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2017-6-17

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A Foggy Day (? Quartet)

Music by Georges Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin 1937

I	B \flat Δ	C $^{-7}$ F $^{7+5}$	B \flat Δ	C $^{-7}$ F $^{7+5}$
	B \flat Δ	A 7	D $^{-7}$	G 7
	C $^{-7}$ F $^{7+5}$	B \flat Δ	D $^{-7}$ D $^{-6}$	D $^{-7}$ G $^{7-9}$
	D $^{-7}$ G $^{7-9}$	C $^{-7}$ F $^{7+5}$	B \flat Δ G 7	C $^{-7}$ F 7
A $_1$	B \flat Δ	G $^{7+5-9}$	C $^{-7}$	F $^{7-9}$
	B \flat Δ	G $^{\emptyset}/D\mathbb{b}^7$	C 7	F 7
	B \flat Δ	F $^{-7}$ B \mathbb{b}^7	E $\mathbb{b}\Delta$	A \mathbb{b}^7
	D $^{-7}$	G $^{7-9}$	C 7	F 7
A $_2$	B \flat Δ	G $^{7+5-9}$	C $^{-7}$	F $^{7-9}$
	B \flat Δ	G $^{\emptyset}/D\mathbb{b}^7$	C 7	F 7
	F $^{-7}$	B \mathbb{b}^7	E $\mathbb{b}\Delta$	A \mathbb{b}^7
	B \flat Δ C $^{-7}$	B \flat Δ C $^{-7}$	B \flat Δ G $^{-7}$	C $^{-7}$ F 7
	B \flat Δ /F (D 7 /F)	C 7 /F (F 7)		

B Sax. voc-sax/p-voc/sax. S: normal

I was a stranger in the city.
 Out of town were the people I knew.
 I had that feeling of selfpity,
 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 know.
 A foggy day in London town

Had me low and had me down.
 I viewed the morning with alarm,
 the British Museum hat 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 ev'ry where.

Girl from Ipanema (? Quartet)

Music by Antonio Carlos Jobim Lyrics by Norman Gimbel & Vincius DeMoraes 1965

I	E ^{b7j}	E ⁷	E ^{b7j}	E ⁷	
A ₁	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	F ⁷	F ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	E ⁷	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	
A ₁	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	F ⁷	F ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	E ⁷	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	
B	E ^{7j}	E ^{7j}	A ⁷	A ⁷	
	E ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷	G ⁷ C ⁷	C ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷	D ^{b7}	D ^{b7}	
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁺⁹	F ⁻⁷	E ⁷	
A ₁	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	F ⁷	F ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	E ⁷	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	
S			E ^{b7j}	E ⁷	
	E ^{b7j}	E ⁷	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	

Es Latin

Tall and tan and young and lovely,
The boy from Ipanema goes walking,
And when he passes, each one she passes goes –
"aaah".

When he walks, he's like a samba
That swings so cool and sways so gentle
And when he passes, each one she passes goes –
"aaah".

Ooh, But I watch him so sadly
How can I tell him I love him?
Yes I would give my heart gladly –
But each day, when he walks to the sea

He looks straight ahead, not at he (me)
Tall and tan and young and lovely
The boy from Ipanema goes walking
And when he passes, I smile – but he doesn't see.

Shiny Stockings

Lyric by Ella Fitzgerald/John Hendricks Music by Frank Foster 1955

A	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷⁻⁹	
	B ^{b7j}	E ^{b9}	D ^{-7j}	D ^{b0}	
	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	D ^{7j}	G ⁷⁻⁹	
B	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷⁻⁹	
	B ^{b7j}	E ^{b9}	D ^{-7j}	D ^{b0}	
	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7j}	

B Blöcke, Schlagzeug

Those silk shiny stockings that I wear when I'm with you,
I wear cause you told me that you dig that crazy hue.

Do we think of romance,
when we go to a dance?
Oh no! You take a glance –
at those shiny stockings.

Then came along some chick with great big stockings too.
When you changed your mind about me, why I never knew.
I guess I'll have to find,
a new, a new kind,
A guy who digs my shiny stockings too!

I walk with my baby and I know in nothin' flat
She's got something mellow lots of fellows whistle at
When we go for a walk, I know soon as we're out
With no shadow of doubt,
She's got lots to be proud of..

And I'm hip I'm lucky to have a woman that well endowed
A girl half that lovely could make plenty of fellows proud
I'm crazy about all of her charms, but one in particular is a ball
I love those shiny stockings best of all.

Every man will eyeball whatever he can
But one thing all men dig is a real shapely leg
Oh really, oh really, oh really, oh really, oh really, oh really, oh really,
Oh yeah, what do they think of that
Where to they think we're at?

A woman has got to pretty up and tend to business
Make sure she's catchin' an eye!

The fellows all get to diggin' but they
Never know what they're diggin' about
A woman has really got to wail at always lookin' her very best
She must be up to par without fail
Otherwise, her old man's eyes will start to wonder
And is it any wonder?

Men go for prettines, this I must confess
Dig a pretty face, dig a pretty dress
But they like a pretty leg best
And that's the reason those stockings shine...
'Cause they appeal to these eyes of mine
I love it when she says "I'm gonna stick around and love you
babe"

I'm certain if I can keep her home from roamin'
She'll remain and I'll be wonderin'
Why a wmon that's lookin' as good as her is by my side
She's fine, yes she's fine
And she's all mine

What an incredibly lucky specimin am I!
I'm crazy 'bout every single one of her charms
But one in particular is a ball
I love those shiny stockings best of all
Oh I love those shiny stockings really I do
Yes I do, I truly do.

That's All

Music and Lyrics by Alan Brandt and Bob Haymes 1953

A ₁	E ^{b7j}	F ⁻⁷	E ^{b7j} / _G	F ⁻⁷	E ^{b7j}	D ⁷⁺⁵⁹	D ^{b7-5 13}	C ⁷	
	F ⁷ / _A	A ^{b-6}	E ^{b7j} / _G	G ^{b0}	F ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
A ₂	E ^{b7j}	F ⁻⁷	E ^{b7j} / _G	F ⁻⁷	E ^{b7j}	D ⁷⁺⁵⁹	D ^{b7-5 13}	C ⁷	
	F ⁷ / _A	A ^{b-6}	E ^{b7j} / _G	G ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	
B	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j}	A ⁰	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j}		
	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	B ⁰	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
A ₃	E ^{b7j}	F ⁻⁷	E ^{b7j} / _G	F ⁻⁷	E ^{b7j}	D ⁷⁺⁵⁹	D ^{b7-5 13}	C ⁷	
	F ⁷ / _A	A ^{b-6}	E ^{b7j} / _G	G ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	

I can only give you love that lasts for ever, and the promise to be near each time you call; and the only heart I own for you and you alone, that's all, that's all.

I can only give you contry walks in springtime and a hand to hold when leaves begin to fall; and a love whose burning light will warm the winter night, that's all, that's all.

There are those, I am sure, who have told you they would give you the world for a toy. All I have are these arms to enfold you and a love time can never destroy.

If you're wond'ring what I'm asking in return dear, you'll be glad to know that my demands are small; say it's me that you'll adore, for now and evermore, that's all, that's all.

