100
BEST SONGS
of the
'20s and '30s
100 BEST SONGS of the '20s and '30s

Introduction by Richard Rodgers

GRAMERCY BOOKS
New York · Avenel
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The 1920s and ‘30s were the golden decades of American popular song. The melodies and lyrics created during these years were the work of outstanding artists who, in a relatively brief period, originated a new form of entertainment and brought it to a pinnacle of perfection.

The songs published between the two world wars were a part of the cultural renaissance in the United States, encompassing literature, art, dance, movies, theater, and music. Like many of the artistic accomplishments of twentieth-century America, the new music was commercial, linked to popular consumption. The songs created for musical theater, movies, dance bands, and sheet music, along with the work of the great jazz and blues artists, are considered by many to be America’s most important contribution to world music.

George Gershwin, Cole Porter, Richard Rodgers, Vincent Youmans, Eubie Blake, Harry Warren, and others composed miniature masterpieces that are also outstanding entertainment. Many of the songs were instant hits in their day, played by the dance orchestras of such bandleaders as Paul Whiteman, Vincent Lopez, and Leo Reisman and popularized through bestselling sheet music and the newly ubiquitous phonograph record. They were also heard, on hundreds of evenings, in hit musical shows—most played in several cities before and after their Broadway runs—and, during the thirties, in the movie musicals that reached into every corner of the nation.

This collection of the sheet music of the 1920s and ‘30s contains the finest and best-known of the era’s songs. These enduring musical gems are still widely performed, both professionally and privately. Just saying their titles instantly conjures up their unforgettable melodies and the first lines of their lyrics. Some are famous pieces that will always be associated with the Roaring Twenties and Depression Thirties: their composers and lyricists may no longer be household
names, but indelibly imbedded in the American memory are such songs as “Ain’t We Got Fun,” “Baby Face,” “Barney Google,” “Sweet Georgia Brown,” “The Birth of the Blues,” “Ain’t She Sweet,” “I Wanna Be Loved by You,” “Happy Days Are Here Again,” “Fine and Dandy,” and “Too Marvelous for Words.”

America’s finest musical talents produced the songs of this golden age, which have been enjoyed by a vast popular audience from their creation to the present. The best of these pieces not only are musically interesting, but also represent a perfect wedding of tune to lyric, of mood to verbal expression. Cole Porter was a virtuoso of both music and lyrics, and his “Anything Goes,” “Just One of Those Things,” “Let’s Do It,” “Night and Day,” “You Do Something to Me,” and “You’re the Top” are included in this collection. Porter’s lyrical cleverness, internal rhyming, and matchless ability to unite musical rhythm and verbal surprise is evident in one of the best lyrics of the period, from “I Get a Kick Out of You”:

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

Many of these exceptional composers worked with a variety of lyricist partners. Harold Arlen, well remembered for his score for The Wizard of Oz, wrote “It’s Only a Paper Moon” with Billy Rose and E. Y. Harburg, but composed “You’re a Builder Upper” with Harburg and Ira Gershwin. Richard Rodgers’s early songs were written with lyricist Lorenz Hart (“My Heart Stood Still,” “With a Song in My Heart,” “Ten Cents a Dance”), but he joined forces with Oscar Hammerstein II in the 1940s to produce the classic musicals Oklahoma! and South Pacific. Hammerstein had previously written the lyrics for songs by Sigmund Romberg (“Stouthearted Men,” “Lover, Come Back to Me!”) and Rudolf Friml (“Indian Love Call,” “Rose Marie”). Harry Warren composed mainly for the movies (usually with lyricist Al Dubin, but sometimes with Mort Dixon), and his songs virtually define the film musicals of the early 1930s. Included in this collection are Warren hits from Forty-second Street (the title song, “Young and Healthy,” “You’re Getting to Be a Habit with Me”) and Gold Diggers of 1933 (“We’re in the Money,” “Shadow Waltz”), as well as his “You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby” and “Jeepers Creepers.”

Perhaps the greatest songwriting team of the era was the brothers Gershwin—George and Ira. A majority of their extraordinary songs are associated with classic twenties and thirties musicals. In this book are “Bidin’ My Time,” “But Not for Me,” “Embraceable You,” and “I’ve Got Rhythm,” all of which come from one of their best shows, Girl Crazy. “Of Thee I Sing” and “Strike Up the Band” are the title songs from two of their most ambitious works, musical satires that mix Gilbert and Sullivan—style operetta with jazzy, melodic tunes. (Of Thee I Sing, with
a book by playwrights George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind, won the Pulitzer Prize for drama in 1932.) One of the Gershwins' most enduring and poignant love songs, "The Man I Love," was included in, and then dropped from, a number of shows before finding immortality in recordings and cabaret performances.

George Gershwin's songs, theatrical shows, and symphonic compositions influenced a generation of popular and classical composers in both Europe and America, among them Maurice Ravel. And the great Russian composer Dmitri Shostakovich thought enough of American popular music to make a symphonic arrangement of Vincent Youmans's "Tea for Two."

All of the songs in 100 Best Songs of the '20s and '30s are arranged for voice and piano; they contain the complete original words, and many feature diagrams and chord symbols for guitar and other stringed instruments. With the sheet music in this collection, these masterpieces can be played, sung, and enjoyed again and again—and can allow us to revisit a wonderfully creative period of American music.

GREGORY SURIANO

New York
1995
INTRODUCTION

by RICHARD RODGERS

A song is a lot of things. But, first of all, a song is the voice of its times. Setting words to music gives them weight, makes them somehow easier to say. And it helps them to be remembered. It may be that we can sing what we often cannot say, whether it be from shyness, fear, lack of the right words or the passion or dramatic gift to express them. More souls have rallied to more causes by the strains of music than by straining rhetoric. Surely more Frenchmen's hopes of liberation were kept alive by the clandestine playing of the Marseillaise than by radioed promises of help during the dark days of Nazi occupation. And Happy Days Are Here Again buoyed up the flagging spirits of the Depression years long before it became the "official" 1964 Democratic party campaign song.

Music, too, is the "food of love." We show our love for God by singing hymns to His praise. Love of country is shown in its national anthem; of old school ties in the alma mater. And our love for each other is never so eloquently expressed as it is in music . . . in the romantic love song, a genre of popular expression that reached its zenith in the years between 1920 and 1940: the period covered in this songbook.

Music evokes memories of the past, speaks in tones of the present, and inspires the future. The music of the Twenties and Thirties represents, really, the voices of two times, separated by a single day late in 1929—the day of the Great Wall Street Crash. In the Twenties people hummed happily while clipping coupons on a collision course with the Thirties. High living, the Bees' Knees and speak-easies turned overnight into dour soup kitchens, plummeting hemlines and the escapism of Shirley Temple movies. But the music of these two decades represented two sides of the same coin. The millionaire-on-margin of 1927 was singing Brother, Can You Spare a Dime? in 1932 with the same enthusiasm he formerly reserved for the discovery of a new chorine to shower with furs and
costly baubles. Even as songs beat out the rhythm of the present they are tempered with the sweet nostalgia of the past. And they drum up visions of things to come. They log the temper of an entire era.

The Twenties sang of carefree nights and the frenetic days that rushed headlong into the nightmare and fantasy of the Thirties. Both had their reality; both voiced it. This was a score of years in which love grew from an idle and pleasant pastime into a vital avocation—romance. Bread lines seemed less burdensome if one could sing. Somehow, political chaos was less unsettling if you hummed through its storms. And Armageddon couldn't threaten us if we kept whistling *Bye Bye Blackbird*.

