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<td>You'll Have to Swing It (Mr. Paganini)</td>
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<td>Just One of Those Things</td>
<td>You and the Night and the Music</td>
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</table>
Today I may not have a thing at all,  
Except for just a dream or two.  
But I’ve got lots of plans for tomorrow,  
And all my tomorrows belong to you.

Right now it may not seem like spring at all,  
We’re drifting and the laughs are few.  
But I’ve got rainbows planned for tomorrow,  
And all my tomorrows belong to you.

No one knows better than I  
That luck keeps passing me by, that’s fate!  
But with you there at my side,  
I’ll soon be turning the tide, just wait!

As long as I’ve got arms that cling at all,  
It’s you that I’ll be clinging to.  
And all the dreams I dream, beg, or borrow  
On some bright tomorrow they’ll all come true,  
And all my bright tomorrows belong to you.
### All the Things You Are

**Music by Jerome Kern  Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II © 1939 T. B. Harms  JüLe 2002-06-03**

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1x tutti; ½ piano, ½ bass, x vocal

---

You are the promised kiss of springtime  
That makes the lonely winter seem long.  
You are the breathless hush of evening  
That trembles on the brink of a lovely song.

You are the angel glow  
That lights a star,  
The dearest things I know  
Are what your are.

Some day my happy arms will hold you,  
And some day I'll know that moment divine,  
When All The Things You Are, are mine.
### As Time Goes By

Music and Lyrics by Herman Hupfeld  
Film: Casablanca © 1941  
JüLe 2000-05-30

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

You must remember this  
A kiss is still a kiss  
A sigh is still (just) a sigh  
The fundamental things apply  
As time goes by

And when two lovers woo  
They still say: “I love you”  
On that you can rely  
No matter what the future brings  
As time goes by

Moonlight and love songs – never out of date  
Hearts full of passion – jealousy and hate  
Woman needs man – and man must have his mate  
That no one can deny

It's still the same old story  
A fight for love and glory  
A case of do or die  
The world will always welcome lovers  
As time goes by
Bewitched


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

Chorus  
I'm wild again, Beguiled again, A simpering, whimpering child again, Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I.  
Couldn't sleep And wouldn't sleep When love came and told me I shouldn't sleep, Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I.

(I) Lost my heart but what of it? He is cold, I agree. He can laugh but I love it Although the laugh's on me.  
*I'll sing to him, Each spring to him, And long for day when I'll cling to him, Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I.

Verse  
He's a fool and don't I know it, but a fool can have his charms, I'm in love and don't I show it, like a babe in arms.

Love's the same old sad sensation, lately I've not slept a wink, since this half-pint imitation, put me on the blink.

Chorus  
I've sinned a lot, I mean a lot But I'm like sweet seventeen a lot, Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I.  
*He's at his very best.  
Vexed again, Perplexed again, Thank God I can't be oversexed again, Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I.

Wise at last, My eyes at last, Are cutting you down to your size at last, Bewitched, bothered and bewildered no more.

Burned a lot But learned a lot And now you are broke, so (though?) you earned a lot, Bewitched, bothered and bewildered no more.

Couldn't eat, Was dyspeptic, Life was so hard to bear; Now my heart's antiseptic Since you moved out of there.

Romance – finis, Your chance – finis, Those ants that invaded my pants – finis, Bewitched, bothered and bewildered no more.

*A pill he is, But still he is, All mine and I'll keep him until he is. Bewitched, bothered and bewildered Like me.

Intro: nur mit Klavier, rubato. 1x tutti. Intro: nur mit Klavier, rubato. 1x tutti.
I'm feelin' mighty lonesome,
Haven't slept a wink,
I walk the floor and watch the door
and in between I drink...
Black coffee.
Love's a hand-me-down brew
I'll never know a Sunday
in this weekday room.

I'm talking to the shadows
one o'clock to four,
and lord how slow the moments go
when all I do is pour
Black coffee.
Since the blues caught my eye,
I'm hanging out on Monday,
My Sunday dreams to dry.

Now a man is born to go alovin',
A woman's born to weep and fret.
To stay at home and tend her oven,
And drown her past regrets
in coffee and cigarettes.

I'm moonin' all the mornin'
and mournin' all the night
and in between it's nicotine and not much heart to
fight
Black coffee.
Feelin' low as the ground.
It's drivin' me crazy, this waitin' for my baby
To maybe come around.

My nerves have gone to pieces
My hair is turnin' grey
All I do is drink black coffee,
Since my man's gone away.
Verse
You’re making me blue
All that you do,
Seems unfair
You try not to hear,
Turn a deaf ear
To my prayer It seems you don’t want to see
What you are doing to me
My arms are waiting to caress you
And to my heart they long to press you sweet heart.

Verse?
Life’s dreary for me
Day’s seem to be long as years
I’ve looked for the sun
But can see none
Through my tears
Your heart must be like a stone
To leave me like this alone
When you could make my life worth living
By taking what I’m set on giving, sweet heart

My heart is sad and lonely
For you I cry (sigh) For you, dear, only
I tell you I mean it I’m all for you Body and soul
I spend my days in longing
And wondering it’s me you’re wronging
Why haven’t you seen it I’m all for you Body and soul
I can’t believe
it It hard to conceive it
That you’d turn away romance
Are you pretending
Don’t say it’s the ending
I wish I could have one more change to prove, dear

My life a hell/wrack you’re making
You know I’m yours for just the taking
I’d gladly surrender Myself to you Body and soul

Varianten: (... it looks like the ending unless I could have one more chance to prove, dear
**But Beautiful**

Music by Jimmy Van Heusen  
Lyrics by Johnny Burke  
© 1947 Bourne Co & Dorsey Brothers.  
JüLe 2002-05-23

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1x tutti; ½ piano, ½ bass, 1 x tutti

Life is funny or it's sad  
Or it's quiet or it's mad;  
It's a good thin or it's bad,  
But Beautiful!  
Beautiful to take a chance and if you fall, you fall,  
And I'm thinking I wouldn't mind at all.

Love is tearful or it's gay;  
It's a problem or it's play;  
It's a heartache either way,  
But Beautiful!  
And I'm thinking if you were mine I'd never let you go,  
And that would be But Beautiful, I know.
But Not For Me


They're writing songs of love,
but not for me.

A lucky star's above,
but not for me.

With love to lead the way
I've found more clouds of gray
Than any Russian play
could guarantee.

I was a fool to fall
And get that way.

Heigh-ho! Alas! and also Lackaday!
Although I can't dismiss
the mem'ry of his kiss,,
I guess he's not for me.

He's knocking on a door,
But not for me.

He'll plan a two by four,
but not for me.

I know (I've heard) that love's a game;
I'm puzzled, just the same,
Was I the moth or flame?
I'm all at sea.

It all began so well,
But what an end!

This is the time a feller needs a friend,
When ev'ry happy plot
ends with the marriage knot,
And there's no knot for me.

VERSE (Molly):

Old Man Sunshine - Listen, you!
Never tell me Dreams Come True!
Just try it -
And I'll start a riot.
Beatrice Fairfax - don't you dare
Ever tell me he will care;
I'm certain
It's the Final Curtain.
I never want to hear
From any cheerful Polyannas,
Who tell you Fate
Supplies a Mate -
It's all bananas!

Judy's version contributed by Ruth
Can't We Be Friends?

Music by Kay Swift  Lyrics by Paul James © 1929 Warner Bros  JüLe 2002-05-23

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1x tutti; ½ piano, ½ bass, 1x vocal

I thought I'd found the man of my dreams  I thought I knew the wheat from the chaff,
Now it seems  What a laugh!
This is how the story ends:  This is how the story ends:
He's goin' to turn me down and say  I let him turn me down and say
"Can't we be friends?"  "Can't we be friends?"

I thought for once it couldn't go wrong.  I acted like a kid out of school,
Not for long!  What a fool!
I can see the way this ends:  Now I see the way this ends:
He's goin' to turn me down and say  I let him turn me down and say
"Can't we be friends?"  "Can't we be friends?"

Never again!  Why should care!
Through with love, through with men!  Though he gave me the air?
They play their game  Why should I cry,
without shame,  heave a sigh,
and who’s to blame?  and wonder why?

