

25. Nov. 2019 – Monday Blues

2019-11-19 Vers. 3 Schwarz = Shrink&Jazz alle Grün = Christmas Rot = Trio Blau = Duo

- 1 **Satin Doll**
C
- 2 **Santa Claus Is Coming to Town**
F I: Turnaround. S: 3-mal
- 3 **Stars Fell on Alabama**
F I: 4 Takte
- 4 **If I Were a Bell**
B 8 T. S: C-H-B. Ding dong ding instr.
- 5 **The Christmas Song**
As. A1 ohne Rhythmus. S: verlangsamen
- 6 **My Baby Just Cares for Me**
C voc, s/p, immer Break S: 2x Stopp auf Me
- 7 **Come Fly With Me**
F I: letzte 8 T. p-voc S: 2x
- 8 **On a Slow Boat to China**
Es I: Chinesisch p; S: 2x, Ton aushalten
- 9 **Deep Purple**
F
- 10 **Rockin' Around the Christmas Tree**
G. Nüt. S: gestreckt
- 11 **Volare**
Es I: voc. voc-sax Verse/Thema-voc
- 12 **I Love Paris**
D/Dmoll S. einfach
- 13 **Mack the Knife**
Es. 2x t 1tutti in Es, dann 1/2 Ton höher.
- 14 **Wave**
C
- 15 **Let It Snow**
B. S: Instrumental «Let it snow ...»
- 16 **A Foggy Day**
B Sax. voc-sax/p-voc/sax. S: normal
- 17 **Besame Mucho**
Am
- 18 **Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas****
C
- 19 **Let It Snow**
B. S: Instrumental «Let it snow ...»
- 20 **These Foolish Things**
B, langsam. 1 A frei, voc/p
- 21 **Whispering**
As Old Time Jazz
- 22 **Girl from Ipanema**
Es Mittelteil einfach spielen. voc/sax/voc
- 23 **Santa Baby**
C S: alle singen. S 3-mal
- 24 **The Boy Next Door**
Es I: voc/p. 3/4. Bass nur 1; S: verlängern
- 25 **Zugabe: Route 66 (C-Dur)**
C 2-er-Breaks. S +2x4T

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 [∅]	D ⁷	A ^{b∅}	D ^{b7}	C ^Δ		A ⁷ / _{C#}	C ^{#0}	
D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	
A [∅]	D ⁷	A ^{b∅}	D ^{b7}	C ^Δ		C ^Δ		
G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ		F ^Δ		
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 [∅]	D ⁷	A ^{b∅}	D ^{b7}	C ^Δ		(A ⁷ / _{C#}	/C ^{#0})	

C

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.

Santa Claus Is Coming to Town

Music & Lyrics by Haven Gillespie & J. Fred Coots 1934

A ₁	F ^Δ	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7}	F	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7}	
	F ^Δ	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ		C ⁷		
A ₂	F ^Δ	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7}	F	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7}	
	F ^Δ	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ		F ^Δ		
B	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^{bΔ}		
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	C ^{#0}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷		
A ₂	F ^Δ	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7}	F	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7}	
	F ^Δ	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ		F ^Δ		
S	F ^Δ	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7}	F	F ⁷	B ^{b7}	B ^{b-7}	
	F ^Δ	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	D ⁻⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^Δ		F ^Δ						

F I: Turnaround. S: 3-mal

You better watch out,
 you better not cry,
 better not out,
 I'm telling you why:
 Santa Claus is comin' to town.

He's making a list
 and checking it twice,
 gonna find out
 who's naughty and nice,
 Santa Claus is comin' to town.

He sees you wen you're sleepin',
 he knows when you're awake,
 he knows if you've been bad or good,
 so be good for goones sake.

Oh! You better watch out,
 you better not cry,
 better not pout,
 I'm telling you why:
 Santa Claus is comin' to town.

