

# Villa Sunneschy 27.1.2012

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# \*\*\*Bye Bye Blackbird

Music by Ray Henderson Lyrics by Mort Dixon © 1928 (Renewed) by Warner Brothers. JüLe 6/97

A <sub>1</sub>	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	
	F <sub>/A</sub>	A <sup>♭0</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7j</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>-7♭5</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>-7♭5</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	
	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>-7♭5</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	

# Manhattan

Music by Richard Rodgers Lyrics by Lorenz Hart © 1925 by Edward B. Marks Company JüLe 2002-10-27

A <sub>1</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup> / <sub>D</sub> D <sup>b0</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>b0</sup>	
	C <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>0</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7+5</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup> / <sub>D</sub> D <sup>b0</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>		G <sup>-7</sup>		
	C <sup>7</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>		C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>		
B	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup> / <sub>D</sub> D <sup>b0</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>b0</sup>	
	C <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>0</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>		D <sup>-7b5</sup>		G <sup>7</sup>		
	C <sup>-7</sup>		A <sup>b79</sup> / <sub>C</sub>		B <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>		
	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup> / <sub>D</sub> D <sup>b0</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>		B <sup>b7j</sup>		

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.

# Come Fly With Me

Music by Jimmy Van Heusen Lyrics by Sammy Cahn © 1958 JüLe 2004-10-13

I	F <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>7-9</sup>		
	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	(G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup> )	
A <sub>1</sub>	F <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>b0</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>		
	F <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>		
	F <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>		A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>2</sub>	F <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>b0</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>		
	F <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>		
	F <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>		F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>		
B	D <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>b+5</sup>		G <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>b7j</sup>		
	E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>		G <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>	
	D <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>b+5</sup>	D <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	
	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>3</sub>	F <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>b0</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>		
	F <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>		
	F <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>		F <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>7-9</sup>	
	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	(G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup> )	

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!

# Girl from Ipanema

Music by Antonio Carlos Jobim Lyrics by Norman Gimbel & Vincius DeMoraes © 1965 by JüLe 2004-11-13

I	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	F <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	F <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	
B	E <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
	E <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>
	F <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>		D <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>b7</sup>
	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7+9</sup>		F <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>1</sub>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	F <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	
S			E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	
	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	

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.

# Chez Moi

Music by Paul Misraki Lyrics by Jean Feline, Bruce Sievier © 1936 JüLe 2010-3-13

A

G <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>#7</sup>	F <sup>#7</sup>	
A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>-7b5</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	
A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	
A <sup>-7</sup> (B <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>-7/c</sup> ) D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7j</sup> /B <sup>-7b5</sup> E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	

B

G <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>#7</sup>	F <sup>#7</sup>	
A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>-7b5</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	
A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7j</sup> A <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b0</sup>	
A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>7j</sup>	

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 <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	C <sup>-7b5</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
B <sup>b-7</sup> (C <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b-7/d</sup> ) E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup> /C <sup>-7b5</sup> F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7</sup>	

A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	C <sup>-7b5</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup> B <sup>b-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>0</sup>	
B <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	

# Almost Like Being in Love

Music by Alan Jay Lerner Lyrics by Frederick Lowe © 1947 JüLe 2009-3-4

A <sub>1</sub>	A <sup>b7j</sup>   F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>   B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>   E <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7j</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	A <sup>b7j</sup>   F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>   B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>   E <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>   E <sup>b7j</sup>	
B	D <sup>-7</sup>   C <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>   F <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>   F <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>   B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7j</sup>	
A <sub>3</sub>	A <sup>b7j</sup>   F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>   B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>   E <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>   E <sup>b7j</sup> (B <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b7j</sup> )	
S	A <sup>b7j</sup>   F <sup>-7</sup>   F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>   F <sup>#0</sup>   B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>   G <sup>-7</sup>   E <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>   G <sup>b0</sup>   E <sup>b7j</sup>	

What a day this has been  
 What a rare mood I'm in  
 Why, it's almost like being in love

There's a smile on my face  
 For the whole human race  
 Why, it's 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  
 It's almost like being in love

# \*\*\*Satin Doll

Music by Duke Ellington & Billy Strayhorn Lyrics by Johnny Mercer © 1953 JüLe 2004-04-22

D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>
A <sup>-7b5</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>b-7b5</sup> D <sup>b7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>7</sup> / <sub>C#</sub> /C <sup>#0</sup>
D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>
A <sup>-7b5</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>b-7b5</sup> D <sup>b7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>
G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>
A <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup> / <sub>C#</sub> /C <sup>#0</sup>
D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>
A <sup>-7b5</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>b-7b5</sup> D <sup>b7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	(A <sup>7</sup> / <sub>C#</sub> /C <sup>#0</sup> )

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

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

# If I Were A Bell

Lyrics and Music by Frank Loesser © 1950 JüLe 2009-12-23

A<sub>1</sub> | C<sup>7j</sup> | F<sup>7</sup> | B<sup>b7j</sup> | B<sup>b7j</sup> |  
B<sup>0</sup>	G<sup>7</sup>	C<sup>7</sup>	F<sup>7</sup>
B<sup>b7j</sup> B<sup>b7/A<sup>b</sup></sup>	E<sup>b7/G</sup> E<sup>b7/G</sup> F<sup>7-9</sup>	B<sup>b7j</sup> B<sup>b7/A<sup>b</sup></sup>	E<sup>b7/G</sup> D<sup>7</sup>
G<sup>-7</sup>	E<sup>-5b7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>	D<sup>7j</sup>	D<sup>7j</sup>

A<sub>2</sub> | C<sup>7j</sup> | F<sup>7</sup> | B<sup>b7j</sup> | B<sup>b7j</sup> |  
B<sup>0</sup>	G<sup>7</sup>	C<sup>7</sup>	F<sup>7</sup>
B<sup>b7j</sup> B<sup>b7/A<sup>b</sup></sup>	E<sup>b7/G</sup> D<sup>b0</sup>	B<sup>b7j</sup> A<sup>7+5</sup>	A<sup>b7</sup> G<sup>7-9</sup>
C<sup>-7</sup>	F<sup>7</sup>	B<sup>b6/9</sup> (	C<sup>-7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> D<sup>b0</sup>)

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!