I thought I'd found a man I could trust,  I should have seen the signal to stop,
What a bust!  What a flop!
This is how the story ends:  This is how the story ends:
He's goin' to turn me down and say  He's goin' to turn me down and say
"Can't we be friends?"  "Can't we be friends?"
Heaven, I'm in Heaven,
And my heart beats so that I can hardly speak;
And I seem to find the happiness I seek
When we're out together dancing,
Cheek To Cheek.

Heaven, I'm in Heaven,
And the cares that gang around me thro' the week,
Seem to vanish like a gambler's lucky streak,
When we're out together dancing,
Cheek To Cheek.

Oh! I love to climb a mountain,
And to reach the highest peak,
But is doesn't thrill me half as much
As dancing Cheek To Cheek.

Oh! I love to go out fishing
In a river or a creek,
But I don't enjoy it half as much
As dancing Cheek To Cheek.

Cheek To Cheek.

Music and Lyrics by Irving Berlin © 1935 Irving Berling Inc., New York 01-06-12
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! Let’s fly! Let’s fly away! If you can use some exotic booze, there’s a bar in far Bombay, Come fly with me! Let’s fly! let’s fly away!

Come fly with me! Let’s float down to Peru! In Llama Land there’s a one man band and he’ll toot his flute for you. Come fly with me! Let’s take 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! Let’s fly! let’s fly away!
Dream a Little Dream of Me

Music by Gus Kahn  Lyrics by Wilbur Schwandt & Fabian Andree  © 1931 JüLe 01-06-12

Stars shining bright above you
Night breezes seem to whisper "I love you"
Birds singing in the sycamore tree
Dream a little dream of me

Say "Night-ie night" and kiss me
Just hold me tight and tell me you'll miss me
While I'm alone and blue as can be
Dream a little dream of me

Stars fading but I linger on, dear
Still craving your kiss
I'm longing to linger till dawn, dear
Just saying this

Sweet dreams till sunbeams find you
Sweet dreams that leave all worries behind you
But in your dreams whatever they be
Dream a little dream of me

Artist: Mama Cass Elliot with the Mamas and the Papas
peak Billboard position # 12 in 1968
peak Billboard position # 1 in 1931 by Wayne King
Seit Jahren ca. Platz 10 der SUIZA-Liste

Les Yeux Ouverts
(Adaptation by Brice Homs / Kurin Ternoutzeff)
French Kiss: Original Motion Picture Soundtrack

Ce souvenir je te le rends.
Des souvenirs, tu sais j'en ai tellement.
Puisqu'on reva de jours errants.
Pas la peine de changer trop...

Sweet dreams till sunbeams find you
Sweet dreams that leave all worries behind you
But in your dreams whatever they be
Dream a little dream of me

J'vre les yeux ouverts.
Ca m'fait du bien.
Ca ne va pas plus loin.
J'vais pas voir derriere
Puisque j'aime bien.
Vivement demain.

Un dernier verre de sherry.
Du sherry mon amant quand je m'ennuie.
Tous les jours se ressemblent a present.
Tu me manques terriblement...

http://www.cdnow.com/cgi-bin/mserver/SID=730032835/pagename=/share/soundclip.html/UPC=3145281362/disc=01/track=03/source=ENSO/ra.ram

1x tutti; 1⁄2 piano, 1⁄2 bass, 1 x vocal
When an early autumn alks the land
and chills the breeze, and touches with her hand
the summer trees, perhaps you'll understand
what memories I own.

There's a dance pavilion in the rain
all shuttered down, a winding country land
all russet brown, a frosty window pane
shows me a town grown lonely.

That spring of ours that started
so April hearted,
seemed made for ust a boy and girl.
I never dreamed, did you,
any fall would come in view,
so early, early?

Darling, if you care please let me know,
I'll meet you anywhere, I miss you so,
let's never have to share another early autumn.
The End of a Love Affair


So I walk a little too fast, and I drive a little too fast, and I’m reckless, it’s true, but what else can you do, at the end of a love affair?

So I talk a little too much, and I laugh a little too much, and my voice is too loud when I’m out in a crowd, so that people ar apt to stare.

Do they know, do they care, that it’s only that I’m lonely and low as can be? And the smile on my face isn’t really a smile at all!

So I smoke a little too much, and I joke a little too much, and the tune I request are not always the best, but the ones where the trumpets blare!

So I go at a maddening pace, and I pretend that it’s taking his/her place, but what else can you do, at the end of a love affair.

| 1 | B♭–7 E♭7 | B♭–7 E♭7–9 | A♭♭7j C7+5 | C7j A–7 |
| A1 | D–7 G7–9 | C7j | C–7 F7–9 | B♭♭7j |
| B♭–7 E♭7 | B♭–7 E♭7–9 | A♭♭7j C7+5 | C7j A–7 |
| A2 | D–7 G7–9 | C7j | C–7 F7–9 | B♭♭7j |
| B♭–7 E♭7 | B♭–7 E♭7–9 | A♭♭7j C7+5 | C7j D–7/D |
| B1 | A–7 D79 | A–7 D79 | A–7 D79 | A–7 D7–9 |
| G7j B–7 | E–7 A7 | A–7 | D7 |
| A3 | D–7 G7–9 | C7j | C–7 F7–9 | B♭♭7j |
| B♭–7 E♭7 | B♭–7 E♭7–9 | A♭♭7j D♭7 | E–7/E5 A7 |
| F–♭7♭5 | F–7 B♭7 | E–7 | E♭♭7 | E♭♭7 |
| D–7 D♭♭O | D–7 G7–9 | C7j | C7j |
Never know how much I love you
Never know how much I care
When you put your arms around me
I get a fever that’s so hard to bear.

You give me fever, when you kiss me
Fever when you hold me tight
Fever in the morning
Fever all through the night

Sun lights up the daytime
Moon lights up the night
I light up when you call my name
And you know you’re gonna treat you right

You give me fever, when you kiss me
Fever when you hold me tight
Fever in the morning
Fever all through the night

Everybody’s got the fever
That is something you should know
Fever isn’t such a new thing
Fever started long ago

(8 Takte Bass, einen halben Ton höher)

Romeo loved Juliet
Juliet she felt the same
When he put his arms around her
He said, “Juliet baby you’re my flame”

Thou givest fever when we kisseth
Fever with thy flaming youth
Fever I’m on fire
Fever yea I burn forsooth

(8 Takte Bass, einen halben Ton höher)

Captain Smith and Pocahontas
Had a very mad affair
When her daddy tried to kill him
She said “Daddy oh don’t you dare”

“He gives me fever with his kisses”
“Fever when he holds me tight”
“Fever, I’m his missus”
“Daddy won’t you treat him right?”

Now you’ve listened to my story
Here’s the point that I have made
Cats (chicks) were born to give chicks (me) fever
Be it Fahrenheit or centigrade

We give you fever when we kiss you
Fever if you live and learn
Fever till you sizzle
What a lovely way to burn
What a lovely way to burn, ah
What a lovely way to burn
Fly me to the moon, and let me play among the stars; let me see what spring is like on Jupiter and Mars. In other words, hold my hand! In other words, darling kiss me!

Fill my heart with song, and let me sing for evermore; you are all I long for all I worship and adore. In other words, please be true! In other words I love you.
I was a stranger in the city.
Out of town were the people I knew.
I had that feeling of self pity,
what to do! What to do? What to do?
The outlook was decidedly blue.
But as I walked through the foggy streets alone,
it turned out to be the luckiest day I've know.