The history of the world has been written in music. I am proud to have been a part of its most exciting chapters. I am happy that some of my favorite melodies have helped to chronicle one of America's most fascinating generations. And I am delighted that many of them have been set down between the covers of this book.

Music is something else, too: it is the universal language. It will speak for itself on the following pages.
THE TWENTIES
CHARLESTON FOX TROT
DANCE DIRECTIONS

BY
OSCAR DURYEA, "AMERICAN AUTHORITY ON MODERN DANCES"

The Ballroom, Hotel Des Artistes, One West 67th Street, New York.

To learn this dance, first practice the Charleston step—Place the feet as in illustration No. 1, man's left foot behind the right, left toe at the heel of the right, both toes turned out,—his partner's right foot in front of her left, her right heel at the toe of her left foot, both toes turned out. The man raise the left foot and at the same time rise on the toe of the right, turn both toes in, twisting on the ball of the right foot—his partner raise her right foot, and at the same time rise on her left toe, twisting on the ball of her left foot, turn both toes in, as in illustration No. 2. For 4/4 time music, in counting Fox Trot, count and. With the feet in this position, twist both toes out, with the man's left heel in front at his right toe—his partner's right heel in front at her left toe. For 4/4 time music, in counting Fox Trot, count 1.

![Image 1]
![Image 2]
![Image 3]
![Image 4]

Man raise his left foot at the same time rise on the ball of the right and twist both toes in, then put left foot behind right, and on the balls of both feet twist both toes out—his left toe behind at the right heel—his partner raise her right foot, at the same time rise on the ball of her left foot and twist both toes in, then put her right foot in front and on the balls of both feet turn both toes out—her right toe in front, at her left heel. For Fox Trot, count 2. This is the SINGLE CHARLESTON and is done on one side with one foot (the same one) moving forward and backward. After practicing with the foot described, then practice with the other foot, moving it forward and backward with the same movements and counts. A twaddle movement (a double rise or jiggle of the body up and down) is taken throughout all the "CHARLESTON" steps, on the foot on which the weight is.

For the DOUBLE CHARLESTON start as before, the left foot for the man, the right for his partner, and take the count 'and 1' as before, then step back on the left foot for the man and on the right foot forward for his partner, putting the weight on it, but doing the turning in and out and the twaddle with the weight on the left behind for the man, his partner with the weight on her right in front. Count and 2. Then the man "CHARLESTON" with the right foot, moving it back behind the left foot and forward again in front, finishing with the weight on the right foot in front of the left—his partner moves the left foot in front of the right and back with the same foot, finishing with her left foot in front of the right with the weight on it. Count and 3, and 4.

![Image 5]

FOX TROT ROUTINES WITH SINGLE AND DOUBLE CHARLESTON STEPS:

**ROUTINE I.** Directions for the man, his partner does the same but with the opposite foot in the opposite direction. Walk 4 steps forward, commencing with the left foot, count 1, 2, 3, 4. Then SINGLE CHARLESTON STEPS with the left foot moving forward and backward twice, count 5 and 6, and 7, and 8 — — — — 4 measures.

**ROUTINE II.** Walk 2 steps forward, commencing with the left foot, count 1, 2, 3, 4. Then DOUBLE CHARLESTON with the left foot moving forward and backward, then the right foot backward and forward, count and 5, and 6, and 7, and 8 — — — — 4 measures.

**ROUTINE III.** Walk 2 steps forward, commencing with the left foot, count 1, 2, then 3 short quick steps to the left side, with the left, right and left foot (step, close step) finishing with a "kick up" with the right foot from the knee (see illus. No. 4) as the third step is taken on the left foot, count 3 and 4, and repeat the 3 quick steps to the right side with the right, left and right foot, finishing with the "kick up" with the left foot, count 5 and 6, and, then a SINGLE CHARLESTON STEP with the left foot moving forward and backward, count 7 and 8 — — — — 4 measures.

**ROUTINE IV.** Repeat ROUTINE III — — — — 4 measures.

**NOTE:** Discretion should be used as to how pronounced the CHARLESTON "kick up," and "twaddle" movements are made for ballroom dancing.

HARMS, Inc. - 62 West 45th Street, N. Y. C.
AVALON
FOX TROT SONG

Lyric and Music by
AL JOLSON
and VINCENT ROSE

Arr. by J. BODEWALT LAMPE

VOICE

PIANO

Moderato

Every morning memories stray
Just before I sail'd a-way
Across the
She said the

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sea where flying fishes play
word I long'd to hear her say.

And as the night is falling
I tenderly caress'd her

I find that I'm recalling
That blissful
Close to my Heart I press'd her
Upon that

all entralling
golden yesterday
CHORUS semplice

I found my love in Avalon Beside the bay

I left my love in Avalon and

sailed away I
dream of her and Avalon

From dusk 'til dawn And

so I think I'll travel on To Avalon

1. Avalon

2. Avalon

D.S.
AIN'T WE GOT FUN

SONG

Lyric by
GUS KAHN
& RAYMOND B. EGAN

Music by
RICHARD A. WHITING

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

3 When the man who sold 'em
Car - pets told 'em

1 Bill col - lec - tors gath - er
Round and rath - er

2 Just to make their trouble
Nearly double

He would take them away
They said "Won - der - ful"

Haunt the cot - tage next door
Men the gro - cer and

Some - thing hap - pen'd last night
To their chim - ney a

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Here's our chance  Take them up and we'll dance"  And when
butcher sent  Men who call for the rent  But with-
gray bird came  Mister Stork is his name  And I'll

burglars came and  robbed them taking  All their silver they
in a happy chap-py  And his bride of only a
bet two pins  A pair of twins just happened in with the

say  Hubby yelled "We're famous  For they'll name us
year  Seem to be so cheerful  Here's an ear full
bird  Still they're very gay and merry

In the papers today"
Of the chatter you hear
Just at dawning I heard
CHORUS
Night or day-time It's all play-time Ain't we got fun

Ev'ry morning Ev'ry evening Ain't we got fun
Ev'ry morning Ev'ry evening Don't we have fun

Hot or cold days Any old days Ain't we got fun

Not much money Oh but honey Ain't we got fun
Twins and cares dear Come in pairs dear Don't we have fun

If wise wishes To go to a play

The rent's unpaid dear We haven't a bus
We've only started As mom-mer and pop

Don't wash the dishes Just throw them away

But smiles were made dear For peo-ple like us
Are we down-heart-ed I'll say that we're not
Street car seats are awful narrow
Ain't we got fun

In the winter in the summer
Don't we have fun
Landlords mad and getting madder
Ain't we got fun

They won't smash up our Pierce Arrow
We ain't got none
Times are bum and getting bummer
Still we have fun
Times are bad and getting badder
Still we have fun

They're cut my wages But my income tax will be so much smaller

There's nothing surer The rich get rich and the poor get children
There's nothing surer The rich get rich and the poor get laid off
cresc.

When I'm paid off I'll be laid off Ain't we got fun
In the meantime In between time Ain't we got fun

In the meantime In between time Ain't we got fun
D.C.
BABY FACE

Words and Music by BENNY DAVIS and HARRY AKST

Moderato

Ros-y cheeks and turned up nose and
When you were a baby not so

curl-y hair
long a-go

I'm raving 'bout my baby now
You must have been the cut-est thing

Pretty lit-tle dim-ples here and dim-ples there
Don't want to live without her
I can picture you at ev-ry ba-by show
Just win-nin' ev-ry rib-bon with

love her good-ness knows I wrote a song a-bout her
And here's the way it goes:
your sweet ba-by way 'Say honest I ain't fib-bin' You'd win 'em all to-day.