Stars Fell on Alabama

Music by Perkins Lyrics by Mitchel Parish 1934

A ₁	F ^Δ	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁺⁵	F ^Δ	B ^{b7} /G ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	
	G ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁻⁹	
A ₂	F ^Δ	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁺⁵	F ^Δ	B ^{b7} /G ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	
	G ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	G ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	A ⁻⁷	
B	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ⁶	F [#]	
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷ A ^{7/c#}	D ⁻⁷	D ^{-7/c}	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷	A ^Δ	C ⁷	
A _{2/3}	F ^Δ	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁺⁵	F ^Δ	B ^{b7} /G ⁻⁷	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b0}	
	G ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ		(G ⁻⁷	C ⁷⁻⁹)	

F I: 4 Takte

We lived our little drama, we kissed in a field of white
 And stars fell on Alabama last night
 I can't forget the glamor, your eyes held a tender light
 And stars fell on Alabama last night

I never planned in my imagination a situation so heavenly
 A fairy land where no one else could enter
 And in the center, just you and me
 My heart beat like a hammer, my arms wound around you tight
 And stars fell on Alabama last night

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If I Were a Bell

Lyrics and Music by Frank Loesser 1950

A ₁	C ⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	B ^b Δ	
	B ⁰	G ⁷	C ⁷	F ⁷	
	B ^b Δ	E ^b ⁷ / _G	E ^b ⁷ / _G F ⁷⁻⁹	B ^b Δ	B ^b ⁷ / _{A^b}
	G ⁻⁷	E [∅]	A ⁷	D ^Δ	D ⁷
				E ^b ⁷ / _G	D ^Δ
A ₂	C ⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	B ^b Δ	
	B ⁰	G ⁷	C ⁷	F ⁷	
	B ^b Δ	E ^b ⁷ / _G	B ^b Δ	A ⁷⁺⁵	A ^b ⁷
	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	B ^b ^{6/9}	(C ⁻⁷
		D ^b ⁰			G ⁷⁻⁹
					D ⁷ D ^b ⁰)

B 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!

The Christmas Song

Music and Lyrics by Mel Tormé and Robert Wells 1946

A	A ^b Δ	B ^b - ⁷	C-Δ	D ^b Δ	A ^b Δ	E ^b - ⁷ A ^b 7	D ^b 7	C ⁷⁻⁹	
	F- ⁷	D ^b - ⁶ /E	A ^b Δ /E ^b	D [∅] G ⁷⁻⁹	C ^Δ	D ^b - ⁷ G ^b 7	B ^Δ	E ^b 7	
A	A ^b Δ	B ^b - ⁷	C-Δ	D ^b Δ	A ^b Δ	E ^b - ⁷ A ^b 7	D ^b 7	G [∅] C ⁷⁻⁹	
	F- ⁷	D ^b - ⁶ /E	A ^b Δ /E ^b	D [∅] G ⁷⁻⁹	C- ⁷ F ⁷	B ^b - ⁷ E ^b 7	A ^b Δ		
B	E ^b - ⁷	A ^b 7	D ^b Δ	B ^b - ⁷	E ^b - ⁷	A ^b 7	D ^b Δ		
	D ^b - ⁷	G ^b 7	B ^Δ		F- ⁷	B ^b 7	B ^b - ⁷	E ^b 7	
A	A ^b Δ	B ^b - ⁷	C-Δ	D ^b Δ	A ^b Δ	E ^b - ⁷ A ^b 7	D ^b 7	C ⁷⁻⁹	
	F- ⁷	D ^b - ⁶ /E	A ^b Δ /E ^b	G ⁷	A ^b Δ	E ^b 7	A ^b Δ		
S	A ^b Δ	B ^b - ⁷	C-Δ	D ^b Δ	A ^b Δ	E ^b - ⁷ A ^b 7	D ^b 7	C ⁷⁻⁹	
	F- ⁷	D ^b - ⁶ /E	A ^b Δ /E ^b	G ⁷	A ^b Δ	E ^b 7	A ^b Δ	E ^b - ⁷	
	A ^b Δ	E ^b - ⁷	A ^b Δ						

As. A1 ohne Rhythmus. S: verlangsamen

Chestnuts roasting on an open fire,
Jack Frost nipping on your nose,
Yuletide carols being sung by a choir,
And folks dressed up like Eskimos.