A foggy day in London town
Had me low and had me down.
I viewed the morning with alarm,
the British Museum hat lost its charm.
How long I wondered, could this thing last?
But the age of miracles hadn't passed.
For, suddenly, I saw you there
And through foggy London town the sun was shining ev'ry where.
**Girl from Ipanema**

Music by Antonio Carlos Jobim  
Lyrics by Norman Gimbel & Vincius DeMoraes  
© 1965 by JüLe 2002-12-14

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Intro, 1x tutti; 1x piano, 1x vocal

Olha que coisa mais linda *Look at this thing, most lovely*  
mais cheia de graça *most graceful*  
É ela menina *It's her, the girl*  
que vem que passa *that comes, that passes*  
Num doce balanço *with a sweet swinging*  
caminho do mar *walking to the sea*

Moça do corpo dourado *Girl of the golden body*  
do sol de Ipanema *from the sun of Ipanema*  
O seu balançado *Your swaying*  
é mais que um poema *is more than a poem*  
É a coisa mais linda *It's a thing more beautiful*  
que eu já vi passar *than I have ever seen pass by*

Ah, porque estou tão sozinho *Ah, why am I so alone*  
Ah, porque tudo e tão triste *Ah, why is everything so sad*  
Ah, a beleza que existe *The beauty that exists*  
A beleza que não é só minha *The beauty that is not mine alone*  
que também passa sozinha *that also passes by on its own*

Ah, se ela soubesse *Ah, if she only knew*  
que quando ela passa *that when she passes*  
O mundo sorrindo *the world smiles*  
se enche de graça *fills itself with grace*  
E fica mais lindo *and remains more beautiful*  
por causa do amor *because of love*  
(translated by Jason Brazile)

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.
Happy Birthday

Music and Lyrics by Stevie Wonder  Hotter Than July © 1980 JüLe 99-10-12

A | C7 | C7 | B♭7 | B♭7 |
   | A– | A– | G7  | G7  |
   | C7 | C7 | B♭7 | B♭7 |
   | A– | A– | G7  | G7  |

Ü | F7j | G7  | F7j | G7  |

H | C7j | C7j | C7j | C7j |
   | C7j | C7j | C7j | C7j |

C | D– | D– | A– | A– |
   | D– | D– | A♭7 | B♭7 |
   | C7j | C7j | |

Intro (A) Strophen 1 + 2 (A Ü H) C Strophen 3 (A Ü H) A A A

You know it doesn’t make much sense  Why has there never been a holiday
There ought to be a law against  Where peace is celebrated
Anyone who takes offense  all throughout the world
At a day in your celebration
Cause we all know in our minds  The time is overdue
That there ought to be a time  For people like me and you
That we can set aside  Who know the way to truth
To show just how much we love you  Is love and unity to all God’s children
And I’m sure you would agree  It should never be a great event
It couldn’t fit more perfectly  And the whole day should be spent
Than to have a world party on the day you  In full remembrance
came to be  Of those who lived and died for the oneness of all people

Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday
(Repeat)

I just never understood  Happy birthday to you . . .
How a man who died for good  Happy birthday to you . . .
Could not have a day that would  Happy birthday
Be set aside for his recognition  Happy birthday
Because it should never be  Happy birthday
Just because some cannot see  Happy birthday
The dream as clear as he  Happy birthday
that they should make it become an illusion  Ooh yeah
And we all know everything  Happy birthday...
That he stood for time will bring  We know the key to unify all people
For in peace our hearts will sing  Is in the dream that you had so long ago
Thanks to Martin Luther King  That lives in all of the hearts of people
Happy birthday to you . . .  That believe in unity
Happy birthday . . .
We’ll make the dream become a reality
I know we will
Because our hearts tell us so
I Fall In Love Too Easily

Music by Jule Styne  Lyrics by Sammy Cahn  © 1944  JüLe 2003-04-19

A1 | C−7  F7  | B♭  | A−7♭5  D7♭5  | G−  | A−7♭5  D7  |
   | A−7♭5  D7♭5  | G−  G−7  | A7  | A−7♭5  D7  |

A2 | G−7  A7  | D7  | G7  | C−  |
   | C−7  F7  | B♭  B♭7  | E♭7♭j  F7♭9  | B♭7♭j  (C−7) |

There are those who can leave love or take it
Love to them is just what they make it
I wish that I were the same
But love is my fav’rite game

I fall in love too easily,
I fall in love too fast,
I fall in love too teribly hard,
For love to ever last.

My heart should be well schooled
’Cause I’ve been fooled in the past,
And still I fall in love too easily,
I fall in love too fast.
## I Get A Kick out of You

**Music and Lyrics by Cole Porter**  
**Production: Anything Goes**  
© 1934 Harms Inc.  
© 2002-10-20

### Chords

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### Verse:

My story is much to sad to be told,  
But practic'ly ev'rything leaves me totally cold.  
The only exception I know is the case  
When I'm out on a quiet spree,  
Fighting vainly the old ennui,  
And I suddenly turn and see  
your fabulous face.

### Chorus:

I get no kick from champagne,  
Mere alcohol doesn't thrill me at all,  
So tell me why should it be true,  
That I get a kick out of you?  

(Some like the perfume from Spain  
I'm sure that if I took even one sniff  
It would bore me terrifically too  
But I get a kick out of you  

I get no kick in a plane,  
Flying too high with some gal/guy in the sky  
Is my idea of nothing to do.  
Yet I get a kick out of you  

(Some like the bop-type refrain  
I'm sure that if, I heard even one riff  
That would bore me terrific'ly too  
Yet I get a kick out of you.)  

(Some they may go for cocaine  
I'm sure that if, I took even one sniff  
It would bore me terrifically too  
But I get a kick out of you)
Days can be sunny, with never a sigh.
Don’t need what money can buy.
Birds in the tree sing their dayful of song.
Why shouldn’t we sing along?
I’m chipper all the day,
happy with my lot.
How did I get this way?
Look at what I’ve got

I got rhythm, I got music, I got my man. Who could ask for anything more?
I got daisies in green pastures. I got my man.
Who could ask for anything more?
Old Man Trouble, I don’t mind him. You won’t find him ’round my door.
I got starlight, I got sweet dreams, I got my man.
Who could ask for anything more? Who could ask for anything more?
I gotta right to sing the blues, I gotta right to feel low down. I gotta right to hang around, down around the river. A certain man in this old town keeps draggin' my poor heart around, all I see for me is misery. I gotta right to sing the blues, I gotta right to moan and sight, I gotta right to sit and cry down around the river. I know the deep blue sea will soon be calling me. It must be love, say what you choose, I gotta right to sing the blues.

1x tutti; ½ piano, ½ vocal
I hear music, mighty fine music,
The murmur of a morning breeze up there,
The rattle of the milkman on the stair.

Sure that's music, mighty fine music,
The singing of a sparrow in the sky,
the perking of the coffee right nearby.

There's my fav'rite melody
You my angel phoning me.

I hear music, mighty fine music
And anytime I think my world is wrong,
I get me out of bed and sing this song.
I'm Beginning to See the Light


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

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

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

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

Music/Lyrics by Jimmy Henderson, Bertha Scott & Sid Robin © 1937 Gershwin Publishing Corporation

| I | B♭7j | B♭7+5 | E♭7j | C–7 | F7 |
| A₁ | B♭7j | B♭7+5 | E♭7j | E♭–7 | A♭7 |
|    | D–7  | G7   | C–7  | F7  | D7  | G7 |
| A₂ | B♭7j | B♭7+5 | E♭7j | E♭–7 | A♭7 |
|    | D–7  | G7   | C–7  | F7  | G♭7j | F7+5 |
|    |      |      |      |      | B♭7j | E♭–7 A7 |
| B | D–7  | D–7j | E⁰   | A⁷–⁹ | D–7  | G7 |
|    | C–7  | G7   | C7   | C–7 | F7 |
| A₃ | B♭7j | B♭7+5 | E♭7j | E♭–7 | A♭7 |
|    | D–7  | G7   | C–7  | F7  | B♭7j | G7 |
|    |      |      |      |      | C–7  | F7 |
| S | B♭7j | B♭7+5 | E♭7j | E♭–7 | A♭7 |
|    | D–7  | G–7  | C–7  | F7  | B♭7j | A♭7 |
|    | C–7  | F7   | B♭7j | E♭7  | B♭7j |

Those happy hours I spent with you
That lovely afterglow
Most of all, I miss you so

Your sweet caresses, each rendezvous
You voice so soft and low
Most of all, I miss you so

You once filled my heart with
No regrets, no fears
Now you'll find my heart
Filled to the top with tears

I'll always love you and want you, too
How much you'll never know
Most of all, I miss you so
I Wanna Be Around

I Wanna Be Around, to pick up the pieces, when somebody breaks your heart; Somebody twice as smart as I, A somebody who will swear to be true, Like you used to do with me. Who'll leave you to learn that mis'ry company wait and see!

I Wanna Be Around, so see how he does it when he breaks your heart to bits; Let's see if the puzzle fits so fine. And that's when I'll discover that revenge is sweet; As I sit there applauding from a front row seat, When somebody breaks your heart like you broke mine.

1x tutti; ½ piano, ½ bass, 1x vocal
This lovely day will lengthen into ev'ning, we'll sigh good-bye to all we've ever hat. Alone, where we have walked together; I'll Remember April and be glad.