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CHORUS

C Gdim G7

BABY FACE.

You've got the cut-est lit-tle BABY FACE.

Cdim G7 C Gm6 A7

There's not an-o-ther one could take your place.

BABY FACE.

D7 G7 C

My poor heart is jump-in'; You shure have start-ed some-thin' BABY FACE.

I'm up in

E7 Bm7 E7 Am C7 F Cdim

heaven when I'm in your fond em-brace, I didn't need a shove.'Cause I just

fell in love. With your pret-ty BABY FACE.

FACE.
IF I COULD BE WITH YOU

By HENRY CREAMER & JIMMY JOHNSON

Moderato

I'm so blue I don't know what to do
All dressed up but still nowhere to go

All day through I'm pinning just for you
How I wish that I could see a show
Here I wait with no...

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The making of any unauthorized adaptation, arrangement or copy of this publication, or any part thereof, is an infringement of copyright and subjects the infringer to severe penalties under the Copyright Law.
let you go away For now I grieve about you night and
one to call me Dear The one I love is many miles from
day I'm unhappy and dissatisfied
here Central give me One Two Three Four
But I'd be happy if I had you by my side
Oh won't you listen little sweetie while I say

CHORUS
If I could be with you I'd love you strong If I could be with you I'd
love you long - I want you to know I wouldn't go - Un-
-til I told you hon - ey why I love you so - If I could be with you one
hour to - night If I was free to do the things I might I'm telling you true I'd be

any - thing but blue If I Could Be With You - If I could You
I'm Just Wild About Harry

Words and Music by
NOBLE SISSLE and
EUBIE BLAKE
A.S.C.A.P.

PIANO

There's just one fellow for me in this world, Harry's his name.
There are some fellows that like all the girls, I mean the vamps,

That's what I claim, Why for ev'ry fellow there
With cruel lamps, But my Harry says I'm the

*Diagrams for Guitar, Symbols for Ukulele and Banjo

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must be a girl,            I've found my mate,            By kindness of fate,
girl of all girls,        I'm his ideal,             How happy I feel,

REFRAIN
I'm just wild about Harry and Harry's wild about me.
The heavenly blisses of his kisses fill me with ecstasy.
He's sweet just like chocolate.
candy, and just like honey from the bee

Oh, I'm just wild about Harry

he's just wild about, cannot do without, He's just wild about me.
Carolina In The Morning

Lyric by
GUS KAHN

Music by
WALTER DONALDSON

Brightly

Wishing is good time
Dreaming was meant for

VOICE

Gm8 A7 Dm G7 C

wasted,
night-time,

Still it's a habit they say;
I live in dreams all the day;

PIANO

Cdim G7 Dm7 G7 C G#m

Wishing for sweets I've tasted,
I know it's not the right time,
That's all I do all day,
But still I dream away.

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Maybe there's nothing in wishing, But, speaking of wishing I'll say:
What could be sweet-er than dream-ing, Just dream-ing and drift-ing a-way.

Nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina in the morn-ing,
No-one could be sweet-er than my sweet-ie when I meet her in the morn-ing.
Where the morn-ing glo ries
Twine a-round the door,

Whisper-ing pre tty sto ries
I long to hear once more.

Stroll-ing with my girl - ie where the
dew is pear - ly ear - ly in the morn - ing,
Butterflies all flutter up and kiss each little buttercup at dawn.

If I had Aladdin's lamp for only a day,

I'd make a wish and here's what I'd say: Nothing could be finer than to

be in Carolina in the morning.
My Buddy

Lyric by
GUS KAHN

Music by
WALTER DONALDSON

Tenderly

VOICE

Andante con moto

Life is a book that we study,
Buddies thru all of the gay days,

Some of its leaves bring a
Buddies when something went

sigh;
wrong;

There it was written my Buddy
I wait alone thru the gray days

*Diagrams for Guitar, Symbols for Ukulele and Banjo

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That we must part, you and I.
Missing your smile and your song.

REFRAIN

Nights are long since you went away, I think about you all thru the day. My Buddy, my Buddy, No Buddy quite so true.
Miss your voice the touch of your hand, Just
long to know that you understand My Buddy,
my Buddy, Your Buddy misses you.

G Am7 Bm Am7 D+ G Am7

&r3 ad lib

dim. e rall.

PP D.S.
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SONG
By BILLY ROSE
& CON CONRAD

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

C G7 C G7 C G7
Who's the most important man this country ever
Who's the greatest lover that this country ever

C F6 C7 F C7 F C7
knew Who's the man our Presidents tell
knew Who's the man that Valentino
all their troubles to  
No it isn't Mister

takes his hat off to  
No it isn't Douglas

Bryan And it isn't Mister Hughes
Fairbanks That the ladies rave about

mightly proud that I'm allowed a chance to introduce
he arrives who makes the wives chase all their husbands out

CHORUS

Barney Google with his Goo Goo Goo-gly
Barney Google with his Goo Goo Goo-gly

G D7 G D9 D7 G7 G8 G7
eyes
Bar - ney Goo - gle had a wife three times his

size
She sued Bar - ney for di - vorce Now he's liv - ing

prize
When the hors - es ran that day Spark Plug ran the

with his horse
Bar - ney Goo - gle with his

other way
Bar - ney Goo - gle with his

Goo Goo Goo - gly eyes
Goo Goo Goo - gly eyes

eyes
CHARLESTON

Words and Music by
CECIL MACK
& JIMMY JOHNSON

Gm Gm7 Gm6 Cm D7
Car-o-lin-a, Car-o-lin-a, At last they're got you on the map,

Gm

With a new tune, Funny blue tune,
A7  
D  
F7  

With a peculiar snap! You may not be able to

Bb  
D7  
Gm  
F  
Fdim  

buck or wing, Fox-trot, two-step, or even sing. If you ain't got religion,

F  
Dm  
Bbm  
C7  
F7  
C7  
F7  

in your feet. You can do this prance and do it neat.

REFRAIN con spirito

Bb  
D7  
G7  

Charleston! Charleston! Made in Carolina,
Some dance, Some prance, I'll say, There's nothing finer than the Charleston, Charleston, Lord how you can shuffle,

Ev'ry step you do, Leads to something new, Man I'm telling you,

It's a la-pa-zoo, Buck dance, Wing dance,
Will be a back number, But the Charleston the new

Charleston That dance is surely a com er Some time,

You'll dance it one time, The dance called the Charleston,

Made in South Carolina.
CALIFORNIA
Here I Come
FOX TROT SONG
Ukulele In G

By AL JOLSON,
BUD DE SYLVA
and JOSEPH MEYER

When the wintry winds are blow-ing, And the snow is start-ing in to fall,
Any one who likes to wan-der, Ought to keep this say-ing in his mind,
Then my eyes turn west-ward, know-ing That's the place I love the best of all.

California, When you've hit the good old place you leave behind.

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I've been blue, Since I've been away from you, I can't trail a while Seems you rarely see a smile; That's why
wait 'til I get going, even now I'm starting in to call Oh, I must fly out yonder, Where a frown is mighty hard to find! Oh,

California, here I come. Right back where I started from. Where bower of flowers bloom in the sun.

