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***Bye Bye Blackbird

Music by Ray Henderson Lyrics by Mort Dixon © 1928

F

***Just in Time

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

B

***That's All

Music and Lyrics by Alan Brandt and Bob Haymes 1953

F

***Cute

Music by Neal Hefti Lyrics by Stanley Styne 1958

F

***Sunday

Music by Jule Styne, Ned Miller & Bernie Krüger Lyrics by Chester Cohn 1927

C

***Call Me Irresponsible

Music by James van Heusen Lyrics by Sammy Cahn 1962

F

***How About You?

Music by Burton Lane Lyrics by Ralph Freed 1941

F

***Satin Doll

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

F

***Shiny Stockings

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

B

***Fine and Dandy

Music by Kay Swift Lyrics by Paul James 1930

F

***On a Clear Day

Music by Burton Lane Lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner 1965

F

***New Sun in the Sky

Music by Arthur Schwartz Lyrics by Howard Dietz 1931

F

***It Must Be True

Music by Harry Barris Lyrics by Gus Arnheim & Gordon Clifford 1930

B

***I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan

Music by Arthur Schwartz Lyrics by Howard Dietz 1929

C

***If I Love Again

Music by Ben Oakland Lyrics by Jack Murrey 1932

B

***Easy to Love

Music and Lyrics by Cole Porter 1936

B > Am > C

***Give Me the Simple Life

Music by Harry Ruby Lyrics by Rube Bloom 1945

Es I: Chinesisch p; S: 2x

***A Gal in Calico

Music by Arthur Schwartz Lyrics by Leo Robin 1946

Es

3 On a Slow Boat to China 21

Music by Frank Loesser 1948

Es I: Chinesisch p; S: 2x

4 What a Difference a Day Made 22

Music Maria Grever Lyrics Stanlay Adams 1934

C voc, sax/p, voc

5 Day In—Day Out 23

Music by Rube Bloom Lyrics by Johnny Mercer 1939

F I: le 8 T. S: 2mal letzte 8 T

6 ***It's The Talk of the Town 24

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

F

7 If I Were A Bell 25

Lyrics and Music by Frank Loesser 1950

B Sax. I: I 8 T. S: C-H-B. Ding dong instr.

8 East of the Sun 26

Music and Lyrics by Brooks Bowman 1934

C I: letzte 12T. voc-sax/p-voc S: 2x

9 Girl from Ipanema 27

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

Es voc/sax/voc

10 ***Time on My Hands 28

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

F

11 The Tender Trap 29

Music by Jimmy van Heusen Lyrics by Sammy Cahn 1961

C Sax. S: +8T + wie: Fly me to the moon

12 Chez Moi 30

Music by Paul Misraki Lyrics by Jean Feline, Bruce Sievier 1936

G Sax, I: 8 T, S:—

13 I'm in the Mood for Love 31

Music by Jimmy McHHugh Lyrics by Dorothy Field 1935

G Clar. p intro lang . voc-cl 1/4, /p 1/4; voc S: ritardando

14 ***Dedicated To You 32

Music by Sammy Cahn Lyrics by Saul Chaplin & Hy Zaret 1929

Es

15 Come Fly With Me 33

Music by Jimmy Van Heusen Lyrics by Sammy Cahn 1958

F I: letzte 8 T. voc-sax/p-voc S: 2x

16 The Boy Next Door 34

Music by Hugh Martin Lyrics by Ralph Blane 1943

Es Intro Piano. 3/4. Bass nur 1; voc, s/p, voc. S: verlängern

17 My Baby Just Cares for Me 35

Music by Walter Donaldson Lyrics by Gus Kahn 1930

C voc, s/p, immer Break S: 2x Stopp auf Me x imm

18 I'm Through with Love 36

Music by Matt Malneck & Fud Livingston Lyrics by Gus Kahn 1931

B Solo Duo p/voc

19 Embraceable You 37

Music by George Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin © 1930

Abfolge:

20 Route 66 (C-Dur) 38

Music and Lyrics by Earl Hines & Henry Wood 1933

C Sax. Shuffle; voc/sax 3x/b/voc2-er-Breaks. S +2x4T

You Make Me Feel So Young 39

Music by Josef Myrow Lyrics by Mack Gordon 1946
Es S: 3x (Gm7, C7)

It Had to Be You 40

Music by Isham Jones Lyrics by Gus Kahn 1924
C I: 2T piano. Alt-Bass. S: + 8T

Mack the Knife 41

Music by Kurt Weill Lyrics by Bert Brecht/Marc Blitzstein 1928
2x tutti in Es, dann ½ Ton höher

Manhattan 42

Music by Richard Rodgers Lyrics by Lorenz Hart 1925
B Intro p AAB. voc-cl-p-voc

I Only Have Eyes for You 43

Music by Harry Warren Lyrics by Al Dubin 1934
C A/A voc/p, B tutti, A, ... S: rit.

You and the Night and the Music 44

Music by Arthur Schwartz Lyrics by Howard Dietz 1934
Fm S: I - - love - - you.

Blue Moon 45

Music by Richard Rodgers Lyrics by Lorenz Hart 1934
B Sax. I: A3, voc-p/sax-voc

Taking A Chance on Love 46

Music by Vernon Duke Lyrics by John LaTouche and Ted Fetter 1940
G Sax. I: A3, voc-p/sax-voc

A Foggy Day 47

Music by Georges Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin 1937
B Sax. voc-sax/p-voc/sax. S: normal

Volare 48

Music Domenico Modugno Lyrics D.M. & Francesco Migliacci/Mitchell Parrish 1958
Es I: voc. voc-sax Verse/Thema-voc

Almost Like Being in Love 49

Music by Alan Jay Lerner Lyrics by Frederick Lowe 1947
Es (As) I p, Grazi gibt Tempo, voc, s/p, voc

This Can't Be Love 50

Music by Richard Rodgers Lyrics by Lorenz Hart 1938
C I: ganz; Grazi 4X4, S: Verlängern

Makin' Whopee 51

Lyric by Gus Kahn Music by Walter Donaldson 1928
C Sax. dr-Schlag, Intro. voc-sax/p-voc vor Solo >

What a Wonderful World 52

Music & Lyrics by Bob Thiele & George David Weiss © 1967
B Intro. voc-sax/p-voc vor Solo >

Let It Snow 53

Music by Jule Styne Lyrics by Sammy Cahn © 1945 JüLe 2009-09-12
Abfolge:

Bei mir bist Du schön 54

Music by Sholom Secunda Lyrics by Jacob Jacobs, Sammy Cahn & Paul Chaplin 1937
C-

That Old Feeling 55

Music by Lew Brown & Sammy Fain © 1937
Abfolge:

When You're Smiling 56

Music & Lyrics by Mark Fisher, Joe Goodwin & Larry Shay © 1928
Abfolge:

Erwin Widmer 57

*Avalon 58

Music by Vincent Rose Lyrics by Vincent Rose & Al Johnson 1920
Abfolge:

*Deep Purple 59

Music by Peter De Rose Lyrics by Mitchell Parish 1934
Abfolge:

*Do You Know What It Means to Miss N.O. 60

Music by Louis Alter Lyrics by Eddie De Lange 1946
Abfolge:

*Georgia on My Mind 61

Music by Hoagy Carmichael Lyrics by Stuart Gorrell 1933
Abfolge:

*I'm Beginning to See the Light 62

Music and Lyrics by Harry James/ Duke Ellington/Johnny Hodges/Don George 1944
Abfolge:

*Misty 63

Music by Erroll Garner Lyrics by Johnny Burke 1954
Abfolge:

*My Secret Love 64

Music by Sammy Fain Lyrics by Paul Francis Webster 1953
Abfolge:

Gone With The Wind 65

Music and Lyrics by Herb Magidson & Allie Wrube 1937
Es

Out of Nowhere 66

Music by Johnny Green Lyrics by Edward Heyman 1931
G

Sweet Lorraine 67

Music by Cliff Burwell Lyrics by Mitchell Parish 1928
F

Tenderly 68

Music by Walter Gross Lyrics by Jack Lawrence 1946
Es

Too Late Now 69

Music by Alan Jay Lerner Lyrics by Burton Lane 1950

>> MP3-Dateien aller Stücke
(zur Einstimmung. Achtung: Tonarten und Arrangements stimmen nur selten mit unseren überein..)

***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}	

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.

F

***Just in Time

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

A ₁	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	
	D ^{-5b7}	G ⁷	C ⁷	C ⁷	
	F ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7}	
	E ^b	E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j}	A ^{-5b7} D ⁷	

A ₂	G ⁻	G ^{7j}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7j}	D ^{-5b7}	G ⁷	
	C ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j} /D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	
	C ⁷	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7j}	

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.

B

F ^{7j}	A ^{-7b5} / _{E^b}	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	G ^{-7b5} / _{D^b}	C ⁷	
F ^{7j}	F ⁷	B ^{b7j} B ^{b-}	F ^{7j}	C ⁷	F ^{7j} C ⁷	

F ^{7j}	A ^{-7b5} / _{E^b}	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	G ^{-7b5} / _{D^b}	C ⁷	
F ^{7j}	F ⁷	B ^{b7j} B ^{b-}	F ^{7j}	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	

C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b-} / _{E^b} /E ^{b7}	
F ^{7j}	A ⁷ D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷	

F ^{7j}	A ^{-7b5} / _{E^b}	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	G ^{-7b5} / _{D^b}	C ⁷	
F ^{7j}	F ⁷	B ^{b7j} B ^{b-}	F ^{7j}	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	

***That's All

Music and Lyrics by Alan Brandt and Bob Haymes 1953

A ₁	F ^{7j} G ⁻⁷ F ^{7j} 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
A ₂	F ^{7j} G ⁻⁷ F ^{7j} 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}
B	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
A ₃	F ^{7j} G ⁻⁷ F ^{7j} 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}

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.

F

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

***Cute

Music by Neal Hefti Lyrics by Stanley Styne 1958

A ₁	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁹	F ^{7j}	D ⁷	
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁹	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b-7}	F ^{7j} /A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	
	B ^{-7b5}	E ⁷	A ^{7j}	A ^{-7b5} D ⁷	
A ₂	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁹	F ^{7j}	D ⁷	
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁹	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b-7}	F ^{7j} /A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁹	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	

Mind if I say you're Cute! In ev'ry way you're
Cute! those big blue eyes, that turned-up nose,
that cool and carfree pose.

I mean I like your style, that sly intriguing
smile, your ev'ry mood, your attitude, just add
up to you're Cute!

F

***Sunday

Music by Jule Styne, Ned Miller & Bernie Krüger Lyrics by Chester Cohn 1927

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}		

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.

C

***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}	

Call me irresponsible,
call me unreliable;
throw in undependable too.
Do my foolish alibis bore you?
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!

F

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 ⁷	A ⁷	
D ⁻⁷	C ⁷	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	

***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}	

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 flm Babes on Broadway, 1941) Music and lyrics by E.Y. Harburg, Burton Lane, Ralph Freed, Roger Edens and Harold J. Rome

F

***Satin Doll

Music by Duke Ellington & Billy Strayhorn Lyrics by Johnny Mercer 953

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})

Cigarette holder which wips me,
Over her shoulder, she digs me,
out caddin', 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.

F

***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}	

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!

B

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.