I'll be content you loved me once in April. Your lips were warm and love and Spring were new. But I'm not afraid of Autumn and her sorrow, for I'll Remember April and you.

The fire will dwindle into glowing ashes, for flames and love live such ha little while. I won't forge but I won't be lonely, I'll Remember April, and I'll smile.
I’ve Got My Love to Keep Me Warm

Music and Lyrics by Irving Berlin © 1936/7 Irving Berlin JüLe 2002-02-23

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The way you wear your hat, the way you sip your tea, the mem’ry of all that, no, no! They can’t take that away from me! The way you smile just beams, the way you sing off key, the way you haunt my dreams, no, no! They can’t take that away from me!

We may never, never meet again on the bumpy road to love, still I’ll always keep the mem’ry of the way you hold your knife, the way we dance till three, the way you changed my life, no no! They can’t take that away from me! No! They can’t take that away from me!
I've Got the World on a String

Music by Harold Arlen  Lyrics by Ted Koehler © 1932 by Ted Kohler Music/Fred Ahlert Mujsic Corp.  JúLe 01-06-12

I've Got The World On A String, sittin' on a rain-bow, Got the strings around my fingers, What a world, what a life, I'm in love!

I've Got the song that I sing, I can make the rain go, any time I move my finger, Lucky me, can't you see, I'm in love.

Life is a beautiful thing, as long as I hold the string, I'd be silly so and so, If I should ever let go,

I've Got The World On A String, sittin' on a rain-bow, Got the string around my finger, What a world what a life. I'm in love!
I've grown accustomed to his face, he almost makes the day begin. I've grown accustomed to the tune he whistles night and noon, his smiles, his frowns, his ups, his downs are second nature to me now: like breathing out and breathing in. I was serenely in dependent and content before we met; surely I could always be that way again and yet, I've grown accustomed to his looks; accustomed to his voice, accustomed to his face.
Just a Gigolo, Ev’rywhere I go,
People know the part I’m playin
Paid for ev’ry dance, Selling each romance
Ev’ry night som heart betraying
There will come a day
when youth will pass away
Then, what will they say about me
When the end comes I know they’ll say
"Just a Gigolo" as life goes on without me.

Now
I Ain’t Got Nobody, And nobody cares for me; (I got the blues) (The weary blues) And
I’m sad and lonely. Won’t somebody come and take a chance with me?
I’ll sing sweet love songs, honey, all the time, If you’ll come and be my sweet baby mine; Cause
I Ain’t Got Nobody, And nobody cares for me.

1x tutti; piano, bass, 1x vocal. Schluss-A2: :langsam
### Just One of Those Things

Music and Lyrics by Cole Porter  Can-Can  © 1935 Harms  JúLe 01-06-12

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|     | C7 | C♯0 | C–7 | F7 |

| B | B♭7 | B♭7 | C–7 | F7 |
|   | B♭7 | B♭7 | A–7 | D7 |
|   | G7 | G7 | C♯0 | C–7 |
|   | B–7 | B♭7 | G7/B | G7 E7 |

| A1 | A– | A– | B–7♭5 | E7 |
|     | G–7 | C7 | F♯(F♯–7♭5) | F–7(F♭) |
|     | E–7 | A7 | C♯0 | D–7 G7 |
|     | C7 | (A–7 | D–7 G7) | C7j | B–7♭5 E7 |

1x tutti; piano/vocal

---

As Dorothy Parker once said  
**to her boyfriend:** “Fare thee well!”,
As Columbus announced  
**when he knew he was bounced,**  
“It was swell, Isabelle, swell!”

As Abelard said to Eloise:  
“Don’t forget to drop a line to me, please.”
As Juliet cried in her Romeo’s ear:  
“Romeo, why not face the fact, my dear?”

It was just one of those things  
Just one of those nights  
It was just one of those things  
Just one of those fabulous flights  
It was just one of those things  
A trip to the moon on gossamer wings  
It was just one of those things  
Just one of those things  
If we’d thought a bit before the end of it  
When we started painting the town  
If we’d thought a bit before the end of it  
We’d have been aware that our love affair  
If we’d thought a bit before the end of it  
Was too hot not to cool down  
So good-bye, dear, and amen  
Here’s hoping we meet now and then  
It was great fun  
But it was just one of those things
The Lady Is a Tramp

Music by Richard Rodgers  Lyrics by Lorenz Hart © 1933 by Chappell & Co., Inc. JüLe 2000-08-01

Verse
I've wined and dined on Mulligan stew
And never wished for turkey
As I hitched and hiked and drifted, too*
From Maine to Albuquerque.
Alas I missed the Beaux Arts Ball
And what is twice as sad
I was never at a party
Where they honored Noel Ca'ad.
But social circles spin too fast for me.
My Hobohemia is the place to be.

Refrain 1
I get too hungry for dinner at eight.
I like the theatre but never come late.
I never bother with people I hate.
That's why the lady is a tramp.
I don't like crap games with barons and earls.
Won't go to Harlem in ermine and pearls.
Won't dish the dirt with the rest of the girls.
That's why the lady is a tramp.

Refrain 2
I go to Coney—the beach is divine.
I go to ball games—the bleachers are fine.
I follow Winchell and read ev'ry line.
That's why the lady is a tramp.
I like a prizefight that isn't a fake.
I love the rowing on Central Park Lake.
I go to opera and stay wide awake.
That's why the lady is a tramp.

Refrain 3 (reprise)
Don't know the reason for cocktails at five.
I don't like flying – I'm glad I'm alive.
I crave affection but not when I drive.
That's why the lady is a tramp.
Folks go to London and leave me behind.
I'll miss the crowning Queen Mary won't mind.
I don't play Scarlett in Gone With The Wind.
That's why the lady is a tramp.

Refrain 4 (reprise)
Girls get massages they cry and they moan.
Tell Lizzie Arden to leave me alone.
I'm not so hot but my shape is my own.
That's why the lady is a tramp!
The food at Sardi's is perfect no doubt.
I wouldn't know what the Ritz is about.
I drop a nickel and coffee comes out.
That's why the lady is a tramp!

*Alternate version: and drifted, too

### Verse ohne Bass

| V   | G7 | E–7 | | C7 | D7 | | G7 | F♯7–5 | | B–7 | E7 | |
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| B7 | | E7 | | A7 | | D7 | | D7 | | |
| G7 | E–7 | | C7 | D7 | | G7 | D7 | | G–7 | /G D♭ |
| A7 | | A7 | | A–7 | B–7 | | C7 | B–7 | |
| D7 | | B♭7 | | A–7 | | D7 | | |

### A₁

| G7 | G–7 | | B♭7 | D7 | | A7 | | | |
|----|-----| |    |    | |    |    | |    |    | |
| G7 | G–7 | | B♭7 | D7 | | A7 | | | |
| G7 | D–7 | | G7 | | C7 | F7 | | |
| B–7 | | B♭7 | | A–7 | | D7 | | |

### A₂

| A–7 | | D7 | | B♭7 | | | |
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| A–7 | | D7 | | B♭7 | | | |
| B♭7 | | C–7 | | B♭7 | | A–7 | | |
| E–7 | | E–7 | | A7 | | D7 | |

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I'm not so hot but my shape is my own.
That's why the lady is a tramp!
The food at Sardi's is perfect no doubt.
I wouldn't know what the Ritz is about.
I drop a nickel and coffee comes out.
That's why the lady is a tramp!
I like the sweet fresh rain in my face.
Diamonds and lace
No got – so what?
For Robert Taylor I whistle and stamp.
That's why the lady is a tramp!

*Alternate version: and drifted, too
Love Is Here to Stay

Music by George Gershwin  Lyrics by Ira Gershwin © 1938 Gershwin Publishing Corp.  JüLe 01-04-11

It’s very clear
our love is here to stay;
not for a year
but ever and a day.
The radio and the telephone
and the movies that we know
may just be passing fancies,
and in time may go.

