creature half so fair. If there is someone lovelier than you, by all that's beautiful, such beauty can't be true. (fine)

Solo on A B C
After solos, D.S. al fine

Red Garland's ending:
I'm a fool to want you, I'm a fool to hold you,
To want a love that can't be true, A love that's there for others too.
I'm a fool to hold you, such a fool to hold you,
To seek a kiss not mine alone, to share a kiss the devil has known.
Time and time again I said I'd leave you,
Time and time again I went away.
But then would come the time when I would need you,
And once again these words I'd have to say:
I'm a fool to (Take me back, I...
want you, I love you. I pity me, I need you. I know it’s wrong, it must be wrong. But right of wrong I can’t get along without you.
I'm Gonna Laugh You Right Out Of My Life

Music by Cy Coleman
Lyric by Joseph A. McCarthy

A | \( F_{MA}^7 \) (D\(_{MI}^9\)) G\(_9\) | G\(_{MI}^7\) C\(_8^9\) (C\(_7^{(09)}\))

I'm gonna laugh you right out of my life, Laugh and forget this affair.

A | \( E_{MI}^7 \) A\(_{B}^{13}_{MI}\) (A\(_{B}^{13}_{MI}\))

Guess I was foolish to care, so gay.

I'm gonna dance you right out of my dreams, Try to be carefree and gay.

I guess I'll learn to play the part, 'Cause when our friends begin that heartless rumor, I know I'll really need my sense of humor.

B | \( D_{MI}^7 \) G\(_{SUS}^9\) G\(_{7^{(09)}\}) | C_{MA}^7 (D_{MI}^7) E_{MI}^7 A_{7^{(09)}}^7 |

I'm gonna laugh you right out of my life, Make it a beautiful joke.

C | \( A_{MI}^7 \) C\(_8^9\) F\(_{7^{(09)}\}) B_{MA}^7 B_{B}^6 |

No one will know you broke my heart. But
if I find you and I really meant that last goodbye, Then

I'm gonna laugh so hard I'll cry.
In The Days Of Our Love
(aka "Afterglow")

Music by Marian McPartland
Lyric by Peggy Lee

I wish you could know the thousand ways I see your face in the embers.
Missing you so and all the things we used to do in the days of our love. I turn a corner in my mind and there you are, you're here! Deep down I'd rather not forget.

I want to keep you near. The fire burns low, but still it warms me and I

smile at the days of our love.

In The Midnight Hour

Medium Motown Rock

Music by Steve Cropper
Lyric by Wilson Pickett

I'm gonna wait til the midnight hour,
that's when my love comes tumbling down.

I'm gonna wait til the midnight hour,
when there's no one else around.

I'm gonna take you, girl, and hold you,
and do all the things I told you in the midnight hour.

Yes, I am, oh yes, I am.

I'm gonna really love me so in the midnight hour.

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in the middle of the night.

(horns, octaves)

wait 'till the middle of the night,
that's when my love comes tumbling down.

I'm gonna wait, way 'n the middle of the night,
That's when my love begins to shine.

Just you and I, (ad lib.) oh, baby, just you and I

Vamp (ad lib vocal) and fade

In the middle of the night,

Horns, letter C to end: (8va after 2 'xs)

Vamp till end (with fade)
Indian Summer

Music by Victor Herbert
Lyric by Al Dubin

Ballad or Medium

\[ \text{A} \quad G_M^7 \quad (A_b^9[+11]) \quad D^7[+5] \quad G_M^7 \quad (A_b^9[+11]) \quad D^7[+5] \]

Sum-mer, \quad You old In-dian Sum-mer, \quad You’re the tear that comes

\[ G_M^7 \quad (C^9[+11]) \quad B_M^7 \quad B_b^7 \quad A_M^7 \quad (A_m^7) \quad E^7 \]

after \quad June-time’s \quad laugh-ter. \quad You see so man-y

\[ (A_m^9) \quad D^7 \quad F_M^7[+5] \quad B^7[+9] \quad E_M^7 \quad D^7 \quad (A_b^7) \]

dreams that \quad don’t come \quad true, \quad Dreams we fash-ioned when

\[ A^13 \quad E_M^7 \quad A^7 \quad A_M^7 \quad D^7 \quad (A_b^7) \]

Sum-mer \quad time was \quad new. \quad You are here to watch

\[ G_M^7 \quad (A_b^9[+11]) \quad D^7[+5] \quad G_M^7 \quad (A_b^9[+11]) \quad D^7[+5] \]

o-ver \quad Some heart that is bro-ken \quad By a word that some-

\[ G_M^7 \quad (C^9[+11]) \quad B_M^7 \quad B_b^7 \quad A_M^7 \quad F^9 \]

bod-\quad left un \quad spo-ken. \quad You’re the ghost of a

\[ G_M^7 \quad (F^9[+11]) \quad (B_M^7) \quad E_M^7 \quad A^7 \quad E_b^9 \quad B_bM^7 \quad E_b^7 \]

ro-mance in June \quad go-ing a-stray, \quad fading too soon, \quad That’s why I say,

\[ B_M^7 \quad B_b^7 \quad A_M^7 \quad D^7[+5] \quad G^6 \quad (E^7[+9]) \quad A_M^7 \quad D^7[+5] \]

“Fare-well \quad to you In-di-an Sum-mer.”
Isn't It A Pity?
(from "Pardon My English")
George Gershwin
Ira Gershwin

Medium or Freely
(F#mi7(b5))

Verse

A7

He: Why did I wander,
Here and there and yonder,
Wasting precious time,
For no reason or rhyme?
Isn't it a pity?

A7

She: While you were flitting
I was busy knitting,
Hoping you'd arrive.
All my Dresden boy friends were

A7

lonely half alive.
Sleepy was Herrmann,
Fritz was like a sermon,

A7

Isn't it a crime?
My journey's ended;
Every thing is splendid.

A7

Meeting you today
Has given me a wonder
I just couldn't stand it
Any more!

A7

I look at you,
I get a thrill

A7

It's a funny thing,
I never knew.
Isn't it a pity we never met be -
fore?
Here we are at last! It's like a dream!

The two of us — A perfect team! — Isn't it a pity we never met before?
Imagine all the lonely years we've wasted: You, with the neighbors,
lonely years you've wasted: Fishing for salmon,

I, at silly labors. What joys untasted!
Losing at backgammon. What joys untasted!

You reading Heine I, somewhere in China. Happiest of men
My nights were sour — Spent with Schopenhauer. Let's forget the past,

I'm sure to be, If only you will say to me,
Let's both agree That I'm for you And you're for me,

"Isn't it a pity, We never, never met before?"
And it's such a pity, We never, never met before.

Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine
It Ain't Necessarily So
(from "Porgy And Bess")

George Gershwin
Ira Gershwin
Du Bose & Dorothy Heyward
(As played by Joe Henderson)

Medium

\[ G_{mi}^7 \quad C^9 \quad G_{mi}^7 \quad C^9 \quad G_{mi}^7 \quad C^9 \]

It ain't ne-ces-sa-ri-ly so, It ain't ne-ces-sa-ri-ly
(Oh,) Jo-nah he lived in a whale, Oh, Jo-nah he lived in a

so, The things that you're li'-ble to read in the Bi-ble, it
whale, For he made his home in that fish'-s ab-do-men. Oh,

\[ A_{7(#5)} \quad D_{7(#9)} \quad G_{mi}^7 \quad C^9 \quad G_{mi}^7 \quad C^9 \quad G_{mi}^7 \quad C^9 \quad G_{mi}^7 \quad C^9 \]

ain't ne-ces-sa-ri-ly so, Li'l
Jo-nah he lived in a whale. Li'l

Da-vid was small, but oh my! Li'l Da-vid was small, but oh
Mo-ses was found in a stream, Li'l Mo-ses was found in a

my! He fought big Go-li-at'h who lay down an' di-eth! Li'l
stream. He float-ed on wa-ter till Ole Phar-oh's daugh-ter She

\[ A_{7(#9)} \quad D_{7(#9)} \quad G_{mi}^7 \quad C^9 \quad G_{mi}^7 \quad C^9 \quad A_{mi}^7 \quad D^7 \quad G_{ma}^7 \quad G_{ma}^7 \]

fished him, she says, from that stream. To
(B_{mi}^7 \quad E_{b}^7 \quad A_{bmi}^7 \quad F_{mi}^7 )

get in-to He-a-ven don't snap for a se-ven! Live clean! Don't have no fault! Oh,

\[ G_{mi}^7 \quad C^7 \quad F_{ma}^7 \quad D_{mi}^9 \quad E_{mi}^9 \quad A_{7(#5)} \quad E_{b}^9(#11) \quad D_{7(#5)} \]

I takes that gos-pel when-ev-er it's pos'-ble, But with a grain of salt. Me-

(C)

\[ G_{mi}^7 \quad C^9 \quad G_{mi}^7 \quad C^9 \quad G_{mi}^7 \quad C^9 \quad G_{mi}^7 \quad C^9 \]

thus'-la lived nine hun-dred years. Me-thus'-la lived nine hun-dred
(ain't ne-ces-sa-ri-ly so,
It ain't ne-ces-sa-ri-ly}
But who calls that livin' when no gal will give in. To
no man what's nine hundred years?
years?
years?
(tain't neccessar-ly)
(tain't neccessar-ly)
(tain't neccessar-ly)
(tain't neccessar-ly)

I'm preachin' this sermon to show_ It ain't nessa, ain't nessa,
ain't nessa, ain't nessa, ain't nessa, ain't nessa, ain't nessa, ain't nessa, ain't nessa, ain't nessa, ain't nessa, ain't nessa, in a

The Interlude was originally inserted between repeated A sections (with subsequent verses) (A, Interlude, A, Interlude, ABCG)
Many colloquial words have been normalized. (“That” for “Dat”, “Heaven” for “Hebben”, etc.)
It Had To Be You

Music by Isham Jones
Lyric by Gus Kahn

Medium or Freely

(Verse) G₇ MA
G⁹

(C₉ MI T⁷(E5))
C₉ G G₆₉

B₇ MI E₇ MI

Why do I do just as you say, why must I just give you your way?
Seems like dreams like I always had could be, should be making me glad.

A⁹
(A⁹)

(⁹ AMI D¹³ G⁶)
G⁹
D⁹ SUS D⁹

Why do I sigh, why don’t I try to forget? It must have
Why am I blue? It’s up to you to explain. I’m thinking

(A⁹)

(C₉ MI T⁷(E5))
C₉ G G₆₉

B₇ MI E₇ MI

been that something lovers call fate, kept on saying I had to wait.
may be, baby, I’ll go away some day, some way you’ll come and say,

A⁹

(A⁹)

(⁹ AMI D⁹)
G₇ MA D T⁷(E5) G₇ MA F⁹

E⁹ (B₇ MI T⁷(E5)) E⁹

It had to be you, it had to be you. I wandered around.

(A⁹)

(E₇ MI A⁹)

(E₇ MI A⁹)

(A⁹)

(E₇ MI A⁹)

(A⁹)

(E₇ MI A⁹)

and finally found the somebody who Could make me be true,

(A₉ MI D⁷)

(D⁷)

(F#₇ MI B₇ T⁹(E9)) E₇ MI B T⁷(#5) E₇ MI (B₉ T⁷(E11))

could make me be blue And even be glad,

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A7 EMI7 A7 AMI7 D7 D9(#5)

— just to be sad, thinking of you. Some others I've seen

B GMA7 D7(#5) GMA7 F9

— might never be mean, Might never be cross

A9 EMI7 A9 EMI7 A9 EMI7 A9 DMI7 G7

— or try to be boss, but they wouldn't do, for nobody else

CMA7 F9

— gave me a thrill, with all your faults I love you still. It had to be you,

DM7 Abo7 DM7 D7 G6 (E7(#9) AMI7 D9(#5))

— wonderful you, had to be you. (fine) (It had to be you,)

Solo on AB
After solos, D.S. al fine
It Never Entered My Mind  
(from "Higher And Higher")  
Music by Richard Rodgers  
Lyric by Lorenz Hart

Verse

I don't care if there's powder on my nose,  
I don't care if my hair-do is in place.  
I've lost the very meaning of repose,  
I never put a mud pack on my face.  
Oh, who'd have thought that I'd walk in a daze now,  
I never go to shows at night,  
But just to matinees now.

Ballad

Once I laughed when I heard you saying  
That I'd be playing solitary,  
Uneasy in my easy chair.  
It never entered my mind.  
Once you told me I was mis-taken,
That I'd awaken with the sun, And order orange juice for one, It never entered my mind.

You have what I lack myself, And now I even have to scratch my back myself.

Once you warned me That if you scorned me, I'd sing a maiden's pray'r again And wish that you were there again.

To get into my hair again It never entered my mind.

Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine

Originally written:

A F A Am F A Am F A (etc.)
It Was A Very Good Year

Medium Ballad

1. When I was seventeen, it was a very good year, It was a very good year for small town girls and soft summer nights. We'd hide from the lights on the village green When I was seventeen.

2. When I was twenty-one, it was a very good year, It was a very good year for city girls who lived up the stair, With perfumed hair that came undone When I was twenty-one.

Additional Verses:

3. When I was thirty-five, it was a very good year, It was a very good year for blue-blooded girls of independent means. We'd ride in limousines their chauffeurs would drive When I was thirty-five.

4. But now the days are short, I'm in the autumn of the year And now I think of my life as vintage wine from fine old kegs. From the brim to the dregs it poured sweet and clear, It was a very good year.
It's All Right With Me
(from "Can-Can")

Cole Porter

Medium or Bright

\[
\begin{align*}
C_Mi & \quad C_Mi^7 & \quad F^9 \\
(C_Mi^{(add\, MAT)} & \quad C_Mi^7 & \quad C_Mi^6 & \\
\end{align*}
\]

It's the wrong time and the wrong place.

Tho' your face is charming, it's the wrong face.

It's not her face,

but such a charming face that it's all right with me.

It's the wrong song in the wrong style.

Tho' your smile is lovely, it's the wrong smile.

It's not her smile,

but such a lovely smile that it's all right

with me.

You can't know how happy I am that we met, I'm strangely attracted to you.
There's someone I'm trying so hard to forget. Don't you want to forget someone too? It's the wrong game with the wrong chips. Tho' your lips are tempting, they're the wrong lips. They're not her lips, but they're such tempting lips that if some night you're free, dear, it's all right, it's all right with me.

* Letter A, bars 11-12 and 27-28 and Letter C, bars 11-12 are written as they are most often performed. The original melody was written:
reason why You're sentimental, 'cause so am I. It's delightful, it's delicious, it's delovely,

You can tell at a glance what a swell night this is for romance. You can hear dear Mother Nature murmuring low, "Let yourself go." So please be sweet, my chickadee, And when I kiss you, just say to me, "It's delightful, it's delicious, it's delicable, it's delirious, it's dilemma, it's delimit,

it's deluxe* it's delovely." (The)

* Pronounced "de-lukes"

Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine
It's Magic
(from the film "Romance On The High Seas")
Music by Jule Styne
Lyric by Sammy Cahn

Freely

(Verse) (F\textsuperscript{13}) B\textsubscript{bMA}\textsuperscript{7} G\textsubscript{mi}\textsuperscript{7} C\textsubscript{mi}\textsuperscript{7} F\textsuperscript{7} D\textsubscript{mi}\textsuperscript{7} / C\textsubscript{mi}\textsuperscript{7} F\textsuperscript{7} B\textsubscript{bMA}\textsuperscript{7} G\textsubscript{mi}\textsuperscript{7} C\textsubscript{mi}\textsuperscript{7} F\textsuperscript{7}

I've heard about Houdini and the rest of them
And I'd put you up against the

B\textsubscript{bMA}\textsuperscript{7} B\textsubscript{b}/D D\textsubscript{bo}\textsuperscript{7} E\textsubscript{mi}\textsuperscript{7} A\textsuperscript{7} D\textsubscript{ma}\textsuperscript{7} / D\textsuperscript{6} A\textsuperscript{7}

best of them. As far as I'm concerned you're the tops, And you
don't resort to props.

D\textsubscript{ma}\textsuperscript{7} D\textsuperscript{6} F\textsuperscript{7} D\textsubscript{mi}\textsuperscript{7} D\textsubscript{bo}\textsuperscript{7} C\textsubscript{mi}\textsuperscript{7} B\textsuperscript{(5)}\textsubscript{7} B\textsubscript{bMA}\textsuperscript{7} G\textsubscript{mi}\textsuperscript{7} C\textsubscript{mi}\textsuperscript{7} F\textsuperscript{7} A\textsuperscript{(5)}\textsubscript{7} A\textsuperscript{7} D\textsuperscript{(9)}\textsuperscript{(9)}

Things I used to think were inconsiderable,
You've a way of making them believable,
And up-

E\textsubscript{bma}\textsuperscript{7} A\textsubscript{b9}\textsuperscript{(5)} D\textsubscript{mi}\textsuperscript{7} G\textsubscript{mi}\textsuperscript{7} C\textsubscript{9 sus} C\textsuperscript{(9)} F\textsubscript{9 sus} F\textsuperscript{(9)}
on a night like this I'm afraid you just can't miss.

(Ballad or Medium)

A

B\textsubscript{bMA}\textsuperscript{7} (E\textsubscript{bma}\textsuperscript{7}) B\textsubscript{b} D\textsubscript{bo}\textsuperscript{7} (C\textsubscript{mi}\textsuperscript{7} F\textsuperscript{7} D\textsubscript{mi}\textsuperscript{7} G\textsuperscript{(9)} D\textsubscript{mi}\textsuperscript{7} D\textsubscript{bo}\textsubscript{mi}\textsuperscript{7})

You sigh, the song begins, You speak and I hear violins, It's magic.

C\textsubscript{mi}\textsuperscript{7} F\textsubscript{9 sus} F\textsuperscript{9} B\textsubscript{bMA}\textsuperscript{9} F\textsubscript{9 sus} F\textsuperscript{13}
The stars desert the skies and rush to nestle in your eyes, It's magic.

Without a

B

B\textsubscript{bMA}\textsuperscript{7} (E\textsubscript{b9}) D\textsubscript{mi}\textsuperscript{7} D\textsubscript{bo}\textsuperscript{7} C\textsubscript{mi}\textsuperscript{7} F\textsubscript{9 sus} F\textsuperscript{7}
golden wand or mystic charms Fantastic

things begin when I am in your arms.

When we walk hand in hand the world becomes a wonder-land, It's magic.

How else can I explain those rainbows when there is no rain, It's magic. Why do I tell myself these things that happen are all really true,

When in my heart I know the magic is my love for you. (fine)

Solo on ABCD

After solos, D.S. al fine
It's You Or No One
(from "Romance On The High Seas")

Music by Jule Styne
Lyric by Sammy Cahn

Freely

Verse

How did I know that the warmth of the glow would last?

How did I guess that the long loneliness was past?

I merely looked at you and I knew that I knew.

(Medium Up or Ballad) (Originally a ballad)

It's you or no one for me.

I'm sure of this, each time we kiss.

Now and forever, and when forever's done, you'll find that you are still the one.

Please don’t say “No” to my plea, 'cause if you

Then I'm all through.

There's this about you, My world's an empty world without you,

It's you or no one for me. Solo on AB (fine) After solos, D.S. al fine

* Letter A bars 15 & 16, are originally:
I've Got A Crush On You
(from "Strike Up The Band")

Freely

(Verse) (F)\(^7\)

He: How glad the many millions of An-na-belles and Lill-ians would be____) to cap-ture
She: How glad a mil-lion lad-dies from mill-ion-air-ees to cad-dies would be____

me! But you had such per-sist-ence, you broke down my re-sist-ance. I

fell,____ and it was swell. She: You're my big and brave and hand-some Ro-me-o.

How I won you I shall nev-er, nev-er know. He: It's not that you're at-trac-tive, But,

oh, my heart grew ac-tive when you____ came in-to view.____

(Ballad)*

He: I've got a crush on you,____ Sweet-ie Pie.____
She: I've got a crush on you,____ Sweet-ie Pie.____

All the day and night-time hear me sigh.____ I nev-er had____ the least
All the day and night-time hear me sigh.____ This is - n't just____ a flir-
C\textsuperscript{13}\ G\textsubscript{MI\textsuperscript{9}} \ C\textsuperscript{13} \ C\textsubscript{MI\textsuperscript{9}} \ F\textsuperscript{9}

notification that I could fall with so much emotion.

tation. We're proving that there's predestination.

(D\textsubscript{MI\textsuperscript{7}})

(B) B\textsubscript{b\textsuperscript{MA\textsuperscript{7}}} D\textsubscript{b\textsuperscript{0\textsuperscript{7}}} C\textsubscript{MI\textsuperscript{7}} F\textsuperscript{13\textsuperscript{(b9)}} (D\textsubscript{MI\textsuperscript{7}})

(B\textsubscript{b\textsuperscript{MA\textsuperscript{7}}} D\textsubscript{b\textsuperscript{0\textsuperscript{7}}}

Could you coo, could you care
I could coo, I could care

for a cunning cottage
for that cunning cottage

(A\textsubscript{MI\textsuperscript{7\textsuperscript{(b5)}}} D\textsubscript{MI\textsuperscript{7\textsuperscript{(b9)}}})

G\textsubscript{MI\textsuperscript{7}} B\textsubscript{b\textsuperscript{MA\textsuperscript{7}}} G\textsubscript{MI\textsuperscript{7}}

we could share?
The world will pardon my mush, 'Cause I've got a

we could share? Your mush I never shall shush, 'Cause I've got a

C\textsubscript{9}\ F\textsuperscript{13}\ B\textsubscript{b\textsuperscript{6}} (F\textsuperscript{7})

crush, my baby, on you. (fine) I've got a

crush, my baby, on you.

Optional longer ending

C\textsuperscript{13} (A\textsubscript{MI\textsuperscript{7\textsuperscript{(b9)}}}) D\textsubscript{MI\textsuperscript{7}} G\textsubscript{MI\textsuperscript{7}} C\textsubscript{9} F\textsuperscript{13}

B\textsubscript{b\textsuperscript{6}} (G\textsubscript{MI\textsuperscript{7}} C\textsuperscript{9} F\textsuperscript{9\textsuperscript{sus\textsuperscript{7}}})

mush, 'Cause I've got a crush, my baby, on you.

* This song is most often performed as a ballad. However, it was originally written as follows:

Bright, gaily

I've got a crush on you, Sweetie Pie. (etc.)
I've Got You Under My Skin
(from "Born To Dance")

Medium
(also done as a Rumba)

I've got you under my skin, I've got you deep in the heart of me, So deep in my heart, You're really a part of me. I've got you under my skin.
Letter B, bars 1 through 6, are often played over an Eb pedal.

* Letter B is usually performed as follows:

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{F}_7 \\
&\text{Bb}^{(b9)} \\
&\text{Gb}^{(b9)} \\
&\text{C}^{(b9)} \\
&\text{D}^{(b9)} \\
&\text{G}^{(b9)} \\
&\text{C}^{(b9)} \\
&\text{Eb}^{(b9)} \\
&\text{Ab}^{(b9)} \\
&\text{Bb}^{(b9)} \\
&\text{C}^{(b9)} \\
&\text{C}^{(b9)} \\
&\text{Bb}^{(b9)} \\
&\text{Eb}^{(b9)} \\
&\text{G}^{(b9)} \\
&\text{C}^{(b9)} \\
&\text{F}_7
\end{align*}
\]
Johnny One Note
(from "Babes In Arms")

Music by Richard Rodgers
Lyric by Lorenz Hart

Johnny could only sing one note And the note he sang was this:

Ah

Poor Johnny One Note sang out with gusto And just over
Poor Johnny One Note got in Aida, Indeed a great

load ed the place. Poor Johnny One Note
chance to be brave. He took his one note.

yelled willy nilly, Until he was blue in the face, Could-n't hear the
Howled like the North Wind, Brought forth wind that made critics rave, Could-n't hear the

For holding one note was his ace. Could-n't hear the
While Verdi turned round in his grave! Could-n't hear the

brass, flute Could-n't hear the drum. He was in a class
or the big trombone. Ev ery one was mute

by him self, by gum! Johnny stood alone.
Cats and dogs stopped yap-ping, Li-ons in the zoo all were jeal-ous of
John-ny's big trill.