D<sup>7j</sup>	G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7-9</sup>	C<sup>7j</sup>	C<sup>7j</sup>
C<sup>#0</sup>	B<sup>b7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>	D<sup>7</sup>	G<sup>-5b7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>
C<sup>7j</sup> C<sup>7j/B<sup>b</sup></sup>	F<sup>7j/A</sup> F<sup>-7/A<sup>b</sup></sup> G<sup>7-9</sup>	C<sup>7j</sup> C<sup>7</sup>	F<sup>7j</sup> F<sup>-7</sup> G<sup>7-9</sup>
C<sup>7j</sup>	F<sup>79</sup>	E<sup>7j</sup> E<sup>b7</sup>	E<sup>7j</sup> E<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup>

D<sup>7j</sup>	G<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7-9</sup>	C<sup>7j</sup>	C<sup>7j</sup>
C<sup>#0</sup>	B<sup>b7</sup> A<sup>7</sup>	D<sup>7</sup>	G<sup>-5b7</sup> G<sup>7</sup>
C<sup>7j</sup> C<sup>7j/B<sup>b</sup></sup>	F<sup>7j/A</sup> E<sup>b0</sup>	C<sup>7j</sup> B<sup>7+5</sup>	B<sup>b7</sup> A<sup>7-9</sup>
A<sup>-7</sup> D<sup>7-5</sup>	C<sup>7j</sup> A<sup>-7</sup> F<sup>7j</sup> G<sup>7</sup>	C<sup>6/9</sup> (	D<sup>-7</sup> E<sup>7</sup> E<sup>b0</sup>)

# Route 66 (C-Dur)

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Music and Lyrics by Earl Hines & Henry Wood © 1933 by Morley Music Co. JüLe 2010-9-10

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A<sub>1</sub>

A<sub>2</sub>

B

A<sub>3</sub>

# Isn't It Romantic

Music by Richard Rodgers Lyrics by Lorenz Hart © 1932 by Famous Music Corporation, New York JüLe 2003-01-25

V	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b-</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup> / <sub>D</sub>	D <sup>b0</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7+5</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	
	E <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	
	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b-</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup> / <sub>D</sub>	D <sup>b-7b5</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7+5</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	
	E <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>0</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>7+5</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>
	B <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>-7b5</sup> / <sub>A<sup>b</sup></sub>	G <sup>7</sup>	
	C <sup>-7</sup>		F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>#0</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7-9</sup> / <sub>F<sup>#</sup></sub>	G <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>
	E <sup>b7j</sup>		F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>#0</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>2</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>7+5</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>
	B <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>-7b5</sup> / <sub>A<sup>b</sup></sub>	G <sup>7</sup>	
	C <sup>-7</sup>		F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>#0</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	<sub>F</sub>	E <sup>-7b5</sup>	E <sup>b-7</sup>
	B <sup>b7j</sup> / <sub>D</sub>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	(G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup> )

I've never met you,  
 Yet never doubt, dear,  
 I can't forget you,  
 I've thought you out, dear,  
 I know your profile and I know the way you kiss  
 just the thing I miss on a night like this,  
 If dreams are made of  
 imagination,  
 I'm not afraid of  
 my own creation.  
 With all my heart, my heart is here for you to take.  
 Why should I quake?  
 I'm not awake.

My face is glowing,  
 I'm energetic,  
 The art of sewing,  
 I found poetic,  
 My needie punctuates the rhythm of romance!  
 I don't give a stitch, if I don't get rich.  
 A custom tailor  
 who has no custom,  
 Is like a sailor,  
 no one will trust 'em.  
 But there is magic in the music of my shears;  
 I shed no tears.  
 Lend me your ears!

Isn't it romantic? Music in the night, A dream that  
 can be heard.  
 Isn't it romantic? Moving shadows write the oldest  
 magic word.  
 I hear the breeze playing in the trees above.  
 While all the world is saying (over you they sing)  
 you were meant for love.  
 Isn't it romantic? Merely to be young on such a  
 night as this?  
 Isn't it romantic? Ev'ry note that's sung is like a  
 lover's kiss.  
 Sweet symbols in the moonlight  
 Do you mean that I will fall (we could fall) in love  
 per chance? Isn't it romance?

Isn't it romantic? Soon I will have found some girl  
 that I adore.  
 Isn't it romantic? While I sit around, my love can  
 scrub the floor. She'll kiss me ev'ry hour, of she'll  
 ghet the sack.  
 And when I take a shower she can scrub my back.  
 Isn't it romantic? On a moon light night she'll cook  
 me onion soup.  
 Kiddies are romantic, And if we don't fight, we soon  
 will have a troupe!  
 We'll help the population, It's a duty that we owe  
 to dear old France, Isn't it romance?

# You Make Me Feel So Young

Music by Josef Myrow Lyrics by Mack Gordon © 1946 "Three Little Girls In Blue" JüLe 2010-3-29

A <sub>1</sub>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>o</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>o</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	
	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b6</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>b0</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	
	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>o</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>o</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	
	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b6</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>b0</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	
B	B <sup>b-7</sup>		E <sup>b7</sup>		B <sup>b-7</sup>		E <sup>b7</sup>		
	D <sup>-5b7</sup>	G <sup>7-9</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>		F <sup>-7</sup> (G <sup>o</sup> A <sup>b6</sup> A <sup>o</sup> )		B <sup>b7</sup> (F <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>c</sub> C <sup>#o</sup> D <sup>o</sup> )		
C	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>o</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>o</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	
	E <sup>b7</sup>		A <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b-6</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7-9</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7-9</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>b9+11</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7-9</sup>	
	F <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>o</sup> F <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>A<sup>b</sup></sub>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	(C <sup>7-9</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7-9</sup> )	

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.