***Fine and Dandy

Music by Kay Swift Lyrics by Paul James 1930

A₁ | A⁻⁷ | A^{b0} | G⁻⁷ | C⁷ |
A⁻⁷	A^{b0}	G⁻⁷	C⁷
C⁻⁷	F⁹	B^{b9}	B^{b7-9}
B^{b-7}/_{E^b}	E^{b13}	A^{b7j}	G⁻⁷ C⁷

A₂ | A⁻⁷ | A^{b0} | G⁻⁷ | C⁷ |
A⁻⁷	A^{b0}	G⁻⁷	C⁷
C⁻⁷	F¹³⁻⁹	B^{b7j}	E^{b7}
D⁻⁷ G⁷	G⁻⁷/_C C¹³⁻⁹	F^{7j}	F^{7j}

F

***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}

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}

F

***New Sun in the Sky

Music by Arthur Schwartz Lyrics by Howard Dietz 1931

V

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

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.

F

***It Must Be True

Music by Harry Barris Lyrics by Gus Arnheim & Gordon Clifford 1930

A | C⁻⁷ F⁷ | C⁻⁷ F⁷ | B^{b7j} E^{b7} | D⁻⁷ G⁷ |
| C⁻⁷ F⁷ /E^b | D⁻⁷ G⁷ | C⁷ | F⁷ |

B | C⁻⁷ F⁷ | C⁻⁷ F⁷ | B^{b7j} E^{b7} | D⁻⁷ G⁷ |
| C⁻⁷ F⁷ | D⁻⁷ G⁷ | C⁻⁷ F⁷ | B^{b7} |

Beside a shadey nook
a moment's bliss we took
To talk of love beneath the stars above
I held your hand and whispered
Dear, I love you, I love you

And though it's just a dream
An idle scheme of mine to win your heart
And yet it seemed divine, it must be true,
I am with you and you are mine, all mine.

B

***I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan

Music by Arthur Schwartz Lyrics by Howard Diets 1929

V	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁶	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁶	
	E ⁻⁷	E ^{b7j}	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	E ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁶	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^b	
	C ^{-7b5}		D ⁷⁻⁹⁺⁵	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	
A	C ^{7j}	G ¹³⁻⁹	C ^{7j} G ¹³⁻⁹	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	
	D ⁻⁷	G ¹³⁻⁹	E ⁻⁷ A ⁻⁷	D ⁷		D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	
B	C ^{7j}	G ¹³⁻⁹	C ^{7j}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	
	F ^{#-7b5}	F ⁻⁷	E ^{-7j} E ^{b0}	E ^{-7j} E ^{b0}	E ^{b0}	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	
	C ^{7j}	G ¹³⁻⁹	B ^{b7} A ⁷	D ⁷ G ⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j} (G ¹³⁻⁹)	

*I beheld her and was conquered from the start,
And placed her on a pedestal apart:
I planned the little hideaway
that we would share domeday.
When I met her I unfolded all my dream
And told her how she'd fit into my scheme
of what bliss it is.
then the blow came, when she gave her name
as "Missus."*

I guess I'll have to change my plan
I should have realized there'd be another man!
I overlooked that point completely
Until the big affair began.

Before I knew where I was at
I found myself upon the shelf and that was that.
I tried to reach the moon but when I got there,
All that I could get was the air.
My feet are back upon the ground
I lost the one girl I'd found.

C

I guess I'll have to change my plan
I should have realized there'd be another man!
Why did I buy those blue pajamas
Before the big affair began?

My boiling point is much too low
For me to try to be a fly Lothario!
I think I'll crawl right back and into my shell,
Dwelling in my personal Hell.
I'll have to change my plan around,
I lost the one girl I'd found.

***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}	

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 love again 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.

B

***Easy to Love

Music and Lyrics by Cole Porter 1936

V	B ^{b7j}	G ^{-7j}	G ⁻⁷	B ^{b7j}	G ^{-7j}	
	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷		B ^{b7j}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷⁻⁹
	B ^{b7j}	G ^{-7j}	G ⁻⁷	B ^{b7j}	G ^{-7j}	
	D ^{7j}	G ^{-7j}		E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	D ⁶ E ^{b7}
A1	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	
	G ^{7j}	C ^{7j}		G ^{6/9}	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷⁻⁹
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷		G ^{7j}	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷⁻⁹
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷		B ⁻⁷	B ^{b0}	
A2	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	
	G ^{7j}	C ^{7j}		B ⁻⁷	E ⁷⁻⁹	
	A ⁻⁷	F ⁷		G ^{7j}	B ⁻⁷	B ^{b0}
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷		G ^{7j}	(B ^{-7b5}	E ⁷⁻⁵)

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 love

You'd be so easy to love
So easy to idolize
All others above
So worth the yearning for
So swell to keep every homefire burning for
We'd be so grand at the game
So carefree 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

B > Am > C

***Give Me the Simple Life

Music by Harry Ruby Lyrics by Rube Bloom 1945

V	E ^b 6/9	B ^b 9+5	E ^b 6 F ⁻ 7	B ^b 7	E ^b 6/9	B ^b 9+5	E ^b 6	E ^b 6	
	G ⁻ 6	A ⁻ 7 ^b 5 D ⁷⁺⁵	G ⁻ 6/9	C ⁹⁺¹¹	F ⁻ 7	7j 7	B ^b 7/F	B ^b 9	
A ₁	F ⁻ 7j	B ^b 7	G ⁻ 7	C ⁷⁻⁹	F ⁻ 7	G ⁷⁺⁵	C ⁻ 7 /B	E ^b 7 /B ^b	
	A ⁻ 7 ^b 5	A ^b -	E ^b 6 /G	G ^b 0	F ⁻ 7	G ⁻ 7 C ⁷⁻⁹	F ⁷	B ^b 7	
A ₂	F ⁻ 7j	B ^b 7	G ⁻ 7	C ⁷⁻⁹	F ⁻ 7	G ⁷⁺⁵	C ⁻ 7 /B	E ^b 7 /B ^b	
	A ⁻ 7 ^b 5	A ^b -	E ^b 6 /G	G ^b 0	F ⁻ 7	B ^b 7	E ^b 6	C ⁻ 7	
B	F ⁻ 7	B ^b 7	G ⁻ 7	C ⁻ 7	F ⁻ 7	B ^b 7	E ^b 6		
	D ⁻ 7 ^b 5	G ⁷⁻⁹	C ⁻ 7	G ^b 0	F ⁷		B ^b 7/F	B ^b 9	
A ₃	F ⁻ 7j	B ^b 7	G ⁻ 7	C ⁷⁻⁹	F ⁻ 7	G ⁷⁺⁵	C ⁻ 7 /B	E ^b 7 /B ^b	
	A ⁻ 7 ^b 5	A ^b -	E ^b 6 /G	G ^b 0	F ⁻ 7	B ^b 7	E ^b 6		

*Folks are blessed, who make the best of ev'ry day
Living by their own philosophy
Ev'ryone beneath the sun must find a way
And I have found the only way for me.*

I don't believe in frettin' and grievin'
Why mess around with strife
I never was cut out to step and strut out
Give me the simple life.

Some find it pleasant, dining on pheasant
Those things roll off my knife
Just serve me tomatoes and mashed potatoes
Give me the simple life.

A cottage small is all I'm after
Not one that's spacious and wide
A house that rings with joy and laughter
And the ones you love inside.

Some like the high road, I like the low road
Free from the care and strife
Sounds corny and seedy but yes indeedy
Give me the simple life.

Life could be thrilling with one who's willing
To be a farmer's wife
Kids calling me pappy, would make me happy
Give me the simple life.

Es I: Chinesisch p; S: 2x

***A Gal in Calico

Music by Arthur Schwartz Lyrics by Leo Robin 1946

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

Met a gal in calico,
Down in Santa Fé;
Used to be her sunday beau
'Til I rode away.
Do I want her,
Do I want her love? – Yes, siree!
Will I win her,
Will I win her love? – Wait and see!

Workin' with the rodeo,
Rode from town to town.
Seen most every kinda gal,
Ev'ry kind of gown.
But who makes my heart sing
Yipee yi! Yipee Yo!
My little gal in calico

Take my gal in calico,
Down in Santa Fé;
Guess I'd better let her know
That I feel this way.
Is she waitin', is she waitin'?
She'd better be.
Am I hopin' to be ropin' her?
Yes siree!

Gonna quit the rodeo,
Gonna settle down.
Buy a bolt of calico
For a weddin' gown.
Then will I fence her in
Yipee yi! Yipee Yo!
My little gal in calico.

Es

On a Slow Boat to China

Music by Frank Loesser 1948

A ₁	E ^{b7j}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ⁻⁷	F ^{#0}	
	E ^{b7j}		G ⁷	A ^{b7j}	G ^{-7b5}	C ⁷
	F ⁻⁷		F ^{#0}	E ^{b7j}	G ^{-5b7} / ^{/D^b}	C ⁷
	F ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
A ₂	E ^{b7j}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ⁻⁷	F ^{#0}	
	E ^{b7j}		G ⁷	A ^{b7j}	G ^{-7b5}	C ⁷
	F ⁻⁷		D ^{b7}	E ^{bj}	D ^{b7}	C ⁷
	F ⁷		F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7} /D	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}

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.

Es I: Chinesisch p; S: 2x

What a Diff'rence a Day Made

Music Maria Grever Lyrics Stanlay Adams 1934

A	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	E ⁻⁷	E ^{b0}	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}		
B	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷		
	D ⁷	D ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷		
C	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	E ⁻⁷	E ^{b0}	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^{7j}	B ^{b7}	C ^{7j}	E ^{b0}		
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}		

C voc, sax/p, voc

What a diff'rence a day made,
 twentyfour little hours,
 brought the sound and the flowers
 where the used to be rain.

My yesterday was blue dear,
 today I'm part you you dear,
 my lonely nights are thru dear,
 since you said you were mine.

Whar a diff'rence a day makes,
 there's a rainbow before me,
 skies above can't be stormy
 since that moment of bliss;
 that thrilling kiss.

It's heaven when you
 find romance on you menu.
 What a diff'rence a day made,
 and the diff'rence is you.

Day In—Day Out

Music by Rube Bloom Lyrics by Johnny Mercer 1939

A	<p>F⁶</p> <p>F⁶ G⁻⁷</p> <p>G⁻⁷</p> <p>G⁻⁷</p>	<p>F⁶ F^{#0}</p> <p>G^{#0} F⁶/_A</p> <p>C⁹</p> <p>C⁷</p>	<p>G⁻⁷</p> <p>A⁻⁷</p> <p>G⁻⁷</p> <p>A⁻⁷ D⁷⁻⁹</p>	<p>C⁹</p> <p>A^{b0}</p> <p>C⁹</p> <p>G⁻⁷ C⁷</p>
B	<p>F⁶</p> <p>F⁶ G⁻⁷</p> <p>C⁶</p> <p>C⁶</p>	<p>F⁶ F^{#0}</p> <p>G^{#0} F⁶/_A</p> <p>G⁻⁷/D^{b13}</p> <p>D⁻⁹ G⁷⁻⁹⁺⁵</p>	<p>G⁻⁷</p> <p>F⁻⁷</p> <p>C⁶</p> <p>G⁻⁷</p>	<p>C⁹</p> <p>B^{b7}</p> <p>G⁻⁷/D^{b13}</p> <p>C⁷</p>
C	<p>F⁶</p> <p>F⁶ G⁻⁷</p> <p>G⁷/_B</p> <p>G¹³</p> <p>G⁷/_B</p> <p>G⁻⁷</p>	<p>F⁶ F^{#0}</p> <p>G^{#0} F⁶/_A</p> <p>B^{b-7}</p> <p>G⁻⁷ C⁷⁺⁵</p> <p>B^{b-7}</p> <p>G⁻⁷ C⁷⁺⁵</p>	<p>G⁻⁷</p> <p>E^{b7}</p> <p>A⁻⁷</p> <p>F^{7j}</p> <p>A⁻⁷</p> <p>F^{7j} D⁷⁻⁹⁺⁵</p>	<p>C⁹</p> <p>D⁷</p> <p>A^{b0}</p> <p>A⁻⁷ D⁷</p> <p>D⁷⁻⁹</p> <p>G⁻⁷ D⁷⁻⁹⁺⁵</p>

F I: le 8 T. S: 2mal letzte 8 T

Day in, day out
 The same old hoodoo follows me about,
 The same old pounding in my heart whenever I think
 of you
 and darling, I think of you
 da in day out.