REFRAIN
Each morning at dawn, birds sing an' every thing. A sun-kist miss said, "Don't be late"— That's why I can hardly wait—

Open up that Golden Gate— California, here I come—

L.H.
HARD HEARTED HANNAH
(The Vamp Of Savannah)

Words and Music by
JACK YELLEN, MILTON AGER,
BOB BIGELOW and CHAS. BATE.

Moderato

In old Savannah, I said, Savannah, The weather there is nice and warm; You ought to see her, You ought to see her, Outside she's just as soft as silk;

The climate's of the southern brand, But here's what I don't understand; But socially she's hard as nails, She's just a gal who hates the males!

They've got a gal there, A pretty gal there, Who's colder than an And when she's nasty, Oh, when she's nasty, She's 'bout as sweet as

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arctic storm; Got a heart just like a stone; Even icemen leave her alone,
sour milk; Nothing she likes better than Feed-in' poisoned food to a man,

REFRAIN

They call her HARD HEART-ED HAN-NAH, the vamp of Sa-van-nah,
They call her HARD HEART-ED HAN-NAH, the vamp of Sa-van-nah,

The mean-est gal in town; Leath-er is tough but Han-nah's heart is tough-er;
The mean-est gal in town; Talk of your cold, re-frig-er-at-ing Mam-mas,

She's a gal who loves to see men suffer! To tease 'em and thrill 'em, To
Brother, she's the Po-lar bear's paj-amas! To tease 'em and thrill 'em, To
tor - ture and kill 'em,  
tor - ture and kill 'em,  
Is her de-light, they say, I

saw her at the sea-shore with a great big pan; There was Han-nah pour-ing wa-ter on a 
ev - ning spent with Han-nah sit-ting on your knees, Is like trav-ling thru A-las-ka in your

drown-ing man, She's HARD HEART-ED HAN-NAH, The Vamp of Sa-van-nah G. A. 
B. V. D's; She's HARD HEART-ED HAN-NAH, The Vamp of Sa-van-nah G.

They call her A.
I Wonder What's Become Of Sally?

Words by
JACK YELLEN
A.S.C.A.P.

Music by
MILTON AGER
A.S.C.A.P.

Valse Moderato

Old time pals and old time gals, Where are your smiles today?

Friends of old with hearts of gold, Where have you drifted away?

Where is Johnny and Mary and all the rest? And where is the one I loved best?

*Diagrams for Guitar, Symbols for Ukulele and Banjo

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I WONDER WHAT'S BECOME OF SALLY, That old gal of mine?

The sunshine's missing from our alley Ever since the day Sally went away. No matter what she is; Wherever she may be, If no one wants her now, Please send her home to me; I'll always welcome back my Sally, That old gal of mine! Mine!
INDIAN LOVE CALL

Words by
OTTO HARBACH and
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II nd

Music by
RUDOLF FRIML

Andante (slow)

VOICE

Piano

Poco più animato

So echoes of sweet love-notes gently fall

Thru the forest stillness, as fond waiting Indian lovers

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Moderato

When the lone lagoon

Stirs in the Spring,

Welcoming

home some swan-y white wing,

When the maid-en moon,

Riding the

sky,

gath-ers her star-eyed dream children night.

Animando

That is the time of the moon and the year,

When
And love dreams to Indian maidens appear.

When I'm calling

REFRAIN (slowly) con molto sentimento

Will you answer

That means I offer my love to you, to be your own.
If you refuse me, I will be blue. And waiting all alone, but if when you

hear my love calling clear, And I hear your

answering echo, so dear,

Then I will know our love will come true, You'll belong to

me, I'll belong to you!
THE MAN I LOVE
From "Lady Be Good"

Words by
IRA GERSHWIN
French version by
EMELIA RENAUD
Spanish text by
Johnnie Camacho

Music by
GEORGE GERSHWIN

Andantino semplice

When the mellow moon begins to beam,
Ev'ry night I dream a little dream,
And of course Prince Charming is the theme
he for me. Al-though I re-al-ize as well as you,

Fr. Quand la lune monte douce-ment,
Chaque soir je rêve d'oiseaux bleus;
D'un Prince Charmant tout rayonnant Com-
blant mes voeux. Quoi-que je sache tout aus-

Sp. Mientras brillen en el cielo azul
Las estrellas
Pasará las noches, sin dormir. Por
la señal. Pues se que un día tie-

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It is seldom that a dream comes true, To me it's clear
Qu'il beau rêve n'est qu'un désir fou. C'est fain sui
E'se gran amor que yo soñé; Mi sueño amar

That he'll appear. De bonne augure. I'Mi gran querer

REFRAIN (slow)

Some-day he'll come along The man I love. And he'll be big and strong,
Il me viendra un jour Mon seul amour Il sera beau et fort
Un día llegará, mi gran amor, Y anís se le daré

The man I love; And when he comes my way, I'll do my best to
Un vrai gai-lard, Et quand sur mon chemin, Il voudra me tener
Mi terno amor... Y lo-co de ansiedad, Mi ser, al fin, le en-
Eb  A7sus Gm  B7  Eb  Eb7
make him stay.  He'll look at me and smile,
dôte la main.  Ses yeux me souviendrons
tre-ga-ré.  Qui-zás en su mirar.

Eb7m7  Bbm  C7+5  C7
I'll un-der-stand;  And in a lit-tle while  He'll take my hand;
je com-pren-drai  Et sans hési-ta-tion  Je répon-drai.
ap-ren-da yo.  Por-qué fuéques-fe-ré  por es-te a-mor;

Ab6  B7sus4  B7  Eb  Ab
And though it seems ab-surd,  I know we both won't say a
Bien que ce soit folie,  En-trous pas un mot n'est
Vi-tien-do sin amor,  Soñando siem-pre por

Eb  Adim.  Ab7  G7  Cm  Cm7  D7  Ddim.  Cm
word.  May-be I shall meet him Sun-day, May-be Mon-day may-be
dit.  Le verrais je lun-di, mar-di? Ou peut être en-core jeu-

do.  Pue-de ser que lle-gue un lu-nes, Pue-de ser que no se-
Oh, Lady Be Good!

Words by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Allegretto grazioso

Listen to my tale of woe, It's terribly sad, but true.
Auburn and brunette and blonde, I love 'em all, tall or small.

All dressed up no place to go, Each evening I'm awf'ly blue.
But somehow they don't grow fond, They stagger but never fall.

I must win some win-some miss; Can't go on like this.
Winter's gone, and now it's Spring! Love! where is thy sting?

*Diagrams for Guitar, Symbols for Ukulele and Banjo

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I could blossom out I know,
With some-body just like you, so,
If some-body won't respond, I'm going to end it all, so,

**REFRAIN**

Oh, sweet and lovely lady, be good!
Oh lady, be good to me!

Oh, sweet and lovely lady, be good!
Oh lady, be good to me!

Oh, sweet and lovely lady, be good!
Oh lady, be good to me!

misunderstood, So lady be good to me.

misunderstood, So lady be good to me.
Oh, please have some pity
This is tulip weather

I'm all alone in this big city
I tell you I'm just a
So let's put two and two together
I tell you I'm just a

Lonesome babe in the wood
So lady, be good to me!
Lonesome babe in the wood
So lady, be good to me!

1. G D7 Am7 D7
2. G C7 G

me!
me!