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

# The Boy Next Door

Music by Hugh Martin Lyrics by Ralph Blane © 1943 JüLe 2004-10-13

V	B <sup>b</sup> <sub>7</sub> / <sub>D</sub>	D <sup>b</sup> <sub>0</sub>	C <sup>-</sup> <sub>7</sub>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b</sup> <sub>7</sub> / <sub>D</sub>	D <sup>b</sup> <sub>0</sub>	C <sup>-</sup> <sub>7</sub>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	F <sup>-</sup> <sub>7</sub>	B <sup>b</sup> <sub>7</sub>	E <sup>b</sup> <sub>7</sub> <sub>j</sub>	A <sup>b</sup> <sub>7</sub>	D <sup>-</sup> <sub>7</sub>	D <sup>b</sup> <sub>0</sub>	C <sup>-</sup> <sub>7</sub>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	B <sup>b</sup> <sub>7</sub> / <sub>D</sub>	D <sup>b</sup> <sub>0</sub>	C <sup>-</sup> <sub>7</sub>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b</sup> <sub>7</sub> / <sub>D</sub>	D <sup>b</sup> <sub>0</sub>	C <sup>-</sup> <sub>7</sub>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	F <sup>-</sup> <sub>7</sub>	B <sup>b</sup> <sub>7</sub>	E <sup>b</sup> <sub>7</sub> <sub>j</sub>	A <sup>b</sup> <sub>7</sub>	D <sup>-</sup> <sub>7</sub>	D <sup>b</sup> <sub>0</sub>	C <sup>-</sup> <sub>7</sub>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	D <sup>-</sup> <sub>7</sub>	D <sup>b</sup> <sub>0</sub>	F <sup>-</sup> <sub>7</sub>	B <sup>b</sup> <sub>7</sub>					
A <sub>1</sub>	E <sup>b</sup> <sub>7</sub> <sub>j</sub>		C <sup>7-9</sup>	F <sup>-</sup> <sub>7</sub>			B <sup>b</sup> <sub>7+4</sub>		
	E <sup>b</sup> <sub>7</sub> <sub>j</sub>		C <sup>-</sup> <sub>7</sub>	F <sup>7</sup>			F <sup>7</sup>		
	F <sup>-</sup> <sub>7</sub>		B <sup>b</sup> <sub>7</sub>	E <sup>b</sup> <sub>7</sub> <sub>j</sub>			C <sup>-</sup> <sub>7</sub> <sub>j</sub>		
	A <sup>-</sup> <sub>5b7</sub>		D <sup>7+9</sup>	G <sup>-</sup> <sub>7</sub>	C <sup>7</sup>		F <sup>-</sup> <sub>7</sub>	B <sup>b</sup> <sub>7</sub>	
A <sub>3</sub>	E <sup>b</sup> <sub>7</sub> <sub>j</sub>		C <sup>7-9</sup>	F <sup>-</sup> <sub>7</sub>			B <sup>b</sup> <sub>7+4</sub>		
	E <sup>b</sup> <sub>7</sub> <sub>j</sub>		C <sup>-</sup> <sub>7</sub>	F <sup>7</sup>			F <sup>#</sup> <sub>0</sub>		
	E <sup>b</sup> <sub>7</sub> <sub>j</sub> / <sub>B<sup>b</sup></sub>		E <sup>b</sup> <sub>7</sub> <sub>j</sub> / <sub>B<sup>b</sup></sub>	C <sup>7</sup> /A <sup>-</sup> <sub>5b7</sub>			C <sup>7</sup> /A <sup>-</sup> <sub>5b7</sub>		
	C <sup>b</sup> <sub>7</sub>		F <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>b</sup> <sub>7</sub> <sub>j</sub>			(F <sup>-</sup> <sub>7</sub> B <sup>b</sup> <sub>7</sub> )		

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

# \*\*\*Call Me Irresponsible

Music by James van Heusen Lyrics by Sammy Cahn © 1962 by Paramount Music Corporation JüLe 2003-01-25

A	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>#0</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>#0</sup>	
	F <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7b5</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7b5</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>

B	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>#0</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>#0</sup>	
	F <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7b5</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7b5</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	

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!

	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>#0</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>#0</sup>	
	C <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7b5</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7b5</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>

	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>#0</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>#0</sup>	
	C <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7b5</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7b5</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
	D <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	

# On a Slow Boat to China

Music by Frank Loesser © 1948 Frank Music Corp. JüLe 2010-04-14

A<sub>1</sub>

E <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>#0</sup>	
E <sup>b7j</sup>		G <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7b5</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>
F <sup>-7</sup>		F <sup>#0</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-5b7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>
F <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	/D <sup>b</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>

A<sub>2</sub>

E <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>#0</sup>	
E <sup>b7j</sup>		G <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7b5</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>
F <sup>-7</sup>		D <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>bj</sup>	D <sup>b7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>
F <sup>7</sup>		F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	/D	E <sup>b7j</sup>

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.