But, oh my dear,
our love is here to stay;
together we’re
going a long, long way.
In time the Rockies may crumble,
Gibraltar may tumble,
hey’re only made of clay,
but our love is here to stay.
**Lover Man**

Music by Jimmy Davis & Roger "Ram" Ramirez  Lyrics by Jimmy Sherman  © 1941 MCA Music Publishing  JüLe 2000-07-14

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1x tutti; ½ piano, ½ bass, 1 x vocal

I don't know why
But I'm feeling so sad
I long to try
Something I never had
Never had no kissing
Ooh, what I've been missing
Lover man oh, where can you be

I've heard it say
That the thrill of romance
Can be like a heavenly dream
I go to bed
With the prayer
That you'll make love to me
Strange as it seems

The night is cold
And I'm so all alone
I'll give my soul
Just to call you my own
Hugging and kissing
Ooh, what we've been missing
Lover man oh, where can you be

Someday we'll meet
And you'll dry all my tears
Then whisper sweet little things in my ears
Hugging and kissing
Ooh, what we've been missing
Lover man oh, where can you be
Lullaby of Birdland, that’s what I always hear when you sigh.
Never in my wordland could there be ways to reveal,
in a phrase, how I feel.

Have you ever heard two turtle doves bill and coo when they love?
That’s the kind of magic music we make with our lips when we kiss!

1x tutti; ¹⁄₂ piano, ¹⁄₂ bass, 1x vocal. Schluss: nicht abrupt, 3 Schläge ausspielen

And there’s a weepy old willow;
he really knows how to cry!
That’s how I’d cry in my pillow,
if you should tell me farewell and goodbye!

Lullaby of Birdland whisper low,
kiss me sweet and we’ll go flyin’ high in Birdland,
high in the sky up above
(all because) we’re in love.
### Mack the Knife

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

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2x tutti in Es, langsam steigernd 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.
Die Moritat von Mackie Messer

Und der Haifisch, der hat Zähne
Und die trägt er im Gesicht
Und Macheath, der hat ein Messer
Doch das Messer sieht man nicht.

Ach, es sind des Haifischs Flossen
Rot, wenn dieser Blue vergießt!
Mackie Messer trägt ’nen Handschuh
Drauf man keine Untat liest.

*An der Themse grünem Wasser
Fallen plötzlich Leute um!
Es ist weder Pest noch Cholera
Doch es heißt: Macheath geht um.

An ’nem schönen blauen Sonntag
Liegt ein toter Mann am Strand
Und ein Mensch geht um die Ecke
Den man Mackie Messer nennt.

Und Schmul Meier bleibt verschwunden
Und so mancher reiche Mann
Und sein Geld hat Mackie Messer
dem man nichts beweisen kann.

Jenny Towler ward gefunden
Mit ’nem Messer in der Brust
Und am Kai geht Mackie Messer
Der von allem nichts gewußt.

*Wo ist Alfons Glite, der Fuhrherr?
Kommt das je ans Sonnenlicht?
Wer es immer wissen könnte –
Mackie Messer weiß es nicht.

Und das große Feuer in Soho
Sieben Kinder und ein Greis –
In der Menge Mackie Messer, den
Man nicht fragt und der nichts weiß.

Und die minderjährige Witwe
Deren Namen jeder weiß
Wachte auf und war geschändet –
Mackie, welches war dein Preis?

**Und die Fische, sie verschwinden
Doch zum Kummer des Gerichts
Man zitiert am End den Haifisch
Doch der Haifisch weiß von nichts

Und er kann sich nicht erinnern
Und man kann nicht an ihn ran
Denn ein Haifisch ist kein Haifisch
Wenn man nicht beweisen kann

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?

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.

http://wjh.harvard.edu/~glazier/m_messer.html. 
http://web.utk.edu/~spoe/deutschelyrik/gedichte/mackiemesser.html lässt * aus, dafür **
The Man I Love

Music by George Gershwin  Lyrics by Ira Gershwin  Production: Both Ends Of The Candle  © 1923 by Harms Inc.  July  2000-08-01

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|   | \( E^7 \) | \( E^7 \) | \( E^7 \) | \( D^7 \) | \( B^7 \)
|   | \( C^7 \) | \( C^7 \) | \( C^7 \) | \( C^7 \) | \( C^7 \) |
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|   | \( B^7 \) | \( B^7 \) | \( A^7 \) | \( A^7 \) | \( A^7 \) |

1x tutti; ½ piano, ½ bass, 1x vocal

Verse
Joan:
When the mellow moon begins to beam,
Ev'ry night I dream a little dream;
And of course Prince Charming is the theme:
The he
For me.
Although I realise as well as you
It is seldom that a dream comes true,
To me it's clear
That he'll appear.

Refrain
Some day he'll come along,
The man I love;
And he'll be big and strong,
The man I love;
And when he comes my way,
I'll do my best to make him stay.
He'll look at me and smile –
I'll understand;
And in a little while
He'll take my hand;
And though it seems absurd
I know we both won't say a word.
Maybe he shall meet him Sunday,
Maybe Monday – maybe not;
Still I'm sure to meet him one day –
Maybe Tuesday
Will be my good news day.

Jim:
Some day she'll come along
The girl I love
Her smile will be a song
The girl I love
And when she comes my way
I'll do my best to make her stay.
I'll look at her and smile –
She'll understand;
And in a little while
I'll take her hand;
And though it seems absurd
I know we both won't say a word.

He'll build a little home
Just meant for two;
From which I'll never roam –
Who would? Would you?
And so, all else above,
I'm waiting for the man I love.
Midnight Sun


Your lips were like a red and ruby chalice, warmer than the summer night, The clouds were like an alabaster palace rising to a snowy height, Each star its own aurora borealis, suddenly you held me tight, I could see the midnight sun.

I can’t explain the silver rain that found me, or was that a moonlit veil? The music of the universe around me, or was that a nightingale? And then your arms miraculously found me, suddenly the sky turned pale, And I saw the midnight sun.

Was there such a night? It’s a thrill I still don’t quite believe, But after you were gone, there was still some star dust on my sleeve.

The flame of it may dwindle to an ember, And the stars forget to shine, And we may see the meadow in December, icy white and crystalline. But oh, my darling, always I’ll remember, when your lips were close to mine, And I saw the midnight sun.
Misty


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

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

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

On my own,
would I wander through this wonderland alone,
ever knowing my right foot from my left,
my hat from my glove?
I’m too misty and too much in love.

1x tutti; ½ piano, ½ bass, x vocal
My Funny Valentine, sweet comic valentine, you make me smile with my heart.  
Your looks are laughable, unphotographable, yet, you're my fav'rite work of art.

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My Funny Valentine, sweet comic valentine, you make me smile with my heart.  
Your looks are laughable, unphotographable, yet, you're my fav'rite work of art.

| C–7j | G/B | C–7/B | A⁰ |
|      |     |       |    |
| A⁰⁷j | F–9 | D⁰   | G⁷ |

| C–7j | G/B | C–7/B | A⁰ |
| A⁰⁷j | A⁰  | D⁰/⁷ | G⁷ |

| E⁰⁷j | F–7 | G–7   | F–7 | E⁰⁷j | F–7 | G–7 | F–7 |
| E⁰⁷j | G⁷  | C–7   | B⁰/⁷ A–9 | A⁰⁷j | D⁰  | G⁷  |

| C–7j | G/B | C–7/B | A⁰ |
| A⁰⁷j | D⁰  | G⁷  | C–7 | B⁷  | B⁰/⁷ | A⁰/⁷+9 |
| A⁰⁷j | F–9 | B⁰⁷ | E⁰⁷j |     |     |      |
Nice Work If You Can Get It

Music: George Gershwin  
Lyrics: Ira Gershwin  
Musical: A Damsel In Distress © 1937 by Gerswhin Publishing  
JuLe 2003-01-25

1x tutti; ½ piano, ¼ bass, ¼ piano, 1x vocal

Verse
The man who only lives for making money
Lives a life that isn’t necessarily sunny.
Likewise the man who works for fame.
There’s no guarantee that time won’t erase his name.
The fact is, the only work that really brings enjoyment
Is the kind that is for girl and boy meant.
Fall in love, you won’t regret it.
That’s the best work of all if you can get it.

Holding hand at midnight
‘Neath a starry sky,
Nice work if you can get it,
And you can get it if you try.

Strolling with that one girl (boy),
Sighing sigh after sigh,
Nice work if you can get it,
And you can get it if you try.

Just imagine someone
waiting at the cottage door,
Where two hearts become one.
Who could ask for anything more?