Everybody knows a turkey and some mistletoe,
Help to make the season bright.
Tiny tots with their eyes all aglow,
Will find it hard to sleep tonight.

They know that Santa's on his way;
He's loaded lots of toys and goodies on his sleigh.
And every mother's child is going to spy,
To see if reindeer really know how to fly.

And so I'm offering this simple phrase,
To kids from one to ninety-two,
Although its been said many times, many ways,
A very Merry Christmas to you.

My Baby Just Cares for Me

Music by Walter Donaldson Lyrics by Gus Kahn 1930

A ₁	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	
	C ^Δ	C ^{#0}	D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	
	E ⁷	E ⁷	A ⁻	A ⁻⁷	
	D ⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	G ⁷	
A ₂	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	C ^Δ	
	A ⁷⁻⁹	A ⁷	D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	
	B ⁷	B ⁷	E ⁻	A ⁷	
	D ⁻⁷	D ⁷ G ⁷	C ^Δ (E ^{b0}	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷)	

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

Come Fly With Me

Music by Jimmy Van Heusen Lyrics by Sammy Cahn 1958

I	F Δ	B \flat ⁷	F Δ	E \flat ⁷	D ⁷⁻⁹	
	G ⁷	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F Δ		(G ⁻⁷ C ⁷)	
A ₁	F Δ	A ⁻⁷ A \flat ⁰	G ⁻⁷		C ⁷	
	F Δ	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷	B \flat Δ		E \flat ⁷	
	F Δ	B \flat ⁷	A ⁷ D ⁷		G ⁷ C ⁷	
A ₂	F Δ	A ⁻⁷ A \flat ⁰	G ⁻⁷		C ⁷	
	F Δ	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷	B \flat Δ		E \flat ⁷	
	F Δ	B \flat ⁷	F Δ		F Δ	
B	D \flat Δ	D \flat ⁺⁵	G \flat Δ		G \flat Δ	
	E \flat ⁻⁷	A \flat ⁷	D \flat Δ		E \flat ⁻⁷ A \flat ⁷	
	D \flat Δ D \flat ⁺⁵	D \flat Δ	C Δ		C Δ A ⁻⁷	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁷ G ⁷		C ⁷	
A ₃	F Δ	A ⁻⁷ A \flat ⁰	G ⁻⁷		C ⁷	
	F Δ	C ⁻⁷ F ⁷	B \flat Δ		E \flat ⁷	
	F Δ	B \flat ⁷	F Δ E \flat ⁷		D ⁷⁻⁹	
	G ⁷	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	F Δ		(G ⁻⁷ C ⁷)	

F I: letzte 8 T. 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!

On a Slow Boat to China

Music by Frank Loesser 1948

A ₁	E ^b Δ	(G ⁻⁷)	C ⁷ _{/E}	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 ^b 7	
A ₂	E ^b Δ	(G ⁻⁷)	C ⁷ _{/E}	F ⁻⁷	F [#] 0	
	E ^b Δ		G ⁷	A ^b Δ	G [∅]	C ⁷
	F ⁻⁷		D ^b 7	E ^b Δ	D ^b 7	C ⁷
	F ⁷		F ⁻⁷	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	

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, Ton aushalten

Deep Purple

Music by Peter De Rose Lyrics by Mitchell Parish 1934

A ₁	F ^Δ	F [#] 0	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^Δ	A [∅]	D ⁷ E ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁶ D ⁷	
	G ⁻⁷	B ^b - ⁶	A ⁻⁷	A ^b 0	
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ /A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	
A ₂	F ^Δ	F [#] 0	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^Δ	A [∅]	D ⁷ E ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁶ D ⁷	
	G ⁻⁷	B ^b - ⁶	A ⁻⁷	A ^b 0	
	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ /A ⁻⁷ F [#] 0	G ⁻⁷ C ⁷	

F

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.