Es Ballade. p Intro ohne Rhythmus

F ^{7j}	G ⁻⁷	F ^{7j} / _A	G ⁻⁷	F ^{7j}	E ⁷⁺⁵⁹	E ^{b7-5 13}	D ⁷	
G ⁷ / _B	B ^{b-6}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
F ^{7j}	G ⁻⁷	F ^{7j} / _A	G ⁻⁷	F ^{7j}	E ⁷⁺⁵⁹	E ^{b7-5 13}	D ⁷	
G ⁷ / _B	B ^{b-6}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	
C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	B ⁰	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		
D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	C ^{#0}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
F ^{7j}	G ⁻⁷	F ^{7j} / _A	G ⁻⁷	F ^{7j}	E ⁷⁺⁵⁹	E ^{b7-5 13}	D ⁷	
G ⁷ / _B	B ^{b-6}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}		

As Long As I Live

Music by Harold Arlen Lyrics by Ted Koehler 1934

A ₁	F ^Δ G ⁷	A ⁷ / _E C ⁷	D ⁷ F ^Δ	D ⁻⁷⁺⁵	D ⁷ G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
A ₂	F ^Δ G ⁷	A ⁷ / _E C ⁷	D ⁷ F ^Δ	B ^{bΔ}	D ⁷ F ^Δ		
B	F ⁷ D ⁻	B ^{bΔ} D ⁻⁷	B ^{b-} G ⁻⁷	D ⁷ _{F#} /G ^{b0}	F ^Δ G ⁻⁷	A ⁷ / _E C ⁷	
A ₃	F ^Δ G ⁷	A ⁷ / _E C ⁷	D ⁷ F ^Δ	B ^{bΔ}	D ⁷ F ^Δ		

F

Maybe I can't live to love you as long as I want to.
Live isn't long enough, baby, but I can love you As
Long As I Live.

Maybe I can't give you diamonds and things like
I want to, but I can promise you, baby, I'm gonna
want you As Long As I Live.

I never cared, but now I'm scared I won't live

long enough. That's why I wear my rubbers when it
rains and eat an apple every day, then see the doctor
anyway

What if I can't live to love you as long as I want
to? Long as I promise you baby, I'm gonna love you
As Long As I Live.

... I'll even wear long underwear when weather
breezes blow, I'm gonna take a care of me because
a sneeze or two might means a flu and that would
never, never do.

B ^{bΔ} C ⁷	D ⁷ / _A F ⁷	G ⁷ B ^{bΔ}	D ^{b0}	G ⁷ C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
B ^{bΔ} C ⁷	D ⁷ / _A F ⁷	G ⁷ B ^{bΔ}		G ⁷ B ^{bΔ}		
B ^{bΔ} G ^{-Δ}	E ^{bΔ} G ⁻⁷	E ^{b-}	B ⁰	B ^{bΔ} C ⁻⁷	D ⁷ / _A F ⁷	
B ^{bΔ} C ⁷	D ⁷ / _A F ⁷	G ⁷ B ^{bΔ}		G ⁷ B ^{bΔ}		

Time on My Hands

Music by Vincent Youmans Lyrics by Harold Adamson & Mack Gordon 1930

V	G ⁻⁷	C ¹³⁻⁹	F ^{7j}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁹⁽¹¹⁾	C ¹³	F ⁶		
	G ⁻⁷	C ¹³⁻⁹	F ^{7j}	D ⁻⁷	B ^{-7b5}	E ⁷⁻⁹	A ^{7j}	A ⁶	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j} _{/E}	A ⁷⁺⁵	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁹		
A	F ^{7j}		F ^{7j}		B ^{-7b5}		E ⁷⁻⁹		
	G ⁻⁷		G ⁻⁷		C ⁷		G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
A	F ^{7j}		F ^{7j}		B ^{-7b5}		E ⁷⁻⁹		
	G ⁻⁷		G ⁻⁷		E ^{-7b5}		A ⁷⁻⁹		
B	D ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹		D ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹		G ⁹⁺¹¹		G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁻⁹	
	A ⁻⁷		A ^{b0}		G ⁻⁷		C ⁷ _{/G}	C ⁷⁻⁹	
C	F ^{7j}		F ^{7j}		A ^{b9}		D ⁷⁻⁹		
	G ⁹⁺¹¹		C ⁷		F ^{7j}	(D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷)	

F p Verse ohne Rhythmus. langsam Garnern

When the day fades away into twilights,
 the moon ist my light of love,
 In the nict I am quite a romancer,
 I find an answer above.
 To bring me consolation,
 you're my inspiration.
 This is my imagination.

Time on my hands,
 You in my arms,
 Nothing but love in view;
 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.

Sunday

Music by Jule Styne, Ned Miller & Bernie Krüger Lyrics by Chester Cohn 1924

A	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j} _{/E}	E ^{b0}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	B ^{b7}	A ⁷	
	D ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	A ⁷⁻⁹	D ⁷	G ⁷	
	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j} _{/E}	E ^{b0}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	B ^{b7}	A ⁷	
	D ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}		C ^{7j}		
B	E ⁷	E ⁷		A ⁷		A ⁷		
	D ⁷	D ⁷		D ⁻⁷		G ^{7j}		
	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j} _{/E}	E ^{b0}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	B ^{b7}	A ⁷	
	D ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}		C ^{7j}		

C Block/Melodie, schneller

I'm blue ev'ry Monday, Thinking over Sunday That
one day when I'm with you.

It seems that I sigh all day Tuesday I cry all day
Wednesday Oh, My! how I long for you.

And then comes Thursday, Gee it's long, it never
goes by. Friday, makes me feel like I'm gonna die,
But after Payday in my funday, I shine all day Sunday,
That one day when I'm with you.

If I Love Again

Music by Ben Oakland Lyrics by Jack Murrey 1932

V	F ^{7j}	G ⁻⁷	G ^{-7b5} / _{/C}	F ⁶	
	F ^{7j}	G ⁻⁷	G ^{-7b5} / _{/C}	F ⁶ A ⁷	
	F ⁷	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷	B ^{b0} B ^{b7j}	A ^{-7b5} D ⁷	
	D ⁻⁷ A ⁷ / _{/C#}	D ⁻⁷ / _{/C} D ⁻⁷ / _{/B}	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷⁻⁹	G ^{-7b5} C ⁷⁺⁵	
A _{1/2}	F ^{7j}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ⁶	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	
	A ^{-7b5} D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷⁻⁹	F ⁷ A ⁷⁺⁵	
	D ⁻⁷	E ^{-7b5} A ⁷	D ⁻⁷	D ^{-7b5} G ⁷	
	C ⁻⁷	D ^{-7b5} G ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
A ₂	F ^{7j}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ⁶	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	
	A ^{-7b5} D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷⁻⁹	F ⁷ A ⁷⁺⁵	
	D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷ / _{/C}	B ^{-7b5}	B ^{b-7} E ^{b7}	
	F ^{7j}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	A ^{-7b5}	D ⁷⁻⁹	
	G ⁻⁷	G ^{-7b5} C ⁷	F ^{6/9}	F ^{6/9}	

F

I often wonder why you came to me,
brought such a flame to me,
then let it die.
And if another love should find my heart
it will remind my heart of your good-bye.
With ev'ry new love you'll come back to me
In other eyes it's you I'll see.

If I love again thou it's some one new
If I I love agein it will still be you
In someone else's fond embrace
I'll close my eyes and see your face.

If I love again I'll find other charms,
But I'll make believe you are in my arms.
And though my lips whisper I love you,
my heart will not be true.
I'll be loving you ev'ry time I love again.

On a Clear Day

Music by Burton Lane Lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner 1965

A ₁	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	B ^{b7}	B ^{b7}
	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷
	G ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	G ^{-7b5} /E ^{b13}	G ^{-7b5} /E ^{b13}
	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷ F ^{#0}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷
A ₂	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷
	B ^{b7j}	G ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷
	F ⁰ F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷
	G ⁻⁷ A ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷ /B ^b A ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷ A ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷ A ⁻⁷
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}

F locker à la Peterson. Immer «Schwänzli»

On a clear day rise and look around you and you'll
see who you are. On a clear day how it will astound
you that the glow of your being outshines ev'ry star.
You feel

part of ev'ry 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 and ever and evermore!