Loving one who loves you
And then taking that vow,
Nice work if you can get it,
And if you get it,
Won’t you tell me how?
Oh You Crazy Moon

Music by Jimmy Van Heusen  Lyrics by Johnny Burke  © 1939 Warner Bros Inc  JüLe 01-09-15

I  | E–7  A7  | E–7  A7  | D7i  G7  | F♯7  B7  |
A1 | E–7  A7  | E–7  A7  | D7i  G7  | F♯7  B7  |
    | E7    | E–7  A7  | D7i  D♯7  | E–7  A7  |
A2 | E–7  A7  | E–7  A7  | D7i  G7  | F♯7  B7  |
    | E7    | E–7  A7  | D7i  A♭7  | D♭7    |
B  | F♯7   | D7–5  D♭7 | F♯7   | B7     |
    | E–7   | C7–5  B7  | E7    | E–7  A7 |
A3 | E–7  A7  | E–7  A7  | D7i  G7  | F♯7  B7  |
    | E7    | E–7  A7  | D7i  G7  | D7j    |

When they met, the way they smiled, I saw that I was thru, Oh, you crazy moon, what did you do?
When they kissed, they tried to say that it was just in fun, oh, you crazy moon, look what you've done!

Once you promised me, you know, that it would never end, you should be ashamed to show your funny face, my friend;
there they are they fell in love, I guess you think you're smart, oh, you crazy moon, you broke my heart.
Peel Me A Grape, crush me some ice,  
Skin me a peach, save the fuzz for my pillow,  
start me a smoke, talkt to me nice,  
you gotta wine me and dine me,  
don’t try and foo me,  
bejewel me, either amuse me  
or lose me,  
I’m gettin’ hungry, Peel Me A Grape.

Here’s how to be an agreeable chap,  
love me and leave me in luxury’s lap.  
Hop when I holler,  
Skip when I snap,  
when I say, «Do it,» jump to it.

Send out for scotch, call me a cab  
cut me a rose, make my tea with the petals.  
Just hang around, pick up the tab,  
Never out think me,  
just mink me, polar bear rug me,  
don’t bug me, new Thunderbird me,  
you heard me,  
I’m gettin’ hungry, Peel Me A Grape.

Peel Me A Grape, crush me some ice,  
Skin me a peach, save the fuzz for my pillow,  
start me a smoke, talkt to me nice,  
you gotta wine me and dine me,  
don’t try and foo me,  
bejewel me, either amuse me  
or lose me,  
I’m gettin’ hungry, Peel Me A Grape.
### People Will Say We're In Love

**Music by Richard Rodgers  Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II  © 1943 Williamson Music  JüLe 2000-12-06**

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1x tutti; ½ piano, ½ bass, 1x vocal

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Don't throw bouquets at me,  
Don't praise my charm too much,  
Don't please my folks too much,  
Don't look so vane with me.  
Don't laugh at my jokes too much.  
Don't stand in the rain with me.  
People will say we're in love!  
People will say we're in love!  

Don't sigh and gaze at me,  
Don't take my arm too much,  
eyour sighs are so like mine  
don't keep your hand in mine.  
Your eyes mustn't glow like mine  
your hand feels so gran in mine.  
People will say we're in love!  
People will say we're in love!  

Don't start collecting thins,  
Don't dance all night with me,  
give me my rose and my glove.  
Till the stars fade from above.  
Sweetheart thel' re suspectin things,  
Thei'll see it's all right with me.  
People will say we're in love!  
People will say we're in love!
**Quiet Nights of Quiet Stars (Corcovado)**

Music & Lyrics by Antonio Carlos Jobim © 1962 by Antonio Carlos Jobim

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**Quiet nights of quiet stars,**
quiet chords from my guitar
floating on the silence that surrounds us.
Quiet thoughts and quiet dreams.
quiet walks by quiet streams,
and a window looking on the mountains and the sea.
How lovely! This is where I want to be.
Here. With you so close to me,
until the final flicker of life's ember.
I who was lost and lonely,
believing life us only a bitter, tragic joke
have found with you the meaning of existence.
Oh, my love.

**Um cantinho um violão, este amor, uma canção, pira fazer feliz aquele se ama, muita calma p'rapsars e ter tempo p'rasonhar da janela venseo corcovado o rendendor, que lindo!**
quero a vida sempre assim com você per to de mimaté o apagar da velha chama e eu, que era triste, descrente deste mundo, ao encontrar vocé eu conheci o qué felicidade men amor.
Gonna take a Sentimental Journey, Gonna set my heart at ease. Gonna make a Sentimental Journey to renew old memories.

Got my bag. I got my reservation, spent each dime I could afford. Like a child in wild anticipation, long to hear that "All aboard".

Seven, that’s the time we leave, at seven, I’ll be waitin’ up for heaven. Countin’ ev’ry mile of railroad track that takes me back.

Never thought my heart could be so "yearny". Why did I decide to roam? Gotta take this Sentimental Journey, Sentimental Journey Home.
In my solitude, you haunt me with reveries of days gone by.

In my solitude, you taunt me with memories that never die.

I sit in my chair,
I’m filled with despair,
there’s no one could be so dad,
with gloom ev’rywhere,
I sit and I stare,
I know that I’ll soon go mad.

In my solitude, I’m praying dead Lord above,
send back my love.
Star Dust

Music by Hoagy Carmichael  Lyrics by Mitchell Parish  © 1928 by Mills Music Inc.  JüLe 2000-08-01

Verse:
And now the purple dusk of twilight time
steals across the meadows of my heart.
High up in the sky the little stars climb,
always reminding me that we’re apart.

You wandered down the lane and far away,
leaving me a song that will not die.
Love is now the stardust
of yesterday,
the music
of the years
gone by.

Sometimes I wonder why I spend
The lonely nights
dreaming of a song.
The melody haunts my reverie,
and I am once again with you,
when our love was new, and each kiss an inspira-
tion,
but that war long ago; now my consolation
is in the star dust of a song.

Beside a garden wall, when stars are bright,
you are in my arms.
The nightingale tells his fairy tale
tale of paradise, where roses grew/bloom.
Though I dream in vain, in my heart it will remain;
my stardust melody,
The memory of love’s refrain.
That Old Black Magic

That old black magic has me in its spell
That old black magic that you wave so well
Those icy fingers up and down my spine
The same old witchcraft when your eyes meet mine.

The same old tingle that I fell inside.
And then that elevator starts its ride,
And down and down I go, 'round and 'round I go
Like a leaf that's caught in the tide.

I should stay away but what can I do?
I hear your name and I'm a flame,
A flame with such a burning desire
That only your kiss can put out the fire.
For you're the lover I have waited for,
The mate fate had me created for.
And ev'ry time your lips meet mine,
Darling, down and down I go,
'round and 'round I go
In a spin, loving the spin I'm in
Under that old black magic called love!

1x tutti; 1/2 piano, 1/2 bass, 1 x vocal : kein Swingrhythmus
Our romance won't end on a sorrowful note, though by tomorrow you're gone. The song is ended, but as the songwriter wrote, the melody lingers on. They may take you from me, I'll miss you fond caress. But though they take you from me, I'll still possess.

The way you wear your hat, the way you sip your tea, the mem'ry of all that, no, no! They can't take that away from me! The way you smile just beams, the way you sing off key, the way you haunt my dreams, no, no! They can't take that away from me!

We may never, never meet again on the bumpy road to love, still I'll always keep the mem'ry of the way you hold your knife, the way we dance till three, the way you changed my life, no, no! They can't take that away from me! No! They can't take that away from me!
Too Close For Comfort

Music and Lyrics by Jerry Bock, Larry Holofcener & George David Weiss © 1956 The Herald Square Music Co.  JüLe 2001-09-08

1  |  G7  |  A7  |  G7  |  D7  |  G7  |  A7  |  G7  |  D7  |

A1 |  G7   |  D7+5/F#  |  B7 5/F |  E7 |  A–7  |  D7  |
    |  D7+/E♭  |  D7  |  G7  |  E7–9  |  A–7  |  D7  |

A2 |  G7   |  D7+5/F#  |  B7 5/F |  E7 |  D–7  |  G7  |
    |  D7+/E♭  |  D7  |  G7  |  E7  |  D–7  |  G7  |

B1 |  C7  |  C– |  G7 |  G7 |
    |  C7  |  C– |  E♭7 |  D7  |

    |  E♭7 |  D7  |  G7  |  G7  |

Be wise, be smart, behave my heart, don’t upset you cart when he’s so close.