Rockin' Around the Christmas Tree

Music Harold Arlen Lyrics E. Y. Harburg 1938

A ₁	G ^Δ		G ^Δ		A ⁻⁷		D ⁷	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	
A ₂	G ^Δ		G ^Δ		D ⁷		D ⁷	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	
B	C ^Δ		C ^Δ		B-		B-	
	E-	E ^{-7j}	E ⁻⁷	E ⁻⁶	A ⁷ • • •		A ⁻⁷ D ⁷	
A ₃	G ^Δ		G ^Δ		A ⁻⁷		D ⁷	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	

G. Nüüt. S: gestreckt

W

Volare

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

V	E ^b Δ	E ^o	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ
	G ⁻⁷	G ^{b0}	F ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷
	F ⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7} C ⁷⁻⁹
A ₁	F ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷ C ⁷⁻⁹	F ⁻⁷ ^{/B^b}	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7-9}
	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ B ^{b7}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷
B	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ C ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ C ⁻⁷
	C ⁻ C ^{-Δ}	C ⁻⁷ C ⁻⁶	G ⁻ D ⁷⁺⁵	G ⁻⁷
	D ^o	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷
	A ^{b-7}	A ^{b-7} D ^{b7}	G ^b Δ	B ^{b7} F ⁷⁻⁹
A ₂	F ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷ C ⁷⁻⁹	F ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7-9}
	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ B ^{b7}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷ C ⁻⁷
	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ C ⁻⁷	F ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ

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

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 Più in alto del sole ed ancora più in su Mentre il mondo pian piano Spariva lontano laggiù 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 svaniscono 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 quaggiù

E continuo a volare felice Più in alto del sole ed ancora più 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 quaggiù Nel blu, degli occhi tuoi blu, Felice di stare quaggiù

I Love Paris

Music & Lyrics by Cole Porter «Can-Can» 1953

I	D ^Δ	D ^Δ	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	
	A ⁷	A ⁷	D ^Δ	D ^Δ	
	F [#] ∅	B ⁷	E ⁷	E ⁷	
	E [∅]	A ⁷	D ^Δ	A ⁷⁻⁹	
A	D-	D-	D-	D-	
	D-	D-	E [∅]	A ⁷	
	E [∅]	A ⁷	E [∅]	A ⁷	
	E [∅]	A ⁷	D-	D-	
	D ^Δ	D ^Δ	D ^Δ	D ^Δ	
	D ^Δ	F [#] - ⁷	F [∅]	A ⁷	
	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	F [#] - ⁷	B ⁷	
	E- ⁷	A ⁷	D-	D- (E [∅] A ⁷)	

Verse:

Ev'ry time I look down
 on this timeless town,
 Whether blue or gray be her skies,
 Whether loud be her cheers,
 or whether soft be her tears,
 more and more do I realize (that ...)

I love Paris in the spring time,
 I love Paris in the fall,
 I love Paris in the summer when it sizzles,
 I love Paris in the winter when it drizzles

I love Paris ev'ry moment,
 ev'ry moment of the year,
 I love Paris, why, oh why do I love Paris?
 Because my love is here.