F <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>#0</sup>	
F <sup>7j</sup>		A <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>-7b5</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>
G <sup>-7</sup>		G <sup>#0</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>-5b7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>
G <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	/E <sup>b</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>

F <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>#0</sup>	
F <sup>7j</sup>		A <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>-7b5</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>
G <sup>-7</sup>		E <sup>b7</sup>	F <sup>j</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>
G <sup>7</sup>		G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	/D	F <sup>7j</sup>

# Night And Day

Music and Lyrics by Cole Porter Production: Gay Divorce © 1924 by Warner Bros. Inc. JüLe 2002-10-30

I	<p>F<sup>o</sup>/<sub>H</sub>      F<sup>7</sup>/<sub>C</sub></p> <p>F<sup>o</sup>/<sub>H</sub>      F<sup>7</sup>/<sub>C</sub>      B<sup>b</sup>/<sub>D</sub></p> <p>C<sup>-7</sup>/<sub>#7</sub>      F<sup>#7</sup>/<sub>#7</sub>      B<sup>7j</sup></p> <p>B<sup>b</sup>/<sub>D</sub>      B<sup>b</sup>/<sub>D<sup>b</sup></sub>      F<sup>7</sup>/<sub>C</sub>      F<sup>o</sup>/<sub>H</sub></p>	<p>F<sup>7</sup>/<sub>E<sup>b</sup></sub>      B<sup>b</sup>/<sub>D</sub></p> <p>B<sup>b</sup>/<sub>D<sup>b</sup></sub>      /B<sup>b</sup></p> <p>D<sup>-7</sup>/<sub>F</sub>      G<sup>7</sup></p> <p>B<sup>b7j</sup>      F<sup>7</sup></p>	<p>B<sup>b</sup>/<sub>D<sup>b</sup></sub>      F<sup>7</sup>/<sub>C</sub></p> <p>F<sup>7</sup>/<sub>A</sub>      /F</p> <p>C<sup>7j</sup>/<sub>E</sub>      A<sup>-7b5</sup>/<sub>E<sup>b</sup></sub></p> <p>B<sup>b7j</sup>/<sub>A<sup>b</sup></sub></p>	
A <sub>1</sub>	<p>G<sup>b7</sup>/<sub>C<sup>-7b5</sup></sub>      /G<sup>b</sup></p> <p>G<sup>b7</sup>/<sub>C<sup>-7b5</sup></sub>      /G<sup>b</sup></p> <p>C<sup>7</sup>/<sub>E</sub>      /E<sup>-7b5</sup></p> <p>C<sup>-7</sup></p>	<p>F<sup>7</sup></p> <p>F<sup>7</sup></p> <p>E<sup>b</sup><sup>o</sup></p> <p>F<sup>7</sup></p>	<p>B<sup>b7j</sup></p> <p>B<sup>b7j</sup></p> <p>D<sup>-7</sup></p> <p>B<sup>b7j</sup></p>	<p>B<sup>b7j</sup></p> <p>B<sup>b7j</sup></p> <p>D<sup>b</sup>/<sub>7b5</sub></p> <p>B<sup>b7j</sup></p>
A <sub>2</sub>	<p>G<sup>b7</sup>/<sub>C<sup>-7b5</sup></sub>      /G<sup>b</sup></p> <p>G<sup>b7</sup>/<sub>C<sup>-7b5</sup></sub>      /G<sup>b</sup></p> <p>C<sup>7</sup>/<sub>E</sub>      /E<sup>-7b5</sup></p> <p>C<sup>-7</sup></p>	<p>F<sup>7</sup></p> <p>F<sup>7</sup></p> <p>E<sup>b</sup><sup>o</sup></p> <p>F<sup>7</sup></p>	<p>B<sup>b7j</sup></p> <p>B<sup>b7j</sup></p> <p>D<sup>-7</sup></p> <p>B<sup>b7j</sup></p>	<p>B<sup>b7j</sup></p> <p>B<sup>b7j</sup></p> <p>D<sup>b</sup>/<sub>7b5</sub></p> <p>B<sup>b7j</sup></p>
B	<p>D<sup>b7j</sup></p> <p>D<sup>b7j</sup></p> <p>C<sup>7</sup>/<sub>E</sub>      /E<sup>-7b5</sup></p> <p>C<sup>-7</sup></p>	<p>D<sup>b7j</sup></p> <p>D<sup>b7j</sup></p> <p>E<sup>b</sup><sup>o</sup></p> <p>F<sup>7</sup></p>	<p>B<sup>b7j</sup></p> <p>B<sup>b7j</sup></p> <p>D<sup>-7</sup></p> <p>B<sup>b7j</sup></p>	<p>B<sup>b7j</sup></p> <p>B<sup>b7j</sup></p> <p>D<sup>b</sup>/<sub>7b5</sub></p> <p>B<sup>b7j</sup></p>

Like the beat, beat, beat, of the tom-tom;  
 when the jungle shadows fall,  
 like the tick, tick, tock of the stately clock,  
 as it stands against the wall,  
 like the drip, drip, drip, of the raindrops,  
 when the summer show'r is through;  
 so a voice within me keeps repeating,  
 you, you, you.

Night and day you are the one,  
 only you beneath the moon and under the sun.  
 Whether near to me or far,  
 it's no matter, darling,  
 where you are  
 I think of you  
 night and day.

Night and day why is it so,  
 that this longing for you follows wherever I go?  
 In the rearing traffic's boom,  
 in the silence of my lonely room,  
 I think of you,  
 night and day.

Night and day under the hide of me  
 there's an Oh, such a hungry yearning, burning inside  
 of me.  
 And it's torment won't be through  
 'til you let me spend my life making love to you,  
 day and night,  
 night and day.

# I'm Through with Love

Music by Matt Malneck & Fud Livingston Lyrics by Gus Kahn © 1931 JüLe 2012-1-25

A <sub>1</sub>	C <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>b0</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	
	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7+5-9</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7+5-9</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	C <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>b0</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	
	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7+5-9</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7+5-9</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	
B	E <sup>-</sup>	E <sup>-+5</sup>	E <sup>-6</sup>	E <sup>-+5</sup>	E <sup>-</sup>	E <sup>-+5</sup>	E <sup>-6</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7+5-9</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7+5-9</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>7-9</sup>	
A <sub>3</sub>	C <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>b0</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	
	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7+5-9</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7+5-9</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	(G <sup>7</sup> )	

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.