Words by
OTTO HARBACH and
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Spanish text by
Johnnie Camacho

Music by
RUDOLF FRIML

Moderato con espressione

Oh, O,

sweet Rose-Marie,
mi Rose-Marie,
a tempo

Cm     C

It's easy to see
Es facil ya ver
p tranquillo

Why
Por

all who learn to know you
qué al conocer te

A7       Dm       A7

love you;
te a man.

Tu

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Dm  Gdim  G7  Em7  C  A7-5

gen- tle and kind,  Di- vine- ly de- signed,

dul-ce mi- rar;  Tu cuer- po sin par,  As

G poco rit.  Am7  D7  G a tempo

grace- ful as the pines a- bove you.
an- sias del a- mor des- pier- tan.

poco rit.  a tempo

Em  P poco accel. e cresc.

There's an an- gel's breath be- neath your sigh
Es em- bri- ga- dor tu son- re- ir.

P poco accel. e cresc.

G rit. poco  Cm6  G7  G7+5

There's a lit- tle dev- il in your eye.
No te pue- de na- die re- sis- tir.

rit. poco  PP smorzando

Oh,  Mi
REFRAIN Moderato (molto amabile)

Rose Marie, I love you!
Rose Marie, te quier o,
I'm always
Mi sueño es

G7 C
F C

mp dolce e cantabile

G7 C

pp un poco marcato

dreaming of you.
No matter what I
ado lar te.
Por más que yo he tra-

G7 Dm7 G7 Am

mf

mp

Do, I can't forget you;
Sometimes I wish that
la do de olvidarte,
Comprendo que sin

Dm7 D7 ten. G7

mp +

C

I had never met you!
And yet if
ti, de pena, muerdo.
Y sí, tú
I should lose you,
'Twould mean my very life to me;
Of all the queens that ever lived I'd choose you.
To rule me, my Rosina de mis sueños,
Por sién-pre, mi Rosina.
TEA FOR TWO

Words by
IRVING CAESAR

Music by
VINCENT YOUMAN

Moderato

Ab  Eb7

I'm discontented with

p  rit.

a tempo

Ab  Eb7  Ab  Eb7  Ab  C7

homes that are rented so I have invented my own;

Fm  G7  Bbm  C7  Fm  G7  C7-9

Darling this place is a lover's oasis, where life's weary chase is un-
Far from the cry of the city where flowers pretty caress the streams, Cosy to hide in, to live side by side in, don't let it abide in my dreams.

Picture you upon my knee just tea for two and two for tea, Just
me for you and you for me alone.

Nobody near us to see us or hear us, No friends or relations on

week end vacations, We won't have it known, dear, that we own a tel e-

phone, dear, Day will break and you'll a-wake and
Ab\(\text{maj}7\)  Ab\(6\)  Ab\(\text{maj}7\)  Ab\(6\)  Bb\(m7\)  Eb\(7\)  Bb\(m7\)  Eb\(7\)

start to bake a sugar cake For me to take for all the boys to

Cm\(7-5\)  F\(7-9\)  Bb\(m/Eb\) bass  Cm\(7-5\)  F\(+\)  F\(7\)

see. We will raise a family, A

Ab\(^{c}/Eb\) bass  Bb\(m\)  Db\(m\)  Ab\(^{c}/Eb\) bass  G\(^{c}/Eb\) bass  Bb\(m7/Eb\) bass  Eb\(7\)

boy for you, A girl for me, Oh can't you see how happy we would

dim.

1. Ab  Fm\(6\)  Eb\(7\)  Eb\(7\)  F\(7\)  

be?  

8va

Ped.  

59
When Day Is Done

Words by
B.G. DE SYLVA

Music by
DR. ROBERT KATSCHER

Since you've gone away, one thing is clear to me;
Vesper bells are ringing, somewhere far away;

You were dearer than dear to me,
There's a silvery star away,

From the moment you
At the edge of the

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came.
sky.

Eve-nings by your
Work is done, and

side, I learned to
love the night,
life is like a
song to me,

But the love-li-ness
For some treasures be-

of the night—
long to me,
That no mon-e-y can

is no longer the
same.

When
When

Slow with expression

day is done and sha-dows fall, I dream of
you; When day is done I think of all the joys we knew. That yearning re-turn-ing to hold you in my arms, Won't go love, I know love, Without you night has lost its charms! When day is done and grass is wet with
twilight's dew, My lonely heart is sinking with the

Although I miss your tender kiss the

whole day through, I miss you most of all when day is
done!

When

done!
CLAP HANDS!
Here Comes Charley!

Lyric by
BILLY ROSE &
BALLARD MacDONALD

Tune Ukulele
[ G C E A ]

Allegro moderato

Music by
JOSEPH MEYER

Piano

Ukulele Arr by MAY SINGH BREEN

VOICE

Have you met my good friend
He's the life of ev'ry

Char-ley? Well you've heard of him no doubt. He's the great big Good Time Char-ley That the
part-y, And he pays and pays and pays; And he cries when they put pad-locks On his
girls all rave a-bout. He's as wel-come at a part-y As the flow-ers are in
fav or ite ca-fes. He's a big man with the la-dies, And a sail-or with his

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Spring; Any-time they see him coming, Every-one begins to sing.

All the customers and waiters, When they see him, yell, "Let's Go!"

**CHORUS**

Clap hands! Here comes Char-ley; Clap hands! Good time Char-ley; Clap hands!

Clap hands! Here comes Char-ley; Clap hands! Good time Char-ley; Clap hands!

Here comes Char-ley now. This way — join the party;

Here comes Char-ley now. This way — meet the dollies,

I say — meet Mc-Carthy; Hey! Hey! Char-ley, take a bow:

I say — Ziegfeld Fol-lies; Hey! Hey! Char-ley, take a bow
Ginger Ale and White Rock for this table,
See the smile on all those hungry faces,

Grab a chair, move over there, And let him sit right next to Ma-bie;
They can tell that he's a buyer From those wide and open spaces;

Clap hands! Here comes Char-ley; Clap hands! Good time Char-ley; Clap hands!
Clap hands! Here comes Char-ley; Clap hands! Good time Char-ley; Clap hands!

Here comes Char-ley now.
Here comes Char-ley now.
now.
now.
A Cup Of Coffee, A Sandwich And You

Words by
BILLY ROSE
and AL DUBIN

Music by
JOSEPH MEYER

Moderato

Piano

In the movie plays of nowadays, a

romance always must begin in June.

Tales in magazines have all their scenes of

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love laid in a garden 'neath the moon.