Thun-der-claps stopped clap-ping,

traf-fic ceased it's roar, and they tell us Ni-ag-ra stood still.

He stopped the train whist-les, Boat whist-les, Steam whist-les, Cop whist-les;

All whist-les bowed to his skill;

Optional D.S. for solos

Sing John-ny One Note, sing out with gus-to And just o-ver-
whelm all the crowd.

Ah!

So sing, John-ny One Note, out loud!

Sing, John-ny One Note!
Just One Of Those Things
(from "Jubilee")

Cole Porter

(Verse) C7 FMA7 F13 GMI7 C7(b9) FMA7

As Dorothy Parker once said to her boyfriend,

C7 F6 F6

"Fare thee well," As Columbus announced when he

DMI7 DMI7(b5) C6/G G9sus G7 C7sus

knew he was bounced "It was swell, Isabelle, swell,"

C7 GMI7 C7 AMI7 F6 EMI7(b5)

As Abelard said to Eloise, "Don't forget

A7(b9) DMI DMI F7 Bb6 Bb7

to drop a line to me, please," As Juliet cried in her

FB C AMI D7 GMI Bb9 A9

Romeo's ear "Romeo, why not face the fact, my dear?"

A7(b9) [Medium or Bright] DMI6 EMI7 AMI CMI7

It was just one of those things, Just one

F7 (BbMA7 BMI7(b5) BbM6 AMI7 Ab9)

of those crazy flings. One of those bells that

GMI7 C7 F6 (F#97) D7(b9) GMI7 C7 EMI7(b5) C7 AMI7 A7(b9)

now and then rings, Just one of those things. It was

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

Just one of those things. If we’d thought a bit of the
end of it When we started painting the town, We’d have
been aware That our love affair, Was too hot not
to cool down. So good-bye, dear, and A-
men. Here’s hoping we meet now and then.

It was great fun but it was just one of those

Solo on ABC

After solos, D.S. al fine
The Lady Is A Tramp
(from "Babes In Arms")
Music by Richard Rodgers
Lyric by Lorenz Hart

Freely or Medium
(Verse) G7 Cmaj7 Dmin7 Em7 Dmin7 Cmaj7 G7(#5) Em7 A7

I've wined and dined on mul-ligan stew and nev-er wished for tur-key, As I

Dmaj7 Em7 F#min7 Em7 Dmaj7 A7(#5) F#min7 B7

hitched and hiked and grift-ed, too, from Maine to Al-bu-quer-que.

E13 Em7 A7 D13 Dmin7 G7

Las I missed the Beaux-Arts Ball and what is twice as sad, I was Cmaj7 Dmin7 Cmaj7 Dmin7 Cmaj7 G7(#5) Em7(#5) A7(#9)

nev-er at a par-ty where they hon-ored No-e! Ca'ad. But

Am7 D7 Am7 D7

so-ci-al cir-cles spin too fast for me, My

G7 Eb6 Dmin7 G7

Ho-bo-hem-ia is the place to be.

(Medium or Bright) (A7(#9))

S

A C6 Eb9 Dmin7 G7(#9) C6

I get too hun-gry for din-ner at eight, I like the

(A7(#9))

Eb9 Dmin7 G7(#9) C9sus C9

I go to Con-ey, the beach is di-vine. I go to

thea-tre, but nev-er come late. I nev-er both-er with

Fmaj7 Bb9 E7 A7(#9) Dmin7 G7(#9) C6 (A7(#5))

ball games, the bleach-ers are fine. I fol-low Winch-ell and

peo-ple I hate, That's why the la-dy is a tramp.

read ev-ry line,

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I don't like crap games with Bar-sons and Earls,
I like a prize fight that isn't a fake,

Won't go to Har-lem in er-mine and pearls,
I love the row-ing on Central Park Lake,

That's why the lady is a dirt with the rest of the girls,
op- ra and stay wide a-wake,

tramp.
I like the free fresh wind in my hair,
I like the green grass under my shoes.

Life without care. I'm broke, it's oke.
What can I lose? I'm flat, that's that.

Hate Cal-i-for-nia, It's cold and it's damp,
I'm all alone when I lower my lamp,

That's why the lady is a tramp.

Originally:
A C6 Cmi7 Dmi7 G7
Lester Leaps In

Bright

Lester Young

The melody is sometimes played:
Let's Call The Whole Thing Off
(from "Shall We Dance?") George Gershwin
Ira Gershwin

Freely
(Verse) DMaj7 B7(b9) EMin7 A7 (F#M7) BMin9

Things have come to a pretty pass, Our romance is growing
G7(#11) C#7(b5) F#7(b5) B7(13) B7(#5) E13 Sus E13(b9)
flat, For you like this and the other While I go for this and
EMin7 A7 DMaj7 B7(b9) EMin7 A7 (F#M7) BMin9
that. Goodness knows what the end will be. Oh, I don't know where I'm
G13(#11) AMaj7 F#M7 BMaj7 E7(b9) (A9) EMin7
at. It looks as if we two will never be one.
(EMin7(b5) A7(b9) ) D6 (BMin7) AMaj7 D7

Something must be done.

A

You say either and I say either. You say neither and
(GB) G6 EMin9 AMaj7 D7(b9) (GB) Bb7
You say laughter and I say laughter. You say after and
(GB) G7 F9 CMA7 C6 E
I say neither. Either, either, neither, neither, either!
I say laughter. Laughter, laughter, after, after, laughter!

G6 D EMin7 A7 D7 (GB) Bb7

Let's call the whole thing off.
{ You like potato and
You like vanilla and

I like po-tah-to. You like to-ma-to and I like to-mah-to. Po-
ta-to, po-tah-to, to-ma-to, to-mah-to! Let's call the whole thing
off. But oh! If we call the whole thing off, then we must
part. And oh! If we ever part then, that might break my
heart. { So, if you like pa-ja-mas and I like pa-jah-mas,
I'll wear pa-ja-mas and give up pa-jah-mas. I'll or-
der oyst-ers and can-cel the erst-ers. } For we know we
need each oth-er, so we bet-ter call the call-ing off off.
Let's call the whole thing off. (fine)
Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine
Let's Do It (Let's Fall In Love)
(from "Paris")

When the little Blue-bird, Who has never said a word, Starts to sing: "Spring, spring,"
When the little Blue-bell, In the bottom of the dell, Starts to ring: "Ding, ding,"
When the little blue clerk, In the middle of his work, Starts a tune to the moon up above, It is nature, that's all, Simply telling us to fall in love.
And that's why

Birds do it, Bees do it, Even educated fleas do it,
Let's do it, Let's fall in love.
In Spain, the best upper sets do it, Lithuanians and Lets do it,
Let's do it, Let's fall in love

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**ADDITIONAL REFRAINS:**

The nightingales, in the dark do it,
Larks, k-razy for a lark, do it,
Let’s do it, Let’s fall in love.
Canaries, caged in the house, do it,
When they’re out of season, grouse do it,
Let’s do it, Let’s fall in love.
The most sedate barnyard fowls do it,
When a chanticleer cries,
High-browed old owls do it,
They’re supposed to be wise,
Penguins in flocks, on the rocks, do it,
Even little cuckoos, in their clocks, do it,
Let’s do it, Let’s fall in love.

Romantic sponges, they say, do it,
Oysters, down in Oyster Bay, do it,
Let’s do it, Let’s fall in love.
Cold Cape Cod clams, ’gainst their wish, do it,
Even lazy Jellyfish do it,
Let’s do it, Let’s fall in love.
Electric eels, I might add, do it,
Though it shocks ’em I know.
Why ask if shad do it,
Waiter, bring me shadroe.
In shallow shoals, English soles do it,
Goldfish, in the privacy of bowls, do it,
Let’s do it, Let’s fall in love.

The dragonflies, in the reeds, do it,
Sentimental centipedes do it,
Let’s do it, Let’s fall in love.
Mosquitoes, heaven forbid, do it,
So does ev’ry katydid, do it,
Let’s do it, Let’s fall in love.
The most refined lady bugs do it,
When a gentleman calls,
Moths in your rugs, do it,
What’s the use of moth balls?
Locusts in trees do it, bees do it,
Even overeducated fleas do it,
Let’s do it, Let’s fall in love.

The chimpanzees, in the zoos, do it,
Some courageous kangaroos do it,
Let’s do it, Let’s fall in love.
I’m sure giraffes, on the sky, do it,
Heavy hippopotami do it,
Let’s do it, Let’s fall in love.
Old sloths who hang down from twigs do it,
Though the effort is great,
Sweet guinea pigs do it,
Buy a couple and wait.
The world admits bears in pits do it,
Even pekineses in the Ritz, do it,
Let’s do it, Let’s fall in love.
Solos (As performed by Oscar Peterson)

E

\[ G^9 \quad C^9_{sus} \quad C^7(b^9) \quad F_{MA}^9 \quad A^7(b^5) \quad D^7(b^9) \quad G^9 \quad C^9_{sus} \quad C^7(b^9) \]

\[ F^9 \quad F^9 \quad B^b^6 \quad B^b^6^7 \quad F^7 \quad C \quad F \quad B^b^7 \quad E^b^9 \quad A^7(b^5) \quad D^7(b^9) \]

\[ G^9 \quad C^9 \quad A^7(b^5) \quad D^7(b^9) \quad F \quad G^9 \quad C^9_{sus} \quad C^7(b^9) \]

\[ F_{MA}^9 \quad A^7(b^5) \quad D^7(b^9) \quad G^9 \quad C^9_{sus} \quad C^7(b^9) \quad F^9 \quad F^9 \quad B^b^7 \quad B^b^6^7 \]

\[ F^7 \quad C \quad F \quad B^b^7 \quad E^b^9 \quad A^7(b^5) \quad D^7(b^9) \quad G^9 \quad C^9 \quad F^9 \quad A^7(b^5) \quad D^7(b^9) \]

Repeat EF for additional solos
After solos, D.C. at Coda

\[ (G^9 \quad D_{MI}^7 \quad D^b^9(b^5)) \]

\[ 1. \quad 2. \quad \begin{array}{c} F^6 \quad (A^7(b^5)) \quad A_{MI}^7 \quad D^7(b^5) \\
2. \quad \begin{array}{c} \begin{array}{c} (E_{bMI}^6 \quad A^b^1^3) \\
D^b_{MA}^9 \quad G^b_{MA}^9 \quad C^9_{sus} \quad F_{MA}^9 \\
rall. \end{array} \end{array} \end{array} \]

Original Basie Intro:

(solos pns) C bass

\[ C^9 \]

In the original Basie version, the solo is letter E only (16 bars) with the D.C. at the end of letter E.
A Lot Of Livin' To Do
(from "Bye Bye Birdie")

Medium (see note at end)

Music by Charles Strouse
Lyric by Lee Adams

There are girls just ripe for some kiss-in' And I
mean to kiss me a few! Oh, those girls
don't know what they're miss-in', I've got a lot of livin' to
do! And there's wine
steaks all ready for tastin',
And there's Cadillacs all shiny and new!

Got ta move, 'cause time is a wastin',
There's

such a lot of livin' to do!
There's

mu-sic to play, places to go, People to see!
Everything for you and me!

Life's a ball, if only you know it!

And it's all just waitin' for you!

You're alive,

so come on and show it!

There's such a lot of livin' to do! (fine) (There are)

Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine

Originally performed with a Quasi-Latin figure as follows:
When the only sound in the empty street is the heavy tread of the heavy feet that belong to a lonely cop, I open shop.

When the moon so long has been gazing down on the wayward ways of this wayward town that her smile becomes a smirk, I go to work.

Love for sale, appetizing young love for sale.

Love that's fresh and still unspoiled, Love that's only slightly soiled, Love for sale.

Who will buy? Who would like to sample my sup-

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(Bb\(^7\))
Bb\(_{MA}\)\(^7\)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Eb(^9)</th>
<th>Eb(_{MI})(^7)</th>
<th>Ab(^9)</th>
<th>(Db(^9))</th>
<th>(Db(_{MA})(^7))</th>
<th>(Db(^7)(#9))</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Who’s prepared to pay the price
For a trip to

Gb\(^9\)
C\(_{MI}\)(\#5)
F\(^7\)(\#5)
Bb\(_{MI}\)\(^6\)
(E\(^9\))

par - a - disel? Love for sale.

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<tr>
<th>C</th>
<th>Eb(_{MI})(^7)</th>
<th>Ab(^7)(#9)</th>
<th>Db(_{MA})(^9)</th>
<th>F(_{MI})(^7)</th>
<th>Bb(^7)(#9)</th>
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Let the po - ets pipe of love
In their child - ish way,

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<tr>
<th>Eb(_{MI})(^7)</th>
<th>Ab(^7)(#9)</th>
<th>Db(_{MA})(^7)</th>
<th>(Bb(_{MI})(^7))</th>
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</table>

I know e v - ’ry type of love
Better far than they.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(F(_{MI})(^7))</th>
<th>Bb(^7)(#5)</th>
<th>Bb(^7)(#9))</th>
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</table>

If you want the thrill of love
I’ve been thru the mill of love;

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(G(_{MI})(#5)</th>
<th>C(^7)(#5)</th>
<th>G(_{MI})(#5)</th>
<th>C(^7)(#5)</th>
<th>F(_{MI})(#7)</th>
<th>B(^7)</th>
<th>F(_{MI})(#5)</th>
<th>Bb(^7)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Old love, new love,
Ev - ’ry love but true love.

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<tr>
<th>(E(^5))</th>
<th>Bb(^7)</th>
<th>(E(^5))</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Love for sale,
App - e - tizing young love for

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(Bb(^7))</th>
<th>E(^5)</th>
<th>Ab(^9)</th>
<th>Db(^9)</th>
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</thead>
</table>

If you want to buy my wares,
Follow me and

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Gb(^9)</th>
<th>C(_{MI})(#5)</th>
<th>F(^7)(#5)</th>
<th>Bb(_{MI})(^6)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

climb the stairs,
Love for sale.

(fine)

Solo on ABCD

After solos,
D.S. al fine
Love Is A Many Splendored Thing
(from "Love Is A Many Splendored Thing")  Music by Sammy Fain
Lyric by Paul Francis Webster
(As performed by Keith Jarrett)

I walked along the streets of Hong Kong town, up and down, up and down. I met a little girl in Hong Kong town, And I said, "Can you tell me, please, where's that love I've never found? Unravel me this riddle what is love? What can it be?" And in her eyes were butterflies as she replied to me.

Love is a many-splendored thing, It's the April rose that only grows in the early Spring. Love is

* Keith Jarrett performs this at a Bright Tempo, omitting the verse.

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nature's way of giving a reason to be living.
The golden crown that makes a man a king.

Once on a high and windy hill,

Morning mist two lovers kissed and the world stood still. Then your fingers touched my silent heart and taught it how to sing. Yes,

true love's a many-splendored thing. (fine) Solo on AB

After solos, D.S. al fine

The main chords are Keith Jarrett's basic chords. The alternates are primarily the original changes.

* Originally
Love Me Or Leave Me
(from "Whoopie!")
Music by Walter Donaldson
Lyric by Gus Kahn

Love me or leave me, or let me be lonely;
You won't believe me, and

I love you only; I'd rather be lonely than happy with somebody else.

You might find the night-time the right time for kissing,
But

night-time is my time for just reminiscing,
Regretting, instead of getting with somebody else.

There'll be no one unless that someone is you;

I intend to be independently blue.

I want your love, but I don't want to borrow. To have it today, and to
give back tomorrow; For my love is your love, there's no love for nobody else!
Love Speaks Louder Than Words
Bill Champlin, Richard Feldman & Glenn Friedman
(As performed by Al Jarreau)

Medium Techno Pop

You and I, stalk-in' each other, you make a promise,

Ev'ry time you make a promise, I've been the one who waits.

You and I, stuck in the weather, some-body needs a push.

And the time's keep-in' it from us. Love never comes too late.

Ev'ry time you decide that the time isn't right, ev'ry time you hide From your

As I live and I breathe you will some-day believe I'm the one that you need. Let your

feel-in's your loneliness wins.

feel-in's for get where you've been.

Let the magic happen, Give me half a chance.

I hold you now. I'll show you how I'll give you all of my Love speaks louder than words.
(Solo) Let this love keep talkin' (to you.) (chorus) I

Love speaks louder than words

hold you now. I'll show you how I'll give you all of my love.

Please let me in. Let this love begin.

(Optional solo on ABCD)

D.S. al Coda

(1st x only)

I

hold you now. I'll show you how I'll give you all of my love.

Love speaks louder than words

(Solo) Let this love keep talkin' to you. (Chorus) I

hold you now. I'll show you how I'll give you all of my love.

(Ad lib) Did I tell you, baby I am lost, so lost without your love? (cho) I

(Repeat & fade)
On the main part, letter D is written without a repeat (16 bars).
Love Walked In
George Gershwin
Ira Gershwin

Verse

Freely or Medium

Ebmaj7 E°7
Fmi Eb G7 D Dbm6 Cmi F7 Cmi7 F7

Nothing seemed to matter any more,

Fmi Eb Dmi7(5) Db7(5) C7(5) B7(5) Bb13 Eb6

Didn't care what I was headed for.

Bbmi7 Eb7 Abma7 Ab6 Ami7 D7 Gma7 Bb9

Time was standing still,

Emi E°7 Fmi Eb Db13(5) F7 C Bb13 Eb6 Fmi7 Bb7

till There came a knock-knock-knock- ing at the door.

Medium or Ballad

(Ebmaj7 Abma7 Gmi7 C7)

(Sus)

Emi7 Cmi7 F7 Bb7sus4-3

Love walked right in and drove the shadows away.

(Ebmaj7 Abma7 Gmi7 C7) (Bmi7 E7)

Emi7 Cmi7 F7 (Ab6sus

Love walked right in and brought my sunniest day.

(Bbmi7)

Emi7 Cm7 C7

One magic moment and my heart seemed to know

(E°7 Fmi7 Abmi7 Db7 Gmi7 C7(5) F7(5) F7 Bb9sus Bb7)

That love said "Hello," Though not a word was spoken.
One look and I forgot the gloom of the past.

One look and I had found my future at last.

One look and I had found a world completely new, When love walked in with you. (fine) Solo on AB

After solos, D.S. al fine
Lover, Come Back To Me
(from "The New Moon")
Music by Sigmund Romberg
Lyric by Oscar Hammerstein II

You went a-way, I let you,
We broke the ties that bind.
I wanted to forget you and leave the past behind.
Still, the magic of the night I met you seems to stay forever in my mind.

The sky was blue, And high above, The moon was new,
And so was love. This eager heart of mine was singing:

"Lover, where can you be?" You came at last,
Love had its day. That day is past, You've gone away.
This aching heart of mine is singing: "Lover, come back to me!"

When I remember every little thing you used to do,
I'm so lonely.

Ev'ry road I've walked along I've walked along with you,
No wonder I'm so lonely.

The sky is blue, The night is cold.

The moon is new, But love is old.
And while I'm waiting here, This heart of mine is singing: "Lover, come back to me!" (fine) Solo on ABC

Originally written as follows: (It is almost always performed as in the chart.)

The sky was blue, And high above.
Lucky To Be Me
(from "On The Town")

Music by Leonard Bernstein
Lyric by Betty Comden and Adolph Green

Freely

(Verse) F\(_{MA}^9\)

I used to think it might be fun to be any-one else but me.

D\(_{sus}\) D\(_7\)

I thought that it would be a pleasant surprise to wake up as a couple of oth-er guys; But now that I’ve found you I’ve changed my point of view;

A\(_{bMA}^9\)

And now I wouldn’t give a dime to be any-one else but me.

Medium

S\(_A\) F\(_{MA}^7\) D\(_7(b9)\) G\(_{MI}^7\) C\(_9\) (B\(_{bMA}^9\) E\(_{MI}^7(b5)\) A\(_7(b9)\))

What a day! Fortune smiled and came my way, bring-ing love I nev-er thought I’d see. I’m so luck-y to be me.

D\(_{MI}^7\)

What a night! Sud-den-ly you came in sight, look-ing just the way I’d hoped you’d be. I’m so luck-y to be me.

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I am simply thunder-struck at this change in my luck.

Knew at once I wanted you, never dreamed you'd want me too.

I'm so proud you chose me from all the crowd. There's no other

guy / I'd rather be. I could laugh out loud, I'm so lucky to be

gal / Optional shorter ending

me. (fine) Solo on ABC be. I'm so lucky to be me. (fine) Solo on ABC

After solos, D.S. al fine

Some versions use the optional shorter ending each time. The original ending is correctly used each time.

Bridge (letter B) is originally written:

I am simply thunder-struck at this change in my luck.

Knew at once I wanted you never dreamed you'd want me too.
Come on along and listen to the lullaby of Broadway.

The hip hooray and bally hoo, the lullaby of Broadway,
The hide ho and boop a doo, the lullaby of Broadway.

The rumble of the subway train, The rat-tle of the taxi is.
The band begins to go to town and ev’ry one goes crazy.

The daffy dils who entertain at Angelo’s and Maxie’s. When a
You rock-a-bye your baby ‘round ‘till ev’ry thing gets hazy. “Hush a-

Broadway baby says “Good-night,” It’s early in the morning.
bye, I’ll buy you this and that,” You hear a daddy saying.

Manhat tan babies don’t sleep tight un til the dawn.
And baby goes home to her flat to sleep all day.

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Milk-man's on his way. Sleep tight, Baby.

Sleep tight, Let's call it a day. Hey!

Solo on ABC

After solos, D.S. al Last x ending

Let's call it a day! Listen to the lullaby of

Old Broadway.

* The ending is sometimes extended:

Old Broadway.
The Man I Love
(from "Lady, Be Good")

George Gershwin
Ira Gershwin

Freely (Verse)

When the mellow moon begins to beam, Every night I dream a little dream,

And of course Prince Charming is the theme, The he for me. Al-

though I realize as well as you, It is seldom that a dream comes true,

to me it's clear That he'll appear.

Ballad

Some-day he'll come a-long, The man I love. And he'll be big and strong,

The man I love, And when he comes my way, I'll do my best to

make him stay. He'll look at me and smile,
I'll understand. And in a little while He'll take my hand.

And though it seems absurd, I know we both won't say a word.

Maybe I shall meet him Sunday, maybe Monday, maybe not.

Still I'm sure to meet him one day, Maybe Tuesday will be my good news day.

We'll build a little home, Just meant for two, From which I'll never roam.

Who would, would you? And so all else above, I'm waiting for the

Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine

* Also played Up Tempo (Double Time feel)
The night is bitter, The stars have lost their glitter, The winds grow colder And suddenly you're older, And all because of the man that got away. No more his eager call; The writing's on the wall, The dreams you dreamed have all gone away.

The man that won you Has run off and un-done you. That great beginning Has seen the final inning. Don't know what happened, It's all a crazy game! No more that all-time thrill.

For you've been through the mill, And never a new love.
Meditation
(Meditação)
Music by Antonio Carlos Jobim
Portuguese Lyric by Newton Mendonça
English lyric by Norman Gimbel

I will wait for you 'til the sun falls from out of the sky for what else can I do?

I will wait for you, Meditating how sweet life will be when you come back to me. (fine)

Solo on AABC After solos, D.S. al fine or take Optional Tag

(instrumental or vocal "scat")
Minueto By Minute  
Music by Michael McDonald  
Lyric by Michael McDonald and Lester Abrams  
(As performed by the Doobie Brothers)

Hey, don’t worry, I’ve been lied to.  
You would stay just to watch me, dar lin’.  
I’ve been there many times before.  
Girl, don’t you wilt away on lies from you.  
Can’t stop the worry.  
I know where I stand.  
I don’t need this habit of livin’ on the run.  
Take it all for love.  
I don’t need your hand.  
I know I could grant ed like you’re the only one.  
Livin’ on my turn, blink, and you’d be gone.  
Then I must be some how that sounds nice.  
You think I’m your pared any time to carry on.  
But ‘Cause fool.  
Well, you may just be right.  

Minute by minute by minute I keep holdin' on...

I keep holdin' on.

Call my name and I'll be gone. You'll reach out and I won't be there. Just my luck, you'll realize you should spend your life with someone, you could spend your life with someone. Minute by minute by minute I keep holdin' on.