# Day In—Day Out

Music by Rube Bloom Lyrics by Johnny Mercer © 1939 JüLe 2006-09-14

A	<p>F<sup>6</sup></p> <p>F<sup>6</sup>     G<sup>-7</sup></p> <p>G<sup>-7</sup></p> <p>G<sup>-7</sup></p>	<p>F<sup>6</sup>     F<sup>#0</sup></p> <p>G<sup>#0</sup>     F<sup>6</sup>/<sub>A</sub></p> <p>C<sup>9</sup></p> <p>C<sup>7</sup></p>	<p>G<sup>-7</sup></p> <p>A<sup>-7</sup></p> <p>G<sup>-7</sup></p> <p>A<sup>-7</sup>     D<sup>7-9</sup></p>	<p>C<sup>9</sup></p> <p>A<sup>b0</sup></p> <p>C<sup>9</sup></p> <p>G<sup>-7</sup>     C<sup>7</sup></p>
B	<p>F<sup>6</sup></p> <p>F<sup>6</sup>     G<sup>-7</sup></p> <p>C<sup>6</sup></p> <p>C<sup>6</sup></p>	<p>F<sup>6</sup>     F<sup>#0</sup></p> <p>G<sup>#0</sup>     F<sup>6</sup>/<sub>A</sub></p> <p>G<sup>-7</sup>/D<sup>b13</sup></p> <p>D<sup>-9</sup>     G<sup>7-9+5</sup></p>	<p>G<sup>-7</sup></p> <p>F<sup>-7</sup></p> <p>C<sup>6</sup></p> <p>G<sup>-7</sup></p>	<p>C<sup>9</sup></p> <p>B<sup>b7</sup></p> <p>G<sup>-7</sup>/D<sup>b13</sup></p> <p>C<sup>7</sup></p>
C	<p>F<sup>6</sup></p> <p>F<sup>6</sup>     G<sup>-7</sup></p> <p>G<sup>7</sup>/<sub>B</sub></p> <p>G<sup>13</sup></p> <p>G<sup>7</sup>/<sub>B</sub></p> <p>G<sup>-7</sup></p>	<p>F<sup>6</sup>     F<sup>#0</sup></p> <p>G<sup>#0</sup>     F<sup>6</sup>/<sub>A</sub></p> <p>B<sup>b-7</sup></p> <p>G<sup>-7</sup>     C<sup>7+5</sup></p> <p>B<sup>b-7</sup></p> <p>G<sup>-7</sup>     C<sup>7+5</sup></p>	<p>G<sup>-7</sup></p> <p>E<sup>b7</sup></p> <p>A<sup>-7</sup></p> <p>F<sup>7j</sup></p> <p>A<sup>-7</sup></p> <p>F<sup>7j</sup>     D<sup>7-9+5</sup></p>	<p>C<sup>9</sup></p> <p>D<sup>7</sup></p> <p>A<sup>b0</sup></p> <p>A<sup>-7</sup>     D<sup>7</sup></p> <p>D<sup>7-9</sup></p> <p>G<sup>-7</sup>     D<sup>7-9+5</sup></p>

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 possibilty 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 Had to Be You

Music by Isham Jones Lyrics by Gus Kahn © 1924 by Warner Bros. JüLe 2010-9-7

A <sub>1</sub>	C <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>7+5</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>				
	D <sup>7</sup>		D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>				
	G <sup>7</sup>		G <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup> / <sub>G<sup>#</sup></sub>	A-	E <sup>7</sup>	A-		
	D <sup>7</sup>		D <sup>7</sup>		G <sup>7</sup>		G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7+5</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	C <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>7+5</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>				
	D <sup>7</sup>		D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>				
	F <sup>7j</sup>		F <sup>#0</sup>	C <sub>/G</sub>	E <sup>7</sup> / <sub>G<sup>#</sup></sub>	A-	F <sup>#0</sup>		
	G <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>#0</sup>	D- <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	(D- <sup>5b7</sup> )	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7+5</sup> )	

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.

# \*\*\*Shiny Stockings

Lyric by Ella Fitzgerald/John Hendricks Music by Frank Foster 1955 JüLe 2005-02-06

A	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7-9</sup>	
	B <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b9</sup>	D <sup>-7j</sup>	D <sup>b0</sup>	
	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
	E <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>7-9</sup>	

B	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7-9</sup>	
	B <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b9</sup>	D <sup>-7j</sup>	D <sup>b0</sup>	
	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	

Those silk shiny stockings that I wear when I'm  
with you,  
I wear cause you told me that you dig that crazy  
hue.  
Do we think of romance,  
when we go to a dance?  
Oh no! You take a glance –  
at those shiny stockings.

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

I walk with my baby and I know in nothin' flat  
She's got something mellow lots of fellows whistle at  
When we go for a walk, I know soon as we're out  
With no shadow of doubt,  
She's got lots to be proud of..  
And I'm hip I'm lucky to have a woman that well endowed  
A girl half that lovely could make plenty of fellows proud  
I'm crazy about all of her charms, but one in particular is a ball  
I love those shiny stockings best of all.  
Every man will eyeball whatever he can  
But one thing all men dig is a real shapely leg  
Oh really, oh really, oh really, oh really, oh really, oh really, oh really,  
Oh yeah, what do they think of that  
Where to they think we're at?  
A woman has got to pretty up and tend to business  
Make sure she's catchin' an eye!  
The fellows all get to diggin' but they  
Never know what they're diggin' about  
A woman has really got to wail at always lookin' her very best  
She must be up to par without fail  
Otherwise, her old man's eyes will start to wonder  
And is it any wonder?  
Men go for prettines, this I must confess  
Dig a pretty face, dig a pretty dress  
But they like a pretty leg best  
And that's the reason those stockings shine...  
'Cause they appeal to these eyes of mine  
I love it when she says "I'm gonna stick around and love you  
babe"  
I'm certain if I can keep her home from roamin'  
She'll remain and I'll be wonderin'  
Why a wmon that's lookin' as good as her is by my side  
She's fine, yes she's fine  
And she's all mine  
What an incredibly lucky specimin am I!  
I'm crazy 'bout every single one of her charms  
But one in particular is a ball  
I love those shiny stockings best of all  
Oh I love those shiny stockings really I do  
Yes I do, I truly do.