But I don't miss that kind of bliss

What I want is this — A cup of

Refrain (very simply) a tempo

Coffee, a sandwich and you — A cozy
corner, a table for two, A chance to
whisper and cuddle and coo With lots of
hugging and kissing in view I don't need
music lobster or wine Whenever
your eyes look into mine. The things I long for are simple and few:

A cup of coffee, a sandwich and you! A cup of you!
DON'T BRING LULU

SONG

Lyric by
BILLY ROSE
& LEW BROWN

Music by
RAY HENDERSON

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

C Fm C F C A7

presence is requested Wrote little Johnny White
all went to the party A real high-toned affair

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"But with this invitation
And then along came Lu-lu
As wild as any Zulu She

You attend this party
You'll all be treated right
But started into "Charleston" And how the boys did stare
But

There's a wild and woolly woman
You boys can't invite
Now when she did the hu-la hu-la
Then she got the air
Now

CHORUS
You can bring Pearl she's a darn nice girl but don't bring
You can bring Nan with the old dead pan but don't bring
Lulu
You can bring Rose with the turned up nose but don't bring
Lulu
You can bring Tess with her "no" and "yes" but don't bring

Lulu
Lulu always wants to do What we boys don't
Lulu
Lulu has the reddest hair Redder here and

want her to When she struts her stuff around
redder there How can we boys keep our head

London bridge is falling down You can bring cake or
Bulls go wild when they see red You can bring peas and
porterhouse steak but don't bring Lulu

Fdim G7
crullers and cheese but don't bring Lulu

G7 gets blue and she

goes "coo-koo" Like the clock up - on the shelf
tears portieres And she throws cups off the shelf

Dm F7 E7 Dm F
She's the kind of

Fm Am7 C A7 D7 G7 C Am7 C
When she loves with

smart - y Who breaks up ev - ry par - ty Hull-a-ba loo loo

Dm7 G7
feeling The boys all hit the ceil - ing Hull-a-ba loo loo

D7 C Dm7 G7 C G7 C D.S.
Don't bring Lulu I'll bring her my - self

D.S.
Don't bring Lulu She'll come here her - self

74
SWEET GEORGIA BROWN

By BEN BERNIE,
MACEO PINKARD
& KENNETH CASEY

Moderato

She just got here yesterday,
Brown-skin Gals you'll get the blues,

Things are hot here now they say,
Brown-skin Pals you'll surely lose,
There's a big change in
And there's but one ex-

*Diagrams for Guitar, Symbols for Ukulele and Banjo

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town, 
cuse, 
Gals are jealous, there's no doubt, 
Now I've told you who she was. 

Still the fellows rave about, 
And I've told you what she does, 
Sweet, 
Hand. 

Sweet Georgia Brown; 
And this gal her dues, 
And this. 

Ever since she came, 
Color'd maiden's pray'r; 
The colored folks all claim: Say, 
Is answered anywhere. Say,
No gal made... has got a shade... On Sweet Georgia Brown.

Two left feet... but oh so neat... has Sweet Georgia Brown.

They all sigh... and wanna die... For Sweet Georgia Brown... I'll tell you just

why... you know... I don't lie... Not much!
It's been said she knocks 'em dead when she lands in town;
All those tips the porter slips to Sweet Georgia Brown.

Since she came why it's a shame how she cools 'em down,
They buy clothes at fashion shows with one dollar down.

Fellers
Oh Boy.

She can't get are fellers she ain't met,
Tip your hats, oh joy, she's the "cat's,"

Who's that, mister?

Georgia named her, Sweet Georgia Brown.
'Tain't her sister, Sweet Georgia Brown.
The Birth Of The Blues

Words by
B.G. DE SYLVA
and LEW BROWN
A.S.C.A.P.

Music by
RAY HENDERSON
A.S.C.A.P.

Tempo di Blues

Piano

mf not fast

f deciso rall.

C7

p Slowly and dreamily

B7 B7

Oh! They say some people long ago

p a tempo

Were searching for a different tune, One that they could croon As only they can.

A5 B7 C7 A17 G7 A17 G7 A5 B7 C7 C7

*Diagrams for Guitar, Symbols for Ukulele and Banjo

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They only had the rhythm
So they started swaying to and fro.
They didn't know just what to use, That is how the blues really begun.
They heard the

Refrain

breeze in the trees— Singing weird melodies— And they made—
dim.
that The start of the blues.

dim.

And from a jail came the wail Of a downhearted frail,

mp

And they played that As part of the blues.

dim.

mf

From a whip-poor-will Out on a hill, They took a new

mf expressivo
Pushed it through a horn 'Til it was worn— Into a blue-

note! And then they nursed it, rehearsed—it, And gave-

out the news— That the Southland gave birth to the blues! They heard the blues!
BYE BYE BLACKBIRD

SONG

Ukulele in D
Tone Uke thus A D F# B

when played with Piano. (Tenor Banjo, Mandola, Guitar etc. play chords marked over diagrams.)

Lyric by
MORT DIXON

Music by
RAY HENDERSON

Moderato

PIANO

(Em) (G7) (Em7) (A7)

(Em) (G7) (Am7) (B7)

Black-bird Black-bird
Blue-bird Blue-bird

sing-ing the blues all day Right out-side of my door

call-ing me far a-way I've been long-ing for you

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Black-bird Black-bird Why do you sit and say "There's no sun shine in
Blue-bird Blue-bird What do I hear you say "Skies are turning to
store"
All thru the winter you hung around
blue"
I'm like a flower that's fading here

Now I begin to feel home-ward bound
Where ev'ry hour is one long tear

Black-bird Black-bird
Blue-bird Blue-bird

(Em) (G-5) (Em7) (A7) (Am7) (D7) (A7) (Em) (B7)

got-ta be on my way Where there's sunshine galore
this is my lucky day Now my dreams will come true
CHORUS

Pack up all my care and woe here I go singing low Bye

Bye Blackbird Where some-body waits for me

sugar's sweet so is she Bye Bye Blackbird
No one here can love and understand me  Oh what hard luck stories they all
hand me Make my bed and light the light  I'll arrive late tonight
Black-bird  Bye Bye  Rye

86
Do-Do-Do

Words by
IRA GERSHWIN

Music by
GEORGE GERSHWIN

Moderato grazioso

Jiminy: I re-mem-ber the Kay. Sweets we’ve tas-ted be-

un poco rit.

bliss Of that won-der-ful kiss. I knew that a
fore, Can-not stand an en-core. You know that a

boy Could nev-er have more joy From an-y lit-tle miss.
miss Who al-ways gives a kiss Would soon be-come a bore.
Kay: I remember it quite, 'twas a wonderful night!

Jimmy: I can't see that at all, true love never should pall.

Jimmy: Oh, how I'd adore it, if you would encore it. Oh,
Kay: I was only teasing, what you did was pleasing. Oh,

Refrain

Do, do, do what you've done, done, done before,

baby. Do, do, do what I do, do, do a-
dore, baby. Let's try again, Sigh again,

Fly again to heaven Baby, see, It's A, B, C,

I love you and you love me. I know, know, know what a

Jimmy; You dear, dear, dear little
deciso

beau, beau, beau should do, baby. So
dear, dear, dear come here snap-py And
don't, don't, don't say it won't, won't, won't come true,
see, see, see lit-tle me, me, me make you

ba-by. My heart be-gins to hum: Dum-de-dum-de-
hap-py, Key: My heart be-gins to sigh Di-de-di-de-

dum-dum-dum; So do, do, do what you've done, done, done be-
di-di-di So do, do, do what you've done, done, done be-

fore.

Oh, fore.
Mountain Greenery

Words by
LORENZ HART

Music by
RICHARD RODGERS

Moderato

Piano

\( \text{C} \quad \text{C}^{+} \quad \text{F}^{6} \quad \text{B}^{b} \quad \text{G}^{7} \quad \text{C} \)

\( \text{C} \quad \text{G}^{6} \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{D}^{7} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{G}^{+} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Am}^{6} \quad \text{Adim} \)

\( \text{G} \quad \text{G}^{+} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{D}^{7} \quad \text{G}^{7} \)

\( \text{poco a poco cresc.} \)

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In the city's dust you wait, Must you wait? Just you wait:
Eat and you'll grow fatter, boy, Smatter, boy? At-ta boy!