D/Dmoll S. einfach

Mack the Knife

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

1	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ
1 _{3x}	E ^b Δ F ⁻⁷ C ⁻⁷ F ⁻⁷	E ^b Δ E ^o B ^{b7} C ⁻⁷ B ^{b7}	F ⁻⁷ E ^b Δ F ⁻⁷ E ^b Δ	B ^{b7} G ⁷ / _D F ⁻⁷ F ^{#-7} B ⁷
2	E ^Δ F ^{#-7} D ^{b-7} G ^{b-7}	E ^Δ F ^o B ⁷ D ^{b-7} B ⁷	F ^{#-7} E ^Δ G ^{b-7} E ^Δ	B ⁷ A ^{b7} / _{C[#]} G ^{b-7} C ⁷
3	F ^Δ G ⁻⁷ D ⁻⁷ G ⁻⁷	F ^Δ F ^{#o} C ⁷ D ⁻⁷ C ⁷	G ⁻⁷ F ^Δ G ⁻⁷ F ^Δ	C ⁷ A ⁷ / _E G ⁻⁷ B ⁷
4	G ^{bΔ} A ^{b-7} E ^{b-7} A ^{b-7}	G ^{bΔ} G ^o D ^{b7} E ^{b-7} D ^{b7}	A ^{b-7} G ^{bΔ} A ^{b-7} G ^{bΔ}	D ^{b7} B ^{b7} / _F A ^{b-7} D ⁷
5	G ^Δ A ⁻⁷ E ⁻⁷ A ⁻⁷	G ^Δ D ^{#o} D ⁷ E ⁻⁷ D ⁷	A ⁻⁷ G ^Δ A ⁻⁷ G ^Δ	D ⁷ B ⁷ / _{B^b} A ⁻⁷ G ^Δ
6	A ^{bΔ} B ^{b-7} F ⁻⁷ B ^{b-7}	A ^{bΔ} a ^o E ^{b7} F ⁻⁷ E ^{b7}	B ^{b-7} A ^{bΔ} B ^{b-7} A ^{bΔ}	E ^{b7} C ⁷ / _G B ^{b-7} A ^{bΔ}

Es. 2x t 1tutti 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.

Wave

Music and Lyrics by Antonio Carlos Jobim 1967 and 1968

A	C ^Δ	B ⁰	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^Δ	F ⁻⁷	E ⁰	A ⁷	
	A ⁻⁷ / _D D ⁷	A ^{b7} G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ⁻⁷ G ⁷	
A	C ^Δ	B ⁰	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^Δ	F ⁻⁷	E ⁰	A ⁷	
	A ⁻⁷ / _D D ⁷	A ^{b7} G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ⁻⁷ G ⁷	
B	F ⁻⁷ / _{A^b}	B ^{b7} / _{A^b}	E ^{bΔ} / _G	E ^{bΔ} / _G	
	E ^{b-7} / _{G^b}	A ^{b7} / _{G^b}	D ^{bΔ} / _F	G ⁷⁻⁹	
A	C ^Δ	B ⁰	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	
	F ^Δ	F ⁻⁷	E ⁰	A ⁷	
	A ⁻⁷ / _D D ⁷	A ^{b7} G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ⁻⁷ G ⁷	

C

So close your eyes, for that's a lovely way to be –
 aware of things your heart alone was meant to see.
 The fundamental loneliness goes whenever two can
 dream a dream together.

You can't deny don't try to fight the rising sea,
 don't fight the moon the stars above and don't fight
 me. The fundamental loneliness goes whenever two
 can dream a dream together.

When I saw you first the time was half past three.
 When your eyes met mine it was eternity.

By now we know the wave is on its way to be.
 Just catch the wave don't be afraid of loving me.
 The fundamental loneliness goes whenever two can
 dream a dream together.

Let It Snow

Music by Jule Styne Lyrics by Sammy Cahn 1945

A ₁	B ^b Δ	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	D ⁻⁷	D ^b O	F ⁷ / _C	G ⁷	
	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	D ^b O	F ⁷ / _C	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	
A ₂	B ^b Δ	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	D ⁻⁷	D ^b O	F ⁷ / _C	G ⁷	
	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	D ^b O	F ⁷ / _C	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	
B	F ^Δ		F ^Δ	F [#] O	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	
	F ^Δ		F ^Δ		G ⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	
A ₃	B ^b Δ	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	D ⁻⁷	D ^b O	F ⁷ / _C	G ⁷	
	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	D ^b O	F ⁷ / _C	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	

B. S: Instrumental «Let it snow ...»

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!

A Foggy Day

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.