G ^{7j}	G ^{7j}	C ⁷	C ⁷
G ^{7j}	G ^{7j}	B ^{-7b5}	E ⁷
A ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	F ⁹	D ⁷
B ⁻⁷	B ^{b0}	A ⁻⁷ G ^{#0}	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷
D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷
C ^{7j}	A ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷
G ⁰ G ^{7j}	G ^{7j}	B ^{-7b5}	E ⁷
A ⁻⁷ B ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷ /C B-	A ⁻⁷ B ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷ /C B ⁻⁷
A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	G ^{7j}

How Insensitive (Insensatez)

Music Antonio Carlos Jobim Lyrics Vincius De Moraes, Norman Gimbel 1963/64

A ₁	D-	D-	A ⁷⁹ / _{C#}	A ⁷⁹ / _{C#}	
	C- ⁶	C- ⁶	G ⁷ / _B	G ⁷ / _B	
	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	
	E- ^{7b5}	A ⁷⁻⁵	D- ⁷	D- ⁷	

A ₂	F ⁷ / _C	F ⁷ / _C	B ⁰	B ⁰	
	B ^{b7j}	A ⁷	D- ⁷	D- ⁷	
	C- ⁷	F ⁷ / _C	B- ⁷	E ⁷ / _B	
	E- ^{7b5} / _{B^b}	A ⁷	D- ⁷	D- ⁷	

Dm Bossa

A insensatez
Que você fez
Coração mas sem cuidado
Fez 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
Quê a razão
Usa só sinceridade
Quem semeia vento
Diz a razão

Vai meu coração
Pede perdão
Perdão apaixonado
Vai porque
Quem não pede
perdão
Não é nunca perdoado

How insensitive I must have seemed
when she told me that she loved me.
How unmoved and cold I must have seemed
when she told me so sincerely.

Why, she must have asked, did I just turn
and stare in icy silence?
What was I to say? What can you say
when a love affair is over?

Now she's gone away and I'm alone
with the memory of her last look.
Vague and drawn and sad, I see it still,
all her heartbreak in that last look.
How, she must have asked, could I just turn
and stare in icy silence?
What was I to do? What can one do
when a love affair is over?

G-	G-	D ⁷⁹ / _{F#}	D ⁷⁹ / _{F#}	
F- ⁶	F- ⁶	C ⁷ / _E	C ⁷ / _E	
E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	A ^{b7j}	A ^{b7j}	
A- ^{7b5}	D ⁷⁻⁵	G- ⁷	G- ⁷	

B ^{b7} / _F	B ^{b7} / _F	E ⁰	E ⁰	
E ^{b7j}	D ⁷ / _F	G- ⁷	G- ⁷	
F- ⁷	B ^{b7} / _F	E- ⁷	A ⁷ / _E	
A- ^{7b5} / _{E^b}	D ⁷ / _F	G- ⁷	G- ⁷	

I've Grown Accustomed to His Face

Music: Frederick Loewe Lyrics: Alan Jay Lerner 1956

I	E ^b Δ	A ^b 7	G ⁻ 7	C ⁻ 7	F ⁻ 7	B ^b -7	E ^b Δ	B ^b 7	
A ₁	E ^b Δ	A ^b 7	G ⁻ 7	C ⁻ 7	F ⁻ 7	B ^b 7	B ^b -7	E ^b 7	
	A ^b Δ	A ^o	E ^b Δ / B ^b	C ⁷	F ⁻ 7	E ^o	F ⁻ 7	B ^b 7	
A ₂	E ^b Δ	A ^b 7	G ⁻ 7	C ⁻ 7	F ⁻ 7	B ^b 7	B ^b -7	E ^b 7	
	A ^b Δ	A ^o	E ^b Δ / B ^b	C ⁷⁺⁵	F ⁻ 7	B ^b 7	G ^o	C ⁷	
	A ^o	A ^b -7	G ⁻ 7	C ⁷⁻⁹	F ⁻ 7	B ^b 7	E ^b Δ		

Es Ballade

I've grown accustomed to his face, he almost makes the day begin. I've grown accustomed to the tune he whistles night and noon, his smiles, his frowns, his ups, his downs

are second nature to me now: like breathing out and breathing in. I was serenely in dependent and content before we met; surely I could always be that way again and yet, I've grown accustomed to his looks; accustomed to his voice, accustomed to his face.

Bye Bye Blackbird

Music by Ray Henderson Lyrics by Mort Dixon 1928

A ₁	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ^{7j}	
	F _{/A}	A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	G ⁻⁷	G ^{-7j}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	
A ₂	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	A ^{-7b5}	D ⁷	
	G ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	G ^{-7b5}	C ⁷	
	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	A ^{-7b5}	D ⁷	
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	

F schneller,

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

here can love and understand me, oh what hard luck
stories they all hand me. Make my bed and light the
light, I'll arrive late tonight, black bird bye bye.

Teach Me Tonight

Music by Gene De Paul Lyrics by Sammy Cahn 1953

A ₁	E ^{b7} _j	A ^{b7} /F ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷ _{/E}	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	G ⁻⁷ _{b5}	C ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷		F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7} _j	C ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
A ₂	E ^{b7} _j	A ^{b7} /F ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷ _{/E}	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	G ⁻⁷ _{b5}	C ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷		F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7} _j	A ^{b7}	E ^{b7} _j	G ⁻⁷ F ^{#-7}	
B	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7} _j	C ⁷⁻⁹	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7} _j		
	A ⁻⁷ _{b5}	D ⁷⁻⁹	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
A _{2/3}	E ^{b7} _j	A ^{b7} /F ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷ _{/E}	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	G ⁻⁷ _{b5}	C ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷		F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7} _j	(C ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7})	

Es Garnern

Did you say "I've got a lot to learn?" Well, don't think I'm trying not to learn, Since this is the perfect spot to learn, Teach Me Tonight.

Starting 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 shootin' star goes by I'll use that star to write I love you, A thousand times across the sky.

One thins isn't very clear, my love, Should the teacher stand so near, my love, Graduation's almost here, my love, Teach Me Tonight.

How About You?

Music by Burton Lane Lyrics by Ralph Freed 1941

A	F ^{7j}	B ^{b7-5}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^{7j}	B ^{b7-5}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	A ^{-5b7}	D ⁷⁺⁵	
	G ⁷		G ^{-5b7}		F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	
	A ^{7j} / _E		B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ^{7j}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	
B	F ^{7j}	B ^{b7-5}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	C ⁻⁷		F ⁷		B ^{b7j}	E ^{b7}	
	F ^{7j} /A ⁻⁷		A ^{b-6}		G ⁻⁷	E ^{-5b7} A ⁷	
	D ⁻⁷		G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	

F Block/Melodie

When a girl meets boy, Life can be a joy, But the note they end on, Will depend on little pleasures they will share; So let us compare.

I like New York In June. How about you? I like a Gershwin tune. How about you? I love a fireside when a storm is due. I like potato chips. moonlight and motor trips. How about you?

I'm mad about good books, can't get my fill. And Franklin Roosevelt's looks, give me a thrill. Holding hands in a movie show, when all the lights are low may not be new, but I like it. How about you?

I like Jack Benny's jokes. To a degree. I love the common folks. That includes me. I like to window shop on 5th Avenue. I like banana splits, late supper at the Ritz, How about you? I love to dream of fame, maybe I'll shine. I'd love to see your name right beside mine. I can see we're in harmony, Looks like we both agree On what to do, And I like it, how about you?

I'm so delighted I've ignited the spark within you. Let me continue to make it burn. With you I will be like a Trilby, so let's not dally. Come on Svengali, I've lots to learn. When you're arisin', start exercisin' daily. For example, just a sample? Bend and touch the floor fifty times or more. Ha! A fine start to be a Bernhardt! A dictionary's necessary but not for talking, it's used for walking the Ziegfeld way. Is this OK?