In a mountain green-er-y, Where God paints the scen-er-y,
In a mountain green-er-y, Where God paints the scen-er-y,

Just two crazy peo-ple to-geth-er,
Just two crazy peo-ple to-geth-er,

While you love your lover, let Blue skies be your cov-er-let,
How we love se-ques-ter-ing Where no pests are pest-er-ing,
When it rains we'll laugh at the weather. And if you're good,
No, dear, mama holds us in tether! Mosquitos here.

I'll search for wood,
Won't bite you, dear;

While I stand looking,
Me on the fingers.

Beans could get no keener Reception in a beanery
We could find no cleaner Retreat from life's machinery.
Bless our mountain greenery home!
Than our mountain greenery home!

home!
home!

When the world was young, Old Father Adam with sin would grapple— So we're entitled to just one apple, I mean to
make apple sauce.

(over L.H.)

Sue: Underneath the bough—We'll learn a lesson from Mister Omar,— Beneath the stacc.

eyes of no Pa and no Ma—Old Lady Nature is boss.

He: Washing dishes, Catching fishes
In the running stream, We'll curse the smell a' Citronella.

Even when we dream, Head—up—on the ground—Your down—ey

pil—low is just a bould—er.— He: I'll have new dim—ples be—fore I'm

old—er;— But life is peaches and cream.— And if you're good,—
I'll search for wood, So you can cook.

While I stand looking.

Beans could get no keener Reception in a beanery.

Bless our mountain greenery home.
SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME

"QUI ME PROTÉGERA"

Words by
IRA GERSHWIN
French version by
EMELIA RENAUD

Music by
GRORGE GERSHWIN

Scherzando

VOICE

un poco rit.

PIANO

Moderato

There's a say-ing old Says that love is blind,

Un pro-ver-be dit l'a-mour a-veu-glé,

Still we're of-ten told "Seek and

On nous dit aus-si: "Cher-chez

ye shall find!"

pour trou-ver"

So I'm going to seek A cer-tain lad I've had in mind.

Je cher-che ce gai-lard qui m'est res-té dans l'i-dée

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Looking everywhere, Have n't found him yet; He's the big affair I can -
Regardant partout sans le ren - con - tre; C'est un gars que je ne puis

not for - get. On ly man I ev - er Think of with re - gret.
ou - bli - er. Le seul homme à qui je pense a vec re - gret.

I'd like to add his ini - tial to my mono - gram.
Mon nom pour ses ini - tia - les je le chan - ge - rais.

Tell me, where is the shep - herd for this lost lamb.
Pour la bre - bis per - due où est le ber - ger?
REFRAIN

There's a body I'm longing to see. I hope that he turns out to be
Il est un quelqu'un que je veux revoir Chaque matin et chaque soir,

Someone who'll watch over me. I'm a little lamb who's
Et qui me protégera. Je suis la brebis per-

lost in the wood. I know I could always be good To one who'll
due dans le bois. Je donnerai Toute ma foi A qui me

watch over me. Although he may not be the
protégera. Quoi qu'il ne soit pas un hom-

100
man some Girls think of as handsome. To my heart he carries the
me possédant grande beauté. De mon cœur il porte la

Won't you tell him please to put on some speed,
Qu'on lui dise donc de bien se hâter.

Follow my lead, Oh, how I need Some-one to watch over
J'ai tant besoin De ce quelqu'un, Quelqu'un pour me protéger.
AIN'T SHE SWEET

Words by
JACK YELLEN
A.S.C.A.P.

Music by
MILTON AGER
A.S.C.A.P.

Medium bright

VERSE

C C G9 C G9+5 C F6 C Am E7 Am F7 Am Dm6 Am Dm6 Am G7

There's what keeps me up at night...Oh, gee whiz!...Oh, gee whiz!...There's why I can't eat a bite...Those flaming Have you seen one just like that?...I declare,...I declare,...That sure is worth looking at...Oh, boy, how

eyes! That flaming youth! Oh, Mister Oh, Sis-ter Tell me the truth:
sweet! Those lips must be! Gaze on it! Dog-gon-it Now an-swer me!

REFRAIN

C Cm6 Dm7 G7 C Cm6 Dm7 G7 C E7

AIN'T SHE SWEET? See her coming down the street! Now I ask you ver-

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confidentially AIN'T SHE SWEET? Ain't she nice? Look her over once or twice. Now I ask you very confidentially Ain't she nice? Just cast an eye in her direction. Oh, me! Oh, my!

Ain't that perfection? I repeat, don't you think that's kind of neat? And I ask you very confidentially AIN'T SHE SWEET? SWEET?
Hallelujah!

Words by
LEO ROBIN and
CLIFFORD GREY

Music by
VINCENT YOUMANS

I'm re-call-in' times, when I was small, in light and free jub-i-lee days. Old folks pray-in'
ev-ry bod-y sway-in'; Loud-ly, I chant-ed my praise.

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How I sang about the Judgment morn,

And of Gabriel toot-in' on his horn.

In that sunny land of milk and honey, I had no complaints,

While I thought of Saints So I say to all who feel forlorn:
Sing "Hal-le-lu-jah! — Hal-le-lu-jah!" and you'll shoo the blues a-way; When cares pur-sue ya, — "Hal-le-lu-jah!" Gets you through the darkest day.
Satan lies awaiting and creation

at in skies of gray, But "Hallelujah!" "Hallelujah!" Helps to shoo the

clouds away. Sing Hallelujah.
I'm Looking Over A Four Leaf Clover

Lyric by
MORT DIXON

Music by
HARRY WOODS

Moderato

VOICE
Gm Cm Gm D7 Gm D7
Farewell every old familiar face, It's time to stray.

Gm F#dim D7 Gm Cm
It's time to stray. Only wait till

Gm D7 Gm C. C7 Cdim C7 F7
I communicate Here's just what I'll say.

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CHORUS

Bb

I'M LOOK-ING O-VER A FOUR LEAF CLO-VER that I o-ver-looked be-

F7

fore; One leaf is sun-shine, the sec-ond is rain, Third is the

Bb Fm6 G7

ros-es that grow in the lane, No need ex-plain-ing, the one re-
mains- ing is

Bbm6

some-bo-dy I a-dore, I'M LOOK-ING O-VER A FOUR LEAF CLO-

C7

VER that I o-ver-looked be-

F7

fore.
My Heart Stood Still
(Martin and Sandy)

Words by
LORENZ HART

Music by
RICHARD RODGERS

Moderato

Piano

Leisurely

Martin: I laughed at sweet hearts
Sandy: Through all my school days

I met at schools;  All in-dis-creet hearts
I hat-ed boys;  Those April Fool days

*Diagrams for Guitar, Symbols for Ukulele and Banjo

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Seemed romantic fools.
Brought me loveless joys.

A house in
I read my

Iceland Was my heart's domain.
Plato Love, I thought a sin; But

saw your eyes; Now castles rise in Spain!
since your kiss, I'm reading Missus Glyn!

Refrain Slow but liltingly (Molto tranquillo)
I took one look at you, That's all I meant to do;
And then my heart stood still.

My feet could step and walk, My lips could move and talk,

And yet my heart stood still! Though not a

single word was spoken, I could tell you knew,
That un-felt clasp of hands— Told me so
well you knew.— I nev-er lived at all

Until the thrill of that mo-ment when My heart stood

still.

still.
Sometimes I'm Happy

Words by
IRVING CAESAR

Tune Ukulele
G C E A

Music by
VINCENT YOUUMANS

Moderato con moto

Piano

He: Ev'ry day seems
He: Stars are smiling at me

a tempo.

like

from your eyes

Sweet heart, when you
She: Sun beams now there will be

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She: All that you claim must be true. For I'm
He: Tell me that you will be true! She: That will

Just the same as you: all depend on you dear!