Be soft, be sweet, but be discreet, Don’t go off your beat. He’s Too Close For Comfort.

Too close, Too Close For Comfort, Please not again, Too close Too close to know just when to say “when”.

Be firm, be fair, be sure, beware, on your guard, Take care while there’s such temptation.

One thing leads to another, Too late to run for cover, He’s much Too Close For Comfort now!
My analyst told me
That I was right out of my head
The way he described it
He said I'd be better dead than live
I didn't listen to his jive
I knew all along
That he was all wrong
And I knew that he thought
I was crazy but I'm not
Oh no.

My analyst told me
That I was right out of my head
He said I'd need treatment
But I'm not that easily led
He said I was the type
That was most inclined
When out of his sight
To be out of my mind
And he thought I was nuts
No more ifs or ands or buts

They say as a child
I appeared a little bit wild
With all my crazy ideas
But I knew what was happening
I knew I was a genius...
What's so strange when you know
That you're a wizard at three
I knew that this was meant to be
Now I heard little children
Were supposed to sleep tight
That's why I got into the vodka one night
My parents got frantic
Didn't know what to do
But I saw some crazy scenes
Before I came to
Now do you think I was crazy
I may have been only three
But I was swinging

They all laugh at angry young men
They all laugh at Edison
And also at Einstein
So why should I feel sorry
If they just couldn't understand
The idiomatic logic

That went on in my head
I had a brain
It was insane
Oh they used to laugh at me
When I refused to ride
On all those double decker buses
All because there was no driver on the top

My analyst told me
That I was right out of my head
But I said dear doctor
I think that it's you instead
Because I have got a thing
That's unique and new
To prove it I'll have
The last laugh on you
'Cause instead of one head
I got two
And you know two heads are better than one

Annie Ross moved with her aunt, singer Ella Logan, to Los Angeles at the age of three, where she became a juvenile film actress, starting on the "Our Gang" series at five. As a teenager, she moved to New York to study acting, then back to England, where she became a nightclub and band singer. She returned to the U.S. and gained attention in 1952 for her song "Twisted," a "vocalese" setting of humorous lyrics to what had been a saxophone solo by Wardell Gray*. (More than 20 years later, Joni Mitchell made a popular recording of the song.) In 1958, Ross teamed with Dave Lambert and Jon Hendricks in the vocalese trio Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, and they toured and recorded successfully, their best-known album being their first, "Sing a Song of Basie." Ross left the trio in 1962 and settled in England, continuing to sing and work as an actress. She returned again to the U.S. in 1985. In 1993, she had a featured role in the Robert Altman film "Short Cuts" and she sang most of the songs on the soundtrack album, including compositions by Elvis Costello and members of U2, and was accompanied on one song by Michael Stipe of R.E.M.

William Ruhlmann, All-Music Guide

*Wardell Gray, one of the hardest swinging tenor men in modern jazz, was (like many others of the time) making a personal synthesis of Lester Young and Charlie Parker. Even when his sound was cool, his beat was hot and his lines always lissome ... Wardell’s blues line and solo, became the basis for Annie Ross’s famed lyrics and vocal performance. (http://www.fantasyjazz.com/catalog/gray_w_cat.html) Recorded November 11, 1949. Wardell Gray (tenor saxophone); Al Haig (piano); Tommy Potter (bass); Roy Haynes (drums). "Wardell Gray Tenor Sax", Prestige PRLP-115, 1951. (http://www.smu.edu/~jmilazzo/gray.html)
We’ll Be Together Again

Music by Carl Fischer  Lyrics by Frankie Laine  © 1945 Loft-Marmor, NY  JūLe 2000-07-14

Verse
Here in a moment of darkness,
remember the sun has shone.
Laugh and the world will laugh with you.
Cry and you cry alone.

Chorus
No tears, no fears,
Remember there's always tomorrow,
So what if we have to part?
We'll be together again.

Your eyes, your hair,
Are mem'ries I'll cherish forever,
So try thinking with your heart,
We'll be together again.

Times when I know you'll be lonesome.
Times when I know you'll be sad.
Don't let temptation surround you.
Don't let the blues make you bad.

Someday, some way,
We both have a lifetime before us,
For parting is not good-bye,
We'll be together again.

Ella Fitzgerald/Anita O'Day
No tears, no fears,
Remember there's always tomorrow,
So what if we have to part?
We'll be together again.

Your kiss, your smile,
Are memories I'll treasure forever,
So try thinking with your heart,
We'll be together again.

Times when I know you'll be lonesome.
Times when I know you'll be sad.
Don't let temptation surround you.
Don't let the blues make you bad.

Someday, some way,
We both have a lifetime before us,
For parting is not good-bye,
We'll be together again.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>I</th>
<th>A♭⁷</th>
<th>E⁹</th>
<th>B♭–7</th>
<th>E♭¹³(E⁰)</th>
<th>A♭⁷</th>
<th>E⁹</th>
<th>B♭–7</th>
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<td>F–⁷</td>
<td>B⁷⁹</td>
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<td>E♭ /E³</td>
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| A₂ | A♭⁷ | E⁹ | B♭–7 | E♭¹³(E⁰) | F–7 | F–⁷ | E♭ /E³ | B♭ /D | /B♭ |
| F–⁷ | B⁷⁹ | E⁷ | B♭⁰ | E♭ /E³ |
| B♭⁷⁵ | E♭⁷⁵ | A♭– | B♭⁷⁵ | E♭⁷⁵ | A♭– | A♭– /G♭ |
| /E | E♭⁷⁵ | D♭⁷⁵ | D♭⁷⁹ | E♭⁷¹¹ | B♭–7 | E♭–⁹ |

| B | E♭⁷⁵ | A♭– | B♭⁷⁵ | E♭⁷⁵ | A♭– | A♭– /G♭ |
| D♭–⁶ | E♭⁷⁵ | D♭⁷⁵ | D♭⁷⁹ | E♭⁷¹¹ | B♭–7 | E♭–⁹ |

| A₃ | A♭⁷ | E⁹ | B♭–7 | E♭¹³(E⁰) | F–7 | F–⁷ | E♭ /E³ | B♭ /D | /B♭ |
| F–⁷ | B⁷⁹ | E⁷ | B♭⁰ | E♭ /E³ |
| B♭⁷⁵ | E♭⁷⁵ | A♭– | B♭⁷⁵ | E♭⁷⁵ | A♭– | A♭– /G♭ |
| /G♭ | /G♭ |

| Tutti; ½ piano, ½ bass; vocal | Tutti; ½ piano, ½ bass; vocal |

Verse
Here in a moment of darkness,
remember the sun has shone.
Laugh and the world will laugh with you.
Cry and you cry alone.

Chorus
No tears, no fears,
Remember there's always tomorrow,
So what if we have to part?
We'll be together again.

Your eyes, your hair,
Are memories I'll cherish forever,
So try thinking with your heart,
We'll be together again.

Times when I know you'll be lonesome.
Times when I know you'll be sad.
Don't let temptation surround you.
Don't let the blues make you bad.

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Someday, some way,
We both have a lifetime before us,
For parting is not good-bye,
We'll be together again.
What Am I Here For?

Music by Duke Ellington  Lyrics by Frankie Laine © 1942 (instrumental)  JüLe 2000-07-14

What am I here for,                  I know that you remember
Living in mis’ry,                    All that you told me
Now that you’ve gone from my heart?  Times when you hold me so tight
That was my fear for                  How could you grieve me
You were my future                    How could you leave me
There was no reason to part.          Knowing your love is my light

'Till I hope you change your mind     In your hear that should be
And that somehow you will find        Thoughts of your return to me
You are meant to be my own            I will be happy
I’ll be lost if I’m alone             Patiently waiting
                                               Knowing then, that’s why I am here.
What Is This Thing Called Love?

Music and Lyrics by Cole Porter © 1929
Wake Up and Dream JüLe 2003-04-19

Verse
I was a hum-drum person
Leading a life apart
When love flew in through my window wide
And quickened my hum-drum heart
Love flew in through my window
I was so happy then
But after love had stayed a little while
Love flew out again

Chorus
What is this thing called love?
This funny thing called love?
Just who can solve its mystery?
Why should it make a fool of me?
I saw you there one wonderful day
You took my heart and threw it away
That's why I ask the Lawd in Heaven above
What is this thing called love?