That's the trick, you're catching on quickly. Should I take a bow? A-ho! Let me show you how! Just like partners on the stage. If you can use a partner, I'm the right age.

Duet by Mickey Rooney & Judy Garland in the film Babes on Broadway, 1941) Music and lyrics by E.Y. Harburg, Burton Lane, Ralph Freed, Roger Edens and Harold J. Rome

Satin Doll

Music by Duke Ellington & Billy Strayhorn Lyrics by Johnny Mercer 1953

D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	E ⁻⁷ A ⁷	E ⁻⁷ A ⁷
A ^{-7b5} D ⁷	A ^{b-7b5} D ^{b7}	C ^{7j}	A ^{7/c#} /C ^{#0}
D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	E ⁻⁷ A ⁷	E ⁻⁷ A ⁷
A ^{-7b5} D ⁷	A ^{b-7b5} D ^{b7}	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}
G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}
A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	G ⁷	A ^{7/c#} /C ^{#0}
D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	E ⁻⁷ A ⁷	E ⁻⁷ A ⁷
A ^{-7b5} D ⁷	A ^{b-7b5} D ^{b7}	C ^{7j}	(A ^{7/c#} /C ^{#0})

C Block/Melodie/Block

Cigarette holder which wips me,
Over her shoulder, she digs me,
out cATTin', that Satin Doll.

Telephone numbers, well, you know,
Doing my rhumbas with uno,
And that 'n' my Satin Doll.

Baby shall we go out skippin',
Careful, amigo, you're flippin',
Speaks Latin, that Satin Doll.
She's nobody's fool, so I'm playing it cool as can be
I'll give it a whirl but I ain't for no girl catching me,
Shwitherooney.

Summer Samba (So Nice)

Music and Lyrics by Marcos Valle & Paulo Sergio Valle; Norman Gimbel 1965

A ₁	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	
	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b6}	E ^{b9}	E ^{b9}	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁻⁹	G ⁻⁷	E ^{-5b7}	A ⁷⁺⁵
	D ⁻⁷¹¹	G ⁷	G ⁻⁷	D ^{b9}	C ⁷
A ₂	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	
	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b6}	E ^{b9}	E ^{b9}	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁻⁹	G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷⁻⁹	
	F ^{7j}	B ^{b7}	F ^{7j}	(G ⁻⁷	C ⁷)

F Samba

Someone to hold me tight
That would be very nice
Someone to love me right
That would be very nice
Someone to understand
Each little dream in me
Someone to take my hand
And be a team with me

So nice, life would be so nice
If one day I'd find
Someone who would take my hand
And samba through life with me

Someone to cling to me
Stay with me right or wrong
Someone to sing to me
Some little samba song
Someone to take my heart
And give his heart to me
Someone who's ready to
Give love a start with me

Oh yeah, that would be so nice
I could see you and me, that would be nice

Someone to hold me tight
That would be very nice
Someone to love me right
That would be very nice
Someone to understand
Each little dream in me
Someone to take my hand
To be a team with me
So nice, life would be so nice
If one day I'd find
Someone who would take my hand
And samba through life with me

Someone to cling to me
Stay with me right or wrong
Someone to sing to me
Some little samba song
Someone to take my heart
And give his heart to me
Someone who's ready to
Give love a start with me

Oh yes, that would be so nice
Shouldn't we, you and me?
I can see it will

Moon River – 3/4 (? Quartet)

Music: Henry Mancini Lyrics: Johnjiny Mercer 1961

A ₁	G ^{7j}	E ⁻⁷	C ^{7j}	G ^{7j}	
	C ^{7j}	G ^{7j}	F ^{#-7b5}	B ⁷	
	E ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	F ⁷⁻⁵	
	E ⁻⁷	C ^{#-7b5} F ^{#-7b5}	B ⁻⁷ E ⁷	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	
A ₂	G ^{7j}	E ⁻⁷	C ^{7j}	G ^{j7}	
	C ^{7j}	G ^{7j}	F ^{#-7b5}	B ⁷	
	E ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷ / _D	C ^{#-7b5}	C ⁷⁹	
	G ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	G ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	
	G ^{7j}	E ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷⁻⁹	
	G ^{7j}	G ^{7j}			

G, langsam p Intro. 3/4-Takt. Bass nur 1. Schlag

Moon River, wider than a mile: I'm crossin' you in style someday. Old dream-maker you heartbreaker, wherever you're goin', I'm goin' your way.

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

lot of world to see. We're after the same rainbow's end waitin' 'round the bend, my huckleberry friend. Moon River and me.

Deep Purple

Music by Peter De Rose Lyrics by Mitchell Parish 1934

A ₁	F ^{7j}	F ^{#0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^{7j}	A ^{-7b5}	D ⁷ E ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁶ D ⁷	
	G ⁻⁷	B ^{b-6}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j} /A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	
A ₂	F ^{7j}	F ^{#0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^{7j}	A ^{-7b5}	D ⁷ E ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁶ D ⁷	
	G ⁻⁷	B ^{b-6}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j} /A ⁻⁷ F ^{#0}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	

F Swing mittel

When the deep purple falls over sleepy garden walls,
and the stars begin to flicker in the sky, Thru the
mist of a memory you wander back to me, breathing
my name with a sigh,

In the still of the night once again I hold you tight,
Tho' you're 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.

It's the Talk of the Town

Music by Jerry Livingston Lyrics by Marty Symes & A. J. Neiburg 1933

A ₁	F ^{7j}	A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	E ^{b9}	
	F ⁷	E ⁷	E ^{b7}	D ⁷	G ⁷		G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
A ₂	F ^{7j}	A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	E ^{b9}	
	F ⁷	E ⁷	E ^{b7}	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}		
B	G ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	D ⁷	B ^{b7j}		A ^{-7b5}	D ⁷	
	G ⁷		G ⁷		G ⁻⁷		C ⁷⁺⁵		
A ₃	F ^{7j}	A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	E ^{b9}	
	F ⁷	E ⁷	E ^{b7}	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}		

F Garnern, langsam

I can't show my face, can't go any place, people stop and stare, it's so hard to bear. Ev'rybody knows you left me, It's The Talk Of The Town.

Ev'ry time we meet, my heart skips a beat, we don't stop to speak, tho' it's just a week. Ev'ry body knows you left me, It's The Talk Of The Town.

We send out invitations to friends and relations announcing our wedding day. Friends and our relations gave congratulations. How can you face them? What can you say?

Let's make up, sweetheart, we can't stay apart, don't let foolish pride keep you from my side. How can love like ours be ended? It's The Talk Of The Town.

Tangerine

Music by Johnny Mercer Lyrics by Victor Schertzinger 1942

A ₁	F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7}		E ^{b7j}	A ^{b7j}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁻⁹	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}		G ^{-5b7}	C ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7}		E ^{bj}		A ^{-5b7}	D ⁷	
	G ^{7j}		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}		C ⁷⁻⁹		
A ₂	F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7}		E ^{b7j}	A ^{bj}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁻⁹	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	D ^{b7}		C ⁷		
	F ⁻⁷		D ^{-5b7}	G ⁷⁺⁹	C ⁻		F ⁷		
	F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7}		E ^{bj}		E ^{b7j}		

Es (Fm⁷) locker

Tangerine She is all they claim With her eyes of night
and lips as bright as flame. Tangerine, When she
dances by Señoritas stare and caballeros sigh.

And I've seen Toasts to Tangerine Raised in ev'ry

bar across the Argentine, But her heart belongs to
just one, Her heart belongs to Tangerine.