(Vamp & fade)

The recorded version of this song has a longer Intro. Chords on this main part are simplified. Chords on the rhythm part are more detailed.
The recorded version of this song has a longer Intro.
Miss Otis Regrets
(She's Unable To Lunch Today)

(from "Hi Diddle Diddle")

Cole Porter

Miss Otis regrets she's unable to lunch today,

Ma-dam, Miss Otis regrets she's unable to lunch to

day. She is sorry to be delayed, But last

evening down at Lover's Lane she strayed, Ma-dam, Miss

Otis regrets she's unable to lunch today.

When she woke up and found that her dream of love was gone,

Ma-dam, She ran to the man who had led her so far a-

Ma-dam, They strung her up on the old willow across the

stray, And from under her velvet

way, And the moment before she
gown She drew a gun and shot her lover died She lifted up her lovely head and down.
Ma-dam, Miss Ot-is re-grets she's un-
cried, Ma-dam, "Miss Ot-is re-grets she's un-

able to lunch to-day. ______ When the
able to lunch to-day." ________

* Often performed out of tempo throughout.
Moondance

Van Morrison

1. Well, it's a marvel-ous night for a Moon-dance With the stars up above in your eyes. A fan-

(1., 3.) wan-na make love to you to-night, I can't wait till the morn-ing has come. And I

(2.) tab-u-lous night to make ro-man-cy 'Neath the cov-er of Oc-to-ber skies. And all the

know now the time it is just right And straight in-to my arms you will run. And when you

leaves on the trees are fall-ing To the sound of the breezes that blow. And I'm

come my heart will be wait-ing To make sure that you're nev-er a lone. There and

try-ing to please to the call-ing Of your heart-strings that play soft and low. And all the

then all my dreams will come true, dear, There and then I will make you my own. And ev'-ry

B

night's mag-i-cic seems to whis-per and hush, And all the
time I touch you you just trem-ble in-side, And I

soft moon-light seems to shine in your blush. Can I

know how much I want you that my love I can't hide.

just have one more Moon-dance with you, my love?
Can I

(tutti, octaves)

just make some more romance with you, my love?

(Ami7) D Ami7 D Ami7 D Ami7 D Ami7 E7(#9)

Solo on ABC (after 2nd verse)
After solos, D.S. al Coda

dance with you in the moon-light on a

mag - ic night (etc., ad lib vocal)

Can

I just have one more Moon-dance with you, my love?
(I just make some more romance with you, my love?)

Ami7 G F Emi Dmi (E7(#9)) Ami7

(bass) (optional)
The More I See You
(from "Diamond Horseshoe")

Music by Harry Warren
Lyric by Mack Gordon

Freely

(Verse)

(Bb7) Eb6 \(\text{F}^9\) Bb9\(^{(5)}\) Eb6 E07

Each time I look at you is like the first time,

FMI7 Bb\(_{\text{SUS}}\) 2 EMI7 (Bb13) Eb6

near me, the thrill is new.

A7(D9) G7 C7 F7 Bb7

And there is nothing that I would n't
do for the rare delight of the sight of you.

For,

(Med. Ballad or Medium)

Bb7(Bb9\(_{\text{SUS}4.3}\)) A \(\text{B}^6\) FMI7 E\(_G\) C7\(^{(9)}\) FMI7

The more I see you, The more I want you. Some how this

Eb6 (Ab9) GMI7 C7\(^{(9)}\) FMI7 Bb7

feeling just grows and grows.

With every

(Gb9 (Bb7\(_{\text{D}}\)) Gb9 DMI7(add6) Gb9 CbMA7

sigh I become more mad about you, more lost with

(FMI7\(^{(05)}\) Bb7\(^{(05)}\))

out you, And so it goes. Can you im -

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C Eb6 (Ab9 Gmi7) Em7 Eb9 G/E C7(#9) Fmi7 Bb7 (Bb9sus4-3)

agine how much I'll love you, The more I

Eb6 (Ab9 Gmi7 Cmi7 Bb9) Em7 Eb9

see you as years go by? I know the

D Abmaj7 Dbb9 Gmi7 (Abmi9 Db9)

only one for me can only be you. My arms won't

(Gmi7 C7(#9)) Fmi7 Bb9sus4-3)

free you, my heart won't try. (fine) The more I

Solo on ABCD

After solos, D.S. al fine
Mountain Greenery
(from "Garrick Gaities")

Music by Richard Rodgers
Lyric by Lorenz Hart

On the first of May
Simple cooking means
More than French cuisines.
Spring is here so blow your job,
Throw your job away.
Now's the time to trust
To your wanderlust.
In the city's dust you wait,
Must you wait?
Just you wait!

Medium or Freely

In a mountain greenery,
Where God paints the scenery,
Just two crazy people together.

While you love your lover,
Let blue skies be your coverlet,
When it rains we'll laugh at the weather.
And if you're good

I'll search for wood,
Won't bite you, dear.
So you can cook

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Beans could get no keener reception in a beanery,
We could find no cleaner retreat from life's machinery,

Bless our mountain greenery home! (fine)
Than our mountain greenery home! Solo on ABC

After solos, D.S. al fine

* In this chart the verse is written as performed by Ella Fitzgerald (and others).

It was originally written as follows: (B♭)

In case you didn't know,

(etc.)
Mr. Lucky
(from "Mr. Lucky")
Music by Henry Mancini
Lyric by Jay Livingston & Ray Evans

Medium (or Bright)

D7(#5) A G13 G13

They call us lucky, you and I, lucky

FMi9 Bb13 Bb7(#5) EbMA9 Eb69

FMi9 G9(#5) EbMA9 Eb69

They call us lucky, you and I, lucky
girl, lucky guy. When you take my hand or
touch my cheek. I know I'm on a lifetime lucky streak.

G9(#5) /F EMI7 (A#mi7) FMi9 (Eb) DMI9

G9(#5) EMI7 (A#mi7) FMi9 (Eb) DMI9 G7

When we kiss when we sigh. He: They She: They

AbMA7 G9 /F EMI7 (A#mi7) (Emi7#9) A7(#5)

Say I'm lucky, my dear lucky guy and say you're lucky, my dear lucky guy but

DMi9 G9sus C6/9 (D7(#5))

You're the reason why. darling, so am I.
My Funny Valentine
(from "Babes In Arms")
Music by Richard Rodgers
Lyric by Lorenz Hart

Freely
(Verse)

Be - hold the way our fine-feath-ered friend his vir - tue doth pa-
ride. Thou know - est not, my dim - wit - ted friend, The

picture thou hast made. Thy va - cant brow and thy
tou- -
sed hair con - ceal thy good in - tent. Thou no - ble, up - right,

truth - ful, sin - ceree and slight - ly dop - ey gent, you're

My fun - ny Val - en - tine, Sweet com - ic Val - en - tine,

You make me smile with my heart.

Your looks are laugh - a - ble, Un - pho - to - graph - a - ble,

*This tune has been performed in many styles and tempos, and with many different chord progressions.
Yet you're my favorite work of art. Is your figure less than Greek? Is your mouth a little weak, when you open it to speak, Are you smart? But don't change a hair for me, Not if you care for me.

Stay, little Valentine, stay.

Each day is Valentine's day. (fine) Solo on ABC After solos, D.S. al fine

Alternate changes for letter A, bars 1-4 and bars 9-12 and letter C, bars 1-4:

CMI

E3

CMI

(AbMA7)

Alternate changes for letter B bars 1-4:

(EbMA7)

FMI7

Bb7

(EbMA7)
My Heart Stood Still
(from "A Connecticut Yankee")
Music by Richard Rodgers
Lyric by Lorenz Hart

Freely
(Verse) F\text{MA}^7 E\text{bMA}^7 F\text{MA}^7 E\text{bMA}^7
He: I laughed at sweet-hearts I met at schools.
She: Through all my school days I hated boys.

E\text{bMA}^7 D\text{bMA}^7 G\text{MI}^7 C\text{I}^7 F^6
All indiscreet hearts Seemed romantic fools.
Those April Fool days Brought me loveless joys.

F\text{MA}^7 A\text{MA}^7 A^6 B\text{MI}^7 E^7 C\text{MA}^7
A house in Iceland Was my heart's domain.
I read my Plato, Love, I thought a sin. But

D\text{MI}^7 G^7 C^6 C\text{MI}^7 A\text{MI}^7 A\text{bO}^7 G\text{MI}^7 C^7
saw your eyes, Now castles rise in Spain.
since your kiss, I'm reading Missus Glyn.

I took one looks at you, That's all I meant to do,

A\text{MI}^7 D^7(b9) G\text{MI}^7 C^9 (F\text{MA}^7 A\text{MI}^7 D^7(b9) G\text{MI}^7 C^9)
And then my heart stood still.

F^6 (A\text{bO}^7) D\text{MI}^7 G\text{MI}^7 C\text{SUS4-3} F^6 F^7 B^7(b6) E^b^9
My feet could step and walk, My lips could move and talk,

* Also performed up tempo.
And yet my heart stood still. Though not a

single word was spoken, I could tell you knew, That un-felt

clap of hands Told me so well you knew.

I never lived at all Until the thrill of that

moment when my heart stood still. (fine) Solos on ABC

After solos, D.S. al fine

Melody is often played:
Letter A, bars 1-4 and 9-12 and letter C, bars 1-4
My Man's Gone Now
(from "Porgy And Bess")

George Gershwin
Ira Gershwin
Du Bose & Dorothy Heyward
(As played by Bill Evans)

Medium Ballad

Intro

EMi9 (ad lib) FMA9(#11)/B EMI9 B7(#5)

A

EMi9 FMA9/B EMI9 B13 E7(#9)

foot-steps climb-in' up the stairs.

EMi9 FMA9/B EMI9 B13 E7(#9)

Ole Man Sorrow's come to keep me com-p'ny, Whis-ter-in' be-

EMi9 FMA9(#11)/B EMI9 B7(#5)

side me when I say my prayers.

B Bb13 Bb7(#5) EbMA9 Eb6 B13 B9(#5) EMI9 C#13 C#9(#5)

Ain't that I mind wor-kin', Work and me is travel-lers Jour-ney-in' to-

F#Mi9 AMi9/B B7(#5) EMI9 FMA9(#11)/B EMI9 B7(#5)

gather-to the prom-ised land. Solo on AB

After solos, D.S. al Coda

EMi9 (fn. fill)

(1st x) land.

(rall. 2nd x)

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The original version has additional interludes, repeated sections, and a tag. (The original form is AABBA and Tag.) (See original music for a more complete version.) Colloquialisms have been replaced by more common words. (“That” for “Dat”, “The” for “De”, etc.)

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<td></td>
<td>By me in the bed.</td>
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Nancy (With The Laughing Face)

Ballad or Medium Ballad

If I don’t see her each day – I miss her. Gee! What a thrill each time I kiss her.

Believe me I’ve got a case on Nancy with the laughing face. She takes the winter and makes it summer.

Summer could take some lessons from her. Picture a tom-boy in lace, that’s Nancy with the laughing face.

Do you ever hear mission bells ringing? Well, she’ll give you the very same glow.

Wonderful treat to come home to, When the long day has drawn to a close.

When she speaks you would think it was singing. Just

There’s the pattern of feet to come home to,

And
hear her say, “Hello.” I swear to good-ness you can’t resist her, Nancy gave me those. Keep Betty Gra-ble, La-mour and Turner,

Sorry for you she has no sis-ter. She makes my heart a char-coal bur-ner. No one could ev-er re-place

my Nancy with the laugh-ing face. (fine) Solo on ABC After solos, D.C. al fine
Nice Work If You Can Get It
(from "A Damsel In Distress")

Freely or Medium

Verse

The man who only lives for making money
Lives a life that isn't necessarily sunny.
Likewise the man who works for fame.

There's no guarantee that time won't erase his name.

The fact is, the only work that really brings enjoyment
Is the kind that is for girl and boy meant.
Fall in love, you won't regret it.

That's the best work of all if you can get it.

Hold hands at midnight
'Neath a starry sky,

Nice work—if you can get it, And you can get it if you try.
Strolling with that one girl, Sighing sigh after sigh,
Nice work if you can get it, And you can get it if you try.

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

Loving one who loves you And then taking that vow,
Nice work if you can get it, And if you get it,

Won't you tell me how? Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine
Night And Day
(from "The Gay Divorcee")

Medium or Freely

(Verse) (Bb7) Bbo7 Bb7 C7 Bbo7 Bb7 C7 Bbo7

Like the beat, beat, beat, of the tom-tom
When the jungle shadows fall,
Like the
tick, tick, tock, of the state-ly clock as it stands against the wall,
Like the
drip, drip, drip, of the rain-drops
When the summer show'r is through,
So a

voice within me keeps repeating you, you, you.

(Medium*) (Fmi7(5) Bbo7sus Bbo7(9))

Night and day you are the one, only you

be-nearth the moon and un-der the sun.

Whether

near to me or far, It's no mat-ter, Dar-ling, where you are I

think of you night and day.

* Often performed as a Rumba or Bossa Nova.

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Why is it so, that this longing for you follows wherever I go?

In the roaring traffic’s boom, In the silence of my lonely room, I think of you, night and day. Night and day, under the hide of me, there’s an Oh, such a hungry yearning burning inside of me. And its torment won’t be through till you let me spend my life making love to you.

day and night, night and day. (fine)

Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine
Not Like This

Ballad (optional Freely)  
Ab\(^{9}\)  A GbMA\(^{9(#11)}\)  GbMA\(^{9}\)  FMI\(^{7}\)  Bb  BbMI\(^{9}\)  

Not like this, without a single tear, We can't just

EbMI\(^{9}\)  F\(^{7(#5)}\)  GbMA\(^{9(#5)}\)  Bb\(^{7(#5)}\)  Eb\(^{9}\)  Eb\(^{7(#5)}\)  F\(^{7(#5)}\)  B  FMI\(^{7}\)  Bb  BbMI\(^{7}\) /Ab

walk away as if it never happened. Our kind of love

GMI\(^{7(#5)}\)  FMI\(^{7}\)  GbMA\(^{9}\)  FMI\(^{7}\)  D\(^{7(#8)}\)  

has never talked in whispers. So if it's time to go,

D\(^{7(#5)}\)  DBMA\(^{7}\)  BbMI\(^{9}\)  Eb\(^{9}\)  Ab\(^{9}\)  Sus

let's do it right and go out loud. But not like

C  GbMA\(^{9(#11)}\)  GbMA\(^{9}\)  FMI\(^{7}\)  Bb  BbMI\(^{9}\)  

this, without a backward glance. Did all our feelings die the

Gb\(^{9(#5)}\)  Bb\(^{7(#5)}\)  Eb\(^{9}\)  Eb\(^{7(#5)}\)  Ab\(^{9}\)  Sus  D  D\(^{13}\)  GMA\(^{9}\)  

moment love was over? Well not in me, 'Cause I still

C\(^{7}\)  F\(^{9(#5)}\)  SUS  BMA\(^{9}\)  rall.  E\(^{9}\)  SUS  E\(^{9}\)  Slower

feel you in my soul. So I will leave you tenderly_

(G\(^{#(5)}\)AM\(^{7(#5)}\)  B/A  A\(^{7(#5)}\)AM\(^{7(#5)}\)  G#  C\(^{9}\)  Db  Db  (Ab\(^{9}\)  Sus)

—or bitterly, but not like this. (fine) (Not like__)
Of Thee I Sing
(from "Of Thee I Sing")

George Gershwin
Ira Gershwin

Freely
(Verse)

From the Island of Manhattan to the Coast of Gold, From North to

South, From East to West, You are the love I love the best.

You’re the dream girl of the sweetest story ever told, A dream I’ve

sought, Both night and day For years through all the U. S. A. The star I’ve

hitched my wagon to Is very obviously you.

Of thee I sing, baby,

Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring, baby!

* Also performed Medium or Up Tempo.
C Maj 7 E7(b9) Amin7 (Ami9 D7 G6)

You're my silver lining. You're my sky of blue.

(Emi7 Cmin7 Eb G6 D7 G B Bbm6 D7 A G7)

Ami7(b5) D7(b9) Gmaj7 Amin7 Dmin7 G7

There's a love light shining. Just because of you.

B C Maj 7 (Gb9(b5)) C7(b5) Fmaj7 Dmin7 G7

Of thee I sing, baby.

C Maj 7 (Gb9(b5)) Gmin7 C7 F6 Bmin7(b5) E7

You have got that certain thing, baby!

(Amin7 Eb Ami7 C7 C#7 Dmin7 E7 F6 Dmin7 Ami7 Eb Ami7 C7 C#7 Dmin7 E7 F6 F7)

Ami6 Dmin7 Ami6 Dmin7 Ami7 (D#7)

Shining star and inspiration, Worthy of a mighty nation,

(C6 E7 Ami7)

Cmin7 A7 Dmin7 G7 C6 (Dmin7 G7)

Of thee I sing.

(fine) Solo on AB

After solos, D.S. al fine
Oh, Lady Be Good
(from "Lady, Be Good")

George Gershwin
Ira Gershwin

Listen to my tale of woe, It's terribly sad, but true.
Auburn and brunette and blond, I love 'em all, tall or small.

All dressed up, no place to go, Each evening I'm awfully blue.
But somehow they don't grow fond, They stagger but never fall.

I must win some winsome miss. Can't go on like this.
Winter's gone, and now it's Spring. Love, where is thy sting?

I could blossom out, I know, With somebody just like you, so,
If somebody won't respond I'm going to end it all, so,

Oh, sweet and lovely lady, be good.
Oh, lady, be good to me!

I am so awfully misunderstood, So
lady, be good to me.
Oh, please have some pity,
This is tulip weather.

I'm all alone in this big city,
So let's put two and two together.

I'm just a lonesome babe in the wood,
So lady be good to me.

Solo on ABC

After solos, D.S. al fine
(The Old Man From)
The Old Country

Medium or Ballad

Nat Adderley
Curtis R. Lewis

Hey, you old man sit-tin' by the lonesome road,
You ain't sired no chil-lun, ain't none by your side,

It's 'bout time you're quit-tin' life's old tire-some load.
You left all your wo-men. Ain't you sat-is-fied?

You're so sad and lone-ly, got no fam-i-ly.
Don't just sit there cling-in' to a mem-oir-y

Just an old man from some old coun-try.
Of a love left in some old coun-try.

3rd verse: (Out chorus)

Don't nobody need you, old man,
'Cause nobody calls your name.
Nobody even whispers.
What a dog-gone shame.
So the cold grim reaper
Has no sympathy.
You won't see your homeland
'Cept through me.
Ev’ry one knows him as Old Folks,
Like he’ll come and he’ll go,
Always know where to find Old Folks,
When there’s some little chore he can do.

Just as free as a bird and as good as his word, that’s
at the old liv’ry stable, when ever he’s able,

Why ev’ry body loves him so,
Always leavin’ his spoon in his
pitch-in’ the shoes with lawd knows who,
Then he meets the late train at the

Coffee, puts his napkin up under his chin,
And that
Station sits and whit-tes when it’s over due.
While they’re

Yellow cob pipe, it’s so mel-low it’s ripe, but,
you needn’t be ashamed of him.
Sort-in’ the mail, ev’ry night without fail he’s sneak-in’ a little nip or two.

In the evening, after supper, what
Ev’ry Friday he’ll go fishin’ way

Stories he would tell: How he held the speech at Get-tys-burg for
down on Buz-zards Lake. But he only hooks a perch or two. A
Lincoln that day, I know that one so well, Don’t
whale got a way, So we warm up the steak, Oh,
quite understand about Old Folks. Did he fight for the blue or the gray?
some day there’ll be no more Old Folks. What a lonely old town this will be.

For he’s so diplomatic and so democratic,
Children’s voices at play will be stilled for a day, the
Seems that I’ve heard some mention, he lives on a pension,

we always let him have his way, We
day that they take Old Folks away, he’ll never come right out and say.

Solo on ABC

After solos, D.C. al Last ending
On a clear day, Rise and look around you, And you'll
see who you are. On a clear day,

How it will astound you, That the glow of your being out-
shines every star. You feel part of every

mountain, sea and shore. You can hear, from far and near, a world you've
never heard before. And on a clear day, On that

clear day, You can see forever and ever-

er - more. (On a) ever and ever and
*Jazz performers most often play and sing as in chart.
Originally written

moun-tain, see and shore. and nev-er heard be-fore.
On A Misty Night

Tadd Dameron

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Go back to letter D for more solos (DDEF)
After solos, D.S. al fine
(or take optional Coda)

The bridge (letter B) is often played with variations (or ad lib.).
One Hundred Ways

Medium Pop Ballad (L = 84)

( Intro ) Ebm( add 9 )
(light drums)

CMi9

F9(#11)

Bbm13 Sus
Bbm6
Bbm13 Sus
Bb7(#9)

p (el. piano)

Cbm10

A9(5)

AbMA9

G7(#5)

EF(add 9)

(with sustained chords)

CMi9

F9(#11)

Bbm13 Sus
Bbm6
Bbm13 Sus
Bb7(#9)

(el. pn.)

Dedicate... vi - o - lins she loves.

let them play.

her fav'rite song

and hold her closer

all night long.

Love her to - day;

find one hun - dred ways.

Don't forget...

there could be

an old lover in her mem - o - ry.

If you

need her so much more,

why don't you say?

May - be she has

Amanda Wakefield
Benjamin Wright
Tony Coleman

Ask her to stay; find one hundred ways.

Take the time to open up your heart. That's the secret of romance.

Sacrifice, if you care; buy her some moon-light to wear. If it's one more star she wants, go all the way. (vocal on D.S.) In your arms tonight.

She'll reflect that she owes you the sweetest of debts. If she wants to pay, find one hundred ways.

You better believe it, whoa. Love her today; find one hundred ways.

On the original recording the D.S. is only back to letter F. The instrumental solo is 7 bars, with the vocal entering at the pickups to letter G.
(Our) Love Is Here To Stay
(from "The Goldwyn Follies")

Freely
Verse

The more I read the papers The less I comprehend The world and all its capers And how it all will end. Nothing seems to be lasting, But that isn't our affair. We've got something permanent, I mean in the way we care.

Medium

It's very clear Our love is here to stay, Not for a year, But ever and a day.


The radio and the telephone and the movies that we

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know May just be passing fancies, And in time may go.

But, oh my dear, Our love is here to stay.

Together we're going a long, long way.

In time the Rockies may crumble, Gibraltar may tumble,

They're only made of clay, But our love is

here to stay. (fine) It's very

Solo on AB

After solos, D.S. al fine
People Make The World Go 'Round

Thom Bell
Linda Creed
(as performed by the Stylistics)

Med. Slow R & B
(dr. tacet)

N.C. (E_Mi)

(add dr.)

Trash man didn’t get my trash today.
Wall Street los’-in’ dough on ev’ry share.
Why? Because they want more
Blam-in’ it on longer

E_Mi (marimba)

Pay.
Hair.

Bus-e’s on strike, want a raise in fare,
Big men smok-in’ in their eas-y chair

E_Mi

They can help pol-lute the
Fat ci-gar with-out a

D_Mi A_Mi E_Mi

But

D_Mi A_Mi E_Mi

That’s what makes the world go round,

A_Mi B_Mi A_Mi G F_Ma

(sample bs.)
Changing people’s heads around. Go underground, young man

People make the world go 'round.

(Primary solo)

Optional solos

On AB

(2nd x)

(But)

D.S. al Coda

Vamp & fade

(Flagelhorns, letter A, 2nd x)
Piano In The Dark  Brenda Russell, Jeff Hull
and Scott Cutler
(as performed by Brenda Russell)

Medium Pop Ballad

[Intro]  F MI  Eb  C MI  Eb  A/C  Db  Eb  (2nd x)  Ab/C

(mf (synth, 8va b.))

2. (Eb)  F MI  C MI  Eb  C MI  Bb  F MI (add 9)  F MI  C MI  Eb  C MI  Bb

mf When I find myself watchin' the time, I never think about all the funny things you've said;

BbMI  Db  Ab/C  BbMI  Db  Eb

I feel like it's dead. Where is it leading me now?

A  F MI (add 9)  F MI  C MI  Eb  C MI  Bb

mf I turn around in the still of the room,

He holds me close like a beat of a heart.

B  F MI (add 9)  F MI  C MI  Eb  C MI  Bb

knowing this is when I'm gonna make my move. Can't

He plays a melody born to tear me all apart. The

C  C7(#5)  cresc.  Bb/D  C  E

wait any longer and I'm feeling stronger. But oh,

A/C  C  F MI (add 9)  F SUS/Bb  F C

just as I walk to the door I can feel your emotion there.