Day out, day in,
 I needn't tell you how my days begin.
 When I awake I awaken with a tingle,
 one possibility in view,
 Theat possibiltyx of maybe seeing you.

Come rain, come shine,
 I meet you and the day is fine,
 Then I kiss your lips and the punding become
 the ocean's roar,
 A thousand drums.
 Can't you see it's love, can there be andy doubt,
 when there it is, day in day out.

***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}		

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.

F

If I Were A Bell

Lyrics and Music by Frank Loesser 1950

A ₁	C ⁷ _j	F ⁷	B ^{b7} _j	B ^{b7} _j	
	B ⁰	G ⁷	C ⁷	F ⁷	
	B ^{b7} _j B ^{b7} / _{A^b}	E ^{b7} / _G E ^{b-7} / _{G^b} F ⁷⁻⁹	B ^{b7} _j B ^{b7} / _{A^b}	E ^{b7} / _G D ⁷	
	G ⁻⁷	E ^{-5b7} A ⁷	D ⁷ _j	D ⁷ _j	
A ₂	C ⁷ _j	F ⁷	B ^{b7} _j	B ^{b7} _j	
	B ⁰	G ⁷	C ⁷	F ⁷	
	B ^{b7} _j B ^{b7} / _{A^b}	E ^{b7} / _G D ^{b0}	B ^{b7} _j A ⁷⁺⁵	A ^{b7} G ⁷⁻⁹	
	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b6/9} (C ⁻⁷ D ⁷ D ^{b0})	

B Sax. I: I 8 T. S: C-H-B. Ding dong ding instr.

Ask me how do I feel
 Ask me now that we're cosy and clinging
 Well sir, all I can say, is if I were a bell I'd be ringing!

From the moment we kissed tonight
 That's the way I've just gotta behave
 Boy, if I were a lamp I'd light
 And If I were a banner I'd wave!

Ask me how do I feel,
 Little me with my quiet upbringing
 Well sir, all I can say is if I were a gate I'd be swinging!

And if I were a watch I'd start popping my springs!
 Or if I were a bell I'd go ding dong, ding dong ding!

Ask me how do I feel
 From this chemistry lesson I'm learning.
 SKY (spoken) Uh, chemistry?
 SARAH (spoken) Yes, chemistry!
 Well sir, all I can say is if I were a bridge I'd be burning!
 Yes, I knew my moral would crack
 From the wonderful way that you looked!
 Boy, if I were a duck I'd quack!
 Or if I were a goose I'd be cooked!

Ask me how do I feel,
 Ask me now that we're fondly caressing
 Pal, if I were a salad I know I'd be splashing my dressin

Or if I wwere a season I'd surely be spring

Well, if I were a bell I'd go ding dong, ding dong ding!

East of the Sun

Music and Lyrics by Brooks Bowman 1934

A ₁	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	
	D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	D ^{-7b5}	D ^{-7b5}	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	B ^{-7b5} E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	
	D ⁷	D ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
A ₂	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	
	D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	D ^{-7b5}	D ^{-7b5}	
	D ⁻⁷ /c	B ^{-7b5} E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	
	D ⁻⁷	D ^{-7b5}	E ⁻⁷	E ^{b-7}	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	(D ⁻⁷ G ⁷)	

C I: letzte 12T. voc-sax/p-voc S: 2x

East of The Sun
 and west of the moon,
 We'll build a dreamhouse of love, dear.
 Near to the sun in the day,
 near to the moon at night
 we'll live in a lovely way, dear,
 Living on love and pale moonlights.

Just you and I,
 forever and a day,
 Love will not die.
 We'll keep it that way.
 Up among the stars we'll find a harmony of life to a
 lovely tune,
 East of The Sun and west of the moon, dear,
 East of The Sun and west of the moon.

Girl from Ipanema

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 voc/sax/voc

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.

***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)	

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.

F

The Tender Trap

Music by Jimmy van Heusen Lyrics by Sammy Cahn 1961

I	drums 1 Takt						
	D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	A ^{b-57}	G ⁷		drums wirbel	
A ₁	C ^{7j}	C ^{#0}	D ⁻⁷⁺¹³	G ⁷			
	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ^{7j}	E ⁷	A ⁷			
	D ⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ^{7j} (C ^{#0}	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷)			
A ₂	C ^{7j}	C ^{#0}	D ⁻⁷⁺¹³	G ⁷			
	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ^{7j}	E ⁷	A ⁷			
	D ⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}			
B	D ⁻⁷	B ^{-5b7} E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷			
	D ⁻⁷	B ^{-5b7} E ⁷	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷			
A ₃	C ^{7j}	C ^{#0}	D ⁻⁷⁺¹³	G ⁷			
	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ^{7j}	E ⁷	A ⁷			
	D ⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	E ^{-7j}	A ⁷			
	D ⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}			

C Sax. S: +8T + wie: Fly me to the moon

You see a pair of laughing eyes
 And suddenly your sighing sighs
 You're thinking nothing's wrong
 You string along, boy, then snap!
 Those eyes, those sighs,
 they're part of the tender trap

You're hand in hand beneath the trees
 And soon there's music in the breeze
 You're acting kind of smart,
 until your heart just goes wap!
 Those trees, that breeze,
 they're part of the tender trap
 Some starry night, when her kisses make you tingle

She'll hold you tight, and you'll hate yourself for
 being single
 And all at once it seems so nice
 The folks are throwing shoes and rice
 You hurry to a spot, that's just a dot on the map
 You're hooked, you're cooked, you're caught in the
 tender trap

And all at once it seems so nice
 The folks are throwing shoes and rice
 You hurry to a spot that's just a dot on the map
 And then you wonder how it all came about
 It's too late now there's no gettin' out
 You fell in love, and love is the tender trap

Chez Moi

Music by Paul Misraki Lyrics by Jean Feline, Bruce Stevier 1936

A	G ^{7j}	G ^{7j}	F ^{#7}	F ^{#7}	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	B ^{-7b5}	E ⁷	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	E ⁷	
	A ⁻⁷ (B ⁻⁷	A ^{-7/c}) D ⁷	G ^{7j} /B ^{-7b5} E ⁷	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	
B	G ^{7j}	G ^{7j}	F ^{#7}	F ^{#7}	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	B ^{-7b5}	E ⁷	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j} A ⁻⁷	B ⁻⁷ B ^{b0}	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	G ^{7j}	

G Sax, I: 8 T, S:-

Venez donc chez moi je vous invite
 Y a d'la joie chez moi c'est merveilleux
 A côté des étoiles j'habite à deux pas du ciel
 toujours bleu
 J'attendrai chez moi votre visite
 Là haut sous les toits dans mon logis
 Tous les jours je reçois venez, venez vite,
 C'est gentil chez moi, venez-y...

C'est gentil chez moi je vous invite
 Vous serez pour moi le seul ami
 Nous n'aurons plus jamais de visite
 A la porte tous les ennuis
 Nous serons heureux dans mon sixième
 Il y a place pour deux dans mon logis
 On comptera les fois où nous dirons « je t'aime »
 Es-tu bien chez moi ! Restons-y...
 Venez donc chez moi je vous invite

A ^{b7j}	A ^{b7j}	G ⁷	G ⁷	
B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	C ^{-7b5}	F ⁷	
B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j}	F ⁷	
B ^{b-7} (C ⁻⁷	B ^{b-7/d}) E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j} /C ^{-7b5} F ⁷	B ^{b-7} E ^{b7}	

A ^{b7j}	A ^{b7j}	G ⁷	G ⁷	
B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	C ^{-7b5}	F ⁷	
B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j} B ^{b-7}	C ⁻⁷ B ⁰	
B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j}	A ^{b7j}	

I'm in the Mood for Love

Music by Jimmy McHugh Lyrics by Dorothy Field 1935

A ₁	G ^{7j}	E ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	E ⁷⁺⁵	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	
	B ⁻⁷	B ^{b0}	A ⁻⁷		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	B ⁻⁷ E ⁷	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷
A ₂	G ^{7j}	E ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	E ⁷⁺⁵	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	
	B ⁻⁷	B ^{b0}	A ⁻⁷		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	C ^{7j}	
B	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	E ⁷⁺⁹	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	
	C ^{#7b5}	F ^{#7}	B ⁻⁷		E ⁻⁷	A ⁷⁺⁵	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷
A ₃	G ^{7j}	E ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	E ⁷⁺⁵	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	
	B ⁻⁷	B ^{b0}	A ⁻⁷		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	C ^{7j}	

G Clar. p intro lang . voc-cl 1/4, /p 1/4; voc S: ritardando

I'm in the mood for love
 Simply because you're near me
 Funny, but when you're near me
 I'm in the mood for love

Heaven is in your eyes
 Bright as the stars we're under
 Oh! is it any wonder
 I'm in the mood for love.

Why stop to think of Weather
 This little dream might fade?
 We've put our hearts together
 Now we are one, I'm not afraid!

If there's a cloud above
 If it should rain we'll let it
 But for tonight forget it!
 I'm in the mood for love.

***Dedicated To You

Music by Sammy Cahn Lyrics by Saul Chaplin & Hy Zaret 1929

A ₁	E ^{b7j}	A ^{b79}	E ^{b7j}	G ^{-7b5}	C ⁷	
	F ^{-5b7}	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	G ^{7/D}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷
				F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
A _{2/3}	E ^{b7j}	A ^{b79}	E ^{b7j}	G ^{-5b7}	C ⁷	
	F ^{-5b7}	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	G ^{7/D}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷
				F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}
					(A ⁻⁷ D ⁷)	
B	G ^j	A ⁻⁷	G ^{7j}	B ^{b0}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷
	B ^{b7j}	C ⁻⁷	B ^{b7j}	D ^{b0}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷
			B ^{b7j}		F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7+5}
			B ^{b7j}			
A _{7/3}	E ^{b7j}	A ^{b79}	E ^{b7j}	G ^{-5b7}	C ⁷	
	F ^{-5b7}	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	G ^{7/D}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷
				F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	

If I should write a book for you, That brought me fame and fortune, too, That book would be like my heart and knee Dedicated To You.

If I should paint a picture, too, That shows the loveliness of you, that art would be like my heart and knee, Dedicated To You.

To you, because your love is the beacon, that lights off my way. To you, because you, I know, our lifetime could be like just one heavenly day.