Besame Mucho

Music Consuelo Velazquez & Lyrics by Sunny Skylar 1941

I	A-		A-		D-		D-	
	D-	C#°	D-	E ⁷	A-		A-	
	A ⁷		A ⁷		D-		D-	
	A-		B ⁷	E ⁷	A-	D- ⁷	A-	
A	A-		A-		D-		D-	
	D-	C#°	D-	E ⁷	A-		A-	
	A ⁷		A ⁷		D-		D-	
	A-		B ⁷	E ⁷	A-	D- ⁷	A-	
B	D-		A-		E ⁷	D-	A-	
	D-		A-		B ⁷	F ⁷	E ⁷	
A	A-	D-	A-		D-	x	D-	
	D-	C#°	D-	E ⁷	A-	E ⁷	A-	
	A ⁷		A ⁷		D-		D-	
	A-		B ⁷	E ⁷	A-	D- ⁷	A-	

Am

Bésame, bésame mucho
 Como si fuera esta noche la última vez
 Bésame mucho
 Que tengo miedo perderte, perderte otra vez

Quiero tenerte muy
 Cerca, mirarme en tus
 Ojos, verte junto a mí
 Piensa que tal vez
 Mañana yo ya estaré
 Lejos, muy lejos de ti

Bésame, bésame mucho
 Como si fuera esta noche la última vez
 Bésame mucho
 Que tengo miedo perderte, perderte después

Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas**

Music by Hugh Martin Lyrics by Martin Blane 1943

A ₁	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	A ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	B ^{-5b7}	E ⁷	A ⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	
A ₂	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	A ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	B ^{-5b7}	E ⁷	A ⁷		G ⁻⁷		
B	F ^{7j}	F ⁻⁶	E ⁻⁷	E ^{b0}	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}		
	F ^{#-5b7}	B ⁷⁻⁹	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
A ₃	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}	A ⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
	C ^{7j}	A ⁻⁷	B ^{-5b7}	E ⁷⁻⁹	A ⁻⁷	A ^{b+7}	G ⁻⁷	G ^{b7}	
	F ^{7j}		D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^{7j}		C ^{7j}		

C

Original:

Have yourself a merry little Christmas
It may be your last
Next year we may all be living in the past

Have yourself a merry little Christmas
Pop that champagne cork
Next year we may all be living in New York.

Fassung Frank Sinatra:

Have yourself a merry little Christmas
Let your heart be light
From now on, our troubles will be out of sight

Have yourself a merry little Christmas
Make the yuletide gay
From now on, our troubles will be miles away

Here we are as in olden days
Happy golden days of yore
Faithful friends who are dear to us
Gather near to us once more
Through the years we all will be together
If the fates allow
Hang a shining star upon the highest bough
And have yourself a merry little Christmas now
Oft wird vorher zusätzlich ein Intro gesungen:
Christmas future is far away
Christmas past is past
Christmas present is here today
Bringing joy that will last.

Let It Snow

Music by Jule Styne Lyrics by Sammy Cahn 1945

A ₁	B ^b Δ	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	D ⁻⁷	D ^b O	F ⁷ / _C	G ⁷	
	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	D ^b O	F ⁷ / _C	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	
A ₂	B ^b Δ	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	D ⁻⁷	D ^b O	F ⁷ / _C	G ⁷	
	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	D ^b O	F ⁷ / _C	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	
B	F ^Δ		F ^Δ	F [#] O	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	
	F ^Δ		F ^Δ		G ⁷	C ⁷	F ^Δ	
A ₃	B ^b Δ	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	D ⁻⁷	D ^b O	F ⁷ / _C	G ⁷	
	C ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ⁻⁷	D ^b O	F ⁷ / _C	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	

B. S: Instrumental «Let it snow ...»

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!

These Foolish Things

Music by Jack Starchey & Harry Link Lyrics by Holt Marvel 1953

A ₁	B ^b Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷⁻⁹	B ^b Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	G ⁷⁻⁹	C ⁷		C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
A ₂	B ^b Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷⁻⁹	B ^b Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	G ⁷⁻⁹	C ⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	A ⁷⁻⁹	
B	D ⁻		E [∅]	A ⁷⁻⁹	A ⁻	A ⁻⁷	B [∅]	B ^{b-}	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷ /A ^{b0}	G ⁻⁷	C ⁷	F ⁷	D ⁻⁷ D ^{b-7}	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷⁻⁹	
A ₃	B ^b Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷⁻⁹	B ^b Δ	G ⁻⁷	C ⁻⁷	F ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7}	E ^b Δ	G ⁷⁻⁹	C ⁷	F ⁷	B ^b Δ	F ⁷⁻⁹	