Love Is Here to Stay

Music by George Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin 1938

A₁

G ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	A [∅]	D ⁷
G ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	E ^{b7+4}	D ⁷	G ^{#∅}
A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	B ^{bΔ}
D ⁻⁷	G ⁷		G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	(A [∅] D ⁷)

A₂

G ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	A [∅]	D ⁷
G ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	E ^{b7+4}	D ⁷	G ^{#∅}
A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	E ^{b7+4}	D ⁷
A ⁻⁷ / _C	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	(A [∅] D ⁷)

F

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 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.

C ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}	D [∅]	G ⁷
C ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	A ^{b7+4}	G ⁷	C ^{#∅}
D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}	E ^{bΔ}
G ⁻⁷	C ⁷		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	(D [∅] G ⁷)

C ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}	D [∅]	G ⁷
C ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	A ^{b7+4}	G ⁷	C ^{#∅}
D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	A ^{b7+4}	G ⁷
D ⁻⁷ / _F	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}	(D [∅] G ⁷)

F ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{bΔ}	G [∅]	C ⁷
F ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	D ^{b7+4}	C ⁷	F ^{#∅}
G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{bΔ}	A ^{bΔ}
C ⁻⁷	F ⁷		F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	(G [∅] C ⁷)

F ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{bΔ}	G [∅]	C ⁷
F ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	D ^{b7+4}	C ⁷	F ^{#∅}
G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	D ^{b7+4}	C ⁷
G ⁻⁷ / _{B^b}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{bΔ}	(G [∅] C ⁷)

Just Friends

Music by John Klenner Lyrics by Sam M. Lewis 1931

A1	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	C ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷	
	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	B ^{b0}	B ^{b0}	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	F ^{#0} B ⁷⁺⁹	E ⁻⁷	
	A ⁷⁺⁴	A ⁷	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	
A2	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	C ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷	
	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	B ^{b0}	B ^{b0}	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	F ^{#0} B ⁷⁺⁹	E ⁻⁷	
	A ⁷⁺⁴	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	G ^Δ	G ^Δ (G ⁷)	

G

We two were swet-hearts But we said good-bye
 One with a hand-shake and one with a sigh
 We two were sweethearts by a sacred vow
 What are we now? What are we now

Where are the sunbeams That were in your eyes
 Sometimes I wonder If they too were lies
 We who were lovers Are now only friends
 That's how it ends, That's how it ends.

Just Friends lovers no more
 Just Friends but not like before,
 To thins of what we've been
 and not to kiss again seems
 like pretending
 It isn't the ending

Two friends drifting apart
 Two friends – but one broken heart
 We loved, we laughed, we dried,
 and suddenly love died
 The story ends
 And we're Just Friends.

Too Late Now

Music by Alan Jay Lerner Lyrics by Burton Lane 1950

A	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	F ^{#-7b5}	B ⁷	E ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
A	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	F ^{#-7b5}	B ⁷	E ⁻⁷ A ⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ^{7j}		
B	B ^{-7b5}	E ⁷⁺⁵	A ^{-7j}		B ^{-7b5}	E ⁷⁺⁵	A ⁻⁷		
	A ^{-7b5}	D ⁷⁺⁵	G ^{-7j}		A ^{-7b5}	D ⁷⁺⁵	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
A	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	F ^{#-7b5}	B ⁷	E ⁻⁷ A ⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ^{7j}		

C Ballade

Too late now to forget your smile;
 the way we cling when we've danced a while;
 too late now to froget and got on toe someone new.

Too late now to forget your voice;
 the way one worde makes my heart rejoice;
 too late now to imagine myself away from you.

All the things we've done together
 I relive when we're apart.
 Alle the tender fun together
 stays on tin my heart.

How could I ever close the door
 and be the same as I was before?
 Darling, no, no, I can't anymore; it's too late now.

Tea for Two

Music by Vincent Youmans Lyrics by Irvin Caesar 1924

V	E ^{b7j} F ⁻⁷ E ^{b7j} / _{/G} F ⁻⁷ E ^{b7j} B ^{b7} E ^{b7j} D ^{-7b5} G ⁷
	C ⁻ D ⁷ D ^{-7b5} G ⁷ C ⁻ D ⁷ G ⁷ C ⁻ E ^{b7}
	A ^{b7} B ^{b7} E ^{b7j} / _{/G} G ^{b0} F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7} E ^{b7j} B ^{b7}
	E ^{b7j} F ⁻⁷ E ^{b7j} / _{/G} F ⁻⁷ E ^{b7j} B ^{b7} E ^{b7j} B ^{b7} B ⁷ C ⁷
A ₁	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7} F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7} E ^{b7j} F ⁻⁷ G ⁻⁷
	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7} F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7} E ^{b7j} E ^{b7j}
	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷ A ⁻⁷ D ⁷ G ^{7j} A ⁻⁷ B ⁻⁷ B ^{b0}
	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷ A ⁻⁷ D ⁷ G ^{7j} B ^{b7}
A ₂	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7} F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7} E ^{b7j} F ⁻⁷ G ⁻⁷ G ^{b0}
	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7} F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7} G ^{b-7b5} / _{/D^b} C ⁷
	F ⁻⁷ D ^{b7} C ⁷ E ⁰ F ⁻⁷ A ^{b7j} D ^{b7}
	G ⁻⁷ G ^{b0} F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7} E ^{b7j} E ^{b7j}

Es

Tenderly – 3/4

Music by Walter Gross Lyrics by Jack Lawrence 1946

A ₁	E ^b Δ	B ^{b7+5}	E ^{b-7}	A ^{b7}	
	F ⁻⁷	F [∅] /D ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	
	F [∅]	B ^b Δ	F [∅]	D [∅]	G ⁷
	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
A ₂	E ^b Δ	B ^{b7+5}	E ^{b-7}	A ^{b7}	
	F ⁻⁷	F [∅] /D ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	
	F [∅]	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	F ^{#∅}
	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	

Es 3/4 (Bass nur auf 1), dann 4/4

The evening breeze caressed the trees tenderly; the trembling trees embraced the breeze tenderly. Then you and I came wandering by and lost in a sigh were we.

The shore was kissed by sea and mist tenderly. I can't forget how two heart meets breathlessly Your arms opened wide and closed me inside; you took my lips, you took my love so tenderly.

Just in Time

Music by Jule Styne Lyrics by Betty Comden & Adolph Green 1956

A ₁	B ^b Δ	B ^b Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	
	D [∅]	G ⁷	C ⁷	C ⁷	
	F ⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	B ^{b7}	
	E ^b	E ^{b7}	A ^b Δ	A [∅]	D ⁷

A ₂	G-	G-Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	B ^b Δ	B ^b Δ	D [∅]	G ⁷	
	C ⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ/D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	
	C ⁷	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷	B ^b Δ	B ^b Δ	

B

Just in time I found you just in time before you came, my time was running low. I was lost, the losing dice were tossed, my bridges all were crossed, no where to go.

Now you're here and now I know just where I'm going, no more doubt or fear, I've found my way. For love came just in time. You found me just in time and changed my lonely life, that lovely day.

F ^Δ	F ^Δ	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	
A [∅]	D ⁷	G ⁷	G ⁷	
C ⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	F ⁷	
B ^b Δ	B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	E [∅]	A ⁷

D-	D-Δ	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
F ^Δ	F ^Δ	A [∅]	D ⁷	
G ⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	D ⁻⁷	
G ⁷	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ^Δ	F ^Δ	

Call Me Irresponsible

Music by James van Heusen Lyrics by Sammy Cahn 1962

A	F ^{7j}	F ^{#0}	G ⁻⁷	G ^{#0}	
	F ^{7j} _{/A}	A ⁷	A ^{-7b5}	D ⁷	
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	A ^{-7b5}	D ⁷	
	G ⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷

B	F ^{7j}	F ^{#0}	G ⁻⁷	G ^{#0}	
	F ^{7j} _{/A}	A ⁷	D ⁷	D ⁷	
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	A ^{-7b5}	D ⁷	
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	A ^{-7b5}	D ⁷	
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	

F Garnern

Call me irresponsible,
 call me unreliable;
 throw in undependable too.
 Do my foolish alibis bore your?
 Well. I'm not too clever, I just adore you.
 Call me unpredictable,
 tell me I'm impracticable;

rainbows I'm inclined to pursue.
 Call me irresponsible.
 Yes, I'm unreliable, but it's undeniably true;
 I'm irresponsibly mad for you!