If I should find a twinkling star, One as so wondrous as you are, That star would be like my heart and knee, Dedicated To You.

Es

Come Fly With Me

Music by Jimmy Van Heusen Lyrics by Sammy Cahn 1958

I	F ^{7j} G ⁷	B ^{b7} G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ^{7j} E ^{b7} F ^{7j}	D ⁷⁻⁹ (G ⁻⁷ C ⁷)	
A ₁	F ^{7j} F ^{7j} F ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷ A ^{b0} C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ B ^{b7}	G ⁻⁷ B ^{b7j} A ⁷ D ⁷	C ⁷ E ^{b7} G ⁷ C ⁷	
A ₂	F ^{7j} F ^{7j} F ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷ A ^{b0} C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ B ^{b7}	G ⁻⁷ B ^{b7j} F ^{7j}	C ⁷ E ^{b7} F ^{7j}	
B	D ^{b7j} E ^{b-7} D ^{b7j} D ^{b+5} D ⁻⁷	D ^{b+5} <small> : letzte 8T. 4x4. S: aushalten</small> A ^{b7} D ^{b7j} G ⁷	G ^{b7j} G ^{b7j} C ^{7j} C ⁷ G ⁷	G ^{b7j} E ^{b-7} A ^{b7} C ^{7j} A ⁻⁷ C ⁷	
A ₃	F ^{7j} F ^{7j} F ^{7j} G ⁷	A ⁻⁷ A ^{b0} C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ B ^{b7} G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	G ⁻⁷ B ^{b7j} F ^{7j} E ^{b7} F ^{7j}	C ⁷ E ^{b7} D ⁷⁻⁹ (G ⁻⁷ C ⁷)	

F I: letzte 8 T. voc-sax/p-voc S: 2x

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, their'd blush and speak of honeymooning,
and if your memory recalls, they spoke of Niag'ra
falls. But today, my darling, to day, when you meet
the one you love, you say:
Come fly with me! Lets's fly! Let's fly away! If you
can use some exotic booze, there's a bar in far
Bombay, Come fly with me! Lets's fly! let's fly away!

Come fly with me! Lets'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! Lets's take of 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. Weather wise 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! Lets's fly! let's fly away!

The Boy Next Door

Music by Hugh Martin Lyrics by Ralph Blane 1943

V	B ^b _j / _D	D ^b ₀	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b _j / _D	D ^b ₀	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^b ₇	E ^b _{7j}	A ^b ₇	D ⁻⁷	D ^b ₀	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
	B ^b _j / _D	D ^b ₀	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b _j / _D	D ^b ₀	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^b ₇	E ^b _{7j}	A ^b ₇	D ⁻⁷	D ^b ₀	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
	D ⁻⁷	D ^b ₀	F ⁻⁷	B ^b ₇					
A ₁	E ^b _{7j}		C ⁷⁻⁹		F ⁻⁷		B ^b ₇₊₄		
	E ^b _{7j}		C ⁻⁷		F ⁷		F ⁷		
	F ⁻⁷		B ^b ₇		E ^b _{7j}		C ^{-7j}		
	A ^{-5b7}		D ⁷⁺⁹		G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^b ₇	
A ₃	E ^b _{7j}		C ⁷⁻⁹		F ⁻⁷		B ^b ₇₊₄		
	E ^b _{7j}		C ⁻⁷		F ⁷		F ^{#0}		
	E ^b _{7j} / _{B^b}		E ^b _{7j} / _{B^b}		C ⁷ /A ^{-5b7}		C ⁷ /A ^{-5b7}		
	C ^{b7}		F ⁷		E ^b _{7j}		(F ⁻⁷ B ^b ₇)		

Es Intro Piano. 3/4. Bass nur 1; voc, s/p, voc. 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

My Baby Just Cares for Me

Music by Walter Donaldson Lyrics by Gus Kahn 1930

V	C ^{7j} F ⁷ C ^{7j} F ⁷
	C ^{7j} D ⁷ G ⁷ C ^{7j} D ⁷ G ⁷
	C ^{7j} F ⁷ C ^{7j} F ⁷
	D ⁷ D ⁷ G ⁷ G ⁷
A ₁	C ^{7j} C ^{7j} C ^{7j} C ^{7j}
	C ^{7j} E ⁻⁷ E ^{b0} D ⁻⁷ D ⁻⁷ /G ⁷
	D ⁻⁷ E ⁷ A ⁻ A ⁻⁷
	D ⁷ D ⁷ G ⁷ G ⁷
A ₂	C ^{7j} C ^{7j} C ^{7j} C ^{7j}
	A ⁷⁻⁹ A ⁷ D ⁻⁷ D ⁻⁷ /G ⁷
	B ⁷ B ⁷ E ⁻ A ⁷
	D ⁻⁷ D ⁷ G ⁷ C ^{7j} (E ^{b0}) D ⁻⁷ G ⁷

C voc, s/p, immer Break S: 2x Stopp auf Me x imm

I'm so happy since the day
I fell in love in a great big way,
And the big surprise is someone loves me too.
Guess it's hard for you to see
Just what anyone can see in me,
But it simply goes to prove what love can do.

I've missed chances in Life's game,
but my luck changed when an angel came
And she picked on me for her affinity.
She's not like most modern gal
Wasting all her time on sporty pals,
Now she's got a wholetime hob in loving me.

My baby don't care for shows,
My baby don't care for clothes,
My baby just cares for me!
My baby don't care for fur and laces,
My baby don't care for high-tone places.
My baby don't care for rings,
Or other expensive things,
She sensible as can be.
My baby don't care who knows it,
My baby don't care for me!
My baby don't care for jazz,
A better idea she has,
My baby just cares for me!
My baby won't stand for outside petting,
For theatres and joyrides she's not fretting.
My Baby's no "gadabout."
At home she's just mad about,
'Cause Baby's home-grown you see,
My baby don't care who knows it,
My baby don't care for me!

My baby dont care for shows
My baby dont care for clothes
My baby just cares for me
My baby dont care for cars and races
My baby dont care for high-tone places

Liz Taylor is not his style
And even Lana Turners smile
Is somethin he cant see
My baby dont care who knows
My baby just cares for me

Baby, my baby dont care for shows
And he dont even care for clothes
He cares for me
My baby dont care
For cars and races
My baby dont care for
He dont care for high-tone places

Liz Taylor is not his style
And even liberaces smile
Is something he cant see
Is something he cant see
I wonder whats wrong with baby
My baby just cares for
My baby just cares for
My baby just cares for me

I'm Through with Love

Music by Matt Malneck & Fud Livingston Lyrics by Gus Kahn 1931

A ₁	B ^{b7j}	D ^{b0}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	A ^{b7}	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷ C ⁻⁷ F ⁷	
A ₂	B ^{b7j}	D ^{b0}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	A ^{b7}	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	A ⁷	
B	D ⁻	D ⁻⁺⁵	D ⁻⁶	D ⁻⁺⁵	D ⁻	D ⁻⁺⁵	D ⁻⁶	A ⁷	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	A ⁷⁻⁹	
A ₃	B ^{b7j}	D ^{b0}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	A ^{b7}	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	(F ⁷)	

B Solo Duo p/voc

I have given you my true love,
 But you love a new love.
 What am I supposed to do now
 With you now, you're through?
 You'll be on your merry way
 And there's only this to say:

I'm through with love
 I'll never fall again.
 Said adieu to love
 Don't ever call again.
 For I must have you or no one
 And so I'm through with love.

I've locked my heart
 I'll keep my feelings there.
 I have stocked my heart
 with icy, frigid air.
 And I mean to care for no one
 Because I'm through with love.

Why did you lead me
 to think you could care?
 You didn't need me
 for you had your share
 of slaves around you
 to hound you and swear
 with deep emotion and devotion to you.

Goodbye to spring and all it meant to me
 It can never bring the thing that used to be.
 For I must have you or no one
 And so I'm through with love.

Embraceable You

Music by George Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin © 1930

A ₁	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j} / _E	E ^{b0}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
	D ⁻⁷		B ^{b7} G ⁷	C ^{7j}	B ^{-5b7} E ⁷	
	A-		F ^{#-5b7} B ⁷	E- B ⁷	E ⁷ A ^{-5b7}	
	G ^{7j}	G ^{#0}	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	G ⁷ A ⁻⁷	B ^{b0} G ⁷ / _B	
A ₂	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j} / _E	E ^{b0}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
	D ⁻⁷		B ^{b7} G ⁷	C ^{7j}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	
	F ^{7j}		B ^{-5b7} E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷ / _{F#} F-	
	C ^{7j} / _E		F- G ⁷	C ^{7j} (E ^{b0} / _{A^b} /G)	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷)	

Embrace me, my sweet embraceable you! Embrace me, you irreplaceable you! Just one look at you, my heart grew tipsy in me; You and you alone bring out thy 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 papa do! My sweet embraceable you!

Abfolge:

Route 66 (C-Dur)

Music and Lyrics by Earl Hines & Henry Wood 1933

A₁

A₂

B

A₃

C Sax. Shuffle; voc/sax 3x/b/voc2-er-Breaks. S +2x4T

You Make Me Feel So Young

Music by Josef Myrow Lyrics by Mack Gordon 1946

	E ^{b7j} E ⁰ F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7} E ^{b7j} E ⁰ F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}
	E ^{b7j} E ^{b7} A ^{b7j} A ^{b6} G ⁻⁷ G ^{b0} F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}
	E ^{b7j} E ⁰ F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7} E ^{b7j} E ⁰ F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}
A ₁	E ^{b7j} E ^{b7} A ^{b7j} A ^{b6} G ⁻⁷ G ^{b0} F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}

	B ^{b-7} E ^{b7} B ^{b-7} E ^{b7}
	D ^{-5b7} G ⁷⁻⁹ C ⁻⁷ F ⁻⁷ (G ⁰ A ^{b6} A ⁰) B ^{b7} (F ⁻⁷ / _C C ^{#0} D ⁰)

B	E ^{b7j} E ⁰ F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7} E ^{b7j} E ⁰ F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}
	E ^{b7} A ^{b7j} A ^{b-6} G ⁻⁷ C ⁷⁻⁹ F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}
	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷⁻⁹ F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7} G ⁷ E ^{b9+11} C ⁷ C ⁷⁻⁹
C	F ⁻⁷ G ⁰ F ⁻⁷ / _{A^b} F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7} E ^{b7j} (C ⁷⁻⁹ F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7-9})

Es S: 3x (Gm7, C7)

You make me feel so young,
 You make me feel so "Spring has sprung",
 And ev'ry time I see you grin,
 I'm such a happy individual.

I'm gonna feel the way I do today
 'Cause, You make me feel so young.

The moment that you speak
 I wanna go play hide and seek.
 I wanna go and bounce the moon
 just like a toy balloon.