# My Baby Just Cares for Me

Music by Walter Donaldson Lyrics by Gus Kahn © 1930 by Bregman Vocco & Conn Inc. üLe 2002-12-15

V	C <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	C <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	
	C <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>1</sub>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	
	C <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup> E <sup>b0</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> /G <sup>7</sup>	
	D <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	
	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	
	A <sup>7-9</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> /G <sup>7</sup>	
	B <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup> (E <sup>b0</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup> )	

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

# Volare

Music Domenico Modugno Lyrics D.M. & Francesco Migliacci/E: Mitchell Parrish © 1958 Edizioni Curci JüLe 2003-01-19

V	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>o</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	
	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	
	G <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>b0</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	
	F <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>B<sup>b</sup></sub>	B <sup>b7</sup>	C <sup>7-9</sup>
A <sub>1</sub>	F <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7-9</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>
	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>
B	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>
	C <sup>-</sup>	C <sup>-7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-6</sup>	G <sup>-</sup>
	D <sup>-7b5</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>		C <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7+5</sup>
	A <sup>b-7</sup>	A <sup>b-7</sup>	D <sup>b7</sup>	G <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>
A <sub>2</sub>	F <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7-9</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup>
	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>
S	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>
	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>
	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>
	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>

Schluss: die letzten beiden Takte 2mal wiederholen

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](http://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

# I Only Have Eyes for You

Music by Harry Warren Lyrics by Al Dubin © 1934 JüLe 2010-4-4

A <sub>1</sub>	C <sup>7</sup> <sub>j</sub>	G <sup>-5b7</sup> / <sub>D<sup>b</sup></sub>	G <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>D</sub>	C <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>E<sup>b</sup></sub>	C <sup>7</sup> / <sub>E</sub>	G <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>F</sub>	C <sup>7</sup> / <sub>G</sub>	C <sup>7+5</sup> / <sub>G<sup>#</sup></sub>	
	F <sup>7</sup> <sub>j</sub>		F <sup>7</sup> <sub>j</sub>		A <sup>-7</sup>		A <sup>b7</sup>		
A <sub>2</sub>	C <sup>7</sup> <sub>j</sub>	G <sup>-5b7</sup> / <sub>D<sup>b</sup></sub>	G <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>D</sub>	C <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>E<sup>b</sup></sub>	C <sup>7</sup> / <sub>E</sub>	G <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>F</sub>	C <sup>7</sup> / <sub>G</sub>	C <sup>7+5</sup> / <sub>G<sup>#</sup></sub>	
	F <sup>7</sup> <sub>j</sub>		F <sup>7</sup> <sub>j</sub>		D <sup>7</sup>		D <sup>7</sup> (A <sup>b7</sup> )		
B	G <sup>-7</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>		A <sup>-7</sup>		D <sup>7-9</sup>		
	G <sup>-5b7</sup>		G <sup>-5b7</sup> / <sub>C</sub>	C <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>		A <sup>b7</sup>		
A <sub>3</sub>	C <sup>7</sup> <sub>j</sub>	G <sup>-5b7</sup> / <sub>D<sup>b</sup></sub>	G <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>D</sub>	C <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>E<sup>b</sup></sub>	C <sup>7</sup> / <sub>E</sub>	G <sup>-7</sup> / <sub>F</sub>	C <sup>7</sup> / <sub>G</sub>	C <sup>7+5</sup> / <sub>G<sup>#</sup></sub>	
	F <sup>7</sup> <sub>j</sub>	G <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>#0</sup> / <sub>D</sub>	F <sup>7</sup> <sub>j</sub> / <sub>A</sub>	E <sup>b9+11</sup>		D <sup>7</sup>		
	G <sup>-7</sup>		G <sup>-5b7</sup> / <sub>C</sub>	C <sup>7-9</sup>	F <sup>7</sup> <sub>j</sub>		F <sup>7</sup> <sub>j</sub>		

## 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.

# Blue Moon

Music by Richard Rodgers Lyrics by Lorenz Hart © 1934 by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc. JüLe 2003-03-08

V	G-      G- <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>7</sup> / <sub>G</sub> C <sup>0</sup> / <sub>G</sub>   G-        A- <sup>7b5</sup> / <sub>C</sub> D <sup>7</sup>
	G-      G- <sup>7</sup>   C <sup>7</sup> / <sub>G</sub> C <sup>0</sup> / <sub>G</sub>   G-        A- <sup>7b5</sup> / <sub>C</sub> D <sup>7</sup> G-
	C-      A- <sup>7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   G <sup>7j</sup>   A- <sup>7</sup> D <sup>7</sup>   G <sup>7j</sup>
	C- <sup>7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup>   G- <sup>7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>   C- <sup>7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>1</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup> G- <sup>7</sup>   C- <sup>7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> G- <sup>7</sup>   C- <sup>7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>
	A <sup>b7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   G <sup>b7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> G- <sup>7</sup>   C- <sup>7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>2/3</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup> G- <sup>7</sup>   C- <sup>7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> G- <sup>7</sup>   C- <sup>7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>
	A <sup>b7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   G <sup>b7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup>
B	C- <sup>7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   C- <sup>7</sup> F <sup>b7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup>
	E <sup>b-7</sup> A <sup>b7</sup>   D <sup>b7j</sup>   F <sup>7j</sup> / <sub>C</sub> C <sup>7</sup>   C- <sup>7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>2/3</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup> G- <sup>7</sup>   C- <sup>7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup> G- <sup>7</sup>   C- <sup>7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>
	A <sup>b7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>   F <sup>#7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup>   B <sup>b7j</sup>

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.