C ^{7j}	C ^{#0}	D ⁻⁷	D ^{#0}	
C ^{7j} _{/E}	E ⁷	E ^{-7b5}	A ⁷	
D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	E ^{-7b5}	A ⁷	
D ⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷

C ^{7j}	C ^{#0}	D ⁻⁷	D ^{#0}	
C ^{7j} _{/E}	E ⁷	E ^{-7b5}	A ⁷	
D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	E ^{-7b5}	A ⁷	
D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	E ^{-7b5}	A ⁷	
D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	

Gone with the Wind

Music and Lyrics by Herb Magidson & Allie Wrubel 1937

A ₁	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{bΔ}	E ^o	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{bΔ}	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	G ^{#o}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	
	G ⁻⁷		G ^{b^o}		F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7}	
	E ^{b7}	D ⁷	D ^{b7}	C ⁷	F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7}	
A ₂	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{bΔ}	E ^o	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{bΔ}	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	G ^{#o}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	
	F ⁻⁷		C ⁻⁷		F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	G ^o	C ⁷
	F ⁻⁷		(D ^{b7})	B ^{b7}	E ^{bΔ}		E ^{bΔ}	

Es

Gone With The Wind, just like a leaf that has blown away. Gone With The Wind, My romance has flown away. Yesterday's kisses are still on my lips, I had a lifetime of Heaven at my fingertips, but now all is gone. Gone is the rapture that thrilled

my heart, Gone With The Wind. The gladness that filled my heart, just like a flame, love burned brightly then became an empty smoke dream that has gone, Gone With The Wind.

The Boy Next Door – 3/4 (? Quartet)

Music by Hugh Martin Lyrics by Ralph Blane 1943

V	B \flat Δ / \flat D	D \flat \circ	C $^-7$	F 7	B \flat Δ / \flat D	D \flat \circ	C $^-7$	F 7	
	F $^-7$	B \flat 7	E \flat Δ	A \flat 7	D $^-7$	D \flat \circ	C $^-7$	F 7	
	B \flat Δ / \flat D	D \flat \circ	C $^-7$	F 7	B \flat Δ / \flat D	D \flat \circ	C $^-7$	F 7	
	F $^-7$	B \flat 7	E \flat Δ	A \flat 7	D $^-7$	D \flat \circ	C $^-7$	F 7	
	D $^-7$	D \flat \circ	F $^-7$	B \flat 7					

A $_1$	E \flat Δ		C $^{7-9}$		F $^-7$		B \flat $^{7+4}$		
	E \flat Δ		C $^-7$		F 7		F 7		
	F $^-7$		B \flat 7		E \flat Δ		C $^-7$		
	A \emptyset		D $^{7+9}$		G $^-7$	G \flat \circ	F $^-7$	B \flat 7	

A $_3$	E \flat Δ		C $^{7-9}$		F $^-7$		B \flat $^{7+4}$		
	E \flat Δ		C $^-7$		F 7		F $\#$ \circ		
	E \flat Δ / \flat B \flat		E \flat Δ / \flat B \flat		F 7		F 7		
	F $^-7$		B \flat 7		E \flat Δ		(F $^-7$ B \flat 7)		

Es I:p. 3/4. Bass nur 1; S: verlängern

The moment I saw him smile I knew he was just
my style My only regret Is we've never met
Though I dream of him all the while

But he doesn't know I exist No matter how I
may persist So it's clear to see There's no hope
for me Though I live at fifty-one thirty-five
Kensington Avenue And he lives at fifty-one
thirty-three

How can I ignore The boy next door I love him
more than I can say Doesn't try to please me
Doesn't even tease me And he never sees me
glance his way

And though I'm heart-sore The boy next door
Affection for me won't display I just adore him So I
can't ignore him The boy next door

I just adore him So I can't ignore him The boy next
door

	F Δ		D $^{7-9}$		G $^-7$		C $^{7+4}$		
	F Δ		D $^-7$		G 7		G 7		
	G $^-7$		C 7		F Δ		D $^-7$		
	B \emptyset		E $^{7+9}$		A $^-7$	A \flat \circ	G $^-7$	C 7	

	F Δ		D $^{7-9}$		G $^-7$		C $^{7+4}$		
	F Δ		D $^-7$		G 7		G $\#$ \circ		
	F Δ / \flat C		F Δ		D 7		D 7		
	G $^-7$		C 7		F Δ		(G $^-7$ C 7)		

Out of Nowhere

Music by Johnny Green Lyrics by Edward Heyman 1931

v	G ^Δ D ⁷	G ^Δ D ⁷	G ^Δ D ⁷	G ^Δ D ⁷
	G ^Δ D ⁷	G ^Δ D ⁷	B ⁷	E ⁷
	A ⁻⁷ E ⁷	A ⁻⁷ E ⁷	A ⁻⁷ E ⁷	A ⁻⁷
	A ⁷	E ⁻⁷ A ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷
A ₁	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7}
	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	B [∅]	E ⁷
	A ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷
	E ^{b7}	E ^{b7}	D ⁷	D ⁷
A ₂	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7}
	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	B [∅]	E ⁷
	A ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	A [∅]
	G ^Δ / _B B [∅]	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	G ^Δ	G ^Δ

G

When I least expected,
 Kindly fate disrected
 you to make each dream of mine come true.
 If it's lear or raining,
 There is no explaining,
 Things just happen and so did you.

You came to me from out of nowhere,
 You took my heart and found it free.
 Wonderful dreams, wonderful schemes from
 nowhere;
 Made every hour sweet as a flower for me.
 If you should go back to your nowhere,
 Leaving me with a memory.
 I'll always wait for your return out of nowhere,
 oping you'll bring your love to me.

Street of Dreams

Music Victor Young Lyrics Sam F. Lewis 1932

I	E _b -6	C [∅]	B ⁷	B _b ⁷	E _b -6	C [∅]	B ⁷	B _b ⁷
	E _b -6	D _b ⁷	B ⁷	B _b ⁷	E _b -6	A ⁹⁺¹¹	B _b [∅]	E _b ⁷
	A _b -6	F [∅]	B _b ⁷		E _b -6	C [∅]	B ⁷	B _b ⁷
	E _b -6	D _b ⁷	B ⁷	B _b ⁷	B _b ⁷	B ⁷	F- ⁷	B _b ⁷
A	F ⁷		F- ⁷	B _b ⁷	E _b ^Δ	A _b ^Δ	G- ⁷	C ⁷
	F ⁷		F- ⁷	B _b ⁷	E _b ^Δ	C- ⁷	B _b - ⁷	E _b ⁷
B	A _b ^Δ		D _b ⁷		G- ⁷		D _b ⁷	C ⁷
	F ⁷		D _b ⁷		F- ⁷	B _b ⁷	E _b ⁷	(C ⁷)

Es

Midnight, you heavy laden, it's midnight
 Come on and trade in your old dreams for new
 Your new dreams for old
 I know where they're bought
 I know where they're sold
 Midnight, you've got to get there at midnight
 And you'll be met there by others like you
 Brothers as blue
 Smiling on the street of dreams