You and I are just like a couple of tots
 Running across the meadow,
 pickin' up lots of forget-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

It Had to Be You

Music by Isham Jones Lyrics by Gus Kahn 1924

A ₁	C ^{7j}	G ⁷⁺⁵	C ^{7j}	A ⁷	A ⁷	
	D ⁷		D ⁷	D ⁷	D ⁷	
	G ⁷		G ⁷	A ⁻	E ⁷	A ⁻
	D ⁷		D ⁷	G ⁷	E ⁷ / _{G#}	G ⁷
						G ⁷
						G ⁷⁺⁵
A ₂	C ^{7j}	G ⁷⁺⁵	C ^{7j}	A ⁷	A ⁷	
	D ⁷		D ⁷	D ⁷	D ⁷	
	F ^{7j}		F ⁻	C _{/G}	E ⁷ / _{G#}	A ⁻
	G ⁷	F# ⁰	D ⁻⁷	C ^{7j}	(D ^{-5b7})	F# ⁰
			G ⁷			G ⁷
						G ⁷⁺⁵)

C I: 2T piano. Alt-Bass. S: + 8T

It Had To Be You, It Had To Be You, I wandered
around and finally found the somebody who Could
make me be true, could make me be blue, And even
be glad, just to be sad, thinking of you.

Some others I've seen might never be mean, Might
never be cross or try to be boss, but they wouldn't
do, For nobody else gave me a thrill, with all your
faults I love you still, It Had To Be You, wonderful
you, Had To Be You.

Mack the Knife

Music by Kurt Weill Lyrics by Bert Brecht/Marc Blitzstein 1928

I	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}
A ₁	E ^{b7j} F ⁻⁷ C ⁻⁷ F ⁻⁷	E ^{b7j} E ^o B ^{b7} C ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	F ⁻⁷ E ^{b7j} F ⁻⁷ E ^{b7j} E ^o	B ^{b7} G ⁷ / _D F ⁻⁷ F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}
A ₂	E ^{b7j} F ⁻⁷ C ⁻⁷ F ⁻⁷	E ^{b7j} E ^o B ^{b7} C ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	F ⁻⁷ E ^{b7j} F ⁻⁷ E ^{b7j}	B ^{b7} G ⁷ / _D F ⁻⁷ B ⁷
A ₃	E ^{7j} F ^{#-7} D ^{b-7} G ^{b-7}	E ^{7j} F ^o B ⁷ D ^{b-7} B ⁷	F ^{#-7} E ^{7j} G ^{b-7} E ^{7j}	B ⁷ A ^{b7} / _{C#} G ^{b-7} C ⁷
A ₄	F ^{7j} G ⁻⁷ D ⁻⁷ G ⁻⁷	F ^{7j} F ^{#o} C ⁷ D ⁻⁷ C ⁷	G ⁻⁷ F ^{7j} G ⁻⁷ F ^{7j}	C ⁷ A ⁷ / _E G ⁻⁷ B ⁷
A ₅	G ^{b7j} A ^{b-7} E ^{b-7} A ^{b-7}	G ^{b7j} G ^o D ^{b7} E ^{b-7} D ^{b7}	A ^{b-7} G ^{b7j} A ^{b-7} G ^{b7j}	D ^{b7} B ^{b7} / _F A ^{b-7} D ⁷
A ₆	G ^{7j} A ⁻⁷ E ⁻⁷ A ⁻⁷	G ^{7j} D ^{#o} D ⁷ E ⁻⁷ D ⁷	A ⁻⁷ G ^{7j} A ⁻⁷ G ^{7j}	D ⁷ B ⁷ / _{Bb} A ⁻⁷ G ^{7j}

2x tutti in Es, dann 1/2 Ton höher

Oh the shark has pretty teeth dear,
and he shows them pearly white. Just a
jack-knife has Mack Heath dear,
and he keeps it out of sight.

When the shark bites with his teeth dear,
scarlet billows start to spread.
Fancy gloves do, wears Mack Heath dear,
so there's not trace of red.

On the sidewalk Sunday morning
lies a body oozing life.
Someone's sneaking around the corner.
Is that someone Mack the Knife?

Yes from a tugboat by the river
a cement bag drooping down.
And the cement's, for the weight dear.
You know that Mack Heath 's back in town.

Yeah Louis Miller disappeared dear,
after drawing out all his cash.
And Mack Heath spends like a sailor.
Did our boy do something rash?

Suki Todre, Jenny Diver,
Lotti Lenya, sweet Lucy Brown.
Yes the line forms on
the right dear, now that Mack Heath 's back in
town.

Manhattan

Music by Richard Rodgers Lyrics by Lorenz Hart 1925

A ₁	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7j} / _D D ^{b0}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	E ^{b7}	D ⁻⁷	D ^{b0}	
	C ⁻⁷	B ⁰	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷⁺⁵	B ^{b7j}	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7j} / _D D ^{b0}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		G ⁻⁷		
	C ⁷		C ⁷		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	F ⁷		
B	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7j} / _D D ^{b0}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	E ^{b7}	D ⁻⁷	D ^{b0}	
	C ⁻⁷	B ⁰	F ⁷		D ^{-7b5}		G ⁷		
	C ⁻⁷		A ^{b79} / _C		B ^{b7j}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷		
	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7j} / _D D ^{b0}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		B ^{b7j}		

B Intro p AAB. voc-cl+p-voc

We'll have Manhattan
the Bronx and Staten
Island too;
it's lovely going through
the Zoo.

It's very fancy
on old Delancey
Street, you know;
the subway charms us so,
when balmy breezes blow
to and fro,

and tell me what street
compares with Mott Street
in July,
sweet push carts gently gliding by.

The great big city's a wond'rous toy
just made for a girl and boy.
We'll turn Manhattan into an isle of joy.

We'll go to Greenwich
where modern men itch
to be free;
and Bowling Green you'll see
with me.

We'll bathe at Brighton,
the fish you'll frighten
when you're in
your bathing suit so thin
will make the shellfish grin
fin to fin.

I'd like to take a
sail on Jamaica
Bay with you;
and fair Canarsie's Lakes we'll view.

The city's bustle cannot destroy
the dreams of a girl and boy.
We'll turn Manhattan into an isle of joy.

I Only Have Eyes for You

Music by Harry Warren Lyrics by Al Dubin 1934

A ₁	C ⁷ _j	G ^{-5b7} / _{D^b}	G ⁻⁷ / _D	C ⁻⁷ / _{E^b}	C ⁷ / _E	G ⁻⁷ / _F	C ⁷ / _G	C ⁷⁺⁵ / _{G[#]}	
	F ⁷ _j		F ⁷ _j		A ⁻⁷		A ^{b7}		
A ₂	C ⁷ _j	G ^{-5b7} / _{D^b}	G ⁻⁷ / _D	C ⁻⁷ / _{E^b}	C ⁷ / _E	G ⁻⁷ / _F	C ⁷ / _G	C ⁷⁺⁵ / _{G[#]}	
	F ⁷ _j		F ⁷ _j		D ⁷		D ⁷ (A ^{b7})		
B	G ⁻⁷		C ⁷		A ⁻⁷		D ⁷⁻⁹		
	G ^{-5b7}		G ^{-5b7} / _C	C ⁷	A ⁻⁷		A ^{b7}		
A ₃	C ⁷ _j	G ^{-5b7} / _{D^b}	G ⁻⁷ / _D	C ⁻⁷ / _{E^b}	C ⁷ / _E	G ⁻⁷ / _F	C ⁷ / _G	C ⁷⁺⁵ / _{G[#]}	
	F ⁷ _j	G ⁻⁷	G ^{#0}	F ⁷ _j / _A	E ^{b9+11}		D ⁷		
	G ⁻⁷		G ^{-5b7} / _C	C ⁷⁻⁹	F ⁷ _j		F ⁷ _j		

C A/A voc/p, B tutti, A, ... S: rit.

Verse:

My love must be a kind of blind love,
I can't see anyone but you.
And dear, I wonder if you find love
An optical illusion too?

Chorus:

Are the stars out tonight?
I don't know if it's cloudy or bright
'Cause I only have eyes for you, dear.
The moon may be high,
But I can't see a thing in the sky,
'Cause I only have eyes for you.
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.

You and the Night and the Music

Music by Arthur Schwartz Lyrics by Howard Dietz 1934

I	F- D-7	G-7b5 C7+9	F- D-7	G-7b5 C7+9	
A ₁	F- G-7b5	G-7b5 C7+9 C7	C-7b5 F7-9 F7j	Bb- G-7 C7+9	
A ₂	F- G-7b5	G-7b5 C7+9 C7	C-7b5 F7-9 F7j	Bb- F7j	
B	Db7 Db7	Db7 D-7 G7	C7 C7j G-7b5	G-7 C7 C7 C7+9	
A ₃	F- G-7b5 C7-9	G-7b5 C7+9 F- D-7b5	C-7b5 F7-9 G7-9 C7-9	Bb- F- (C7+9)	
S	F- G-7b5 C7-9 F- • • •	G-7b5 C7+9 F- D-7b5	C-7b5 F7-9 G7-9	Bb- C7-9	

Fm S: I - - love - - you.

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 music are done.
Until the pale light of dawning and daylight,

our hearts will be throbbing guitars,
morning may come without warning,
and take away the stars.

If we must live for the moment,
love till the moment is through!
After the night and the music die
will I have you?

Blue Moon

Music by Richard Rodgers Lyrics by Lorenz Hart 1934

V	G-	G- ⁷	C ⁷ / _G	C ⁰ / _G	G-	A- ^{7b5} / _C	D ⁷	
	G-	G- ⁷	C ⁷ / _G	C ⁰ / _G	G-	A- ^{7b5} / _C	D ⁷ G-	
	C-	A- ⁷ F ⁷	G ^{7j}		A- ⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	
	C- ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		G- ⁷	C ⁷	C- ⁷ F ⁷	
A ₁	B ^{b7j}	G- ⁷	C- ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	G- ⁷	C- ⁷ F ⁷	
	A ^{b7}	G ⁷	G ^{b7}	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	G- ⁷	C- ⁷ F ⁷	
A _{2/3}	B ^{b7j}	G- ⁷	C- ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	G- ⁷	C- ⁷ F ⁷	
	A ^{b7}	G ⁷	G ^{b7}	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		B ^{b7j}	
B	C- ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	G ⁷	C- ⁷	F ^{b7}	B ^{b7j}	
	E ^{b-7}	A ^{b7}	D ^{b7j}		F ^{7j} / _C	C ⁷	C- ⁷ F ⁷	
A _{2/3}	B ^{b7j}	G- ⁷	C- ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	G- ⁷	C- ⁷ F ⁷	
	A ^{b7}	G ⁷	F ^{#7}	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		B ^{b7j}	

B Sax. I: A3, voc-p/sax-voc

Once upon a time,
before I took up smiling,
I hated the moonlight!
Shadows of the night
that poets find beguiling
seemed flat as the noonlight.
With no one to stay up
for I went to sleep at ten.
Life was a bitter cup
for the saddest of alle men.

Once upon a time
My heart was just an organ,
My life had no mission.
Now that I have you,
to be as rich as Morgan
is my one ambition.
Once I awoke a seven
Hating the morning light.
Now I awake in Heaven
and all the world's all right.

Blue Moon – you saw me standing alone
Without a dream in my heart,
Without a love of my own;

Blue Moon – you knew just what I was there for
you heard me saying a pray'r for,
someone I could really care for.

And then there suddenly appeared before me
the only one my arms will ever hold,
I heard somebody whisper, "Please adore me."
And when I looked, the moon had turned to gold!

Blue Moon – now I'm no longer alone
without a dream in my heart,
without a love of my own.