F  F  F (add 9)  F SUS/Bb  F/C  Bb  D

It's pulling me back, back to love you.
Oh, no, caught up in the middle I cry just a little when

I think of letting go. Oh, no, gave up on the riddle, I cry

just a little when he plays piano in the dark.

he plays piano in the dark.

Oh, the silence is broken and no words are spoken. But oh,

(D.S. to Coda)

Oh, no, caught up in the middle I cry just a little when

I think of letting go. Oh, no, gave up on the riddle I cry

just a little. I cry, I cry just a little when he plays piano in the dark.

(Vamp till cue)
Pick up the pieces, uh huh. Pick up the pieces, uh huh. Pick up the pieces, uh huh. Pick up the pieces.

(Solo, etc.)

(Optional repeat to letter G for more solos)

Pick up the pieces.
Pick Up The Pieces (Rhythm Section)

Medium Rock

(lead gtr. loco)

(bass) (dr. play time)

(lead gtr.) (rhythm gtr. play 16ths)

(off time)

(etc.)

(etc.)
Pick up the pieces, uh huh. Pick up the pieces, uh huh. Pick up the pieces.

Pick up the pieces, uh huh. Pick up the pieces, uh huh. Pick up the pieces.

D.S. al Coda
Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone

Sidney Clare, Sam H. Stept & Bee Palmer

Years we've been together, seems we can't get along.
Just before our parting, something I want to say.

No matter what I do, it don't appeal to you.
I'm really sorry now, for ev'ry broken vow.

Makes no difference whether I am right or I'm wrong,
Sweetheart, now you're starting on your own little way,

If we can't be sweethearts, this much you can do:
One thing please remember, in your mind some how.

Please don't talk about me when I'm gone.
Oh, honey,

though our friendship ceases from now on.
And, listen,

if you can't say anything real nice, it's better
not to talk at all, is my advice.

We're parting,
you go your way, I'll go mine, it's best that we do.

Here's a kiss! I hope that this brings lots of luck to you.

Makes no diff'rence how I carry on, remember,

please don't talk about me when I'm gone. (fine) Solo on ABC

After solos D.S. al fine
Put On A Happy Face
(from "Bye Bye Birdie")

Music by Charles Strouse
Lyric by Lee Adams

Gray skies are gonna clear up, Put on a happy face.

Brush off the clouds and cheer up, Put on a happy face.

Take off that gloomy mask of tragedy, It's not your style.

You'll look so good that you'll be glad you decided to smile.

Pick out a pleasant outlook, Stick out that noble chin.

Wipe off that "full of doubt" look, Slap on a happy grin. And

spread sunshine all over the place, Just

put on a happy face.
Real Love

Michael McDonald
Patrick Henderson
(As performed by the Doobie Brothers)

Darlin’ I know I’m just another head on your pillow. If only just to

night, girl, let me hear you lie just a little. Tell me I’m the

on - ly man that you ever really loved. Hon - ey, take me

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back in my memory, place where it was all very right,
so very nice.

C pedal

(chorus, 8va b.)

nice, so very nice.

(bass)

(bass etc.)

Here, darlin', stands another bandit wanting you.

In and out your

life

they come and they go.

Your days and nights like a

wheel that turns, grindin' down a secret part of you, deep inside your

heart, that nobody knows.

When you say, "Com-
When you say, "Come..."

just one minute of real love,

real love, real love.

Real love, real love. (Vamp & fade)

Sample bass:

A: D\(_7\) D\(_7\) B\(_b\)\(^7\) B\(_b\)\(^6\) B\(_b\)\(^7\) A\(^7\) (etc.)

B: (B\(_b\)) (etc.) F\(^6\)\(^9\) F\(^6\) C\(_8\)\(^9\) (etc.)

C pedal:

D: G\(_B\)\(^7\) G\(_B\)\(^7\) C\(_9\)\(^07\) D\(_7\) C\(_8\)\(^9\) D\(_7\) F\(^9\)\(^07\) G\(_B\)\(^7\) (etc.)
Red Clay
(aka "On The Red Clay")

Music by Freddie Hubbard
Lyric by Mark Murphy

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Mark Murphy’s lyric to “On The Red Clay”:

Screen door slappin’ somewhere on the side porch,
A sleepy mornin’ way out in the boondocks,
Stories are bein’ told on the red clay.

Red clay’s where we came from to begin with
And where we’re goin’ when time comes for splitten’.
Sounds are bein’ dug on the red clay.

Movin’, always groovin’.
Mornin’, midnight, sleep tight.

Someone’s playin’ somethin’ on the back step.
The happy faces look out of the windows.
Always is somethin’ good on the red clay.
Rockin' In Rhythm

Medium Bright

(Intro) B²

E⁹ — A⁹ — D⁹ — G⁹ — C⁹ — N.C.

(pn. top note of chords)

(Optional: all C⁶ until letter D)

A C⁶ — E — F⁶ — F♯⁰ C⁶ — A⁷ — D⁷ — G⁷

B C⁶ — E — F⁶ — F♯⁰ C⁶ — A⁷ — D⁷ — G⁷

C C⁶ — E — F⁶ — F♯⁰ C⁶ — A⁷ — D⁷ — G⁷

(sample bs.)

D Solo (see notes at end)

8va b.

(C⁶)

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Solos (can be all on C6 chord or a C blues)

C6 (E) F6 F#7 C6 G Am7 D7 G7) C6 (E)

(F6 F#7) (C6 G Am7 G7 D C6)

D.S. al Coda (with all repeats)

Optional melody, lst 2 x's of letter D

Intro & letter E as played by Ellington
'Round Midnight

Music by Thelonious Monk
& Cootie Williams
Lyric by Bernie Hanighen

Ballad
(Optional ad lib)

'A

D
C

F

Bb

E

It begins to tell 'round mid-night, 'round mid-night,
I do pret-ty well till
after sun-down,
Sup-per-time I'm feel-ing sad,
But it
really gets bad 'round mid-night.
Mem'ries al-ways start 'round
mid-night, 'round mid-night.
Have'n't got the heart to stand those mem'ries,
when my heart is still with you,
and old mid-night knows it too. When some
quar-rel we've had needs mend-ing, does it mean that our love is

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(Optional ad lib. to end)

F#M7  B7 #9  F#M7  B7 #9

round. Just let our love take wing, and let the angels sing your return.

Please let our love be safe and sound when old

FMI 7 #5  Bb13 #9

Freely

There are many different versions of this tune. The Intro, Interlude and “Last x” ending are optional.
'S Wonderful
(from "Funny Face")

Medium or Up Tempo *

He: Life has just begun.
She: Don't mind telling you,

Don't know what you've done,
That you thrill me through

How can words express
When you said you care,

You can never guess
I swore then and there

From now one lady I insist,
You made all other boys seem blah;

For me no other girls exist.
Just you alone fill me with Aah!

(S won - der - ful!)

You should care for me!

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* The verse is sometimes performed freely.
'S awful nice!  'S par a dise!  

'S what I love to see!  You've My  

made my life so gram or ous,  
dear, it's four leaf clo ver time.  

You can't blame me for feel ing am o rous.  Oh!  

From now on my heart's work ing o ver time.  

*S won der ful!  'S mar ve lous!  

* That you should care for me! (fine) Solo on ABC  

After solos, D.S. al fine 

Jazz performers often alter the phrasing like this: 

* The last four bars are most often played as written in the chart. They were originally written as follows: 

That you should care for me!
Sabiá
(Song Of The Sabiá)

Music by Antonio Carlos Jobim
Portuguese Lyric by Chico Buarque
English lyric by Norman Gimbel

Bossa Nova

I'll go back, I know now that
I'll go back, that my place is there, and
there it will always be.

There where I can hear the song of the Sabiá,
the song of the Sabiá I'll go back.

I know now that I'll go back.

I will lie in the shadow of a palm that's no longer there,
And pick a flower that doesn't grow,
And maybe
(Someone's love) will speed the night, the lonely unwanted night that may bring me to the new day.

I'll go back. I know now that I'll go back. They were not in vain. All the plans I made to deceive myself, All the roads I made just to lose myself, All the love I made to forget myself, All mistakes I made just to find myself.

*(Cedar Walton plays this with a jazz feel in 2 (for the head)).

Solo on ABC After solos, D.C. al fine

(Poruguese lyric)

Vou voltar, Sei que ainda, vou voltar. Vou voltar, Sei que ainda, vou voltar. Vou voltar, Sei que ainda, vou voltar. Vou voltar, Sei que ainda, vou voltar.

Não vai ser vão, Que fizeram dela, vou voltar. Não vai ser vão, Que fizeram dela, vou voltar. Não vai ser vão, Que fizeram dela, vou voltar.

Para o meu coração Eu fui, lá, Que cuide de ouvir cantar Para o meu coração Eu fui, lá, Que cuide de ouvir cantar Para o meu coração Eu fui, lá, Que cuide de ouvir cantar

Uma sabia, Cantar uma sabia. As noites que eu não queria Fazem o dia. Fazem o dia.

E alguém amor Talvez, possa esbarlar. As noites que eu não queria Fazem o dia. Fazem o dia.

As noites que eu não queria Fazem o dia. Fazem o dia.

Fine

Fine

Fine
Saving All My Love For You

Music by Michael Masser
Lyric by Gerry Goffin
(as performed by Whitney Houston)

Pop Ballad

A few stolen moments is all that we share.

You've got your family and they need you there. Though I try to resist being

last on your list, but no other man's gonna do, so I'm

saving all my love for you. It's

not very easy living all alone. My friends try and tell me find a

man of my own. But each time I try, I just break down and cry, 'cause I'd

rather be home feelin' blue, so I'm saving all my love for you.

You used to tell me we'd run away together.
love gives you the right to be free. You said: "Be patient, just wait a little longer," but that's just an old fantasy. I've got to get ready, just a few minutes more. Gonna get that old feeling when you (No other woman is walk through that door. 'Cause tonight is the night for feeling all right. We'll be gonna love you more.) making love the whole night through, so I'm saving all my love, yes I'm saving all my love, yes I'm saving all my love for you.

(Optional D.S. al Coda)

Vamp and fade

you. For
Secret Love

Music by Sammy Fain
Lyric by Paul Francis Webster

Freely

(Verse)

No-body knew, not even you, when I first started walking on wings,

but how long can a man or woman ever hope to hide love that’s locked up inside?

Ev’ry story worth the spinning must have a beginning.

Once I had a secret love that lived in the heart of me.

All too soon my secret love came impatient to be free.

So I told a friendly star, the

* Also performed Un Tempo.
way that dreamers often do,

just how wonderful you are

why I'm so in love with you.

Now I shout it from the highest hills,
even told the golden daffodils.

last my heart's an open door, and

my secret love's no secret any more.

The last 4 bars (plus the pick-up) are sometimes played or sung as follows:

Bars 1-14 and 17-28 of letter A are often played over a B-flat pedal.
September In The Rain  
(from "Gold Diggers of 1935")  

Freely (Verse)  
$E_b M_a^7$ $C_m^7$ $F_m^7$ $B_b^7(q)$ $C_m^7$ $F^9$  

My day dreams lie buried in autumn leaves, They're covered with autumn rain.  

$B_b^9$ $B_b^7(q)$ $E_b M_a^7$ $G_m^7$ $G_b m_i^7$ $F_m^7$ $B_b^9$ $B_b^7(q)$ $B_b^7(q)$ $E_b m_a^7$ $B_b^{13}$  

The time is sweet September, the place, a shady lane,  

$E_b m_a^7$ $C_m^7$ $F_m^7$ $B_b^7(q)$ $C_m^7$ $F^9$ $B_b^9$ $B_b^9$ $B_b^7$  

I'm riding the wings of an autumn breeze, Back to my memories.  

(Medium) [A]  
$B_b^7 S$ $E_b^6$ $B_b^9$ $E_b^9$ $A_b^6$  

The leaves of brown came tumbling down, remember? In September in the rain.  

$D_b^9$ $F_m^7$ $B_b^7(q)$ $(G^7(5))$ $E_b^6$ $C^7(5)$ $F_m^7$ $B_b^7(q)$  

The sun went out just like a dying ember, That September in the rain.  

$D_b^9$ $F_m^7$ $B_b^7(q)$ $E_b^6$  

To  

$B_b m_i^7$ $E_b^7$ $B_b m_i^7$ $E_b^7$ $A_b^6$  

ev'ry world of love I heard you whisper, the
Though raindrops seemed to play a sweet refrain.

Spring is here to me it’s still September, That September, in the rain.

Solo on ABC (fine) After solos, D.S. al fine

Alternate chords for letter A, bars 1-2 & 9-10, and letter C, bars 1-2:
Serenade In Blue
(from "Orchestra Wives")

Music by Harry Warren
Lyric by Mack Gordon

Slow and Bluesy

A

E♭ MA♭7
(F♭9)
GMI♭7♭9(C♭7♭9)
F9
B♭7♭9

When I hear that Serenade In Blue, I'm some-where in an oth-er world, a-

GMI♭7
F♯MI♭7(B♭9)
FMI♭7
B♭9 Sus/Ab

lone with you shar-ing all the joys we used to know, man-y

(FMI♭7)
B♭7♭9
GMI♭7
G♭9
FMI♭7
E♭9

moons a-go. Once a-again your face comes back to me, just

F9
B♭7♭9
GMI♭7
F♯MI♭7(B♭9)
FMI♭7
B♭9 Sus/Ab

like the theme of some for-got-ten mel-o-dy, in the al-bum of my mem-

(DMI♭7)
G♭9♯4
G♭7♭9
C♭7♭9

ory, Serenade In Blue. It

B

A♭6
A♭MI♭6
A♭MI♭7
A♭MI♭6

seems like on-ly yes-ter-day, a small ca-fe, a crowd-ed floor, and

(E♭MI♭9)
B♭7♭9
(E♭MI♭9)

as we dance the night a-way, I hear you say, For-ev-er more. And

F♭7
GMI♭7
A♭6
F♭7

then the song be-came a sigh, For-ev-er more be-came good-bye, but

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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 Serenade In Blue?

Originally written:  

\[
\begin{align*}
Eb^7 & \quad (Ab^9) & \quad GMI^7(5) & \quad C^7(5) & \quad F^9(11) & \quad Bb^7(5) \\
& & & & & \\
& & & & & \\
& & & & & \\
& & & & & \\
& & & & & \\
& & & & & \\
& & & & & \\
& & & & & \\
& & & & & \\
\end{align*}
\]
Medium Groove

Shiny Stockings

Music by Frank Foster
Lyric by Ella Fitzgerald

She: Those sil-ky shin-ny stock-ings that I wear when I'm with you, I
He: Those sil-ky shin-ny stock-ings that you wear when I'm with you, You
wear 'cause you told me that you dig that cra-zy hue. Do
wear 'cause I told you that I dig that cra-zy hue. When
we think of ro-man-cy When we go to a dance? Oh, no,
we go to a dance Do I think of ro-man-cy? No, all
__ You take a glance at those shin-ny silk stock-ings.
__ I do is glance at those shin-ny silk stock-ings.

Then came a-long some chick with great big stock-ings too. When
Then came a-long some guy who dug your stock-ings too. When
you changed your mind a-bout me; why I nev-er knew. I
you changed your mind a-bout me; why I nev-er knew. I

guess I'll have to find a new, a new kind; A
guess I'll have to find a new, a new kind; A

Guy who digs my shin-ny stock-ings too. After solos, go on
Gal who wears those shin-ny stock-ings too. or D.C. al Coda

In Ella Fitzgerald's version the 1st ending of letter D is omitted. The D.S. al Coda is taken.
Since I Fell For You

Bluesy Ballad or Freely*

Verse

\( E^\flat_{MA} \) \( C^\flat_{MI} \) \( F_{MI}^7 \) \( B^\flat^9 \) \( E^\flat_{MA} \) \( C^\flat_{MI} \) \( F_{MI}^9 \) \( B^\flat^9 \)

When you just give love and nev-er get love, You’d bet-ter let love de-part.

\( B^\flat_{MI} \) \( E^\flat^3 \) \( A^b_{MA}^9 \) \( D^\flat^9 \) \( C^\flat^9 \) \( B^\flat^9 \) \( E^\flat^3 \) \( C^\flat^9 \)

I know it’s so and yet I know I can’t get you out of my heart.

\( C^\flat (7(+9)) \)

(C\( ^7(09) \))

\( A^b_{MA}^7 \) \( C^\flat_{MI}^7 \) \( F_{MI}^7 \) \( B^\flat^7 (5\sharp) \) \( E^\flat_{MA}^7 \) \( C^\flat_{MI}^7 \) \( (C^7(09)) \)

You made me leave my hap-py home,

\( F_{MI}^7 \) \( B^\flat^9 \) \( (A^9) \) \( A^b^9 \) \( G^b^9 \) \( F^7 \) \( B^\flat^9 \) \( E^\flat^3 \) \( C^\flat^9 \)

You took my love and now you’re gone Since I fell for you.

\( E^\flat_{MA}^7 \) \( C^\flat_{MI}^7 \) \( F_{MI}^7 \) \( B^\flat^9 \) \( (A^9) \) \( A^b^9 \) \( G^b^9 \)

Love brings such mis-er-y and pain.

\( F^7 \) \( B^\flat^9 \) \( E^\flat^6 \) \( G^b^7 \) \( A^7 \) \( E^\flat^6 \) \( B^\flat^9 \) \( B^\flat^9 \) \( E^\flat^7 \) \( B^\flat^9 \) \( E^\flat^7 \) \( B^\flat^9 \) \( E^\flat^7 \)

Since I fell for you.

\( E^\flat_{MI}^7 \) \( A^b^7 \) \( E^\flat_{MI}^7 \) \( A^b^7 \) \( E^\flat_{MA}^7 \) \( C^\flat_{MI}^7 \) \( B^\flat^9 \)

It’s too bad, it’s too sad But I’m in love with you.

\( A^b^9 \) \( D^b^9 \) \( E^\flat^7 \) \( E^\flat^7 \) \( B^\flat^9 \) \( E^\flat^7 \)

You
love me then snub me, Oh, what can I do? I'm still in love with you.

I guess I'll never see the light.

I get the blues most every night Since I fell for you.

Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine

* Often performed in 12/8 with many embellishments:

You made me leave my happy home.

You took my love and now you're gone Since I fell for you.
Slow Hot Wind

Music by Henry Mancini
Lyric by Norman Gimbel

His/her gaze swept over me like a slow hot wind. Some days it's too warm to fight a slow hot wind.

There in the shade, like a cool drink waiting, he/she sat with slow fire in his/her eyes, just waiting.

Some days it's too warm to fight a slow hot wind.
So In Love
(from "Kiss Me Kate")

Medium* (F₈ M₈ (⁵⁵) F₈ (⁵⁵))

F₈ (₉ add) G₈ (⁵⁵) C₉ (⁵⁵) F₈ ⁶/₉

F₈ (⁵⁵) (F₈ (⁵⁵))

Strange, dear, but true, dear, When I'm close to you, dear, The stars fill the sky, So in love with you am I.

Even with out you, my arms fold about you. You know, darling, why, So in love with you am I.

In love with the night mysterious, The night when you first were there, In love with my joy de-

lirious When I knew that you could care. So

*Also performed as a Samba or Bossa Nova

So Nice (Summer Samba)  
(Samba De Verão)

Medium Bossa Nova

Some-one to hold me tight, that would be ve-ry nice. Some-one to love me right,

that would be ve-ry nice. Some-one to un-der-stand each lit-tle dream in me,

some-one to take my hand, to be a team with me. So nice,

life would be so nice if one day I'd find

some-one who would take my hand and samba thru life with me.

Some-one to cling to me, stay with me right or wrong, some-one to sing to me

some lit-tle sam-ba song. Some-one to take my heart, then give his heart to me.

Some-one who's read-y to give love a start with me. Oh yes,
that would be so nice.

Should it be you and me,

I could see that would be nice.
Softly, As In A Morning Sunrise
(from "New Moon")

Music by Sigmund Romberg
Lyric by Oscar Hammerstein II

Love came to me, gay and tender, Love came to me, sweet surrender;
Love came to me In bright romantic splendor.

Fickle was she, faithful never; Fickle was she and clever,

So will it be forever, forever,

Softly as in a morning sunrise, The light of love comes

stealing Into a new-born day, oh!

Flaming with all the glow of sunrise, A burning kiss is

sealing The vow that all betray. For the passions that
thrill love And lift you high to heaven, Are the passions that

kill love And let you fall to hell! So ends each story.

Softly, as in an evening sunset, The light that gave you

glory Will take it all away. (fine) Solo on ABC

* Originally a Tango

After solos, D.S. al fine

The 2 bar repeated progression could be

A C_Mi 6 9 E_b7(e9) D_T(#9) G_T(b9) 2 (etc.)
Some Other Time

Music by Leonard Bernstein
Lyric by Betty Comden & Adolph Green
(As played by Bill Evans)

Freely

Verse

Twent-y-four hours can go so fast, you look a-round, the day has passed.

C Gm7 C Gm7 C Gm7 C Gm7

When you’re in love time is pre-cious stuff; Even a life-time is n’ t e-nough!

A

Ballad

(Solos: Cm7 C9 sus Fma9 Fmi69)

Where has the time all gone to? Have-n’t done half the things we want to.

Cm7 Gsus Cm7 Gsus Cm7 G9sus

Oh, well, we’ll catch up some oth-er time.

Cm7 Gsus Cm7 Gsus Cm7 G9sus

This day was just a to-ken, Too man-y words are still un-spo-ken.

Em7 A7(b9) Dm7 G9sus Cm7 G9sus Cm7 G9sus

Oh, well, we’ll catch up some oth-er time.

B

Abmaj7 Eb9 sus Eb7(b9) Abmaj7 Eb9 sus Eb7(b9) Abmaj7 Eb9 sus Eb7(b9)

Just when the fun is start-ing, comes the time for part-ing.

Abmaj7 Eb9 sus G7(b9) Cm7 E7(#5) Amaj7 A7(#5) Ab9(#11)

But let’s be glad for what we’ve had and what’s to come.

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There's so much more embracing still to be done, but time is racing.

Oh, well, we'll catch up some other time.

Solo on ABC

* Bill Evans did not play the verse. He played a 4 bar Intro:

Ballad
(Intro) (w/ ad lib above)

(to letter A)
When this world began It was Heaven's plan,

There should be a girl for every single man.

To my great regret, Someone has upset

Heaven's pretty program for we've never met. I'm clutching at straws, just because I may meet her yet.

Somebody loves me, I wonder who,

I wonder who she can be.

Somebody loves me, I wish I knew,
Who she can be worries me. For every
girl that passes me I shout, "Hey, may be,
You were meant to be my loving baby."

Somebody loves me, I wonder who.

May be it's you. (fine) Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine

Bars 1-2 and 9-10 of letter A and bars 1-2 of letter C are most often performed by jazz musicians as in the main chart. They were originally written as follows:
Someone To Watch Over Me
(from "Oh, Kay")
George Gershwin
Ira Gershwin

There's a saying old, says that love is blind,
Still we're often told, "Seek and
Look-ing ev'ry-where, Have-n't found him yet.
He's the big af-fair I can-
ye shall find."
So I'm going to seek a cer-tain lad I've
not for-get.
Only man I ev-er Think of with re-
had in mind.
great.

I'd like to add his in-i-tial to my mon-o-gram.

Tell me, where is the shep-herd for this lost lamb.

There's some-bod-y I'm long-ing to see.
I hope that he

Turns out to be

Someone who'll watch o-ver

me.

I'm a lit-tle lamb who's
lost in the wood. I know I could Always be good

To one who'll watch over me. Although he

may not be the man some girls think of as

dapper, To my heart he carries the key.

Won't you tell him please to put on some speed,

Follow my lead, Oh, how I need Someone to

watch over me.

Solo on ABC

After solos, D.S. al fine

Optional chords at bridge (letter B), bars 1-4:

This was originally a Medium (or Up) Tempo tune.
Traditionally it is more often performed as a Ballad, often with even eighth notes.
Something To Talk About

Shirley Eikhard

As performed by Bonnie Raitt

Med. Country Rock

Ab E♭(omit3) Ab E♭(omit3)

(bkgr. vocals) Ooh, ooh, ooh,

(All Rhythm in) Ab E♭ (Ab Eb Ab Eb) FMI G♭(add9) Db E Ab

Peo-ple are talk-in', talk-in' bout peo-ple. I hear them whis-ter,
I feel so fool-ish, I nev-er no-ticed you'd act so ner-vous.