You gave me days of sunshine
You gave me nights of cheer
You made my life an enchanted dream
‘Til somebody else came near
Somebody else came near you
I felt the winter’s chill
And now I sit and wonder night and day
Why I love you still?
What Is There to Say

A What is there to say and what is there to do? The dream I’ve been seeking has, practic’ly speaking, come true.

A What is there to say and how will I pull through? I knew in a moment, contentment and home meant just you.

B You are so lovable, so livable, your beauty is just unforgivable, you’re made to marvel at and words to that effect. So

A what is there to say and what is there to do? My heart’s in a deadlock I’d even face wedlock with you.

S I knew in a moment, contentment and home meant just you. So what is there to say and what is there to do? My heart’s in a deadlock I’d even face wedlock with you.

Darling pardon my confusion
but are you an optical illusion
and if no then what on earth are you doing to me?
If my speach is willy-nilly
it’s because I can not guild the lily
I should love to sing you praises but phrases and words are silly
What's New?

How is the world treating you?
You haven’t changed a bit
Lovely as ever, I must admit

What’s new?
How did that romance come through?
We haven’t met since then
Gee, but it’s nice to see you again

What’s new?
Probably I’m boring you
But seeing you is grand
And you were sweet to offer your hand

I understand. Adieu!
Pardon my asking what’s new
Of course you couldn’t know
I haven’t changed, I still love you so
When A Woman Loves A Man


I  | C7| E–7  E♭| D–7  D–7/G  G7 |
A1 | C7| E–7  E♭| D–7  C♭| D–7  A7 |
    |    | G7  |    | C7| D–7  G7 |
A2 | C7| E–7  E♭| D–7  C♭| D–7  A7 |
    |    | G7  |    | C7| F7  C7 |
B  | E7  B–7  | E7  | A7  E–7  A7 |
    | D7  A–7  | D7  | D–7  D–7  G7 |
A3 | C7| E–7  E♭| D–7  C♭| D–7  A7 |
    |    | G7  |    | C7| D–7  G7 |

Love to a man is just a thing apart,
To take or leave, according to his whim,
Love to a woman means her very heart,
She only wants to live her life for him.

Maybe he's not much,
Just another man,
Doing what he can,
But what does she care,
When a woman loves a man.

She'll just string along,
All through thick and thin,
Till his ship comes in,
It's always that way,
When a woman loves a man.

She'll be the first one to praise him
When he's going strong,
The last one to blame him
When ev'rything's wrong,
It's such a one-sided game that they play,
But women are funny that way.

Tell her she's a fool,
She'll say "Yes, I know,
But I love him so",
And that's how it goes,
When a woman loves a man.
When Sunny gets blue,
Her eyes get gray and cloudy
Then the rain begins to fall,
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
Love is gone, what can matter?
No sweet loving man comes to call.

When Sunny gets blue, she breathes a sigh of sadness,
Like the wind that stirs the trees,
Wind that sets the leaves to swaying
Like some violin is playing strange and haunting melodies.

People used to love to hear her laugh,
See her smile
That's how she got her name.
Since that sad affair,
She('s) lost her smile,
Changed her style
Somehow she's not the same.
But memories will fade
And pretty dreams will rise up
Where her other dreams fell through,
Hurry, new love, Hurry here,
To kiss away each lonely tear,
And hold her near when Sunny gets blue.

Rabid Squirrel's Jazz Archieve:
When Sunny gets blue, her eyes get gray and cloudy,
Then the rain begins to fall, pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
Love is gone, what can matter, no sweet lover man comes to call.
When Sunny gets blue, she breathes a sigh of sadness,
Like the wind that stirs the trees,
Wind that sets the leaves to swaying
Like some violin is playing strange and haunting melodies.
People used to love to play her laugh, see her smile,
That's how she got her name.
Since that sad affair, she lost her smile, changed her style, Somehow she's not the same.
Pretty dreams will rise up where her other dreams fell through,
Hurry new love, hurry here, to kiss away each lonely tear,
And hold her near cause Sunny gets blue.

Surprisingly, this great song did not chart, so we must have learned it from hearing it on his SUPER successful LP –“Johnny's Greatest Hits” (Johnny Mathis), which stayed in the Top 100 for over 8 years!!
Whispering

Music by John Schonberger  Lyrics by Malvin Schonberger © 1920 Steinman Clay & Co/Fred Fisher JüLe 2002-05.25

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.

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 ahlen,
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,
llass 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.
You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To

Music and Lyrics by Cole Porter © 1942 by Chappell & Co., Inc. 

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chorus</th>
<th>( E_{b}- )</th>
<th>( F_{-7} )</th>
<th>( B_{b}^{7} )</th>
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You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To, you'd be so nice by the fire. While the breeze on high, sang a lullaby, you'd be all that I could desire.

Under stars, chilled by the winter, under an August moon, burning above. You'd be so nice, you'd be paradise to come home to and love.
Verse:
The concert was over at Carnegie Hall
The maestro to bow after bow
He said “My dear friends, I have given my all,
I’m sorry it’s all over now.”
When from the balcony way up high
there suddenly come a moanful cry:

Mister Paganini please play my rhapsody and if you
cannot play it, won’t you sing it, and if you can’t
sing it, you’ll simply have to (scat)
Mister Paganini, we breathlessly await, your
masterful baton, go on and sling it; and if you can’t
sling it you’ll simply have to (scat)
We’ve heard your repertoire, and at the final bar,
we greeted you with wild applause, but what a
great ovation, your interpretation, of (scat)
Mister Paganini, now don’t you be a meanie what
have you up your sleeve, come on and spring it,
and if you don’t spring it, that means you’ll have to
(scat).
You’re Getting to Be a Habit With Me

Music by Harry Warren  Lyrics by Al Dubin  © 1932 Warner Bros

This song has lived on over the years as a much-recorded ballad and not everyone remembers it as one of the hit tunes in the original “42nd Street” movie. In fact, it was the only song which Bebe Daniels sang in that picture, for she played the actress whose broken ankle forced her to be replaced at the eleventh hour by wide-eyed Ruby Keeler... and a star was born!

Harry said that the song came from a casual remark overheard by Al Dubin on the Warner lot. Leo Forbstein’s secretary (Leo was the head of music production at Warners) was going out with a certain fellow at the time. Al, who liked to kid around with the girls, asked her why. Her response was “Oh, I don’t know, I guess he’s getting to be a habit with me.”

Every kiss, ev’ry hug
seems to act just like a drug;
You’re getting to be a habit with me.

Let me stay in your arms,
I’m addicted to your charms;
you’re getting to be a habit with me.

I used to think your love was something
that I could take or leave alone,
But now I couldn’t do without my supply,
I need you for my own.

Oh, I can’t break away,
I must have you every day;
As regularly as coffee or tea.
You’ve got me in your clutches,
and I can’t get free;
you’re getting to be a habit with me,

Show(s): Forty-Second Street (1980) Cast Album : RCA
Performer(s): Tammy Grimes, Wanda Richert, Lee Roy Reams

Movie(s): Forty-Second Street (Warner Bros. Pictures : 1933) Performer(s): Bebe Daniels
Lullaby Of Broadway (Warner Bros. Pictures : 1951) Performer(s): Doris Day

US Hit Record(s)
Bing Crosby, Guy Lombardo (Brunswick: 1933) - (# 1 Pop 1933), Fred Waring’s Pennsylvanians (Victor: 1933) (# 15 Pop 1933)

Other Recording(s)
Frank Sinatra (Capitol), Petula Clark (Pye UK), Mel Torme (Liberty), June Hutton And The Boys Next Door (Capitol), Tony Martin, Dinah Shore (RCA), Oscar Peterson (Verve), Jackie Gleason And His Orchestra (Capitol), Lawrence Welk And His Orchestra (Renwood ), The Harry Edison Sextet, Doris Day (Columbia ), Maureen McGovern (Columbia), Anson Weeks (Fantasy), Elaine Stritch (DRG), Scott Hamilton, Warren Vache (Concord), The King’s Singers (Moss Music )
You and the night and the music
fill me with flaming desire,
setting my being completely on fire!

Until the pale light of dawning and daylight,
our hearts will be throbbing guitars,
morning may come without warning,
and take away the stars.

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

You and the night and the music
thrill me but will we be one,
after the night and the music are done.