Love laughs at a king
 Kings don't mean a thing
 On the street of dreams
 Dreams broken in two can be made like new
 On the street of dreams
 Gold, sliver and gold
 All you can hold is in the moonbeams
 Poor, no one is poor
 Long as love is sure
 On the street of dreams

Midnight, look at the steeple, it's midnight
 Unhappy people, it's ringing with joy
 It's ringing with cheer
 'Cause yesterday's gone
 Tomorrow is near
 Midnight, the heart is lighter at midnight
 Things will be brighter the moment you find
 More of your kind
 Smiling on the street of dreams

Love laughs at a king
 Kings don't mean a thing
 On the street of dreams
 Dreams broken in two can be made like new
 On the street of dreams
 Gold, sliver and gold
 All you can hold is in the moonbeams
 Poor, no one is poor
 Long as love is sure
 On the street of dreams

Witchcraft • (? Quartet)

Music by Cy Coleman Lyrics by Carolyn Leigh 1957

A	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	E ^b °	E ^b °	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁹	C ^Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷
	F ^Δ	F ^Δ	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
	E ^{bΔ}	D ⁷	G ⁷	G ⁷	

B	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	F ⁷	F ⁷	
	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	F [#] °	B ⁷	
	E ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	A ⁷	
	D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷

C	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	E ^b °	E ^b °	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁹	C ^Δ	(D ⁻⁷	G ⁷)

C

Those fingers in my hair,
That sly come-hither stare,
That strips my conscience bare,
It's witchcraft.

And I've got no defense for it,
The heat is too intense for it,
What good would common sense for it do?

'Cause it's witchcraft,
Wicked witchcraft,
And although, I know, it's strictly taboo.

When you arouse the need in me,
My heart says yes indeed in me,
Proceed with what you're leading me to.

It's such an ancient pitch,
But one I wouldn't switch,
'Cause there's no nicer witch than you.

A	D ^Δ	D ^Δ	F [°]	F [°]	
	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷⁺⁹	D ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷
	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^Δ	E ⁷	A ⁷	A ⁷	

B	D ^Δ	D ^Δ	G ⁷	G ⁷	
	D ^Δ	D ^Δ	A ^b °	D ^{b7}	
	F ^{#-7}	F ⁻⁷	B ⁷	B ⁷	
	E ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁷	C ⁷	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷

C	D ^Δ	D ^Δ	F [°]	F [°]	
	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷⁺⁹	D ^Δ	(E ⁻⁷	A ⁷)

Just You – Just Me

Music by Jesse Greer Lyrics by Raymond Klages 1929?

A ₁	E ^b Δ	G ^{-7b5} / _{D^b}	C ⁷	A ^b - _{/B}	F ⁻⁷	F ^{-7b5} / _B	B ^{b7}	
	E ^b Δ	E ^{b7} / _{D^b}	A ^{bΔ} / _C	A ^b - _{/B}	E ^{bΔ} / _{B^b}	B ^{b7} / _B	E ^{bΔ}	
A ₂	E ^b Δ	G ^{-7b5} / _{D^b}	C ⁷	A ^b - _{/B}	F ⁻⁷	F ^{-7b5} / _B	B ^{b7}	
	E ^b Δ	E ^{b7} / _{D^b}	A ^{bΔ} / _C	A ^b - _{/B}	E ^{bΔ} / _{B^b}	B ^{b7} / _B	E ^{bΔ}	
B	E ^{b7}		B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{bΔ}		A ^b - _{/D^b}	
	D ^{bΔ}		G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷		B ^{b7}	
A ₃	E ^b Δ	G ^{-7b5} / _{D^b}	C ⁷	A ^b - _{/B}	F ⁻⁷	F ^{-7b5} / _B	B ^{b7}	
	E ^b Δ	E ^{b7} / _{D^b}	A ^{bΔ} / _C	A ^b - _{/B}	E ^{bΔ} / _{B^b}	B ^{b7} / _B	E ^{bΔ}	

Just you, just me, Let's find a cosy spot, to cuddle
and coo.

Just you, just me, I've missed an awful lot, my
trouble is you.

Oh Gee! What are your charms for? What are my

arms for? Use your imagination!

Just you, just me, I'll tie a lover's knot 'round
wonderful you!

Es

New Sun in the Sky

Music by Arthur Schwartz Lyrics by Howard Dietz 1931

V

A	<p>F^{7j}</p> <p>F^{7j}</p> <p>G⁻⁷</p> <p>G⁷</p>	<p>C⁷⁺⁵</p> <p>C⁷⁺⁵</p> <p>E^{-5b7} /E</p> <p>G⁷</p>	A ⁷	<p>F^{7j}</p> <p>E^{b7}</p> <p>D⁻⁷</p> <p>G⁻⁷</p>	<p>C⁷⁺⁵</p> <p>D⁷</p> <p>D⁻⁷</p> <p>G⁻⁷</p>	C ⁷⁺⁵
B	<p>F^{7j}</p> <p>F^{7j}</p> <p>G⁻⁷</p> <p>B^{b7}</p>	<p>C⁷⁺⁵</p> <p>C⁷⁺⁵</p> <p>E^{-5b7} /E</p> <p>F^{7j}</p>	A ⁷	<p>F^{7j}</p> <p>E^{b7} /A^{-5b7}</p> <p>D⁻⁷</p> <p>G⁻⁷</p>	<p>C⁷⁺⁵</p> <p>D⁷</p> <p>G⁷</p> <p>F^{7j}</p>	C ⁷

F locker

Yesterday, things wer so gloomy,
 but today, yes sir, they're shining and new.
 Oh, what a change has come to me!
 I've dusted off the shelf, I am not myself;
 What a diff'rent world I view.

I see a new sun
 Up in a new sky,
 And my whole horizon
 Has reached a new high!
 Yesterday, my heart sung a blue song,
 But today, her it hum a cheery new song!

I dreamed a new dream,
 I saw a new face,
 and I'm spreading sunshine
 All over the place;
 With a new point of view,
 Here's what greet my eye:
 New love, new lock,
 New sund in the sky.

Everything Happens to Me

Music by Matt Dennis Lyrics by Tom Adair 1941

A₁ | C⁻⁷ F⁷ F⁷/_{E^b} | D⁻⁷ D^{b0} | C⁻⁷ F⁷ F⁷/_{E^b} | D^{-7b5} G⁷ |
 | G⁷⁻⁹/D⁰ C^{-7b5}/_{E^b-6} | D⁻⁷ G⁷⁻⁹ | C⁻⁷ F⁷ (B⁷) | B^{b7j} G⁷ |

A_{2/3} | C⁻⁷ F⁷ F⁷/_{E^b} | D⁻⁷ D^{b0} | C⁻⁷ F⁷ F⁷/_{E^b} | D^{-7b5} G⁷ |
 | G⁷⁻⁹/D⁰ C^{-7b5}/_{E^b-6} | D⁻⁷ G⁷⁻⁹ | C⁻⁷ F⁷ (B⁷) | B^{b7j} |

B | F⁻⁷ B^{b7+} | E^{b7j9} C⁷ | F⁻⁷ B^{b7-9} | E^{b7j9} |
 | E^{-7,11} A⁷⁺⁵ | D^{7j9} | G⁻⁷ C⁷ | C⁻⁷ F⁷ |

A_{2/3} | C⁻⁷ F⁷ F⁷/_{E^b} | D⁻⁷ D^{b0} | C⁻⁷ F⁷ F⁷/_{E^b} | D^{-7b5} G⁷ |
 | G⁷⁻⁹/D⁰ C^{-7b5}/_{E^b-6} | D⁻⁷ G⁷⁻⁹ | C⁻⁷ F⁷ (B⁷) | B^{b7j} |

B Garnern

I make a date for golf and you can bet your life
 it rains, I try to give a party and the guy upstairs
 complains, I guess I'll go thru life just catchin' colds
 and missin' trains, Ev'rything Happens To Me.