Ab (Db Ab) Ab (Db Ab) (Gb Db) Ab (Gb Db)

You won't be-lieve it. They think we're lov-ers kept un-der-co-ver
Could you be fall-in' for me? It took a ru-mor to make me won-der

Ab (Db Ab) Ab (Db Ab) [B] FMI7

I'll just ig-nore it, but they keep say-in' we laugh just a lit-tle too loud,
Now I'm con-vinced I'm go-in' un-der. Think-in' 'bout you ev-er-y day,

Gb(add9) FMI7 G♭(add9) B

stand just a lit-tle too close. We stare just a lit-tle too long.
dream-in' 'bout you ev-ery night. I'm hop-in' that you feel the same way.

E E♭ crescendo E♭(omit3)

May-be they're see-in' some-thin we don't, dar-lin'.
Now that we know it, let's real-ly show it, dar-lin'.

C Ab7 Eb7 (Ab Eb Ab Eb) Ab7 Eb7 (Ab Eb Ab Eb)

Let's give 'em some-thing to talk a-bout.
Let's give 'em some-thing to talk a-bout.
Let's give 'em some-thing to talk a-bout.

A lit-tle mys-t'y to fig-ure out.
Let's give 'em something to talk about: How about love?

Let's give 'em something to talk about, baby;
A little mystery to figure out.

Let's give 'em something to talk about; How about love?
Sometimes I'm Happy
(from "Hit The Deck")

Music by Vincent Youmans
Lyric by Irving Caesar

Medium
Verse) F₇ M₇ C₇ F₇ M₇ G₉

He: Ev'ry day seems like
He: Stars smiling at me from

C₇ (F₇ M₇ D₇(f₉)) G₇ M₇ C₇

a year, Sweet heart,
your eyes, beams

F₇ M₇ F₆ G₇ M₇ C₇ F₉ M₇ C₇

when now you are not near.
you are not in the skies.

B₆(b₉) A₇ B₆(b₉) E₇(b₉)

She: All that you claim must be true, For I'm just the same as
He: Tell me that you will be true! She: That will all depend on

D₇ M₇ G₇ M₇ C₇ Sus C₇

rall. you, dear.

Medium or Ballad
(S M₇ F₆ F₇ B₉)

S A F₆ D₇(b₉) G₇ M₇ C₇(b₉) F₆ D₇(b₉) G₇ M₇ C₇(b₉)

Some-times I'm happy, Some-times I'm blue.

F₆ F₆ G₇ M₇ C₇(b₉) F₆ D₇(b₉) G₇ M₇ C₇(b₉)

My disposition depends on you.

(F₆) F₆ C₇(b₉) B₆ M₇(b₉) E₇(b₉)

I never mind the rain from the skies,
If I can find the sun in your eyes,

Sometimes I love you, Sometimes I hate you,

But when I hate you, It's 'cause I love you.

That's how I am so what can I do?

I'm happy when I'm with you. Solo on AB (fine) After solos, D.S. al fine

* Originally written: Letter A, bars 11-12 and letter B, bars 11-12;

** Originally written: Letter A, bars 14-16;
A Song For You

Pop Ballad

Leon Russell

I've been so many places in my life and time. I've sung a lot of songs. I've made some bad rhyme. I've acted out my love on stages with ten thousand people watching,

but we're alone now and I'm singin' this song for you.

I know your image of me is what I hope to be.

I've treated you unkindly but darlin', can't you see there's no one more important to me? Darlin', can't you please see through me?

'Cause we're alone now and I'm singin' this song to you. You taught me precious secrets of a truth witholding nothing.

You came out in front and I was hid-ing.

But now I'm so much bet-ter and

if my words don't come to-geth-er, listen to the mel-o-dy, 'cause my love is in there hid-ing.

I love you in a place where there's no space and time.

I love you for my life, you are a friend of mine.

And when my life is o-ver, re-mem-ber when we were to-geth-er.

We were a-lone and I was sing-in' this song to you. Solo on ABC (for) After solos, D.C. al Tag

we were a-lone and I was sing-in' this song for you. my song.

sing-in' this song for you. ritard.

*Leon Russell inserts 2 bars before going on to letter C.
Soon
(from "Strike Up The Band")

Fa ma ke ing up for all the years that I wait ed, I'm com pen sat ed at last.

My heart is through with shirk ing, dear, through you it's work ing fast.

The man y lone ly nights and days when this duf fer just had to suffer are past.

She: Life will be a dream song, love will be the theme song.

He: Soon the lone ly nights will be ended,

She: Soon, my dear, you'll nev er be lone ly,

Soon, two hearts as one will be blend ed,

Soon, you'll find I live for you on ly.

I've found the hap pi ness I've wait ed for;

When I'm with you who cares what time it is,

The on ly girl that I was fat ed for. Oh,

Or what the place or what the cli mate is? Oh,
soon a little cottage will find us
soon our little ship will come sailing

safe with all our cares far behind us.
home through every storm, never failing.

The day you're mine this world will be in tune.

Let's make that day come soon.

*S Originally

Solo on AB After solos, D.S. al fine
Soul Man

Isaac Hayes
David Porter

(As performed by Sam & Dave)

Medium Soul Rock

(Intro) (gtr. 8va)

(G) (tamborine/bs. dr.)

(F) (etc.)

(Bb) (C) (D)

(G) (pn. plus 8va b.)

1. Com-in'

(bass)

(etc.)

1. to you

on a dust-y road.

Good lov-in',

I got a

truck-load.

And when you get it

you got some-thin',

So,

'tcause

ev-ry day.

So, ho-ney,

don't you fret,

fore I could eat.

I was ed-u-ca-ted

at Wood-stock.

When

don't you aint seen

'cause I'm comin'.

I start lov-in'

noth-in' yet.

I can't stop.

I'm a soul man.

I'm a soul man.

I'm a soul man.
soul man.

(C) 2. Got N.C.

(C) 3. I was N.C.

(C) Grab a rope...(dr. fill) (etc.)

pull you in, give you hope and be your only boy-friend, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Ab bass

Gb

B

Db bass

Eb bass

I'm talkin' a-bout a

(Ad lib vocal)

Vamp & fade

(A) soul man.

I'm a soul man. I'm a

Sample bass

G

G Am G

(etc.)

(G)

A (2nd & 3rd x's)

(1st x)

B

(each x)

F

G

(2nd)

(C) (opt. solos)

(D) [3]

(C) (D) C

mf crescendo

(4)

(Vamp & fade)
Stormy Weather  
(Keeps Raining All The Time)  
(Music by Harold Arlen)  
(Lyric by Ted Koehler)  
(from "Cotton Club Parade - 22nd Edition")

Don’t know why there’s no sun up in the sky, Storm-y Weather,
Since my man and I ain’t together, keeps rainin’ all the time.
Life is bare, gloom and mis’ry every where, Storm-y Weather,
Just can’t get my poor self together.
I’m wearin’ all the time, (all) the time.
Since he went away the blues walked in and met me.  
If he stays a-way old rockin’ chair will get me.  
All I do is pray the Lord above will let me walk in the sun once more.

Weather, Since my man and I ain’t together keeps rainin’ all the time. (fine)

Solo on ABC
After solos, D.C. al fine
(Optional interlude)

I walk around, heavy hearted and sad. Night comes around and I’m still feelin’ bad. Rain pourin’ down, blindin’ ev’ry hope I had. This pitterin’ pitterin’ beatin’ and splatterin’ drives me mad. Love, love, love, love, this misery is just too much for me. Can’t go

D.S. (letter C) al fine

* Originally written with a 2-bar extension before letter B (as follows):

time, So weary all the time.

Originally written:

The Interlude is usually omitted from jazz (and other) versions.
We fought in nineteen seventeen, Rump-ta-tum-tum! And
drove the tyrant from the scene, Rump-ta-tum-tum! We hope there'll be no
other war But if we are forced into one, The flag that we'll be
fighting for Is the Red and White and Blue One! We do not favor
war alarms, Rump-ta-tum-tum! But if we hear the call to arms,
Rump-ta-tum-tum, Rump-ta-tum-tum, Rump-ta-tum-tum!
Let the drums roll out! Let the trumpet call! While the
people shout! Strike up the band! Hear the
Cymbals ring! Call ing one and all To the
mar - tial swing, Strike up the band! There is
work to be done, to be done! There's a war to be won, to be won! Come, you
doo, doo - dle - oo, doo - dle - oo. We'll come through, doo - dle - oo, doo - dle - oo, For the
son of a son of a gun! Take your stand! Fall in
red, white and blue, Doo - dle - oo, Lend a hand! With our
line, yea bo! Come a - long, let's go!
flag un - furled, For a brave, new world!
Hey, lea - der! Strike up the band! (fine)
Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine
1. (D.S.) Stuck on you, I’ve got this feel-in’ down deep in my soul.
2. Stuck on you, Been a fool too long, I guess it’s

that I just can’t lose.

Guess I’m on my way.

Need-ed a friend, And the way I feel now I guess I’ll

So hard to see That a wom-an like you could wait a-

be with you till the end.

Guess I’m on my way,

Might-y glad you stayed.

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Oh, I'm leavin' on that midnight train tomorrow
And I know just where I'm goin'.
I've packed up my troubles and I've thrown them all away,
'Cause this time, little darlin',
I'm comin' home to stay.
D.S. al Coda (1st verse)
(optional solo on entire form)

* Often melody notes (vocal and instrumental) do not fit the basic written chord.
Suite: Judy Blue Eyes

Stephen Stills

(As performed by Crosby, Stills & Nash)

Med. Fast Folk/Rock

It's getting to the point where I'm no fun anymore.

I am sorry. Sometimes it hurts so badly I must cry out loud; I am lonely.

I am yours, you are mine, you are what you are. You make it hard.

Remember what we've said and done and felt about each other. Oh, babe, have mercy.

Don't let the past remind us of what we are not now;

I am not dreaming. I am yours, you are mine, you are what you are.

You make it hard.
away from me now you are free, and I am crying.

This does not mean I don't love you; I do.

That's forever, yes, and for always. I am yours,

you are mine, you are what you are. You make it

hard. Something inside is telling me that I've

got your secret, are you still listening?

Fear is the lock and laughter the key to your heart,

and I love you. I am yours, you are mine, you are what

you are. You make it hard. And you make it hard.

And you make it hard. And you make it hard.

(Half x feel)

E (omit 3)

(bass)

V.S. (turn page)
Friday evening, Sunday
Tuesday morning,

What have you got to lose?

---
day in the afternoon;
be gone; I’m tired of you;

---
tell it like it is; Listen to me, baby;
It’s my heart;

---
that’s a-suf-frin’; it’s a dy-in’ and that’s what I have to lose.

---
I’ve got an answer;
I’m going to fly away.

---
What have I got to lose?

---
Will you come see me Thursday?
---
days and Saturdays?
What have you got to lose?
Chestnut brown, canary, ruby-throated sparrow, 
Voices of the angels, ring around the moonlight; 
Lacy lilt ing lyric, losing love lamenting; 

1. Sing the song, don’t be long, thrill me to the mar row, 
   (Guitar solo) 
   E (omit 3) (E7) 
   Ask me, said she so free, 
   (Guitar solo) 
   E (omit 3) (E7) 
   “How do you catch the sparrow?” 

2. Change my life, make it right, be my lady, 
   (Gtr. 8va) 
   D E C#M/E D E C#M/E D E C#M/E 
   Decrescendo 

3. With vocal solo 
   A Bm i F#M i D E A Bm i F#M i D E 
   On cue 
   (Intro.) (E) 
   (E) A E D A D A E 
   (Vamp till cue) 

Sample bass:
The summer smiles, the summer knows, And unashamed, she sheds her clothes. The summer smooths the restless sky, And lovingly she warms the sand on which you lie. The summer knows, the summer’s wise, She sees the doubt in your eyes, And so she takes her summer time, Tells the moon to wait and the sun to linger, Twists the world ’round her summer finger, Let’s you see the wonder of it all. And if you’ve learned your lesson well, There’s little more for

Music by Michel Legrand
Lyric by Marilyn Bergman & Alan Bergman
her to tell, One last ca-ress, it's time to dress for fall.
Summer Night

Music by Harry Warren
Lyric by Al Dubin

Why am I so jealous of the moon, jealous of a summer night in June?

Why can they remain beside my darling while I must leave so soon?

Summer night, starry skies, you can see my sweetheart with a thousand eyes. Why have I only two to be held a thousand charms I idolize? Summer night, you've a right to come in her window when the day is through. She tells...

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you all her thoughts, In the fading candle light, Summer night, Oh, how I envy you. (fine) (Summer) Solo on AB

Optional longer ending (each x) (Instrumental versions only)

After solos, D.S. al fine

Solo on AB (optional longer ending each time)

After solos, D.S. al fine

Bars 5 & 6 of letters A and B are often performed

Also performed as a waltz (Ballad or Medium).
Summertime
(from "Porgy and Bess")

George Gershwin
Ira Gershwin
Du Bose & Dorothy Heyward

Medium Ballad (Ami⁷ D⁹) E⁷(#5) A Ami⁷

Sum-mer-time _____ and the liv-in’ is eas-y _____ Fish are
(DMI⁷ G⁷ C⁹ F⁹ E⁹ B⁷(#5) E⁹ E⁷(#9))

jump-in’ _____ and the cot-ton is high, _____ Oh, your
(Ami⁷ D⁹ Ami⁷ D⁹ Ami⁷ D⁹)

dad-dy’s rich, _____ and your ma is good-look-in’, _____ So

hush, lit-tle ba-by, don’t _____ you cry. _____ One of these
(Cma⁷ Ami⁷ Bmi⁷(#5) E⁷(#5) Ami⁶ Bmi⁷(#5) E⁷(#5))

morn-in’s _____ You’re goin’ to rise-up sing-in’, _____ Then you’ll
(DMI⁷ G⁷ C⁹ F⁹ E⁹ B⁷(#5) E⁹ E⁷(#9))

spread your wings _____ and you’ll take the sky. _____ But till that
(Ami⁷ D⁹ Ami⁷ D⁹ Ami⁷ D⁹)

morn-in’ _____ there’s a noth-in’ can harm you _____ With

(Cma⁷ Ami⁷ Bmi⁷(#5) E⁷(#5) Ami⁶ (E⁷(#5)))

Dad-dy and Mammy stand-in’ by.

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Background from Miles Davis’ “Porgy and Bess” recording (originally in B♭):

(Miles’ pick-ups)

\( S \) \( A_{MI}^7 \) \( D_{MI}^7 \) \( (B^7) \)

(bass walks)

\( E^7 \) \( E^7(\#9) \) \( A_{MI}^7 \) \( D^{13}(\#11) \)

1-2.

\( C/G \) \( D^7 \) \( G^7 \) \( A_{MI}^7 \)

3-4.

\( C/G \) \( D^7 \) \( G^7 \) \( A_{MI}^7 \) \( A_{MI}^7 \) \( E^7(\#9) \)

After repeat, D.S. al 1st ending al Coda

Letters A & B, bars 1-4 (and similar places), are sometimes played:

\( A_{MI}^7 \) \( B_{MI}^7 \)
Sunny

Medium Rock

(Gm7 C7 F7 E7)

A Ami7 C7 FMA7 Bmi7 E7

Sun-ny, yes-ter-day my life was filled with rain.
Sun-ny, thank you for the sun-shine bou-quet.

(Gm7 C7 F7 E7)

A Ami7 C7 FMA7 Bmi7 E7

Sun-ny, you smiled at me and real-ly eased the pain.
Sun-ny, thank you for the love you've brought my way.

(Gm7 C7)

A Ami7 C7 FMA7

dark days are done and the bright days are here.
My sun-ny one shines gave to me your all and all.

Bb7 Bmi7 E7

so sin-cere. Sun-ny one so true, I love you.
ten feet tall.

(Ami7 G F9 E7)

On cue

(Ami7 G Dmi7 E7(#5))

you. I love you. I love you.

(Vamp & fade)

Additional verses:
Sunny, thank you for the truth you let me see.
Sunny, thank you for the facts from A to Z.
My life was torn like wind-blown sand,
Then a rock was formed when we held hands.
Sunny one so true, I love you.

Sunny, thank you for that smile upon your face.
Sunny, thank you for that gleam that flows with grace.
You're my spark of nature's fire,
You're my sweet complete desire.
Sunny one so true, I love you.

The melody is also played or sung as follows:

Sure Enough

John Lang, Richard Page
Steve George and Susan George
(As performed by Tom Scott)

Medium Pop

\[\text{Intro} \quad B_{\text{MI}}^7 C_{\text{MI}}^7 (\text{dr. play light time}) \quad B_{\text{MI}}^7 C_{\text{MI}}^7 (\text{B}_{\text{MI}}^7) A_{\text{B}} \]

\[\text{mf} \quad (\text{keys/gtr. top note}) \]

\[\text{S'} \quad A \]

\[\text{mp} \quad \text{We are the same,} \quad \text{we got the right ticket.} \]
\[\text{We are a like} \quad \text{like innocent children.} \]

\[\text{(D.S.) Girl, you've become} \quad \text{for me the real magic.} \]

\[\text{N.C.} \quad (E_{\text{MI}} D B_{\text{MI}} C) \quad (E_{\text{MI}} D B_{\text{MI}} C A_{\text{MI}} B_{\text{MI}}) \]

\[\text{rhythm, upper note 8va} \quad (\text{no repeat}) \quad (\text{on D.S.}) \]

\[\text{You are the flame,} \quad \text{no one will walk in it.} \]
\[\text{We have survived,} \quad \text{so let this love begin.} \]

\[\text{Two hearts are one.} \quad \text{It will be everlasting.} \]

\[\text{N.C.} \quad (E_{\text{MI}} D B_{\text{MI}} C) \quad (E_{\text{MI}} D B_{\text{MI}} C A_{\text{MI}} B_{\text{MI}}) \]

\[\text{ala Samba} \quad \text{B} \quad E_{\text{MI}}^7 \quad F_{\text{MI}}^7 \quad A_{\text{B}} \quad B_{\text{MI}}^7 \]

\[\text{mf} \quad \text{Ooh, and we've got so far to go, and it takes} \]
\[\text{so long.} \quad \text{But don't you worry 'bout a thing,} \]

Yeah.

(Cause) Sure enough, as one and one makes two.

Sure enough, I was made for you, baby.

Sure enough, we were meant to be forever.

(D.S. al Coda (no repeat))

(w/ sax and vocal fills)

Sure enough, as one and one makes two.

Sure enough, I was made for you.

Sure enough, we were meant to be together.

(Vamp (with fills) and fade)
(Heavy Rock)

C

(Bm) C#(Bm)

Bm C#(Bm) A/B

(like Intro) Bm C#(Bm) Bm C#(Bm) F#(Bm)

E F#(Bm) (sax fill)

(E) E F#(A)

D Gmaj9 F#(G) Dm/F

(Sax solo) (Busier)

Gmaj C#sus (dr. fill) D Eb/F

f (sample bs. gradually busier)

(Bb) F C/F

G sus A sus

(w/ sax and vocal fills)

Bm C#(Bm) Bm C#(Bm) A/B

Bm C#(Bm) F#(Bm)

E F#(E) E F#(E) A/A

D

(Vamp (with fills) and fade)
Sweet Georgia Brown

Ben Bernie
Maceo Pinkard
Kenneth Casey

Medium or Bright
(Verse)  \[ F_Mi^6 \quad G_Mi^{7(5)} \quad C^7 \quad F_Mi^6 \quad G_Mi^{7(5)} \quad C^7 \]
She just got here yes-ter-day, things are hot here now they say,
Brown-skin Gals, you'll get the blues, Brown-skin Pals, you'll sure-ly lose,
there's a big change in town,
and there's but one ex-cuse.

\[ F_Mi^6 \quad G_Mi^{7(5)} \quad C^7 \quad F_Mi^6 \quad G_Mi^{7(5)} \quad C^7 \]
Gals are jeal-ous, there's no doubt, still the fel-lows rave a-bout,
Now I've told you who she was and I've told you what she does.

\[ Bb^7 \]
Hand this gal her dues,
ev-er since she came the col-ored folks all claim:

\[ Eb^7 \quad Db^7 \quad F\#_Mi^6 \quad Eb^7/G \quad C^7 \]
col-or'd maid-en's pray'r is an-swer'd an-y-where. Say:

(Medium or Bright)

\[ A \quad F^7 \quad F^7 (B^7^{7(5)}) \]
No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Geor-gia Brown.

\[ Bb^7 \quad (E^7^{7(5)}) \]
Two left feet but oh so neat is Sweet Geor-gia Brown.

\[ Eb^7 \quad (Bb_Mi^7 \quad Eb^9) \]
They all sigh and wan-na die for Sweet Geor-gia Brown, I'll tell you just

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why, you know I don't lie, not much!

(Spoken, ad lib.)

It’s been said she knocks ’em dead when she lands in town.
All those tips the porter slips to Sweet Georgia Brown,

Since she came why it’s a shame how she cools ’em down.
They buy clothes at fashion shows with one dollar down,

Fel - lers she can’t get are fel - lers she ain’t met.
Oh, boy, tip your hats, Oh, joy, she’s the “cats.”

Geor - gia claimed her Geor - gia named her Sweet Georgia Brown.
Who’s that, mis - ter? T’ain’t her sis - ter, Sweet Georgia Brown.

Solo on AB
After solos, D.S. al fine

Originally written:
No gal made has got a shade on Sweet Georgia Brown.

Optional chords for the last 4 bars of letter A:

why you know I don’t lie, not much!

Originally written in the key of G.
Take Five

Paul Desmond

(As played by Dave Brubeck)
EbMI  BbMI7

Optional solo on ABC
(After solos, D.S. al Coda)

(Solos)

EbMI  BbMI7  EbMI  BbMI7  On cue

Till cue

D.S. al Coda

EbMI  BbMI7

dim.

pp
Takin' It To The Streets
Michael McDonald
(As performed by the Doobie Brothers)

[Intro]

You don't know me, but I'm your brother.

Take this message to my brother.

I was raised here in this living hell.

You will find him everywhere.

You don't know my kind in your world.

Wherever people live together.

Fairly soon the time will tell.

tied in poverty's despair.

You telling me the things you're gonna do for me.

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I ain't blind and I don't like what I think I see.

Takin' it to the streets.

1.

Takin' it to the streets.

2.

D.S al Coda
(Instr. solo till letter B)

Takin' it to the streets.

(Vamp & fade)
Tea For Two

Music by Vincent Youmans
Lyric by Irving Caesar

Freely

(Verse)

\[ \text{I'm discontented with homes that are rent-ed so I have in-ven-ted my own.} \]

Dar-ling, this place is a lover's o-a-sis, where life's wea-ry chase is un-known.

Far from the cry of the cit-y where flow-ers pret-ty ca-ress the streams, Co-zy to hide in, to live side by side in, don't let it a-bide in my dreams.

Picture you up-on my knee, Just tea for two and two for tea, Just me for you and you for me a-lone.

No-bod-y near us to see us or hear us, No friends or re-la-tions on

* Also frequently a Cha Cha.
Week-end vacations, We won’t have it known, dear, that we own a telephone,
dear. Day will break and you’ll awake and
start to bake a sugar cake For me to take for all the boys to see.
We will raise a family, A boy for you, A girl for me. (Oh,)
can’t you see how happy we would be.

Solo on ABCD

Alternate changes: Letter D, bars 1-4:

F pedal
Teach Me Tonight

Music by Gene DePaul
Lyric by Sammy Cahn

Teach me tonight.
Start with the “A, B, C” of it,
Right down to the “X, Y, Z” of it.
Help me solve the mystery of it.
Teach me tonight.
The sky’s a blackboard high above you.
If a shooting star goes by,
I’ll use that star to write “I love you.”
A thousand times across the sky.
One thing isn’t very clear, my love,
Should the teacher stand so
near, my love? Graduation's almost here, my love.

Teach me to-night.