A cigarette that bears a lipstick's traces, An airline ticket to romantic places, And still my heart has wings. These Foolish Things remind me of you.
 • A tinkling piano in the next apartment, Those stumbling words that told you what my heart meant, A fair ground's painted swings, These Foolish Things remind me of you.
 • You came, you saw, you conquer'd me; When you did that to me, I knew somehow this hat to be.
 • The winds of March that make my heart a dancer, A telephone that rings, but who's the answer? Oh, how the ghost of you clings! These Foolish Things remind me of you.

First daffodils and long excited cables, And candlelight on little corner tables, And still my heart has wings, These Foolish Things remind me of you.
 • The park at evening when the bell has sounded, The "Île de France" with all the gulls around it. The beauty that is Spring's, These Foolish Things remind

me of you. • How strange, how sweet, to find you still; These things are dear to me, They seem to bring you near to me.
 • The sigh of midnight trains in empty stations, Silk stockings thrown aside, dance invitations, Oh, how the ghost of you clings! These Foolish Things remind me of you.

Gardenia perfume ling'ring on the pillow, Wild strawb'ries only seven francs a kilo, And still my heart has wings, These Foolish Things remind me of you.
 • The smile of Garbo and the scent of roses, The waiters whistling as the last bar closes, The song that Cropsy sings. These Foolish Things remind me of you.
 • How strange, how sweet, to find you still; These things are dear to me, They seem to bring you near to me.
 • The scent of smould'ring leaves, the wail of steamers, Two lovers on the street who walk like dreamers. Oh, how the ghost of you clings! These Foolish Things remind me of you.

B, langsam. 1 A frei, voc/p

Whispering

Music by John Schonberger Lyrics by Malvin Schonberger 1920

I	A ^b Δ	B ^o	B ^b -7	E ^b 7
A ₁	A ^b Δ A ^b Δ B ^b 7 A ^b Δ /c	A ^b Δ A ^b Δ B ^b 7 B ^o	A ^b o /G ⁷ F ⁷⁺⁵ E ^b 7 B ^b -7	A ^b o /G ⁷ F ⁷ E ^b 7 E ^b 7
A ₂	A ^b Δ A ^b Δ B ^b 7 B ^b ∅	A ^b Δ A ^b Δ B ^b 7 E ^b 7	A ^b o /G ⁷ F ⁷⁺⁵ E ^b 7 A ^b Δ	A ^b o /G ⁷ F ⁷ E ^b 7 A ^b Δ

As Old Time Jazz

Whispering the while you cuddle near me,
whispering so no one near can hear me;
each little whisper seems to cheer me;
I know it's true, there is no one, dear but you, you're
whispering just why you'll never leave me,
whispering just why you'll never grieve me;
whisper and say that you believe me,
whisper that I love but you.

Lass mich dein Badewasser schlürfen,
einmal dich abfrottieren dürfen
und deine Oberweite messen
und alle andern Frau'n vergessen, vergessen.
Lass mich dich einmal nur massieren
und deine Rippen dabei spüren,
für einen Kuss auf deine Sohlen
möcht' ich dein Pantoffel sein.

Lass mich auf deinem Sofa ahnen,
lass mich doch deine Steuern zahlen,

lass mich doch deine Wimpern pinseln,
vor deinem Himmelbettchen winseln, ja winseln.

Lass mich dich Tag und Nacht verhätscheln
und deine schlanken Hüften tätscheln,
lass mich heut' Nacht dein Troubadour sein
und vor dir mich niederknien.

Lass mich doch deine Wäsche waschen,
von deinem Frühstücksteller naschen,
lass dir beim Gurgeln in den Mund sehn
und deiner Seele auf den Grund geh'n, ja Grund
geh'n.