Taking A Chance on Love

Music by Vernon Duke Lyrics by John LaTouche and Ted Fetter 1940

A ₁	G ^{7j}	G ^{#0}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	B ⁷ / _{F#}	
	E-	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}		
A ₂	G ^{7j}	G ^{#0}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	B ⁷ / _{F#}	
	E-	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}		
B	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	C ^{#0}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}		
	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	B ⁰	C ⁻⁷	E ^{b7}	D ⁷		
A ₃	G ^{7j}	G ^{#0}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	B ⁷ / _{F#}	
	E-	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷		A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}		

G Sax. I: A3, voc-p/sax-voc

Here I go again. I hear the trumpets blow again.
All aglow again, Takin' a chance on love.

Here I slide again; About to take that ride again.
Starry eyed again, Takin' a chance on love.

I thought the cards were a frame-up;
I never would try.

But now I'm takin' the game up,
And the ace of hearts is high.

Things are mending now. I see a rainbow blending
now.

We'll have our happy ending now, Takin' a chance
on love.

Here I come again. I'm gonna make things hum
again.

Acting dumb again, Taking a chance on love.

Here I stand again, about to beat the band again.

Feeling grand again, Taking a chance on love.

I never dreamed in my slumbers and bets were
taboo.

But now I'm playing the numbers on a little dream
for two. Wading in again,

I'm leading with my chin again.

I'm startin out to win again, Taking a chance on
love.

Here I slip again, About to take that tip again.

Got my grip again, Taking a chance on love.

Now I prove again That I can make live move
again.

In the groove again, Taking a chance on love

I walk around with a horseshoe, In clover I lie.

And brother rabbit, of course you better kiss your
foot goodbye.

On the ball again, I'm ridin' for a fall again.

I'm gonna give my all again, Taking a chance on
love.

A Foggy Day

Music by Georges Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin 1937

I	B ^{b7j}	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷⁺⁵	B ^{b7j}	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷⁺⁵
	B ^{b7j}	A ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷
	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷⁺⁵	B ^{b7j}	D ⁻⁷ D ⁻⁶	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷⁻⁹
	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷⁺⁵	B ^{b7j} G ⁷	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷
A ₁	B ^{b7j}	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷⁻⁹
	B ^{b7j}	G ^{-7b5/D^{b7}}	C ⁷	F ⁷
	B ^{b7j}	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	A ^{b7}
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁻⁹	C ⁷	F ⁷
A ₂	B ^{b7j}	G ⁷⁺⁵⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷⁻⁹
	B ^{b7j}	G ^{-7b5/D^{b7}}	C ⁷	F ⁷
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	A ^{b7}
	B ^{b7j} /F C ⁻⁷ /F	B ^{b7j} /F C ⁻⁷ /F	B ^{b7j} /F G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷
	B ^{b7j} (D ⁷)	C ⁷ 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.

Volare

Music Domenico Modugno Lyrics D.M. & Francesco Migliacci/Mitchell Parrish 1958

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

Es I: voc. voc-sax Verse/Thema-voc

English

Sometimes the world is a valley
of heartaches and tears
And in the hustle and bustle,
no sunshine appears;
But you and I have our love
always there to remind us
There is a way we can leave
all the shadows behind us.

Volare, oh oh, cantare, oh oh oh.
Let's fly way up to the clouds,
Away from the madd'ning crowds.
Let us sing in the glow of a star
that I know of,
Where lovers enjoy peace of mind;
Let us leave the confusion and all
disillusion behind.
Just like birds of a feather,
a rainbow together we'll find.

Final Refrain:

Volare, oh oh, cantare, oh oh oh
oh.
No wonder my happy heart sings;
Your love has given me wings.
No wonder my happy heart sings;
Your love has given me wings.

www.theguitarguy.com/volare.

htmlitaliano

Penso che un sogno così non ritorni
mai più
Mi dipingevo le mani e la faccia di
blu
Poi d'improvviso venivo dal vento
rapito
E incominciavo a volare nel cielo
infinito

Volare oh, oh
Cantare oh, oh, oh, oh
Nel blu dipinto di blu
Felice di stare lassu

E volavo, volavo felice
Piu in alto del sole ed ancora piu in
su
Mentre il mondo pian piano
Spariva lontano laggiu
Una musica dolce suonava
Soltanto per me
Volare oh, oh
Cantare oh, oh, oh, oh
Nel blu dipinto di blu
Felice di stare lassu

Ma tutti i sogni nell'alba svaniscon

perché

Quando tramonta, la luna li porta
con sé
Ma io continuo a sognare
Negli occhi tuoi belli, che sono
blu
Come un cielo trapunto di stelle
Volare oh, oh
Cantare oh, oh, oh, oh
Nel blu, degli occhi tuoi blu,
Felice di stare quaggiu

E continuo a volare felice
Piu in alto del sole ed ancora piu
su
Mentre il mondo pian piano
scompare
Negli occhi tuoi blu
La tua voce e una musica dolce
Che suona per me
Volare oh, oh
Cantare oh, oh, oh, oh
Nel blu, degli occhi tuoi blu
Felice di stare quaggiu
Nel blu, degli occhi tuoi blu,
Felice di stare quaggiu

Almost Like Being in Love

Music by Alan Jay Lerner Lyrics by Frederick Lowe 1947

A ₁	A ^{b7j}	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7j}	
A ₂	A ^{b7j}	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}		
B	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}		
	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7j}	
A ₃	A ^{b7j}	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j} (B ^{b-7} E ^{b7j})		
S	A ^{b7j}	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j} B ^{b7}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	F ^{#0}	G ⁻⁷	G ^{b0}		
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}		

Es (As) I p, Grazi gibt Tempo, voc, s/p, voc

What a day this has been
 What a rare mood Im in
 Why, its almost like being in love

There's a smile on my face
 For the whole human race
 Why, its almost like being in love
 All the music of life seems to be

Like a bell that is ringing for me

And from the way that I feel
 When that bell starts to peal
 I would swear I was falling
 I could swear I was falling
 Its almost like being in love

This Can't Be Love

Music by Richard Rodgers Lyrics by Lorenz Hart 1938

V	C ^{7j}	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	G ⁷	
	C ^{7j}	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	
	C ^{7j}	E ⁷	A- E ⁷	E ⁷	
	C ^{7j}	C ^{#0}	G ⁷	G ⁷	
A ₁	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	F ⁷	F ⁷	
	C ^{7j} / _G	A- ⁷	D- ⁷	G ⁷	
A ₂	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	F ⁷	F ⁷	
	C ^{7j} / _G A- ⁷	D- ⁷ G ⁷	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	
B	B- ⁷	E ⁷	A- ⁷	A- ⁷	
	E- ^{7b5} /B ^{b7}	A ⁷⁺⁵	D ⁷	G ⁷	
A ₃	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	F ⁷	F ⁷	
	C ^{7j} / _G A- ⁷	D- ⁷ G ⁷	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	
S	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	F ⁷	F ⁷	
	D ⁷	D ⁷	D- ^{7b5}	G ⁷	
	C ^{7j} C ⁷	F ^{7j} F ^{#0}	C ^{7j} / _G	C ^{7j}	

C I: ganz; Grazi 4X4, S: Verlängern

In Verona my late cousin Romeo
Was three times as stupid as my Dromio.
for he fell in love and then he died of it,
Poor half-wit.

This can't be love, Because I feel so well,
No sobs, no sorrows, no sighs.

This can't be love, I get no dizzy spell.
My head is not in the skies,

My heart does not stand still
Just hear it beat!

This is too sweet
to be love.

This can't be love because I feel so well,
But still I love to look in your eyes.

This must be love, For I don't feel so well –
these sobs, these sorrow, these sighs.

This must be love, Here comes that dizzy spell,
My head is up in the skies.

Just now my heart stood still
It missed a beat!

Life is not sweet –
This is love.

This must be love, For I don't fell so wel.
Alas ,I love to look in your eyes.

Makin' Whoopee

Lyric by Gus Kahn Music by Walter Donaldson 1928

I	C ^{7j}	F ⁷	C ^{7j}	F ⁷	
	C ^{7j}	G ^{7j} E ^{b7}	G ^{7j} E ^{b7} A ⁷ D ⁷	G ⁷	
	A ⁷	D-	A- ⁷ D ⁷	G ⁷	
A ₁	C ^{7j} A ⁷	D- ⁷ G ⁷	C ^{7j} C ⁷	F ^{7j} F-	
	C ^{7j} / _G A- ⁷	A ^{b7} G ⁷	C ^{7j} A- ⁷	D- ⁷ G ⁷	
A ₂	C ^{7j} A ⁷	D- ⁷ G ⁷	C ^{7j} C ⁷	F ^{7j} F-	
	C ^{7j} / _G A- ⁷	A ^{b7} G ⁷	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	
B	G- ^{7b5} C ⁷	F	F-	C ^{7j}	
	G- ^{7b5} C ⁷	F	F-	C ⁷ / _E D ^{b0} D- ⁷ G ⁷	
A ₃	C ^{7j} A ⁷	D- ⁷ G ⁷	C ^{7j} C ⁷	F ^{7j} F-	
	C ^{7j} / _G A- ⁷	A ^{b7} G ⁷	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	

C Sax. dr-Schlag, Intro. voc-sax/p-voc vor Solo >

Every time I hear that march from Lohengrin
 I am always on the outside looking in
 Maybe that is why I see the funny side
 When I see your fallen brother take a bride
 Weddings make a lot of people sad
 But If you're not the groom, they're not so bad

Another bride another June
 Another sunny honeymoon
 Another season, another reason
 For makin' whoopee!

A lot of shoes, a lot of rice
 The groom is nervous, he answers twice
 It's really killing that he's so willing
 to make whoopee!

Picture a little love nest,
 Down where the roses cling,
 Picture the same sweet love nest,
 And think what a year can bring.

He's washing dishes and baby clothes
 he's so ambitious he even sews
 but don't forget folks that's what you get, folks,
 For makin'n whoopee!

Another year or maybe less
 What' this I hear? Well can't you guess?
 She feels neglected, and he's suspected
 Of makin' whoopee!

She sits alone, 'most ev'ry night
 He doesn't 'phone her he doesn't write
 He says he's "busy", but she says "Is he?"
 He's makin' whoopee!

He doesn't make much money,
 Only five thousand per,
 Some judge who thinks he's funny,
 Say "You'll pay six to her."

He says "Now judge, suppose I fail"
 The judge says: "Budge right into jail"
 You'd better keep her, I think it's cheaper,
 Than makin' whoopee!"

What a Wonderful World

Music & Lyrics by Bob Thiele & George David Weiss © 1967

A ₁	B ^{b7j}	D ⁻⁷	E ^{b7j}	D ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	B ^{b7j}	D ⁷	G ⁻	
	G ^{b7}		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7+5}	E ^{b7j}	F ⁷	
A ₂	B ^{b7j}	D ⁻⁷	E ^{b7j}	D ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	B ^{b7j}	D ⁷	G ⁻	
	G ^{b7}		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	D ⁻⁷	E ^{b7j}	D ⁻⁷	
B	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		
	G ⁻⁷	D ⁻	G ⁻⁷	D ⁻	G ⁻⁷	B ⁰	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
A ₃	B ^{b7j}	D ⁻⁷	E ^{b7j}	D ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	B ^{b7j}	D ⁷	G ⁻	
	G ^{b7}		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	D ^{-5b7}	G ⁷		
	C ⁻⁷		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b	E ^{b7j}	B ^b		

I see trees of green, red roses too, I see them bloom
for me and you, and I think to myself What A
Wonderful World. I see

Skies of blue and clouds of white, the bright
blessed day., the dark sacred night, and I think to
myself What A Wonderful Worlds. The

colors of the rainbow, so pretty in the sky are also
on the faces of people goin' by. I see

friends shakin' hands, sayin': "How do you do!"
They're really sayin' "I love you." I hear babies cry,
I watch them grow they'll much mor than I'll ever
know and I think to myself What A wonderful
Worlds, Yes, I think to myself What A Wonderful
World.