The melody is more commonly performed:

Did you say I've got a lot to learn? Well, don't think I'm trying not to learn.
That Certain Feeling
(from "Tip Toes")

George Gershwin
Ira Gershwin

He: Knew it from the start,
Love would play a part.
She: I have symp-toms, too,
Just the same as you.

Felt that feeling come a-stealing In my lonesome heart.
When they centered, when they entered In my heart, I knew.

She: It would be ideal if that's the way you feel,
But Brighter is the day since you've come my way.
Believe it when you hear me say: You gave me

That certain feeling, The first time I met you

I hit the ceiling, I could not forget you.
You were completely sweet, Oh, what could I do?
I felt it happen just as you came in view.
I wanted phrases to sing your praises.
Grew sort of dizzy, Thought, "Gee! Who is he?"

That certain feeling, The one that they all love.
That certain feeling, I'm here to confess it

No use concealing, I've got what they call love.
Is so appealing, No words can express it.

Now we're together, Let's find out whether
I cannot hide it, I must confide it

You're feeling that feeling too. (fine) Solo on ABCD
I'm feeling that feeling too. After solos, D.S. al fine
(If I Had To Choose)

That Sunday (That Summer)  

Joe Sherman  
George David Weiss  

Medium Ballad  

\(\text{C}_7\)  
\(\text{F}_7\) \(\text{B}_7\) \(\text{G}_7\) \(\text{F}_7\) \(\text{B}_7\) \(\text{G}_7\) \(\text{F}_7\) \(\text{B}_7\) \(\text{G}_7\) \(\text{F}_7\) \(\text{B}_7\) \(\text{G}_7\) 

If I had to choose just one day to last my whole life through, it would surely be that Sunday, the day that I met you. New-born whip-poor-wills were callin' from the hills.

\(\text{G}_7\) \(\text{C}_9\) \(\text{F}_7\) \(\text{D}_7\) \(\text{A}_7\) \(\text{D}_7\) \(\text{B}_7\) \(\text{E}_7\) 

Summer was a-comin' in, but fast. Lots of daffodils were showin' off their skills, nodding all together, I could almost hear them whisper:

\(\text{F}_7\) \(\text{G}_7\) \(\text{F}_7\) \(\text{B}_7\) \(\text{E}_7\) \(\text{C}_7\) 

"Go on, kiss her go, on and kiss her!" If I had to choose one moment to live within my heart, it would be that tender moment recalling how we started.

Darling, it would be when you smiled at me that way.

That Sunday that summer. (If I had to)

That summer. If I had to choose just one day.
That's What Friends Are For

Burt Bacharach
Carole Bayer Sager

_intro_ E₄M₉ / D

(1)

_A_ E₄(add 9)

G₇(add 9) C₇ F₇

I nev-er thought I'd feel this way and as far as I'm con-cerned.

(Instrumental)

Well, you came and op-ened me.

B₄(add 9)

D G₇sus G₇ C₇

I'm glad I got the chance to say that I do be-lieve.

and now there's so much more I see and so, by the way.

B₉sus₄

3 E₄(add 9)

G₇ C₇

love you. And if I should ev-er go a-way thank you. And then for the times when we're a-part.

B₄(add 9)

D G₇sus G₇

well, then close your eyes and try to feel the way we do to-day,

well, then close your eyes and know these words are com-ing from my heart.

C₇

A₄M₇

B₉sus₄

3 B₉sus

and then if you can re-mem-ber.

_B_ E₄(add 9)

D A₄M₉/C

Keep smil-ing, keep shin-ing, know-ing you can al-ways count on me for sure, that's what friends are for.
For good times and bad times
In good times, in bad times
I'll be on your side forever

more.
That's what friends are for.

D.S. al Coda

(with ad lib vocal)

Vamp & fade
Then I'll Be Tired Of You

Music by Arthur Schwartz
Lyric by E.Y. "Yip" Harburg

Beyond the years —— Till day is night, Till wrong is right, Till birds renew to sing.

Beyond the years —— the echo of my only love will still be whispering, whispering.

If my throbbing heart should ever start repeating

That it is tired of beating Then I'll be tired of

(fine) Solo on ABC After solos, D.S. al fine

Bars 5-8 of letter A are originally harmonized more like this:
There's A Small Hotel
(from "On Your Toes")
Music by Richard Rodgers
Lyric by Lorenz Hart

Medium or Freely (D7)

(D6)

Verse FMI7

(D7)
(Verse)

She: I'd like to get a - way, Jun - ior, Some - where a - lone with you.

FMI7

(D6)

It could be oh, so gay, Jun - ior! You need a laugh or two.

FMI7

(Bb9sus)

He: A cer - tain place I know, Frank - ie, Where fun - ny peo - ple can have fun.

FMI7

(G7 G7(65))

That's where we two will go, Dar - ling, Be - fore you can count up One, Two, Three. For:

Medium Ballad (Bb7sus)

FMI7 (E7)

There's a small ho - tel with a wish - ing well; I

FMI7 (E7)

wish that we were there to - geth - er.

FMI7 (E7)

There's a brid - al suite; One room bright and neat, com - plete for us to share to - geth - er.

Looking through the window you can see a distant steeple;

Not a sign of people, Who wants people?

When the steeple bell says "Good night, sleep well," we'll

thank the small hotel together. ___________ Solo on ABC

After solos, D.S. al fine

thank the small hotel. We'll creep into our little shell And we will

thank the small hotel together. ___________

Alternate chords for letter A, bars 1-3 and 9-11, and letter B, bars 1-3:

* Sometimes played or sung:

Who wants people?
There's No You

Music by Hal Hopper
Lyric by Tom Adair

Freely
(Verse)

\( F_{MA}^7 \quad F^6 \quad (C^{9(\#5)}) \quad F_{MA}^7 \quad C_{MI}^7 F^7 \)

While frost glists on my win-dow-pane, Wood fires burn up-on the hill.

\( B_{MA}^7 \quad E_{B}^7 \quad A_{MI}^7 \quad D_{MI}^7 \quad G^9 \quad \text{rit.} \quad C_{SUS}^9 / C^{7(\#9)} \)

Leaves turn rust, and I must sing a love song I re-mem-ber still:

(Ballad)

\( C^{13(\#9)} \quad F_{MA}^7 \quad (B_{MI}^6) \quad A_{MI}^7 \quad (A_{MI}^7) \quad F_{MA}^7 \quad (G_{MI}^7) \quad A_{MI}^7 \quad A_{BO}^7 \quad G_{MI}^7 \quad (D_{B}^9) \quad C_{SUS}^9 \quad C^{7(\#9)} \quad F_{MA}^7 \quad (E_{B}^9) \quad (B_{MI}^6) \)

I feel the aut-unm breeze, It steals 'cross my pil-low as

\( A_{MI}^7 \quad F_{MA}^9 \quad (A_{MI}^7) \quad G_{MI}^7 \quad C_{SUS}^9 \quad C^{7(\#9)} \quad F_{MA}^7 \quad (G_{MI}^7) \quad A_{MI}^7 \quad A_{BO}^7 \quad G_{MI}^7 \quad C^{7(\#9)} \quad F^6 / D_{MI}^7 D_{B}^9 \)

soft as a will-o-the-wisp. And in its song there is sad-ness be-cause

there's no you. The lone-ly aut-unm trees, How

\( A_{MI}^7 \quad A_{BO}^7 \quad G_{MI}^7 \quad C^{7(\#9)} \quad F^6 / D_{MI}^7 D_{B}^9 \)

soft-ly they're sigh-ing, for sum-mer is dy-ing. They know that in my

heart there's no glad-ness be-cause there's no you. The

\( C_{MI}^7 \quad F^7 \quad C_{MI}^7 \quad F^7 \quad B_{MA}^7 \quad F^{7(\#5)} \)

park that we walked in, The gar-den we talked in, How lone-some they seem in the fall.
The stormy clouds hover, And falling leaves cover our favorite nook in the wall. In spring we'll meet again. We'll kiss and recapture the summertime rapture we knew. And from that day, never more will I say there's no you. 

Solo on A B C after solos, D.S. al fine (I)
They All Laughed
(from "Shall We Dance")

Freely

(Verse)

E7  Amin7  F9  D13  G6  Bmin7  E7

The odds were a hundred to one against me.

Amin7  F9  D13  Gmaj9  Bmin7  E7(b9)

The world thought the heights were too high to climb.

Amin7  G  F#min7(b5)  B7(b9)  Emin9(11)  Emin9(11)  Gmin6

People from Missouri never incensed me.

Oh, I wasn't a bit concerned. For from history I had learned how

(Bmin7  Bmin7  D7  Amin7  Emin7(b11)  A7sus -3)

Many many times the worm had turned.

(Gmaj7  D7)

They all laughed at Christopher Columbus. When he said the World was round.

Bmin7  Bb7  Amin7  D7  G6  Emin7  Amin7  D7

They all laughed at Rockefeller Center. Now they're fighting to get in.

G6  Emin7  Amin7  D7  G6  Emin7  Amin7  D7

They all laughed when Edison recorded sound.

Amin7  D7  G6  Emin7  Amin7  D7

They all laughed at Whitney and his cotton gin.

Amin7  D7  G6  Emin7  Amin7  D7

They all laughed at Wilbur and his brother.

Amin7  D7  G6  Emin7  Amin7  D7

They all laughed at Fulton and his steam-boat.

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When they said that man could fly,
Her-shy and his choc'late bar.
They told Mar-co-ni Ford and his Liz-zie
Wire-less was a pho-ney.
It's the same old cry. They laughed at
Kept the laugh-ers bus-y.
That's how peo-ple are. They laughed at
me want-ing you, Said I was reach-ing for the moon; But
me want-ing you, Said it would be Hel-lo, Good-bye; But
oh, You came through. Now they'll have to change their tune.
oh, You came through. Now they're eat-ing hum-ble pie.
They all said we nev-er could be hap-py,
They all said we'd nev-er get to-geth-er.
Dar-ling, let's take a
how! But, For, Ho, Ho, Ho! Who's got the last laugh now?
Solo on ABC.
After solos, D.S. al fine
Who's got the last laugh now?
They Can't Take That Away From Me
(from "Shall We Dance")

George Gershwin
Ira Gershwin

Freely

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

The way you wear your hat, The way you sip your tea,

The memory of all that, No, no, They can't take that away from me. The way your smile just beams,
The way you sing off key, The way you haunt my dreams,

No, no, They can’t take that away from me. We may never, never meet again on the bumpy road to love. Still I’ll always, always keep the memory of

The way we danced till three, The way you’ve changed my life,

No, no, They can’t take that away from me. No, They can’t take that away from me. (fine) The way you wear your hat.

Solo on ABC

After solos, D.S. al fine
This Heart Of Mine
(from "Ziegfield Follies")

Music by Harry Warren
Lyric by Arthur Freed

Freely
(Verse)  F\text{MA}^7  D^{7(9)}  G\text{MI}^7  C^7  F\text{MA}^7  F^9

\begin{align*}
\text{Maybe it was the music or a glamorous sky of} \\
B^6 & A^7 & D_{\text{MI}} & C & B_{\text{MI}}^7(11) & B^9(11)
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{blue} & \text{Maybe it was the mood I was in, or} \\
A_{\text{MA}}^7 & B_{\text{MI}}^7 & E^{3(9)} & A^{13} & D^{7(9)} & G_{\text{MI}}^7  \text{rit.}  C^9
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{may be it was really you, really you.}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{(Med. Ballad or Medium) } A & (B^9(11)) \text{ } A_{\text{MI}}^7 \text{ } D_{\text{MI}}^7
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{This heart of mine was doing very well.} & \text{The world was} \\
(A^9_{\text{SU5}} & A^{7(9)} & D^9 & D^{7(9)} & G_{\text{MI}}^7 & C^9_{\text{SU5}} & C^{7(9)})
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{fine as far as I could tell.} & \text{And then quite} \\
(A_{\text{MI}}^7)
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
B & F_{\text{MA}}^9 & A^{13} & D^{b_{\text{MA}}^9} & (G_{\text{MI}}^7 C^7)
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{suddenly I met you and I dreamed of gay amours. At} \\
(A^{7(95)})
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
F_{\text{MA}}^7 & E^{b_{\text{9(11)}}} & D^9 & D^{7(9)} & G_{\text{MI}}^7 & C^9_{\text{SU5}} & C^9
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{dawn I woke up singing sentimental overtures. This heart of} \\
(C)
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
(F^9(11)) & A_{\text{MI}}^7 & D_{\text{MI}}^7
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{mine is gayly dancing now. I taste the}
\end{align*}
wine of real romancing now. Some-how, this crazy world has taken on a wonderful design. As long as life endures it's yours, this heart of mine. (fine)

Solo on ABCD

After solos, D.S. al fine

(This heart of)
This Is Always
(from "Three Little Girls In Blue")

Music by Harry Warren
Lyric by Mack Gordon

Our love will live, our love will last. This is not a dream that ended with the dawn,
It's one that fate intended to go on and on.

This isn't sometimes, this is always. This isn't may-be, this is always.

This is love, the real beginning of forever. This isn't just midsummer madness,

A passing glow, a moment's gladness, yes it's love. I

knew it on the night we met. You tied a string a-
round my heart, So how can I forget you.

With ev'ry kiss I know that this is always. (fine)

Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine
Those Eyes
(Verão)

Music and Portuguese Lyric by
Rosa Passos and Fernando De Oliveira
English Lyric by Brock Walsh
(As performed by Kenny Rankin)

Samba Canção
(Ballad) Bb° (s)us
(Intro) (sample str. comp.)

Keep your dis-tance; so your lips have told me.

Yes, but your eyes tell a diff- er-ent tale.

They be- tray you with a look of long- ing.

Now I won- der which do I be- lieve.

In this gar- den of mad-men and lov- ers there are echos of distant blues

and the faint per-fume of un- seen roses.

Guess I should get a hold of my self, but why?

Can’t we heed the ad- vice of our bod- ies and sur- ren- der just once to the feel- ing?

Let’s pre- tend you’re a wolf in this moon-light.

Do you think an- y words would be

Don’t you think ev-’ry plea- sur’d be

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I believe in the language unspoken.

I believe in the power of feeling.

Yeah, those eyes, those eyes, those eyes.

I believe in the language unspoken.

I believe in the power of feeling.

Yeah, those eyes, those eyes, those eyes.

(Opt. solo on ABCD)

Yeah, those eyes, those eyes, those eyes.

Vamp & fade

On Rosa Paseo's original version these measures are performed as follows.

Yeah, those eyes, those eyes, those eyes.

This is a slightly condensed version of the Kenny Rankin recording.

Kenny Rankin interprets the melody quite freely.
Thou Swell
(from "A Connecticut Yankee")

Music by Richard Rodgers
Lyric by Lorenz Hart

He: Babe, we are well met, As in a spell met, I lift my helm, met.
She: Thy words are queer, Sir, Unto mine ear, Sir, Yet thou'rt a dear, Sir
San - dy. You're just dan - dy. For just this
Thou could'st woo me. Now could'st thou
here lad. You're such a fist - ful, My eyes are mist - ful.
try, knight. I'd mur - mur "Swell," too, And like it well too.
Are you too wist - ful to care? Do say you care to
More thou wilt tell to San - dy. Thou art dan - dy. Now
say, "Come near, lad." You are so grace - ful,
Thou hast my knight? Thine arms are mar - tial.
have you wings? You have a face full of nice things.
Thou hast grace. My cheek is par - tial to thy face.
You have no speak - ing voice, dear, With ev - 'ry word it sings.
And if thy lips grow wea - ry, Mine are their rest - ing place.

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Thou swell! Thou witty! Thou sweet! Thou grand! Wouldst thou kiss me pretty? Wouldst thou hold my hand? Both thine eyes are cute too. What they do to me. Hear me holier I choose a sweet lollapalooza in thee. I'd feel so rich in a hut for two. Two rooms and kitchen. I'm sure would do. Give me just a plot of, Not a lot of land, And thou swell! Thou witty! Thou grand! (fine) Thou

Solo on AB
After solos, D.S. al fine
Through The Fire
David Foster, Tom P. Keane & Cynthia Weil
(As performed by Chaka Khan)

A

I look in your eyes and I can see you've loved so danger-ly.
I know you're afraid of what you feel; you still need time to heal.

You're not trust-in' your heart to any-one.
But I can help if you'll only let me try.

You tell me you're gon-na play it smart;
You touched me and some-thing in me knew what I could have with you.

But I be-lieve that we've only just be-gun.
Now I'm not read-y to kiss that dream good-bye.

B

When it's this good, there's no say-in' no.
When it's this sweet, there no say-in' no.

I want you so; I'm read-y to go:
I need you so; I'm read-y to go:

Through the fire to the limit, to the wall for the chance to be with you; I'd glad-ly risk it all.

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Through the fire, through whatever come what may, for a chance at loving you, I'd take it all the way right down to the wire, even through the fire.

(Optional solo on ABC)

D.S. al Coda

Through the test of time; Through the fire,

(Steady Groove)

Through the fire, to the limit. Through the fire to whatever. Through the fire,

(Vamp & fade)
Time After Time
(from "It Happened In Brooklyn")

Music by Jule Styne
Lyric by Sammy Cahn

What good are words I say to you?
They can't convey to you what's in my heart.
If you could hear instead the things I've
left unsaid!

Time after time I tell myself that I'm so
lucky to be loving you.
So

lucky to be the one you run to see in the
evening when the day is through.

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know what I know, the passing years will show, you've
kept my love so young so new. And

time after time you'll hear me say that I'm so
luck - y to be lov - ing you. (fine)
A Time For Love
(from "An American Dream")

Music by Johnny Mandel

Lyric by Paul Francis Webster

Ballad (also done as Double X Easy Samba)

A time for summer skies, for humming-birds and butterflys, for
ten-der words that harmonize with love.

A

A time for climbing hills, for leaning out of window sills ad-
miring the daffodils above.

A time for holding hands together, a time for rainbow colored
weather, a time of make believe that we've been dreaming
of.

As time goes drifting by,
wil-low bends and so do I. But oh, my friends, what-ev-er sky a-
bove, ______ I've known a time for spring, a time for fall, But
best of all a time for love.
Time On My Hands
(You In My Arms)

Music by Vincent Youmans
Lyric by Harold Adamson & Mack Gordon


cf GMI, CM 13(qt) FMA, (DMI 9)

When the day fades away into twilight, the moon is my light of love.

Awm 9(11), D 13

In the night I am quite a romantic. I find an answer above.

BmI 7(9), ET 7(9), ET 7(#5) AMA 7 A 6 DMI 7 G 7

To bring me consolation, you’re my inspiration. This is my imagination.

CE A 7(#5) DMI 7(add6) G 7 C 9

(Medium Ballad)

FMA 7 BmI 7(9) E 7

Time on my hands, you in my arms,

GMI 7

Nothing but love in view;

FMA 7 (ET 7) BmI 7(9) E 7

Then if you fall, once and for all,
I'll see my dreams come true.

Moments to spare for someone you care for;

one love affair for two.

With time on my hands And you in my arms And

love in my heart all for you. (fine) Solo on ABC

After solos, D.S. al fine
'Tis Autumn

Medium Ballad or Freely

(Verse) F₉ M™ II B♭¹³ (G₉ M™) E♭⁹ (C⁷ (♯₄)) F₉ M™

You tell me I'm acting silly, I'm not silly, just chilly, mm.

E♭⁶/₉ A♭₉ M™ II D¹³

You say I'm proving myself a goof, For what I say or do I've the absolute proof.

A♭₉ M™ D⁷ SUS D⁷ (♯₅) G₉ M™ C¹³

Ole Father Time checked so there'd be no doubt; Called on the north wind
to come on out, then cupped his hands so proudly to shout

G₉ M™ C⁷ (♯₄) F₉ M™ (D₉ M™ G⁷ (♯₄))

La - de - da - de - da - de dum, 'Tis Autumn. The trees say they're tired, they've borne too much fruit; Charmed all the way-side, there's no dispute. Now, shedding leaves, they

F₉ M™ B♭¹³ E♭⁶ C⁷ (♯₄) F₉ M™ B♭⁹ (♯₄)

don't give a hoot, La - de - da - de - da - de dum, 'Tis Autumn. Then the

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Birds got together to chirp about the weather.

After making their decision in birdy-like precision, turned about and made a bee-line to the south. My holding you close really is no crime ask the birds and the trees and Ole Father Time.

It's just to help the mercury climb, La-de-da-de-da-de dum 'Tis Autumn. (fine)

Solo on ABC After solos, D.S. al fine

* Originally written:

birds, the trees and Ole

Letter A, bars 1 & 9, and letter C, bar 1, were originally written:
(Solos)

(bass)

After solos, D.C. al Coda
(with repeat)

(Vamp till cue)

On cue - freely

(horns tacet till end) (pn)
Too Marvelous For Words
(from "Ready, Willing And Able")

Music by Richard A. Whiting
Lyric by Johnny Mercer

Freely

(Verse) D₉sus D₇ G₆ A₉mi D₇ G₉MA₇

I search for phrases, To sing your praises, But there aren't any magic adjectives To tell you all you are;

(Medium) A₇ D₇ F₉mi C₉ G₉MA₇ A₈mi D₇ F₉ E₉ D₇

You're just too marvelous, Too marvelous for words, Like glorious, glamorous and that old standby, amorous. It's all too wonderful, I'll never find the words, That say enough, tell enough, I mean, they just aren't swell enough. You're much too much, And just too very very To

C₉M₇ (A₈mi) F₇ E₉ A₇ C₈mi A₈mi D₇

ev-er be in Webster's Dictionary, And

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so I'm bor-row-ing a love song from the birds. To
tell you that you're mar-vel-ous. Too mar-vel-ous for words. (You're)

Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine

* Originally

mar-vel-ous. Too
Too Much Saké

Medium Swinging Latin

\( \text{A} \) (unison horns)

\( \text{C}^{13} \text{(omit3)} \)

(bs. w/ pn. 8va b.) (drs. copy bass figures)

\( \text{C}^{13} \text{(omit3)} \)

\( \text{Bb}^{13} \text{(omit3)} \)

\( \text{Ab}^{13} \text{(omit3)} \)

\( \text{Ab}^{13} \text{(omit3)} \)

\( \text{DMi}^{7} \text{(b5)} \)

\( \text{G}^{7} \text{(b5)} \)

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(Solo) (Drums play Latin beat)

B: C\textsuperscript{13}\textsubscript{sus}

(bass)

D\textsubscript{b}\textsuperscript{13}\textsubscript{sus/\textit{C}}

C\textsuperscript{13}\textsubscript{sus}

B\textsuperscript{13}\textsubscript{sus}

B\textsubscript{b}\textsuperscript{13}\textsubscript{sus}

A\textsuperscript{13}\textsubscript{sus}

A\textsubscript{b}\textsuperscript{13}\textsubscript{sus}

D\textsubscript{mi}\textsuperscript{7(9)}

G\textsuperscript{7 (alt.)}

C\textsuperscript{13}

After solos, D.C. al Coda
(with repeat)

C\textsuperscript{13}(omit 3)

* On the D\textsubscript{b}\textsuperscript{13}_{sus/\textit{C}} chord, only the bass plays the C bass note.
After all we planned, He didn't mean it.
Now I understand,

I should have seen it. Trouble is a man,
Trouble is a man I

love. Solo on ABCD

After solos, D.S. al fine

Originally written 1 step higher, in D.
Trouble Is A Man

A wo-man gets all the blame
For ev'-ry-thing that hap-pens under the	sun,
But when it comes to be-in' bad,
A wo-man's not the on-ly one.

Trouble is a man,
A man who loves me no more, no more.

Trouble is a man,
A man I'll al-ways ad-ore.

Noth-ing good to say a-bout him,
Still I hate a day with-out him.

Why should he have to be the one, my on-ly?

Trouble is a man,
A man who's hand-some and tall, so tall.

Trouble is a man who's for him-self and that's all.
Twilight World

Music by Marian McPartland
Lyric by Johnny Mercer

Slow Bossa Nova

Twilight world over the China Sea,
sing me a melody from ages ago.

Twilight world, watching the sampans pass,
I fill a frosty glass as lanterns burn low.

Life is a changing panorama.

Love is a dancing butterfly, catch them both while we may.
Come to Spain or Cathay, I don't want to miss that will-o'-the-wisp passing by.

Life is holding out a
twilight world, don't let it slip away.