I never miss a thing, I've had the measles and the
 mumps, and ev'ry time I play an ace my partner
 always thrums, I guess I'm just a fool who never
 looks before he jumps, Ev'rything Happens To Me.

At first my heart thought you could break this jinx

for me, that love would turn the trick to end despair,
 but now I just can't fool this head that thinks for
 me, I've mortgaged all my castles in the air.

I've telegraphed and phoned, I send an "Airmail
 Special" too, your answer was "Good-bye", and
 there was even postage due. I fell in love just once
 and then it had to be with you, Ev'rything Happens
 To Me.

I Can't Give You Anything But Love

Lyrics by Dorothy Fields Music by Jimmy McHugh 1927

A ₁	F ^Δ	B ^{b9}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^Δ	B ^{b9}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ⁷		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}	F ⁷⁺⁵	B ^{bΔ}
	G ⁷		G ⁷		G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
A ₂	F ^Δ	B ^{b9}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	C ⁻⁷		F ⁷		B ^{bΔ}	B ^{bΔ}	
	B ^{bΔ}		B ⁰		F ^Δ	C ⁷	
	G ⁷		C ⁷		F ^Δ ^{/c}	(A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷)

F

I can't give you anything but love, Baby, that's
 the only thing I've plenty of, Baby.
 Dream awhile, schem awhile,
 we're sure to find, happiness, and I guess,
 all those things I've always pined for.
 Gee, I'd like to see you looking swell, Baby,

diamond bracelets, woolworth doesn't sell baby.
 Till that lucky day, you know darned well, Baby,
 I can't give you anything but love.

	F ^Δ	B ^{b9}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^Δ	B ^{b9}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ⁷		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}	F ⁷⁺⁵	B ^{bΔ}
	G ⁷		G ⁷		G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^Δ	B ^{b9}	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	C ⁻⁷		F ⁷		B ^{bΔ}	B ^{bΔ}	
	B ^{bΔ}		B ⁰		F ^Δ	C ⁷	
	G ⁷		C ⁷		F ^Δ ^{/c}	(A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷)

On a Slow Boat to China (? Quartet)

Music by Frank Loesser 1948

A ₁	E ^b Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ⁻⁷		F ^{#0}		
	E ^b Δ		G ⁷	A ^b Δ		G [∅]	C ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷		F ^{#0}	E ^b Δ	G [∅] / D ^b	C ⁷		
	F ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7}		
A ₂	E ^b Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ⁻⁷		F ^{#0}		
	E ^b Δ		G ⁷	A ^b Δ		G [∅]	C ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷		D ^{b7}	E ^b j	D ^{b7}	C ⁷		
	F ⁷		F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7} / D		E ^b Δ		

Es I: Chinesisch p; S: 2x

I'd love to get you on a slow boat to China, all to myself, a lone. Get you and keep you in my arms evermore, leave all your lovers weeping on the faraway shore.

Out on the briny with a moon big an shiny, melting your heart of stone, I'd love to get you on a slow boat to China, all to myself, alone.

St. Louis Blues

Music and Lyrics by W. C. Handy 1914

A	G- A-7b5 G- A-7b5	G- D7 G- D7	A-7b5 G- /F A-7b5 G- A7	D7 Eb7 D7 D7 D7	
B	G7j C7 D7	C7 C7 D7	G7j G7j G7j	G7 G7j G7j	
C	G7j C7 D7	G7j C7 D7	G7j G7j G7j	G7 G7j G7j	

G A: Rhumba, B,C: Swing

I hate to see that evenin' sun go down
I hate to see that evenin' sun go down'
Cause my baby, he done lef' this town.

Feelin' tomorrow lak ah (like I) feel today.
Feel tomorrow lak ah feel today.
I'll pack my trunk, make my getaway.

St. Louis woman, wid her diamon' rings
Pulls dat (that) man around by her apron strings.
'Twant (weren't) for powder an' for store-bought
hair,
De man I love would not gone (go) nowhere.

Got de St. Louis blues jes as blue as Ah kin (you can)
be
Dat (that) man got a heart lak a rock cast in the sea.
Or else he wouldn't have gone so far from me.

(spoken) dog-gone-it!

Been to de Gypsy, to get ma fortune tol'
To de Gypsy, done got ma fortune tol'
'Cause I'm most wile 'bout ma Jelly Roll.

Gypsy done tol' me, "Don't you wear no black,"
Yes she done tol' me, "Don't you wear no black,"
Go to St. Louis, you can win him back.

Help me to Cairo, make St. Louis by maself.
Get to Cairo, find ma ol' friend Jeff
Gwine to pin maself close by his side
If I flag his train, Ah sho' can ride.

I loves dat man lak a schoolboy loves his pie,
Lak a Kentucky Cunnel loves his mint an' rye.
I'll love my baby till the day I die.

A black-headed woman make a freight train jump
the track,
Said a black-headed gal make a freight train jump
the track;
But a long tall gall makes a preacher ball the jack.

You ought to see dat stovepipe brown of mine
Lak he owns the Diamon' Joseph line;
He'd make a cross-eyed woman go stone blin'.

Blacker than midnight, teeth lak flags of truce,
Blackest woman in de whole St Louis;
Blacker de berry, sweeter is de juice.

About a crap game, he knows a pow'ful lot,
But when work-time comes, he's on de dot.
Gwine to ask him for a cold ten spot,
What it takes to git it, he's cert'nly got.

Lawd a blonde-headed woman makes a good man
leave the town
I said blonde-headed woman makes a good man
leave the down
But a red-headed woman makes a boy slap his papa
down.

Oh, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,
I said ashes to ashes, and dust to dust.
If my blues don't get you, my jazzing must.

http://www.kite.hu/~klamp/blues/lyrics/other_songs/st_louis_blues

Everything I Have Is Yours

Music by Burton Lane Lyrics by Harold Adamson 1933

A ₁	C ^{7j}	A ^{b7}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
	C ^{7j}	A ^{b7}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	B ^{-7b5}	E ⁷	
	A ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷ / _{A^b} /B ^{b7+11}	C ^{7j} / _G		D ⁷ / _{F[#]}	D ^{#0} B ⁷	
	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	

A ₂	C ^{7j}	A ^{b7}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
	C ^{7j}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ^{7j}		B ^{-7b5}	E ⁷	
	A ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷ / _{A^b} /B ^{b7+11}	C ^{7j} / _G		D ⁷ / _{F[#]}	D ^{-7b5} / _F	
	C ^{7j}	E ^{b-7}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}		

C Garnern

Ev'rything I have is yours, you're part of me. Ev'ry thing I have is yours, my destiny. I would gladly give the sun to you if the sun were only mine, I would gladly give the earth to you and the stars that shine.

Ev'ry thing that I possess I offer you, let my dream of happiness come true. I'd be happy just to spend my life waiting at your beck and call, ev'rything I have is yours, my life, my all.

G ^{7j}	E ^{b7}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	
G ^{7j}	E ^{b7}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	F ^{#-7b5}	B ⁷	
E ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷ / _{E^b} /F ⁷⁺¹¹	G ^{7j} / _D		A ⁷ / _{C[#]}	A ^{#0} F ^{#7}	
B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	

G ^{7j}	E ^{b7}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	
G ^{7j}	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ^{7j}		F ^{#-7b5}	B ⁷	
E ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷ / _{E^b} /F ⁷⁺¹¹	G ^{7j} / _D		A ⁷ / _{C[#]}	A ^{-7b5} / _C	
G ^{7j}	E ^{b7}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}		