B Intro. voc-sax/p-voc vor Solo >

Let It Snow

Music by Jule Styne Lyrics by Sammy Cahn © 1945 JüLe 2009-09-12

A ₁	B ^{b7j}	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		D ⁻⁷	D ^{b0}	F ⁷ _{/c}	G ⁷	
	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	D ^{b0}	F ⁷ _{/c}	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		
A ₂	B ^{b7j}	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		D ⁻⁷	D ^{b0}	F ⁷ _{/c}	G ⁷	
	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	D ^{b0}	F ⁷ _{/c}	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		
B	F ^{7j}		F ^{7j}	F ^{#0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}		
	F ^{7j}		F ^{7j}		G ⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}		
A ₃	B ^{b7j}	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		D ⁻⁷	D ^{b0}	F ⁷ _{/c}	G ⁷	
	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	D ^{b0}	F ⁷ _{/c}	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}		

Abfolge:

Oh the weather outside is frightful,
But the fire is so delightful,
And since we've no place to go,
Let It Snow! Let It Snow! Let It Snow!

It doesn't show signs of Pauseping,
And I've bought some corn for popping,
The lights are turned way down low,
Let It Snow! Let It Snow! Let It Snow!

When we finally kiss goodnight,
How I'll hate going out in the storm!
But if you'll really hold me tight,
All the way home I'll be warm.

The fire is slowly dying,
And, my dear, we're still good-bying,
But as long as you love me so,
Let It Snow! Let It Snow! Let It Snow!

Bei mir bist Du schön

Music by Sholom Secunda Lyrics by Jacob Jacobs, Sammy Cahn & Paul Chaplin 1937

V	C-	D- ^{5b7} G ⁷	C-	D- ^{5b7} G ⁷
	C-	F-	C-	G ⁷
	C-	D- ^{5b7} G ⁷	C-	D- ^{5b7} G ⁷
	C-	F-	G ⁷	G ⁷
A ₁	C-	C-	C-	C
	G ⁷	G ⁷	C-	C-
A ₂	C-	C-	C-	C
	G ⁷	G ⁷	C-	C- ⁷
B	F-	F-	C- ^Δ	C- ⁷
	F-	F-	G ⁷ G ⁰	G ⁷
A ₃	C-	C-	C-	C
	G ⁷	G ⁷	C-	C-

C-

Verse:

Of all the boys I've known, and I've known some
 Until I first met you I was lonesome
 And when you came in sight, dear, my heart grew light
 And this old world seemed new to me

You're really swell, I have to admit, you
 Deserve expressions that really fit you
 And so I've wracked my brain, hoping to explain
 All the things that you do to me

Refrain

"Bei mir bist Du schön." please let me explain,
 "Bei mir bist Du schön." means that you're grand.
 "Bei mir bist Du schön." Again I'll explain,
 It means . . . (girl) that my heart's at your command.
 ... (boy) you're the fairest in the land.

I could say "Bella, Bella," even say "Voonderbar,"
 Each language only helps me tell you how grand you are.
 I've tried to explain, "Bei mir bist Du schön,"
 So kiss me and say you understand.

Bei mir bist du schön, Please let me explain
 Bei mir bist du schön, Means that you're grand

I've tried to explain, Bei mir bist du schön
 So please tell me that you understand
 I could say you're the top You're the apex
 You're the zenith, You're colossal, you're terrific
 You're delovely.

I could say yo te amo, je vous aime, ---

But whatever I say
 It all means the same
 So with your kind permission
 I will go on with my story
 For now I know
 That you won't get me wrong

Bei mir bist du schön Please let me explain,
 Bei mir bist du schön Means that you're grand
 I mean you're grand. Bei mir bist du schön
 Again I'll explain

It means you're the fairest in the land.
 Say tippy tippy, beany beany, tippy tippy
 Heigh-de-ho Say wunderbar
 Say anything to tell you That you are my lucky star
 It don't mean a thing If it ain't got that swing
 So let the rafters rain And stand up and sing
 Bei mir bist du schön!

Sung by Judy Garland in Love Finds Andy Hardy (1938)
<http://www.geocities.com/BourbonStreet/Delta/6424/beimir.html>

That Old Feeling

Music by Lew Brown & Sammy Fain © 1937

A	A ^{b7j}	A ^{b7j}	C ^{-7b5}	F ⁷
	B ^{b-7} B ^{b-7j}	B ^{b-7} B ^{b-6}	B ^{b-7b5}	E ^{b7} E ⁰
	F ⁻⁷	F ^{-7j}	F ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁶
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7b5}	B ^{b-7} E ^{b7}
B	A ^{b7j}	A ^{b7j}	C ^{-7b5}	F ⁷
	B ^{b-7} B ^{b-7j}	B ^{b-7} B ^{b-6}	D ^{b7}	C ⁷
	C ^{-7b5}	F ⁷⁻⁹	B ^{b-7}	B ^{b-7b5}
	A ^{b7j}	B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7} E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j}

I saw you last night and got that old feeling, when you came in sight I got that old feeling. The moment that you danced by, I felt a thrill, and when you caught my eye, my heart stood still.

Once again I seemed to feel that old yearning, and I knew the spark of love was still turning. There'll be no new romance for me, it's foolish to start, for that old feeling is still in my heart.

Abfolge:

B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7j}	D ^{-7b5}	G ⁷
C ⁻⁷ C ^{-7j}	C ⁻⁷ C ⁻⁶	C ^{-7b5}	F ⁷ F ^{#0}
G ⁻⁷	G ^{-7j}	G ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁶
G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	E ^{b-7} A ^{b7}	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷
B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7j}	D ^{-7b5}	G ⁷
C ⁻⁷ C ^{-7j}	C ⁻⁷ C ⁻⁶	E ^{b7}	D ⁷
D ^{-7b5}	G ⁷⁻⁹	C ⁻⁷	C ^{-7b5} (E ^{b-7} A ^{b7})
B ^{b7j}	C ⁷	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷	B ^{b7j}
E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	G ^{-7b5}	C ⁷
F ⁻⁷ F ^{-7j}	F ⁻⁷ F ⁻⁶	F ^{-7b5}	B ^{b7} B ⁰ /G ⁷
C ⁻⁷	G ⁷ /C ^{-7j}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷ /C ⁻⁶
C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	A ^{b-7} D ^{b7}	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}
E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	G ^{-7b5}	C ⁷
F ⁻⁷ F ^{-7j}	F ⁻⁷ F ⁻⁶	A ^{b7} /A ^{b-7}	G ⁷
G ^{-7b5}	C ⁷⁻⁹	F ⁻⁷	F ^{-7b5} (A ^{b-7} D ^{b7})
E ^{b7j} (G ⁻⁷ C ⁷)	F ⁷	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}

When You're Smiling

Music & Lyrics by Mark Fisher, Joe Goodwin & Larry Shay © 1928

A	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	
	C ⁷	C ⁷	F ⁻	F ⁻	
	F ⁻	F ^{-7j}	F ⁻⁷	F ⁻	
	B ^{b7}	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	

B	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	A ^{b7j}	A ^{b7j}	
	F ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	B ^{b7}	
	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	C ⁷	C ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	

When you're smiling when you're smiling
 The whole world smiles with you
 When you're laughing oh when you're laughing
 The sun comes shining through

But when you're crying you bring on the rain
 So stop your sighing be happy again
 Keep on smiling cause when you're smiling
 The whole world smiles with you
 The whole world smiles with you

Abfolge:

F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	
D ⁷	D ⁷	G ⁻	G ⁻	
G ⁻	G ^{-7j}	G ⁻⁷	G ⁻	
C ⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	

F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7j}	
G ⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷	C ⁷	
F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	D ⁷	D ⁷	
G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	

Erwin Widmer

*Avalon

Music by Vincent Rose Lyrics by Vincent Rose & Al Johnson 1920

A | G⁻⁷ | C⁷ | G⁻⁷ | C⁷ |
| F^{7j} | F^{7j} | F^{7j} | F^{7j} |

A | G⁻⁷ | C⁷ | G⁻⁷ | C⁷ |
| F^{7j} | F^{7j} | F^{7j} | F^{7j} |

B | A^{-7b5} | A^{-7b5} | D⁷ | D⁷ |
| G⁻⁷ | G⁻⁷ | G^{-7b5}/E^{b7} | G^{-7b5}/E^{b7} |

C | F^{7j} | F^{7j} | D⁷ | D⁷ |
| G⁻⁷ | C⁷ | F^{7j} | F^{7j} |

I found my love in Avalon beside the bay, I
left my love in Avalon and saild away;

I dream of her and Avalon from dusk 'til
dawn and so I think I'll travel on to Avalon.

Abfolge:

*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	

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.

Abfolge:

*Do You Know What It Means to Miss N.O.

Music by Louis Alter Lyrics by Eddie De Lange 1946

A ₁	C ^{7j}	G ⁷⁺⁵	C ^{7j}	G ⁷⁺⁵	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	
	F ^{7j}	F ^{#0}	C ^{7j} _{/G}	A ⁷	D ⁻⁷	A ^{b7}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷
A ₂	C ^{7j}	G ⁷⁺⁵	C ^{7j}	G ⁷⁺⁵	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	
	F ^{7j}	F ^{#0}	C ^{7j} _{/G}	A ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	
B	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j}	A ⁰	B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j}	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	G ^{#-7b5}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷⁺⁵
A ₃	C ^{7j}	G ⁷⁺⁵	C ^{7j}	G ⁷⁺⁵	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	
	F ^{7j}	F ^{#0}	C ^{7j} _{/G}	A ⁷	D ⁻⁷	A ^{b7}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷

Abfolge:

Do you know what is means to miss New Orleans
I miss it, each night and day
I know I'm not wrong, the feelin's gettin' stronger
the longer I stay away

Miss the moist covered vines
The tall sugar pines
Where mocking birds use to sing
And I like to see the lazy Mississippi
Are hurrying to spring

The mardy grass memories
Of Creol tunes that fill the air
I dream of orleanders in June
And soon I'm wishing that I was there

Do you know what is means to miss New Orleans
And there is something more
I miss the one I care for
More than I miss New Orleans

Do you know what is means to miss New Orleans,
and miss it, each night and day?
I know I'm not wrong, the feelin's gettin' stronger
the longer I stay away

Miss the mosscovered vines,
the tall sugar pines,
where mockin' birds used to sing.
And I'd like to see the lazy Mississippi,
a hurryin' in to spring.

The moonlight on the bayou,
A creole tune that fills the air;
I dream about magnolias in June,
and soon I'm wishin' that I was there.