Come take it while we may and let it begin. Let's find our twilight world before the night sets in.
Two For The Road
(Theme from "Two For The Road")

Music by Henry Mancini
Lyric by Leslie Bricusse

If you're feel-ing fan- cy free, come wan- der through the world with me, And an-y place we chance to be will be our ren- dez-vous. Two for the road, we'll trav-el down the years, Col-lect-ing pre-cious mem-o-ries, Se-lect-ing sou-ven-
irs, and liv-ing life the way we please. In sum-mer-time the sun will shine; In win- ter we'll drink sum- mer wine. And ev- ry day that you are mine Will be a lovel-y day. As long as

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love still wears a smile
I know that we'll be two for the road, And
that's a long, long while. (If you're feel-ing)
Here I go again, about to drop another bundle on the under-dog, the under-dog. Is't it a shame, but that's the kind of game I play.

People think it's funny when they see you got your money on the clown and the chips are down. And when your side gets out-classed, they say "Nice guys wind up last." But there's a strange satisfaction when you're putting all your action on the under-dog, the under-dog, even when you know the
odds may never go your way.

'Cause fav'rites don't always win. That long shot may come in.

And,

soon'er of lat'er, you know ev'ry under-dog will have his day.

Solo on ABC After solos, go on.

You figure the odds, you pick and you choose. Some got to win, and

some got to lose, But fav'rites don't always win.

That long shot may come in. Who can say? And, soon'er or lat'er, you

know ev'ry under-dog will have his day.
Until It's Time For You To Go

Buffy Sainte-Marie

Medium

You're not a dream, you're not an angel, you're a man,
I'm not a queen, I'm a woman, take my hand,
We'll make a space in the lives that we've planned,
and here we'll stay until it's time for you to go.

Yes, we're dif'rent, worlds apart, we're not the same,
we laughed and played at the start like in a game.

You could have stayed outside my heart, but in you came,
and here you'll stay until it's time for you to go.

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Don't ask why (of me,) don't ask how (of me,) don't ask for - ev - er, 
love me, love me now. This love of
mine had no be - ginn - ing it has no end, I was an
oak, now I'm a will - ow, now I can bend. And though I'll
never in my life see you a - gain, still I'll
stay un - til it's time for you to go.

Robert Flack performs this as a slow 12/8 ballad. The alternate changes are hers.
Until The Real Thing Comes Along

Mann Holinger, Alberta Nichols
Sammy Cahn, Saul Chaplin & L.E. Freeman

Freely or Ballad

(Verse)  Bb\textsuperscript{13}  Eb\textsuperscript{MA}\textsubscript{7}  F\#\textsuperscript{9}  F\textsuperscript{MI}\textsuperscript{7}  Bb\textsuperscript{13}  Eb\textsuperscript{6}

I've tried to explain that you are my Heaven on earth.
I've read all the plays from Shakespeare to Eugene O'Neil.

F\textsuperscript{MI}\textsuperscript{7}  Bb\textsuperscript{13}  Eb\textsuperscript{MA}\textsubscript{7}  F\#\textsuperscript{9}  F\textsuperscript{MI}\textsuperscript{7}  Bb\textsuperscript{13}

Still I've tried in vain, since words can't explain my
To find just one phrase that somewhat conveys the

Eb\textsuperscript{MA}\textsubscript{7}  Bb\textsuperscript{MI}\textsuperscript{7}  Eb\textsuperscript{7}  Ab\textsuperscript{MA}\textsubscript{7}

love and its worth.  This much I know is
way that I feel.  I met with no suc-

Ab\textsuperscript{MI}\textsuperscript{6}  B\textsuperscript{7}  F\textsuperscript{9}  Bb\textsuperscript{9}  sus  rit.  Bb\textsuperscript{7}(b\textsuperscript{9})

true, There'll never be another you. That's why
cess, I'm strictly on my own I guess. And so

(Ballad)  A  (E\textsuperscript{9}(\#11))  Bb\textsuperscript{7}(\#5)  E\textsuperscript{b}\textsuperscript{MA}\textsubscript{7}  D\textsuperscript{7}(\#5)

I'd work for you, I'd slave for you, I'd be a beggar or a
knave for you, If that isn't love, it will have to do

(G\textsuperscript{MI}\textsuperscript{7}  C\textsuperscript{7}  F\textsuperscript{MI}\textsuperscript{7}  Ab\textsuperscript{9}  G\textsuperscript{7}(\#5)  C\textsuperscript{7}(\#11))

until the real thing comes along. I'd gladly move the

(F\textsuperscript{7}  Eb\textsuperscript{6}  C\textsuperscript{MI}\textsuperscript{7}  Bb\textsuperscript{9}  sus  Bb\textsuperscript{7}(\#9))

(E\textsuperscript{9}(\#11))  Bb\textsuperscript{7}(\#5)  Eb\textsuperscript{MA}\textsubscript{7}  (Ab\textsuperscript{9}(\#11))

until the real thing comes along. I'd gladly move the

(Bb\textsuperscript{7}(\#5)  Eb\textsuperscript{MA}\textsubscript{7}  D\textsuperscript{7}(\#5)  G\textsuperscript{MI}\textsuperscript{7}  C\textsuperscript{7})

earth for you, to prove my love, dear, and it's worth for you. If

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(F\textsubscript{Mi}\textsuperscript{7} \ A\textsubscript{b}\textsuperscript{9} \ G\textsuperscript{7\{2\}} \ C\textsuperscript{7\{4\}} \ F\textsuperscript{7} \ B\textsubscript{b}\textsuperscript{9\text{sus4} - 3})

\textit{that is - n't love, _ it will have to do, Un - til the real thing comes a -}

Eb\textsuperscript{6} / Am\textsuperscript{7\{5\}} D\textsuperscript{7\{0\}} B G\textsubscript{MA}\textsuperscript{7} (E\textsubscript{Mi}\textsuperscript{7})

\textit{long With all the words, dear, at my com - mand,}

(G\textsuperscript{6} \ E\textsubscript{Mi}\textsuperscript{7} \ G\textsubscript{6} \ B \ B\textsubscript{b}\textsuperscript{7\text{m7}}) (E\textsubscript{Mi}\textsuperscript{7})

\textit{i just can't make you un - der - stand. I'll al - ways love you, dar - ling,}

Am\textsuperscript{7} D\textsuperscript{13} (G\textsubscript{Mi}\textsuperscript{7} \ C\textsuperscript{7\{4\}})

\textit{come what may. My heart is yours, what more can I say? I'd}

C E\textsuperscript{p\text{MA}\textsuperscript{7}} (E\textsuperscript{q\{11\}} \ B\textsubscript{b}\textsuperscript{7\{2\}}) E\textsuperscript{p\text{MA}\textsuperscript{7}} D\textsuperscript{7\{2\}} (A\textsubscript{b}\textsuperscript{9\text{m7\{11\}}})

\textit{sigh for you, I'd cry for you, I'd tear the stars down _ from the}

G\textsubscript{Mi}\textsuperscript{7} C\textsuperscript{7} (F\textsubscript{Mi}\textsuperscript{7} \ A\textsubscript{b}\textsuperscript{9} \ G\textsuperscript{7\{2\}} \ B\textsubscript{b}\textsubscript{1\text{5}})

\textit{sky for you. If that is - n't love, _ it will have to do,}

(F\textsuperscript{7} \ B\textsubscript{b}\textsuperscript{9\text{sus4} - 3})

\textit{Un - til the real thing comes a - long. (fine) (I'd)}

Solo on ABC

After solos, D.S. al fine
Valdez In The Country

Music by Donny Hathaway
Lyric by Walter Lee & Frank Moss
(as played by George Benson)

Medium Pop/Samba

(Ad lib)

E₃⁷₃ (gtr. ad lib 16th note comp)

E₃⁷₃ E₅⁷₃ D₅⁷₃

(sample bs.)

D₅⁷₃ D₅⁷₃ E₅⁷₃

C₇₃ A₇₃ B₇(♯₅)

(tutti)

A₇₃ E₇₃ D₇₃

B₇₃ D₇₃ E₇₃

(sample comp)

B₇₃ E₇₃ A₇₃

C₇₃ B₇₃ A₇₃

(on D.S. go to 2nd ending)

1. E₇₅ D¹₃ D₉₃

C₇₃ B₇(♯₅)

(tutti)

2. C₇₃ B₇(♯₅)

(tutti)
Walk On By

Music by Burt Bacharach
Lyric by Hal David

Medium Slow Pop

A Ami7 (D9) Ami7 (D9) D

If you see me walk-in' down the street and I start to cry
I just can't get over losin' you and so if I seem

Ami7 D Ami7 D (D9) Gmi7 Ami7

each time we meet, broken and blue,

Gmi7 Ami7 Dmi7

Walk on by, Walk on by,

Make believe that you don't see the tears. Just
Foolish pride, that's all that I have left. So

Ami7 Bbmaj7 C9sus

let me grieve in private, 'Cause each time I see you, I break down and
let me hide the tears and the sadness you gave me when you said good-

B

cry. (Don't stop,)

Fmaj7 Bbmaj7 Fmaj7 Bbmaj7

Walk on by (Don't stop,)

Fmaj7 Bbmaj7 Fmaj7 (Fmaj7)

Walk on by.

To end, vamp and fade on letter B.

* Wynton Kelly performed this Medium, straight ahead.

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(Solos) (F blues)

(Sample blues progression)

(Shout Chorus) (w/ dr. fills)

D.S. al Coda (2nd x)

* In later versions Miles played this very fast and free.
We're In This Love Together

Roger Murrah
Keith Stegall
(As sung by Al Jarreau)

Pop Ballad (In 2)
(Syncopated 8ths)

It's like a diamond ring, it's a precious thing,
It's like a rainy night and candlelight,
and we never want to lose it,
and ooh, it's so romantic.

It's like a favorite song that we love to sing,
We got the whole thing working out so right,
every time we hear the music,
and it's just the way we planned it.

We're in this love together.
We got the kind that lasts forever.
We're in this love together.
And like
berries on the vine, it gets sweeter all the time.

D.S. al Coda (2nd verse)
(For optional solos, D.S. again)

Don't you know

we're in this love together. We got the kind that lasts forever.

We're in this love together. We got a kind that will last forever and evermore.

Don't you know
like Intro
C       BbMA7  Bb(add9)  D

1. CMI11 F9 sus
   (Sax solo)
CMI7  BbMA9  EbMA7  G9 sus  D  CMA9  AMI7

(D.MI7  G9 sus  EMI7)
FMA7  C(add9)  E  AMI7
D(MI7  C(add9)  E  Bb9 sus  G9 sus  (end solo)

E  CMA9  AMI7

(omit 1st x)

AMI7  DMI7  G9 sus  CMA9  AMI7

(Syncopated)
AMI7  DMI7  G9 sus  CMA9  AMI7

AMI7  DMI7  G9 sus  CMA9  AMI7

(DMI7  C(add9)  E  Bb9 sus  G9 sus)

(even 8ths)

(Vamp & fade)

Sample guitar, Intro, letter A etc.
(syncopated)

BbMA7  D  CMI11  F9 sus
(stopped)

(etc.)
What A Fool Believes

Medium Rock

\[ \text{Ab}^{13} \text{Sus} \text{Ab}^{7} \text{Gb}^{(add9)} \text{Db}^{9} \quad \text{Eb}^{9} \text{Ab}^{9} \text{F} \text{Ab}^{9} \text{Sus} \text{A}^{7} \text{Bm}^{7} \quad \text{A}^{9} \text{Am}^{7} \text{Db}^{9} \text{F} \text{Ab}^{9} \text{Sus} \text{A}^{7} \text{Bm}^{7} \quad \text{A}^{9} \text{Am}^{7} \text{Db}^{9} \text{F} \text{Ab}^{9} \text{Sus} \text{A}^{7} \text{Bm}^{7} \quad \text{A}^{9} \text{Am}^{7} \text{Db}^{9} \text{F} \text{Ab}^{9} \text{Sus} \text{A}^{7} \text{Bm}^{7} \quad \text{A}^{9} \text{Am}^{7} \]

He came from some-where back in her long_ a-go,_
the sen-ti-men-tal fool don’t see, try-in’ hard_

_to re-cre-ate what had yet_ to be cre-at-ed_ once in her life._ She mus-ters a

\[ \text{Ab}^{13} \text{Sus} \text{Ab}^{7} \text{Gb}^{(add9)} \text{Db}^{9} \quad \text{Eb}^{9} \text{Ab}^{9} \text{F} \text{Ab}^{9} \text{Sus} \text{A}^{7} \text{Bm}^{7} \quad \text{A}^{9} \text{Am}^{7} \text{Db}^{9} \text{F} \text{Ab}^{9} \text{Sus} \text{A}^{7} \text{Bm}^{7} \quad \text{A}^{9} \text{Am}^{7} \text{Db}^{9} \text{F} \text{Ab}^{9} \text{Sus} \text{A}^{7} \text{Bm}^{7} \quad \text{A}^{9} \text{Am}^{7} \text{Db}^{9} \text{F} \text{Ab}^{9} \text{Sus} \text{A}^{7} \text{Bm}^{7} \quad \text{A}^{9} \text{Am}^{7} \]

smile for his nos-tal-gic tale, nev-er com-in’ near what he want-ed to say,
some-where back in her long_ a-go,_ where he can still be-lieve there’s a place in her life,

on-ly to re-al-ize, it nev-er re-al-ly was.
Some-day, some-how, she will re-turn._

\[ \text{Bb}^{9} \text{mi}^{7} \quad \text{Ab}^{13} \text{Sus} \text{Ab}^{9} \text{Sus} / \text{Ab}^{13} \text{Sus} \text{Ab}^{7} \text{Ab}^{9} \text{Sus} \text{Ab}^{7} \]

She had a place_ in his life.

\[ \text{Bb}^{9} \text{mi}^{7} \quad \text{Ab}^{13} \text{Sus} \text{Ab}^{9} \text{Sus} / \text{Ab}^{13} \text{Sus} \text{Ab}^{7} \text{Ab}^{9} \text{Sus} \text{Ab}^{7} \text{Eb}^{9} \text{mi}^{7} \]

He nev-er made_ her think_ twice._ As he ris-

Chord progressions are more detailed in the rhythm part.

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es to her apology, anybody else would surely know—

he's watching her go. But what a fool believes—

he sees, no wise man has the power

er to reason away. What seems

to be is always better than nothing.

And nothing at all

keeps sending him what a fool believes—

D.S. and fade out in letter E on D.S.
Note: on main part B, C, D, & E are written as a repeat.
What Am I Here For?

Medium Slow or Up Tempo

A: Bb6 C B♭7 CMI7 F7

Bb6 B♭7 CMI7 F7

B: B♭7 E7 Eb6 DMI7 G7

(GMI7 C9) CMI7 F13 F7(#5)

C: B♭6 B♭7 CMI7 F7

B♭6 B♭7 CMI7 F7

D: B♭7 B♭7 B♭6 CMI7 F7(#9) B♭6

B♭7 E7 Eb6 CMI7 F13(#9) B♭6

Original Ellington ending, 1st x only

Common ending, each x

B♭7 CMI7 F9 B♭6 F7(#5)

CMI7 F9 F7(#9) B♭6

(B♭6 F7(#5))

(fine)

After solos, D.C. al fine

Solo on ABCD.

What Is This Thing Called Love?
(from "Wake Up And Dream")

I was a hum-drum person, Lead-ing a life a-part, When
You gave me days of sun-shine, You gave me nights of cheer, You
love flew in through my win-dow wide And quick-ened my hum-drum heart.
made my life an en-chant-ed dream, Till some-bod-y else came near.

Love flew in through my win-dow, I was so hap-py then. But
Some-bod-y else came near you, I felt the win-ter's chill. And

af-ter love had stayed a lit-tle while, Love flew out a-gain.
now I sit and won-der night and day Why I love you still.

What is this thing called love, This
fun-ny thing called love? Just

who can solve its mys-ter-y? Why

should it make a fool of me? I
You saw you there________ one wonderful day.

You took my heart________ and threw it away.

That's why I ask the Lord________ in Heaven above,

What is this thing________ called love? (fine) Solo on ABC

After solos, D.S. al fine
What The World Needs Now

Music by Burt Bacharach
Lyric by Hal David

What the world needs now is love, sweet love.

It's the only thing that there's just too little of. What the
world needs now is love, sweet love.

No, not just for some, but for everybody.

Lord, we don't need another mountain.
Lord, we don't need another meadow.

Mountains and hillsides enough to climb.
Cornfields and wheatfields enough to grow.

Oceans and rivers enough to cross. Enough to last
Sunbeams and moonbeams enough to shine. Oh, listen, Lord

Till the end of time. What the
If you want to know.

Solo on AB
After solos,
D.S. al Coda

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ev'ry one.
No, not just for some, Oh, but

just for ev'ry one.

just for ev'ry one.

Lord, we don't need another mountain. There are
moun- tains and hill- sides e-nough to climb. There are
oceans and riv- ers e-nough to cross. Enough to last

till the end of time. What the
Wheelers And Dealers

Samba

Db\(_7\)  Gb\(_7\)  C\(_7^{(qq)}\)

Db\(_7\)  Gb\(_7\)  C\(_7^{(qq)}\)

break-----

A

Samba

Db\(_9^{(qq)}\)

F\(_{Mi}\)\(_9\)

Db\(_9^{(qq)}\)

F\(_{Mi}\)\(_9\)

Bb\(_9^{(qq)}\)


Seems like all the dreamers ran out of
Sure, it's little wonder we're in se-
Soon we'll all be zooming off to the

dreams, and nothing feels the same. It's such a pi-
cure, just open up your eyes. It's like the sweep-
moon. Like pioneers we'll roam To find some peace-

E\(_b\)\(_9\)

Ab\(_{13}\)

Db\(_9\)

G\(_7^{(qq)}\)

(bes.)

(Steady Samba)

B

C\(_7^{(qq)}\)

F\(_{Mi}\)\(_9\)

C\(_7^{(qq)}\)


wheelers and dealers are hanging in tough, and keep-ing an eye on the ac-
wheelers and dealers are doing their thing, and tell-ing us ev-ry-thing's ro-
wheelers and dealers are get-ting there first, and set-ting up shop in the cra-

F\(_{Mi}\)\(_9\)

C\(_7^{(qq)}\)

F\(_{Mi}\)\(_9\)


tion,
hawking and talk-ing and mov-ing that stuff, and
sy.
Lord on-ly knows what to-mor-row may bring, but
ters,
to feed be-yond hun-ger and drink be-yond thirst, *and
feeling a fast satisfaction. Wheeling and dealing in
don't any body get nosy.
those who oppose 'em are traitors.

various large and small things,

lying and stealing and letting the chips just fall,

signing and sealing and knowing the price of

all things and the value of nothing at all.

The original lyric 2 bars before letter B (3rd verse) was "like unsatisfiable satyrs." It has been revised by the composer.
This chart is in Dave Frishberg's original key. Irene Kral sang this in D minor.
When A Man Loves A Woman

Calvin Lewis
Andrew Wright
(as performed by Percy Sledge)

Medium R & B Ballad

( Intro )
(top note of organ chords)

E♭
B♭/D
CMI
GMI/B♭
(etc.)

(sample bass)

E♭
B♭/C
F
E♭ (etc.)
B♭

When a

man loves a woman can't keep his mind on noth-in' else.

man loves a woman down deep in his soul,

A

He'd change the world for the good thing he's

she can bring him such misery.

If she is

If she

bad he can't see it,

plays him for a fool,

If she can do no wrong.

he's the last one to know.

A

turn his back on his best friend if he put her down.

When a

Loving eyes can never see.

When a

man loves a woman spend his very last dime,

man loves a woman he can do her no wrong.

try'n' to hold on to what he needs. He'd give up
He could never hold some other girl.
Yes, when a

all his comforts and sleep out in the rain,
man loves a woman,
I know exactly how he feels,

if she said that's the way it ought to be.
'cause baby, baby, you're my world.

Well, this man loves a woman,

I gave you every thing I had.

tryin' to hold on to your high class love.

Baby, please don't treat me bad.

When a
D.S. for optional solos
Fade out last x

On Percy Sledge's original version the form is ABC (1st verse and chorus), AB (2nd verse), repeat A and fade out.
The written melody fits the first verse only.
When The World Was Young

Music by Philippe Block
Lyric by Johnny Mercer and Angele Vannier

Freely

It is n't by chance I happen to be, A bou - le - var - dier, the
(2. Wher) - ev - er I go they men - tion my name, And that in it - self is
(3. While) sit - ting a - round we of - ten re - call, The laugh of the year, the

toast of Pa - ris. For o - ver the noise, the talk and the smoke, I'm
some sort of fame "Come by for a drink, we're hav - ing a game," Wher -
night of them all. The blonde who was so at - trac - tive that year, Some
good for a laugh, A drink or a joke. I walk in a room, a
ev - er I go I'm glad that I came. The talk is quite gay, the
o - pen - ing night that made us all cheer. Re - mem - ber that time we

par - ty or ball, "Come, sit o - ver here" some - bod - y will call. "A
com - pa - ny fine, There's laugh - ter and lights, and gla - mour and wine, And
all got so tight, And Jacques and An - toine got in - to a fight. The
drink for M' - sieur! A drink for us all!" But how man - y times I stop and re - call.
beau - ti - ful girls and some of them mine. But oft - en my eyes see a dif - f'rent shine.
gen-darmes who came, passed out like a light, I laugh with the rest, It's all ver - y bright.

Medium Slow Waltz

Ah, the apple trees, Blos - soms in the breeze,
Ah, the apple trees, Sun - lit mem - o - ries,
Ah, the apple trees, And the hive of bees.
That we walked among,  Ly - ing in the hay,
Where the hammock swung,  On our backs we'd lie,
Where we once got stung,  Sum -mers at Bor - deaux,

Games we used to play,  While the rounds were sung,  On -ly yes - ter -
Look - ing at the sky  Till the stars were strung,  On -ly last Ju -
Row - ing the bateau,  Where the willow hung,  Just a dream a -

day,  When the world was young.  2. Wher -
ly,  When the world was young.  3. While

go,  When the world was young.
When Your Lover Has Gone
(from "Blond Crazy")

E.A. Swan

Freely
(Verse)

For ages and ages the poets and sages of

What good is the scheming, the planning and dreaming that

love, wondrous love, always sing,

But comes with each new love affair?

The

ask any lover and you'll soon discover the

love that you cherish so often may perish and

heartaches that romance can bring,

leave you with castles in air.

(Ballad or Medium)

When you're alone who cares for starlit skies?

When you're alone the magic moonlight dies.

At break of dawn there is no sunrise

When your lover has gone.

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What lonely hours the evening shadows bring.

What lonely hours, with memories lingering.

Like faded flow'rs, life can't mean anything.

When your lover has gone.

Fine

Solo on AB

After solos, D.S. al fine

Primary chords in parentheses may be used for head only.
Originally in G, this tune is often played in A flat as well.
Where Or When
(from "Babes In Arms")

Music by Richard Rodgers
Lyric by Lorenz Hart

Freely (Verse)

C₉ Mı⁹ F₁₃ C₉ Mı⁹ F₁₃ Fₐ¹ G₉ B₉

When you're awake the things you think come from the dreams you dream. Thought has wings, And lots of things are seldom what they seem.

B₇ Mı⁹ E₇ A₈ M₇ / (G₉ Mı⁹) Fₐ¹ G₉ B₉

Some times you think you've lived before All that you live to day. Things you do come back to you As though they knew the way. Oh, the tricks your mind can play!

(A₈ M₉ G¹¹) E₈ M₇ (E₈ T)

It seems we stood and talked like this before. We looked at each other in the same way then, But I can't remember where or when.

(G₈ Mı⁹ C₇¹ G₉ B₉ E₈)

The clothes you're wearing are the clothes you wore. The smile you are smiling you were smiling then,
But I can't remember where or when.

Some things that happen for the first time,

Seem to be happening again.

And so it seems that we have met before, and

laughed before, and loved before, But

who knows where or when! (fine) Solo on ABC

After solos, D.S. al fine
Who Cares?
(So Long As You Care For Me)

Freely
Verse

Let it rain and thunder! Let a million, firms go
I am not concerned with Stocks and bonds that I've been

under!

I love you and you love me And burned with.

that's how it will always be, And nothing else can ever mean a

thing.