# Mack the Knife

Music by Kurt Weill Lyrics by Bert Brecht/Marc Blitzstein Oper: Dreigroschenoper © 1928 Universal Edition JüLe 01-06-12

I	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>
A <sub>1</sub>	E <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup> E <sup>0</sup> B <sup>b7</sup> C <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup> E <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>-7</sup> E <sup>b7j</sup> E <sup>0</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup> G <sup>7</sup> / <sub>D</sub> F <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>
A <sub>2</sub>	E <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup> E <sup>0</sup> B <sup>b7</sup> C <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup> E <sup>b7j</sup> F <sup>-7</sup> E <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup> G <sup>7</sup> / <sub>D</sub> F <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>3</sub>	E <sup>7j</sup> F <sup>#-7</sup> D <sup>b-7</sup> G <sup>b-7</sup>	E <sup>7j</sup> F <sup>0</sup> B <sup>7</sup> D <sup>b-7</sup> B <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>#-7</sup> E <sup>7j</sup> G <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>7</sup> A <sup>b7</sup> / <sub>C#</sub> G <sup>b-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>4</sub>	F <sup>7j</sup> G <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup> F <sup>#0</sup> C <sup>7</sup> D <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7j</sup> G <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7</sup> A <sup>7</sup> / <sub>E</sub> G <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>5</sub>	G <sup>b7j</sup> A <sup>b-7</sup> E <sup>b-7</sup> A <sup>b-7</sup>	G <sup>b7j</sup> G <sup>0</sup> D <sup>b7</sup> E <sup>b-7</sup> D <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>b-7</sup> G <sup>b7j</sup> A <sup>b-7</sup> G <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>b7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup> / <sub>F</sub> A <sup>b-7</sup> D <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>6</sub>	G <sup>7j</sup> A <sup>-7</sup> E <sup>-7</sup> A <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7j</sup> D <sup>#0</sup> D <sup>7</sup> E <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7j</sup> A <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7j</sup>	D <sup>7</sup> B <sup>7</sup> / <sub>Bb</sub> A <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7j</sup>

2x tutti in Es, langsam steigend und  $\frac{1}{2}$  Ton höher; bei F 1x piano, bass, dann weiter vocal

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.

# \*\*\*It's The Talk of the Town

Music by Jerry Livingston Lyrics by Marty Symes & A. J. Neiburg © 1933 by Stanly Bros., Inc. JüLe 2006-08-20

A <sub>1</sub>	F <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>b0</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b9</sup>	
	F <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>		G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	F <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>b0</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b9</sup>	
	F <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>		
B	G <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>		A <sup>-7b5</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	
	G <sup>7</sup>		G <sup>7</sup>		G <sup>-7</sup>		C <sup>7+5</sup>		
A <sub>3</sub>	F <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>b0</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	E <sup>b9</sup>	
	F <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>b7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>		

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.

# What a Diff'rence a Day Made

Music Maria Grever Lyrics Stanlay Adams © 1934 JüLe 2011--7-14

A	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>b0</sup>	
	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>		
B	B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>		
	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>		
C	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>b0</sup>	
	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	
	F <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>b0</sup>		
	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>		

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.

# A Foggy Day

Music by Georges Gershwin Lyrics by Ira Gershwin © 1937 by Gershwin Publishin Corp. JüLe 2002-09-04

I	B <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7+5</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7+5</sup>
	B <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>
	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7+5</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>-6</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7-9</sup>
	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7-9</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7+5</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>1</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>7+5-9</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7-9</sup>
	B <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7b5/D<sup>b7</sup></sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>
	B <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>-7</sup> B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>
	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7-9</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>
A <sub>2</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>7+5-9</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7-9</sup>
	B <sup>b7j</sup>	G <sup>-7b5/D<sup>b7</sup></sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>
	F <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	A <sup>b7</sup>
	B <sup>b7j</sup> /F	B <sup>b7j</sup> /F C <sup>-7</sup> /F	B <sup>b7j</sup> /F G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>
	B <sup>b7j</sup> (D <sup>7</sup> )	C <sup>7</sup> F <sup>7</sup>		

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.

# The Tender Trap

Music by Jimmy van Heusen Lyrics by Sammy Cahn © 1961 by Edition Campidoglio JüLe 2004-01-08

I	drums 1 Takt	D <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>b-57</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	drums wirbel
A <sub>1</sub>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>#0</sup>	D <sup>-7+13</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>		
	G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>		
	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup> (C <sup>#0</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup> )		
A <sub>2</sub>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>#0</sup>	D <sup>-7+13</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>		
	G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>		
	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>		
B	D <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>-5b7</sup> E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup>		
	D <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>-5b7</sup> E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>-7</sup> D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>		
A <sub>3</sub>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>#0</sup>	D <sup>-7+13</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>		
	G <sup>-7</sup> C <sup>7</sup>	F <sup>7j</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>		
	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>-7j</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>		
	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup> G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>		

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 stary 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

# What A Wonderful World

Music & Lyrics by Bob Thiele & George David Weiss © 1967 Ranger Road Music Ind. & Quartel Music Inc JüLe 4/98

A <sub>1</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-</sup>	
	G <sup>b7</sup>		C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b7+5</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>2</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-</sup>	
	G <sup>b7</sup>		C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	
	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>		C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>		
B	G <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	D <sup>-</sup>	G <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>0</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	
A <sub>3</sub>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>-7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>-</sup>	
	G <sup>b7</sup>		C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7j</sup>	D <sup>-5b7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>		
	C <sup>-7</sup>		C <sup>-7</sup>	F <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b</sup>	E <sup>b7j</sup>	B <sup>b</sup>		

I see trees of green, red roses too, I see them bloom  
for me and you, and I thins 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.