Do you know what is means to miss New Orleans
when that's where you left your heart?
And there's one thing more:
I miss the one I care for,
more than I miss New Orleans

*Georgia on My Mind

Music by Hoagy Carmichael Lyrics by Stuart Gorrell 1933

A ₁	F ^{7j}		E- ^{7b5}	A ⁷	D-	D- _{/C}	B- ⁷	B ^{b7}	
	F ^{7j} / _A	D ⁷	G- ⁷	C ⁷	A- ⁷	D ⁷	G- ⁷	C ⁷	
A ₂	F ^{7j}		E- ^{7b5}	A ⁷	D-	D- _{/C}	B- ⁷	B ^{b7}	
	F ^{7j} / _A	D ⁷	G- ⁷	C ⁷	F ^{7j}		E ⁷	A ⁷	
B	D-	G-	D-	B ^{b7}	D-	G-	D-	G ⁷	
	D-	G-	D-	F- _{/A^b}	C ^{7j} / _G	G ⁷	G- ⁷	C ⁷	
A ₃	F ^{7j}		E- ^{7b5}	A ⁷	D-	D- _{/C}	B- ⁷	B ^{b7}	
	F ^{7j} / _A	D ⁷	G- ⁷	C ⁷	A- ⁷	D ⁷	G- ⁷	C ⁷	

Abfolge:

Georgia, Georgia, the whole day through, an old set song keeps Georgia on my mind.

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

Other arms reach out to me; other eyes smile tenderly; still in peaceful dreams I see the road leads back to you,

Georgia, Georgia, no peace I find, just an old sweet song keeps Georgia on my mind.

*I'm Beginning to See the Light

Music and Lyrics by Harry James/ Duke Ellington/Johnny Hodges/Don George 1944

I	A ⁷	A ⁷	A ^{b7}	A ^{b7}	
	G ⁷	G ⁷	A ^{b-7} D ^{b7}	C ⁷	

A ₁	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	A ^{b-7} D ^{b7}	
	F ^{7j} E ⁷	E ^{b7} D ⁷	G ⁷ C ⁷	F ^{7j} C ⁷⁺⁵	

A ₂	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	A ^{b-7} D ^{b7}	
	F ^{7j} B ^{b7}	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	G ⁷ C ⁷	F ^{7j}	

((Achtung: Das ist eine Variante von A1))

B	A ⁷	A ⁷	A ^{b7}	A ^{b7}	
	G ⁷	G ⁷	A ^{b-7} D ^{b7}	C ⁷	

A ₂	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	F ^{7j}	A ^{b-7} D ^{b7}	
	F ^{7j} E ⁷	E ^{b7} D ⁷	G ⁷ C ⁷	F ^{7j}	

Abfolge:

I never cared much for moonlit skies
I never wink back at fireflies
But now that the stars are in your eyes
I'm beginning to see the light

Used to ramble through the park
Shadowboxing in the dark
Then you came and caused a spark
That's a four-alarm fire now

I never went in for afterglow
Or candlelight on the mistletoe
But now when you turn the lamp down low
I'm beginning to see the light

I never made love by lantern-shine
I never saw rainbows in my wine
But now that your lips are burning mine
I'm beginning to see the light

E ⁷	E ⁷	E ^{b7}	E ^{b7}	
D ⁷	D ⁷	E ^{b-7} A ^{b7}	G ⁷	

C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	E ^{b-7} A ^{b7}	
C ^{7j} F ⁷	E ⁻⁷ A ⁷	D ⁷ G ⁷	C ^{7j} G ⁷⁺⁵	
C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	E ^{b-7} A ^{b7}	
C ^{7j} F ⁷	E ⁻⁷ A ⁷	D ⁷ G ⁷	C ^{7j}	
E ⁷	E ⁷	E ^{b7}	E ^{b7}	
D ⁷	D ⁷	E ^{b-7} A ^{b7}	G ⁷	
C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	C ^{7j}	E ^{b-7} A ^{b7}	
C ^{7j} F ⁷	E ⁻⁷ A ⁷	D ⁷ G ⁷	C ^{7j}	

*Misty

Music by Erroll Garner Lyrics by Johnny Burke 1954

A ₁	E ^{b7j}		B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7-9}	A ^{b7j}		A ^{b-7}	D ^{b7}	
	E ^{b7j}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7-9}	G ⁷⁻⁵ _{/D^b}	C ⁷	F ⁷⁻⁵ _{/B}	B ^{b7-9}	
A ₂	E ^{b7j}		B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7-9}	A ^{b7j}		A ^{b-7}	D ^{b7}	
	E ^{b7j}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7-9}	E ^{b7j}		E ^{b7j}		
B	B ^{b-7}		E ^{b7-9}		A ^{b7j}		A ^{b7j}		
	A ⁻⁷		D ⁷	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	E ^o	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
A ₃	E ^{b7j}		B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7-9}	A ^{b7j}		A ^{b-7}	D ^{b7}	
	E ^{b7j}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7-9}	E ^{b7j}		E ^{b7j}		

Look at me,
I'm as helpless as a kitten up a tree,
and I feel like I'm clinging to a cloud;
I can't understand,
I get misty just holding your hand.

Walk my way
and a thousand violins begin to play,
or it might be the sound of your hello,
that music I hear,
I get misty, the moment you're near.

Abfolge:

You can say that you're leading me on,
but it's just what I want you to do.
Don't you notice how hopelessly I'm lost,
that's why I'm following you.

On my own,
would I wander through this wonderland alone,
never knowing my right foot from my left,
my hat from my glove?
I'm too misty and too much in love.

*My Secret Love

Music by Sammy Fain Lyrics by Paul Francis Webster 1953

E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}
E ^{b7j} A ^{b7}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}
F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}
F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}
E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}
E ^{b7j} A ^{b7}	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}
F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}
F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	D ^{-7b5} G ⁷
C ⁻	F ⁷	B ^{b7j}	B ^{b7j}
B ^{b-7}	E ^{b7}	A ^{b7j}	A ^{b-7} D ^{b7}
E ^{b7j}	F ⁻⁷	G ^{-7b5}	C ⁷⁺⁹
F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	(F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7})

Once I had a secret love
 That lived within the heart of me,
 All too soon my secret love
 Became impation to be free,
 So I told a freindly star,
 The way that dreamers often do,
 Just how wonderful you are,
 And why I'm so in love with you.
 Now I shout it from the highest hills,

Even told the golden daffodils;
 At last my heart's an open door,
 And my secret love's no secret anymore.

Abfolge:

***Gone With The Wind

Music and Lyrics by Herb Magidson & Allie Wrubel 1937

A ₁	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	E ^o	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	G ^{#o}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	
	G ⁻⁷		G ^{b0}		F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7}	
	E ^{b7}	D ⁷	D ^{b7}	C ⁷	F ⁻⁷		B ^{b7}	
A ₂	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	E ^o	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	G ^{#o}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^{7j}	
	F ⁻⁷		C ⁻⁷		F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	G ^{-5b7}	C ⁷
	F ⁻⁷		(D ^{b7})	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}		E ^{b7j}	

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.

Es

Out of Nowhere

Music by Johnny Green Lyrics by Edward Heyman 1931

v	G ^{7j} D ⁷	G ^{7j} D ⁷	G ^{7j} D ⁷	G ^{7j} D ⁷
	G ^{7j} D ⁷	G ^{7j} 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 ^{7j}	G ^{7j}	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7}
	G ^{7j}	G ^{7j}	B ^{-5b7}	E ⁷
	A ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷
	E ^{b7}	E ^{b7}	D ⁷	D ⁷
A ₂	G ^{7j}	G ^{7j}	B ^{b7}	E ^{b7}
	G ^{7j}	G ^{7j}	B ^{-5b7}	E ⁷
	A ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ^{-5b7}
	G ^{7j} / _B B ^o	A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	G ^{7j}	G ^{7j}

When I least expected,
 Kindly fate disirected
 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.

G

Sweet Lorraine

Music by Cliff Burwell Lyrics by Mitchell Parish 1928

A ₁	F ^{7j} E ^{b7} D ⁷	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷ C ^{#0}	D ⁻⁷ D ^{b0} C ⁻⁷ F ⁻⁷⁻⁵ / _B	B ^{b7} A ⁷	
	D ⁷ G ⁷	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ^{7j} /A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	
A ₂	F ^{7j} E ^{b7} D ⁷	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷ C ^{#0}	D ⁻⁷ D ^{b0} C ⁻⁷ F ⁻⁷⁻⁵ / _B	B ^{b7} A ⁷	
	D ⁷ G ⁷	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ^{7j} B ^{b7}	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷	
B	B ^{b7j} D ⁷ / _A	G ⁻⁷ F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^{b7} D ⁷	G ⁻⁷ F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	
	E ^{b7} D ⁷	G [∅] / _{D^b} C ⁷	E ^{b7} D ⁷	G ⁷ C ⁷	
A _{2/3}	F ^{7j} E ^{b7} D ⁷	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷ C ^{#0}	D ⁻⁷ D ^{b0} C ⁻⁷ F ⁻⁷⁻⁵ / _B	B ^{b7} A ⁷	
	D ⁷ G ⁷	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ^{7j} B ^{b7}	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷	

I've just found joy, I'm as happy as a baby boy,
playin' with another brand new choochoo toy, when
I'm with my Sweet Lorraine.

A pair of eyes that are bluer than the summer
skies, when you see them you will realize, why I
love my Sweet Lorraine. (I'm so happy)

When it's raining I don't miss the sun, for it's in
my sweetie's smile, just to think that I'm the lucky
one who will lead her down the aisle.

Each night I pray that nobody steals her heart
away, just can't wait until that happy day, when I
marry Sweet Lorraine.

F

Tenderly

Music by Walter Gross Lyrics by Jack Lawrence 1946

A ₁	E ^{b7j}	B ^{b7+5}	E ^{b-7}	A ^{b7}	
	F ⁻⁷	F ^{-7b5/D^{b7}}	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	
	F ^{-7b5}	B ^{b7j}	F ^{-7b5}	D ^{-7b5} G ⁷	
	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	
A ₂	E ^{b7j}	B ^{b7+5}	E ^{b-7}	A ^{b7}	
	F ⁻⁷	F ^{-7b5/D^{b7}}	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	
	F ^{-7b5}	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷ F ^{#0}	
	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^{b7j}	E ^{b7j}	

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.

Es

Too Late Now

Music by Alan Jay Lerner Lyrics by Burton Lane 1950

A | C^{7j} A⁻⁷ | D⁻⁷ G⁷ | C^{7j} A⁻⁷ | D⁻⁷ G⁷ |
 | C^{7j} A⁻⁷ | F^{#-7b5} B⁷ | E⁻⁷ A⁻⁷ | D⁻⁷ G⁷ |

A | C^{7j} A⁻⁷ | D⁻⁷ G⁷ | C^{7j} A⁻⁷ | D⁻⁷ G⁷ |
 | C^{7j} A⁻⁷ | F^{#-7b5} B⁷ | E⁻⁷ A⁷ D⁻⁷ G⁷ | C^{7j} |

B | B^{-7b5} E⁷⁺⁵ | A^{-7j} | B^{-7b5} E⁷⁺⁵ | A⁻⁷ |
 | A^{-7b5} D⁷⁺⁵ | G^{-7j} | A^{-7b5} D⁷⁺⁵ | D⁻⁷ G⁷ |

A | C^{7j} A⁻⁷ | D⁻⁷ G⁷ | C^{7j} A⁻⁷ | D⁻⁷ G⁷ |
 | C^{7j} A⁻⁷ | F^{#-7b5} B⁷ | E⁻⁷ A⁷ D⁻⁷ G⁷ | C^{7j} |

Too late now to forget your smile;
 the way we cling when we've danced a while;
 too late now to forget 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.