Who cares what the public chatter?

Love's the only thing that matters.

Who cares if the sky cares to

fall in the sea?

Who cares what banks fail in Yonkers?

Who cares how his to- ry rates me?

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Long as you've got a kiss that conquers.
Long as your kiss intoxicates me!

Why should I care? Life is

one long jubilee, So long as

I care for you And

you care for me. Solo on AB

(fine) After solos, D.S. al fine

* Originally:

kiss that conquers

* Cannonball Adderley played these 2 bars this way:
Why Try To Change Me Now?

Music by Cy Coleman
Lyric by Joseph McCarthy

I'm sentimental so I walk in the rain. I've got some habits even

I can't explain. Could start for the corner, turn up in Spain. But

why try to change me now? I sit and day-dream. I've got day-dreams galore.

Cigarette ashes there they go on the floor. I'll go away week-ends leave my

keys in the door. But why try to change me now?

Why can't I be more conventional? People talk, people stare so I

try But that's not for me. 'Cause I can't see

My kind of crazy world going by. So let people wonder let them

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laugh, let them frown. You know I'll love you till the moon's up-side down.

Don't you re-mem-ber, I was al-ways your clown. Why try to change me now?

Letter A, bars 1 & 9, are often played or sung:
With A Song In My Heart
(from "Spring Is Here")

Freely or Bright
(Verse) (Bb7(SUS)) EbMA7 BbMI7 Eb7 Ami7(#5) Eb6/Bb CMI7 FMI7 Bb7

He: Though I know that we meet ev'ry night
She: Oh, the moon's not a moon for a night,
And we could - n't have changed since the last time,
And these stars will not twinkle and fade out.
To my joy and de - light it's a new kind of love at first
And the words in my ears will re - sound for the rest of my sight.
Though it's you and it's I all the time
In the morn - ing I'll find with de - light
Ev - ry meet - ing's a mar - vel - ous pas - time,
You're in - creas - ing - ly sweet,
note of our mu - sic is played out,
It will be just as sweet,
And an
FMI7 Bb7 Eb6/Eb Eb6 rall. Eo7 FMI7 Eb9

ever we hap - pen to meet
air that I'll live to re - peat: I greet you

(Medium Ballad)
A EbMA7 (C7(#5)) FMI7 Bb7 EbMA7 (C7(#5)) FMI7 (Bb7 Bb9)

With a song in my heart, I be - hold your a - dor - a - ble face,

CMI7 DMI7(#5) G7 CMI7 DMI7(#5) G7

Just a song at the start, But it soon is a hymn to your grace.
When the music swells I'm touching your hand;

It tells that you're standing near, and

At the sound of your voice Heaven opens its portals to me.

Can I help but rejoice That a song such as ours came to be?

But I always knew I would live life through

With a song in my heart for you. (fine) Solo on ABCD

* Also performed Double X (Medium or Fast), with each written bar equalling 2 bars.
You And The Night And The Music
(from "Revenge With Music")

Music by Arthur Schwartz
Lyric by Howard Dietz

Song is in the air, telling us romance is ours to share.

Now at last we’ve found one another alone.

Love like yours and mine has the thrilling glow of sparkling wine.

Make the most of time ere it has flown.

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

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

* Also performed Bright or Latin (Ballad or Double Time).

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music are done.

pale light of dawning and daylight Our hearts will be throb-bing gui-
tars. Morning may come without warn-ing, And take a-way the

stars. If we must live for the mo-ment,

Love till the mo-ment is through. Af-ter the night and the

mu-sic die will I have you? (fine)

Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine

Alternate chords at letter B:

E₉MI₉ Ab₉ G₉MA₉ Ab₉(♯11) D₉MI G₉(♯9) Ab₉MA₉ A₉MI₉ D₉(♯9) G₉ Ab₉ G₉
Rubato Ballad
(A\textsuperscript{13}\textsubscript{SUS}) A D\textsuperscript{MA\textsuperscript{9}} A\textsuperscript{13}\textsubscript{SUS} D\textsuperscript{MA\textsuperscript{9}} A\textsuperscript{13}\textsubscript{SUS}

In the evening, when the kettle's on for tea, an old familiar feeling settles over me, and it's your face I see and

B\textsuperscript{MI\textsuperscript{7}} E\textsuperscript{7} A\textsuperscript{13}\textsubscript{SUS} A\textsuperscript{13} D\textsuperscript{MA\textsuperscript{9}} A\textsuperscript{13}\textsubscript{SUS}

I believe that you are there. In a garden, when I

D\textsuperscript{MA\textsuperscript{9}} A\textsuperscript{13}\textsubscript{SUS} D\textsuperscript{MA\textsuperscript{9}} A\textsuperscript{13}\textsubscript{SUS} D\textsuperscript{13}

stop to touch a rose, and feel the petals soft and sweet against my

G\textsuperscript{MA\textsuperscript{7}} F\textsuperscript{\#\textsuperscript{7}(\textsuperscript{19})\textsuperscript{5}} B\textsuperscript{MI\textsuperscript{7}} G\textsuperscript{9} C\textsuperscript{\#MI\textsuperscript{7}} F\textsuperscript{\#13}

nose, I smile and I suppose that somehow maybe you are there... When I'm

B\textsuperscript{6}\textsuperscript{F\#} E\textsuperscript{F\#} B\textsuperscript{6}\textsuperscript{F\#} E\textsuperscript{MI\textsuperscript{9(MAT\textsuperscript{1})}} F\textsuperscript{\#}\textsuperscript{7(\textsuperscript{19})\textsuperscript{5}} B\textsuperscript{MI\textsuperscript{9}} A

dreaming, and I find myself awake without a warning, and I

G\textsuperscript{MA\textsuperscript{9}} F\textsuperscript{\#MI\textsuperscript{7}(B\textsuperscript{9})} E\textsuperscript{MI\textsuperscript{9}} A\textsuperscript{13}\textsubscript{SUS} (A\textsuperscript{7}\textsuperscript{19})\textsubscript{SUS}

rub my eyes and fantasize and all at once I realize it's

C\textsuperscript{DMA\textsuperscript{9}} A\textsuperscript{13}\textsubscript{SUS} D\textsuperscript{MA\textsuperscript{9}} A\textsuperscript{13}\textsubscript{SUS}

morning and my fantasy is fading like a
distant star at dawn, my dearest dream is gone, I often think there's

just one thing to do... pretend the dream is true... and

tell myself that you are there.
You Are Too Beautiful
(from "Hallelujah, I'm A Bum")  
Music by Richard Rodgers  
Lyric by Lorenz Hart

Like all fools, I believed what I wanted to believe,  
My foolish heart conceived what foolish hearts conceive.

I thought I found a miracle, I thought that you'd adore me, But it was not a miracle, It was merely a mirage before me.

You are too beautiful, my dear, to be true, And I am a fool for beauty. Fooled by a feeling that because I had found you,

I could have bound you, too. You are too beautiful for one man alone, For one lucky fool to be with,

©1932 Warner Bros. Inc. (Renewed). Rights for the Extended Term in the US Controlled by The Estate of Lorenz Hart and Williamson Music. All Rights on behalf of The Estate of Lorenz Hart Administered by WB Music Corp. All Rights Reserved. Used by Permission.
When there are other men with eyes of their own to see with:

(B♭⁷/G(E♭⁷/G) A♭⁹/E) D⁹/G₉ sus G⁷(b⁹) C⁶/A♭₉/C⁷)

Love does not stand sharing, Not if one cares.

(B♭⁷/G(E♭⁷/G) A♭⁹/E) D⁹/G₉ sus G⁷(b⁹) C⁶/A♭₉/C⁷)

Have you been comparing My ev’ry kiss with theirs?

(C#7/G(F#7/G) A♭⁷/E) D⁹/G₉ sus G⁷(b⁹) C⁶/A♭₉/C⁷)

If on the other hand I’m faithful to you, It’s not through a sense of duty.

(C#7/G(F#7/G) A♭⁷/E) D⁹/G₉ sus G⁷(b⁹) C⁶/A♭₉/C⁷)

You are too beautiful and I am a fool for beauty.

(D⁷/G sus G⁷(b⁹) C⁶/A♭₉/C⁷)

Solo on ABC
After solos, D.S. al fine

(fine)
You Do Something To Me
(from "Fifty Million Frenchmen")

You do something to me,
(Eb6) (E67)
Something that simply mystifies me.

Tell me, why should it be
(FMI7) (C7(b9))
You have the pow'r to hypnotize me?

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Bm7  Gm7  Gb7  Fm7  C7

Let me live 'neath your spell,

B6  B7  D7  Db7  Ab6/C  Bb7  Bb7(9)

Do do that voo-doo that you do so well, For

Eb6  D7  Eb6  Gm7  C7

you do something to me That

F9  Bb9  Bb13(9)  Eb6  (Fm7  Bb7(9))

nobody else could do. (fine)

Solo on ABC

After solos, D.S. al fine
You go to my head and you linger like a haunting refrain

and I find you spinning 'round in my brain like the bubbles in a glass of champagne.

You go to my head like a sip of sparkling burgundy brew and I find the very mention of you

like the kicker in a julep or two.

The thrill of the thought that you might give a thought to my plea casts a spell over me.

Still I say to myself, “Get a hold of yourself, can’t you see that it never can be.” You go to my head with a smile that makes my
tem'p'ra-ture rise, like a sum-mer with a thou-sand Ju-lys,

You in-tox-i-cate my soul with your eyes. Tho' I'm cer-tain that this heart of mine has'n't a ghost of a chance in this cra-zy ro-

mance, you go to my head. (fine) (You)

head. You go to my head. (You)
You Make Me Feel Brand New

Thom Bell
Linda Creed
(as performed by the Stylistics)

Pop Ballad

I'll never find the words, my love, To tell you how I feel, my love. Mere words could not explain.

When ever I was insecure, You built me up and made me sure. You gave my pride back to me. Precious

love, you held my life within your hands, Created every-thing I am, Taught me how to live again.

friend, with you I'll always have a friend. You're some-one who I can depend. To walk a path that some-times bends.

cared when I needed a friend, Believed in me through thick and thin. Life has no meaning or rhyme, Like notes to a song out of time.
This song is for you, filled with gratitude and love.
How can I repay you for having faith in me?

God bless you, you make me feel brand new.
For God blessed me with you, you make me feel brand new.
I sing this song 'cause for you make me feel brand new.

My love,

D.S. for 2nd verse (plus optional solos)
(Take Coda last x)

(Vamp & fade)
**You Make Me Feel So Young**  
(from "Three Little Girls In Blue")  
Music by Josef Myrow  
Lyric by Mack Gordon

Medium or Freely

(Verse)  
$$\textsf{Bb}_{M(A)}^7 \quad \textsf{C}^7 \quad \textsf{Cm}^7 \quad \textsf{F}^7 \quad \textsf{Dm}^7 \quad \textsf{Bb}^7 \quad \textsf{Cm}^7 \quad \textsf{F}^7$$

Do I seem as cheerful as a school-boy playing hook-ey?

$$\textsf{Bb}_{M(A)}^7 \quad \textsf{C}^7 \quad \textsf{Cm}^7 \quad \textsf{F}^7 \quad \textsf{Bb}^7 \quad \textsf{A}^7_{(5)} \textsf{Ab}^{13} \quad \textsf{G}^7_{(59)}$$

Do I seem to gurgle like a baby with a cookie?

$$\textsf{Cm}^7 \quad \textsf{E}_6^6 \quad \textsf{Bb}_D^6 \quad \textsf{Db}^{17} \quad \textsf{C}_9^9 \quad \textsf{Csus} \quad \textsf{C}^{13} \quad \textsf{F}_S^{9} \quad \textsf{F}^7$$

If I do the cause of it all is you.

$$\textsf{S'} \quad \textsf{A} \quad \textsf{Bb}_{M(A)}^7 \quad \textsf{G}^7_{(59)} \quad \textsf{Cm}^7 \quad \textsf{F}^7 \quad \textsf{Bb}_{M(A)}^7 \quad \textsf{G}^7_{(59)} \quad \textsf{C}^{13} \quad \textsf{F}_S^{9} \quad \textsf{F}^7$$

You make me feel so young.  
You make me feel so

(Gb$^9$)  
$$\textsf{Fm}_C^7 \quad \textsf{F}^7 \quad \textsf{Bb}_{M(A)}^7 \quad \textsf{Bb}^7 \quad \textsf{Eb}_{M(A)}^7 \quad \textsf{Eb}^6$$

spring has sprung.  
And ev'ry time I see you grin, I'm such

(Dm$^7$)  
$$\textsf{Dm}^7 \quad \textsf{Db}^{17} \quad \textsf{Cm}^7 \quad \textsf{F}^7 \quad \textsf{Bb}_{M(A)}^7 \quad \textsf{G}^7_{(59)} \quad \textsf{G}^b^{9} \quad \textsf{C}^{13} \quad \textsf{F}_S^{9} \quad \textsf{F}^7$$

a happy individual.  
The moment that you speak,

(C$^{#9}$)  
$$\textsf{Cm}^7 \quad \textsf{F}^7 \quad \textsf{Bb}_{M(A)}^7 \quad \textsf{Bb}^7 \quad \textsf{Fm}_C^7 \quad \textsf{F}^7 \quad \textsf{Bb}_{M(A)}^7 \quad \textsf{Bb}^7$$

I wanna go play hide and seek.  
I wanna go and

(Eb$^9$)  
$$\textsf{Eb}_{M(A)}^7 \quad \textsf{E}_6^6 \quad \textsf{Db}^{17} \quad \textsf{Cm}^7 \quad \textsf{F}^7$$

bounce the moon just like a toy balloon.

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You and I are just like a couple of toots,

Running across a meadow, picking up lots of for-

get-me-nots. You make me feel so young,

You make me feel there are songs to be sung, bells to be rung, And a

wonderful fling to be flung. And even when I'm old and

gray I'm gonna feel the way I do today, 'Cause,

You make me feel so young. (fine) Solo on ABC

After solos, D.S. al fine
You Taught My Heart To Sing

Music by McCoy Tyner
Lyric by Sammy Cahn
(As performed by Dianne Reeves)

Ballad

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A</th>
<th>AbMA9</th>
<th>BbMI7</th>
<th>AbMA9</th>
<th>BbMI7</th>
<th>AbMA9</th>
<th>GMI7(b5)</th>
<th>C7(b9)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

We meet and it begins, the sound of violins, the song of birds high on the wing.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FMI9</th>
<th>Bb9(#11)</th>
<th>BbMI9</th>
<th>EbSus</th>
<th>AbMA9</th>
<th>BbMI7</th>
<th>AbMA9</th>
<th>BbMI7</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

You taught my heart to sing.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>AbMA9</th>
<th>BbMI7</th>
<th>AbMA9</th>
<th>BbMI7</th>
<th>AbMA9</th>
<th>GMI7(b5)</th>
<th>C7(b9)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Why does this heart of mine feel like a Valentine? You smile and suddenly it's spring.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FMI9</th>
<th>Bb9(#11)</th>
<th>BbMI9</th>
<th>EbSus</th>
<th>AbMA9</th>
<th>BbMI7</th>
<th>AbMA9</th>
<th>A3</th>
<th>GMI9</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

You taught my heart to sing.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FMi9</th>
<th>Bb9(#11)</th>
<th>BbMI9</th>
<th>C#MI7</th>
<th>GMi9</th>
<th>C9</th>
<th>FMI9</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

My heart was an empty shell. Then you came along.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>AMi9</th>
<th>D13(b9)</th>
<th>GMi9</th>
<th>FMI9</th>
<th>Bb13(b9)</th>
<th>BbMI9</th>
<th>EbSus</th>
<th>Eb13(b9)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Now my heart's a carousel filled with song.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CMa9</th>
<th>AbMA9</th>
<th>BbMI7</th>
<th>AbMA9</th>
<th>BbMI7</th>
<th>AbMA9</th>
<th>GMi7(b5)</th>
<th>C7(b9)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

The miracle of you will last my whole life through. You're all I'll keep remember-
You taught my heart to sing.

Solo on ABC

After solos, D.C. al Coda

You taught my heart to sing.

McCoy Tyner’s version
Medium (Freely)

Diane Reeves sings this in E flat. The original key is A flat.
You Took Advantage Of Me
(from "Present Arms")

Music by Richard Rodgers
Lyric by Lorenz Hart

He: In the spring when the feeling was chronic And my caution was leaving you
She: When a girl has the heart of a mother It must go to someone, of

flat, I should have made use of the tonic Of course.
It can't be a sister or brother And

fore you gave me "that!" A mental deficient you'll
so I loved my horse. But horses are frequently

grade me, I've given you plenty of data. You
silently, Mine ran from the beach of Kalu-ta, And

came, you saw and you slayed me, And that is that a
left me alone for a filly, So I picked you a.

I'm a sentimental sap, that's all. What's the use of trying
not to fall? I have no will, You've made your kill 'Cause you

took advantage of me. I'm just like an apple on a bough.
(G₉₋₇)
E₉/G
G₉₋₇
F₉₋₇
B₉
B₉₋₇
E₉

And you're gonna shake me down some-how. So what's the use, you've cooked my goose. 'Cause you took advantage of me.

(A₉₋₇⁺⁹)
B₉
D₉
E₉/B₉
F₉₋₇
B₉⁻⁹
F₇
It's so hot and bothered that I don't know. My elbow from my ear. I suffer something awful each time you go. And much worse when you're near. Here am I with all my bridges burned.

(G₉₋₇)
E₉/G
G₉₋₇
F₉₋₇
B₉
B₉₋₇
E₉

Just a babe in arms where you're concerned. So lock the doors and call me yours. 'Cause you took advantage of me.

(Solo on ABC)
After solos, D.S. al fine
You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To
(from "Something To Shout About")

Freely or Medium
(Verse) C\(^{6}\) G\(^{7}\) C\(^{6}\) G\(^{B}\) C\(^{9}\) F F\(^{M\,1}\)

It's not that you're fairer than a lot of girls just as pleasin', That I

doff my hat as a worshipper at your shrine, ___

It's

B\(^{b}\)\(^{7}\) E\(^{b}\)\(^{6}\) B\(^{b}\)\(^{D}\) E\(^{b}\)\(^{9}\) A\(^{b}\)

not that you're rarer than asparagus out of season, no, my

darling, this is the reason Why you've got to be mine:

(Medium or Ballad) A
(E\(^{3}\)\(^{8\,4\,3}\) A\(^{M\,1}\)\(^{6}\) F\(^{#\,M\,1}\)\(^{7\,(5)}\) B\(^{M\,1}\)\(^{7\,(5)}\) E\(^{7\,(9)}\)

You'd be so nice to come home to, ___ You'd be

G\(^{M\,1}\)\(^{9}\) C\(^{7}\) F\(^{M\,1}\)\(^{7}\)

so nice by the fire, ___ While the

B\(^{f}\)\(^{7}\)\(^{(5)}\) E\(^{7}\)\(^{(9)}\)

breeze on high sang a lullaby, ___ You'd be

(A\(^{M\,1}\)\(^{6}\) G\(^{M\,1}\)\(^{7}\)\(^{(5)}\) A\(^{M\,1}\)\(^{6}\) C\(^{M\,1}\)\(^{7}\) F\(^{7}\)

all that I could desire. __ Under
stars, chilled by the winter, Under an

August moon, burning above, You'd be

so nice, You'd be paradise to come

home to and love. (fine) (You'd be)

Solo on ABCD after solos, D.S. al fine
You'll Never Know

Freely or Medium

Darling, I'm so blue without you, I think about you the live-long day.

When you ask me if I'm lonely, then I have only this to say:

You'll never know just how much I miss you.

You'll never know just how much I care.

And if I tried, I still couldn't hide my love for you.

You said goodbye, now stars in the sky are shining.

You ought to know, for haven't I told you fuse to shine.

Take it from me, it's no fun to be alone, a million or more times?

You went away and my heart

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I speak your name in my every prayer. If there is some other way to prove that I love you, I swear I don’t know how.

You’ll never know if you don’t know now. (fine)

Solo on AB

After solos, D.S. al fine
You're The Top
(from "Anything Goes")

Freely or Medium
(Verse) (B♭) E♭maj7 E♭maj7 C♭maj7 C♭maj7 Fmaj7 B♭maj7 Gmaj7 F♯maj7

At words poet-ic I'm so pa-thet-ic that I al-ways have found—it

Gmaj7 C♭maj7 Fmaj7 Fmaj7 B♭maj7 E♭maj7

best. In-stead of get-ting 'em off my chest, to let 'em rest

Fmaj7 B♭maj7 E♭maj7 E♭maj7 Fmaj7 B♭maj7

un-ex-pressed. I hate par-ad-ing my ser-e-nad-ing As I'll

E♭maj7 A♭maj7 D♭maj7 Gmaj7 D♭maj7(9)

prob-a-ly miss a bar, But if this ditty is

Gmaj7 D♭maj7(9) (G♭ - E♭maj7 . Fmaj7 B♭maj7)

not so pret-ty At least it'll tell you how great you are.

(S)

You're the top! You're the Co-los-seum,

(E♭6) (B♭maj7)

C♭maj7 C♭maj7 (C♭maj7) C♭maj7 C♭maj7 D♭maj7(9)

You're the top! You're the Louvr' Mu-se-um,

B♭maj7 G♭maj7 Fmaj7 B♭maj7 E♭maj7 A♭maj7(9)

You're a mel-o-dy From a sym-pho-ny by Strauss, You're a

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You're the Nile, You're the Tow'r of Pi-sa,
you're the smile on the Mon-a Li-sa;

I'm a worth-less check, a to-tal wreck, a flop.

ADDITI-ONAL REFRAINS:

You're the top! You're Mahatma Gandi.
You're the top! You're Napoleon brandy.
You're the purple light of a summer night in Spain.
You're the Na-tional Gall'ry,
You're Garbo's sal'ty, You're cellophane.
You're sublime, You're a turkey dinner,
You're the time of the Der-by winner.
I'm a toy balloon that's fated soon to pop,
But if, baby, I'm the bottom,
You're the top!

You're the top! You're a Ritz hot toddy.
You're the top! You're a Brewster body.
You're the boats that glide on a sleepy Zuider Zee.
You're a Nathan pann'ing,
You're Bishop Manning, You're brocciolo.
You're a prize, You're a night at Coney,
You're the eyes of Irene Bordoni.
I'm a broken doll, a fol-de-rol, a blob,
But if, baby, I'm the bottom,
You're the top!

You're the top! You're a Waldorf salad.
You're the top! You're a Berlin ballad.
You're a baby grand of a lady and a gent.
You're an old Dutch master,
You're Mrs. Astor, You're Pepsidot.
You're romance, You're the steppes of Russia,
You're the pants on a Roxy usher.
I'm a lazy lout that's just about to stop,
But if, baby, I'm the bottom,
You're the top!

You're the top! You're a dance in Bali.
You're the top! You're a hot tamale.
You're an angel, you, simply too, too, too de-vine.
You're a Bot-icelli,
You're Keats, you're Shelley, You're Ova-tine.
You're a boon, You're the dam at Boulder,
You're the moon over Mae West's shoulder.
I'm a nominee of the G.O.P. or GOP,
But if, baby, I'm the bottom,
You're the top!

You're the top! You're the Tower of Babel.
You're the top! You're the Whitney Stable.
By the river Rhine, You're a sturdy stein of beer,
You're a dress from Saks,
You're next years taxes, You're stratosphere.
You're my thot, You're a Drumstick Lipstick,
You're de foist in da Irish Svipstick.
I'm a frightened frog that can find no log to hop,
But if, baby, I'm the bottom,
You're the top!
Yours Is My Heart Alone

Music by Franz Lehár
Original Lyric by Ludwig Herzer & Fritz Lohner
English Lyric by Harry B. Smith

A
B₉ (F₉)
E₉ (D₉)
A₇
D₇
G₉

Yours is my heart alone and without you

life holds no charm.

Yours every thought I own,

our love the theme of every dream.

B

A₉ (F₉)
D₇ (B₉)
G₉
B₉ (G₉)

All that makes life seem worthwhile dwells in your eyes

and the spell of your smile.

There is no song half so sweet to me as your voice whispering "I love you, dear!"

Originally

A
F
C₇
F

"I love you, dear!"

Jazz versions differ greatly from the original concept of this song.
Originally written in the key of C.