# Fools Rush In

Music by Rube Bloom Lyrics by Johnny Mercer © 1940 by WBC Music Corp. JüLe 2003-07-19

V	<p>F<sup>7j</sup>   A<sup>-7</sup>   G<sup>-7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>   F<sup>7j</sup>   F<sup>7j</sup> A<sup>b7</sup>   F<sup>7j</sup>  </p> <p>G<sup>-7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>   F<sup>7j</sup>   F<sup>7j</sup> A<sup>b7</sup>   D<sup>b7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>  </p> <p>F<sup>7j</sup>   A<sup>-7</sup>   G<sup>-7</sup> C<sup>7</sup>   F<sup>7j</sup>  </p> <p>B<sup>-7b5</sup> E<sup>7</sup>   A<sup>-</sup> A<sup>-7</sup>   G<sup>-7</sup>   C<sup>7</sup>  </p>
A <sub>1</sub>	<p>G<sup>-7</sup>   C<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup>   F<sup>7j</sup>/A<sup>-7</sup>   A<sup>-7</sup> D<sup>-7</sup>  </p> <p>G<sup>-7</sup>   C<sup>7</sup>   F<sup>7j</sup>   F<sup>7j</sup>  </p> <p>G<sup>-7</sup>   E<sup>-7b5</sup> A<sup>7</sup>   D<sup>-</sup> D<sup>-7j</sup>   D<sup>-7</sup>  </p> <p>G<sup>7-5</sup> D<sup>-7</sup>   G<sup>7-5</sup>   G<sup>-7</sup>/<sub>C</sub>   C<sup>7</sup> E<sup>b7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>  </p>
A <sub>2</sub>	<p>G<sup>-7</sup>   C<sup>7</sup> B<sup>b7</sup>   F<sup>7j</sup>/A<sup>-7</sup>   A<sup>-7</sup> D<sup>-7</sup>  </p> <p>G<sup>-7</sup>   C<sup>7</sup>   E<sup>b7b5</sup>   D<sup>7</sup>  </p> <p>G<sup>-7</sup>   G<sup>-7b5</sup>/E<sup>b7</sup>   F<sub>/C</sub> A<sup>-7</sup>   D<sup>-7</sup>  </p> <p>G<sup>-7</sup>   G<sup>-7</sup>/<sub>C</sub> C<sup>7</sup>   F<sup>7j</sup>   F<sup>7j</sup>  </p>

"Romance is a game for fools," I used to say:  
 a game I thought I'd never play.  
 "Romance is a game for fools," I said and grinned;  
 then you passed by,  
 and here I am throwing caution to the wind  
 a game I thought I'd never play.

Fools Rush In where angels fear to tread,  
 And so I come to you, my love,  
 my heart above my head.  
 Though I see the danger there,  
 If there's a chance for me, then I don't care.

Fools Rush In where wise men never go,  
 but wise men never fall in love,  
 so how are they to know?  
 When we met I felt my life begin;  
 So open up your heart,  
 and let this fool rush in.

# \*\*\*Sunday

Music by Jule Styne, Ned Miller & Bernie Krüger Lyrics by Chester Cohn ©1927 JüLe 2005-07-23

A	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup> <sub>/E</sub>	E <sup>b0</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>	A <sup>7-9</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	
	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup> <sub>/E</sub>	E <sup>b0</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>		C <sup>7j</sup>		
B	E <sup>7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>		A <sup>7</sup>		A <sup>7</sup>		
	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>7</sup>		D <sup>-7</sup>		G <sup>7j</sup>		
	C <sup>7j</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup> <sub>/E</sub>	E <sup>b0</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	B <sup>b7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
	D <sup>7</sup>	D <sup>-7</sup>	G <sup>7</sup>	C <sup>7j</sup>		C <sup>7j</sup>		

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.

# \*\*\*How About You?

Music by Burton Lane Lyrics by Ralph Freed Film: Babes On Broadway © 1941 by EMI Feist Catalog Inc. JüLe 5/94

A	F <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>b7-5</sup>		A <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>b0</sup>		G <sup>-7</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>		
	F <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>b7-5</sup>		A <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>b0</sup>		A <sup>-5b7</sup>		D <sup>7+5</sup>		
	G <sup>7</sup>			G <sup>-5b7</sup>			F <sup>7j</sup>		F <sup>7j</sup>		
	A <sup>7j</sup> <sub>/E</sub>			B <sup>-7</sup>	E <sup>7</sup>		A <sup>7j</sup>		G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>	
B	F <sup>7j</sup>	B <sup>b7-5</sup>		A <sup>-7</sup>	A <sup>b0</sup>		G <sup>-7</sup>		C <sup>7</sup>		
	C <sup>-7</sup>			F <sup>7</sup>			B <sup>b7j</sup>		E <sup>b7</sup>		
	F <sup>7j</sup> /A <sup>-7</sup>			A <sup>b-6</sup>			G <sup>-7</sup>		E <sup>-5b7</sup>	A <sup>7</sup>	
	D <sup>-7</sup>			G <sup>-7</sup>	C <sup>7</sup>		F <sup>7j</sup>		F <sup>7j</sup>		

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

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

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

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

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

That's the trick, you're catching on quickly. Should I take a bow? A-ho! Let me show you how!

Just like partners on the stage.

If you can use a partner, I'm the right age.

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