Lass deine Pfirsichhaut berühren
und dich im Mondschein pediküren,
laß dir ein Heia-Liedchen singen,
daß du süßer träumen kannst,
(. . . süßer träumen kannst, Traum von mir.)

Text: Comedian Harmonists, 20er-Jahre

www.mevis.de/~meyer/Gedichte/Badewasser.html

http://www.skiffle.de/s_bade.txt

Girl from Ipanema

Music by Antonio Carlos Jobim Lyrics by N. Gimbel & V. DeMoraes 1965

I	E ^b Δ	E ⁷	E ^b Δ	E ⁷	
A ₁	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	F ⁷	F ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7} / _E	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	
A ₁	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	F ⁷	F ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	B ^{b7} / _E	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	
B	E ^Δ	E ^Δ	A ⁷	A ⁷	
	E ⁻⁷	E ⁻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 ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	F ⁷	F ⁷	
	F ⁻⁷	E ⁷	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	
S			E ^b Δ	E ⁷	
	E ^b Δ	E ⁷	E ^b Δ	E ^b Δ	

Es Mittelteil einfach spielen. 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.

Santa Baby

Music & Lyrics by Joan Javits, Phil Springer & Tony Springer 1953

A ₁	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	
	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	
A ₂	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	
	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ^Δ	
B	E ⁷	B ⁻⁷	E ⁷		A ⁷	E ⁻⁷	A ⁷		
	D ⁷	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷		G ⁷	D ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	
A ₃	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	
	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	A ⁻⁷	D ⁻⁷ G ⁷	C ^Δ	

C S: alle singen. S 3-mal

Santa Baby, just slip a sable under the tree,
For me.
Been an awful good girl,
Santa Baby, So hurry down the chimney tonight.

Santa Baby, a fifty four convertible too,
Light blue.
I'll wait up for you dear,
Santa Baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight.

Think of all the fun I've missed,
Think of all the fellas that I haven't kissed,
Next year I could be just as good,
If you check off my Christmas list,

Santa baby, I wanna yacht,
And really that's not a lot,
Been an angel all year,
Santa Baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight.

Santa honey, there's one thing I really do need,
The deed
To a platinum mine,
Santa honey, so hurry down the chimney tonight.

Santa cutie, and fill my stocking with a duplex,
And checks.
Sign your "X" on the line,
Santa cutie, and hurry down the chimney tonight.

Come and trim my Christmas tree,
With some decorations bought at Tiffany's,
I really do believe in you,
Let's see if you believe in me,

Santa baby, forgot to mention one little thing,
A ring.
I don't mean on the phone,
Santa baby, so hurry down the chimney tonight,
Hurry down the chimney tonight,
Hurry, tonight.

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 _Δ 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 _Δ 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 _Δ C ⁷⁻⁹ F ⁻⁷ B ^b ₇₊₄
	E ^b _Δ C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ F ⁷
	F ⁻⁷ B ^b ₇ E ^b _Δ C ^{-Δ}
	A [∅] D ⁷⁺⁹ G ⁻⁷ G ^b ₀ F ⁻⁷ B ^b ₇
A ₃	E ^b _Δ C ⁷⁻⁹ F ⁻⁷ B ^b ₇₊₄
	E ^b _Δ C ⁻⁷ F ⁷ F ^{#0}
	E ^b _Δ E ^b _Δ F ⁷ F ⁷
	F ⁻⁷ B ^b ₇ B ^b ₇ E ^b _Δ (F ⁻⁷ B ^b ₇)

Es I:voc/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

Zugabe: Route 66 (C-Dur)

Music and Lyrics by Earl Hines & Henry Wood 1933

I ₁	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	
	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	
I ₂	G ^Δ	C ⁷	G ^Δ	E ⁷	
	A ⁻⁷	D ⁷	G ^Δ	G ⁷	
B	G ^Δ	C ⁷	G ^Δ	G ⁷	
	C ⁶	C ⁶	G ^Δ	G ^Δ	
	D ⁻⁷	G ⁷	C ^Δ	C ^Δ U.S.W.	

C 2-er-Breaks. S +2x4T