Refrain (slowly)

Sometimes I'm happy, Sometimes I'm blue,
My disposition depends on you,

I never mind the rain from the skies,

If I can find the sun in your eyes.

Sometimes I love you, Sometimes I
hate you,  But when I hate you,  It's 'cause I

love you,  That's how I am, so what can I do?

I'm happy when I'm with

you.  you.
STOUTHEARTED MEN

Words by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

(including U.S. Navy version)

Marcia

Sigmund Romberg

You who have dreams, If you

act They will come true! To turn your

dreams to a fact, it's up to you! If you

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have the soul and the spirit  
Never fear it, you'll see it  

through.  
Hearts can inspire other  

hearts, with their fire.  
For the strong obey when a  

strong man shows them the way!
REFRAIN

Give me some men who are stout-hearted men who will fight for the right they a-

Give me some men who are stout-hearted men who will fight for the right they a-

marcato
a tempo

dore. Start me with ten, who are stout-hearted men and I'll dore. Give me some men who will fight like the men who have

soon give you ten thousand more, Oh! Shoulder to shoulder and fought in the navy before! Oh! Give me some guns for the

bold-er and bold-er they grow as they go to the fore! stout-hearted sons of the ones who have won ev'ry war!
Then there's nothing in the world can halt or
Then there's not a chance on earth for freedom's

mark a plan, cause to die.
When stout-hearted

men can stick together man to
men are on the sea and in the

1. F C7 2. F

man!
sky!

Trumpets
In slow march time

We fought in nineteen

seventeen, Rum-ta-ta-tum-tum! And drove the tyrant

from the scene, Rum-ta-ta-tum-tum! We hope there'll be no

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other war But if we are forced into one The flag that we'll be
fighting for, Is the Red and White and Blue One! We do not favor
war alarms Rum-ta-ta-tum-tum! But if we hear the
call to arms Rum-ta-ta-tum-tum, Rum-ta-ta-tum-tum, Rum-ta-ta-tum-tum!
Refrain very marked

Let the drums roll out!  (Boom boom boom)

Let the trumpet call!  (Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta!)

While the people shout!  (Hooray!)

Strike up the band!  Hear the cymbals ring!

Calling one and all  (Ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta!)

To the martial swing  

Strike up the band!  There is work to be done, to be 

Yank-ee Doo, Doodie-oo, Doodie-
done! There's a war to be won, to be won! Come, you son of a son of a
oo, We'll come through, Doodle-oo, Doodle-oo, For the red, white and blue, Doodle-

Gm C7 F7

gun! Take your stand! Fall in line, yea bo! Come a-

Dm7 G9 G7 Cm7 Gm E6 Gm sus.4 F7

long, let's go! Hey, leader! Strike up the
brave, new world!

Hey, leader! Strike up the

B♭ G C F7

band! Let the band!

B♭

125
'S WONDERFUL

Words by IRA GERSHWIN
Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Moderato

Piano

Life has just begun.
Don't mind telling you,

Don't know what you've done,
That you thrill me through

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or any part thereof, is an infringement of the Copyright Law.
How can words express Your divine appeal?
When you said you care, 'Mag - ine my e - mosh;

You can nev - er guess All the love I feel.
I swore then and there Per - ma - nent de - vosh.

From now on Lady I in - sist,
You made all other boys seem blah;

For me no other girls ex - ist.
Just you a lone filled me with Aah!
Refrain

p-mf

Eb 6  Eb 6  C7  C#dim  C7  C#dim

'S won-der-ful!  'S mar-ve-lous!

p-mf  ric tempo

Bb7  add 6

Bb7  Eb6  Eb  Eb6  Eb  Eb  Eb6

You should care for me!  'Saw-ful nice

Bb7

' Spar-a-dise!  S what I love to

C#dim  C#dim  Bb  add 6

Eb  Eb6  C7  C#dim  C7  C#dim

See! You've made my life so dear, it's four-leaf
glamorous

clover time

You can't blame me for feeling

From now on my heart's working

amorous

Oh! 's wonderful

over time

'Smarvelous!

That you should care for

me!

me!
THOU SWELL
Duet
(Sandy and Martin)

Words by
LORENZ HART

Music by
RICHARD RODGERS

Tranquillo

Piano

In a jolly tempo

Martin: Babe, we are well met,
As in a spell met,
I lift my helmet,

Sandy: Thy words are queer, Sir,
Unto mine ear, Sir,
Yet thou'rt a dear, Sir,

Sandy: You're just dandy.
For just this here lad.
You're such a fist-full,

Try, knight.
I'd murmur "swell," too,
And like it well too;

* Diagrams for Guitar, Symbols for Ukulele and Banjo

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Are you too wistful to care—
More thou wilt tell to Sandy—
Thou art dandy; Now—

—say; "Come near lad."
—art thou my knight. You are so graceful,
Thine arms are martial;

have you wings?
Thou hast grace; My cheek is partial to thy face;

You have no speaking voice, dear,
And if thy lips grow weary, Mine are their resting place.
Slow with grace

Thou swell! Thou witty! Thou sweet! Thou grand! Wouldst

kiss me pretty? Wouldst hold my hand? Both thine eyes — are cute too;

What they do to me. Hear me hol-ler I choose a Sweet

lol-la pa-loo-sa in thee. I'd feel so
rich in a hut for two; Two rooms and kitchen—

sure would do; Give me just a plot of, Not a lot of

land And Thou swell! Thou witty! Thou

1. Eb Fdim Bb7 F9 2. Eb Fm6 Cm7 Bb7 Eb

grand! Thou grand!
I WANNA BE LOVED BY YOU

Words by
BERT KALMAR

Moderato cantabile

Music by
HERBERT STOTHART
and HARRY RUBY

PIANO

VOICE

C Em Dm7 G7 C C7 Dm7 G7

I'm not one of the greedy kind,
All of my wants are

C C7 Dm7 Em G7+5 C Am7 C A7 G7

simple;
I know what's on my mind,

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I'm not resting until I find What would make your eyes
glisten like mine With love divine:

REFRAIN C

I wanna be loved by you, just you, and nobody

else but you. I wanna be loved by you alone.
poo-poo-pa-doop.
I wanna be kissed by you, just

you and nobody else but you.
I wanna be

kissed by you alone, poo-poo-pa-doop. I couldn't as-

cpire to anything higher

I wanna be loved by you; I wanna be loved by you and nobody else but you; I wanna be loved by you alone, pa-dap-pa, dap-pa-dap, oo-poo-pa-doo-pa-doo.
Let's Do It
(Let's Fall In Love)

Words and Music by
COLE PORTER

When the little Blue-bird, Who has never said a word, Starts to

sing "Spring, spring;"

When the little Blue-bell, In the
bottom of the dell, Starts to ring: "Ding, ding,"

When the little blue clerk, In the middle of his work, Starts a

tune to the moon up above, It is nature, that's all, Simply
telling us to fall in love. And that's why
1 Birds do it, Bees do it, Even educated
2 Sponges, they say, do it, Oysters, down in Oyster
fleas do it, Let's do it, Let's fall in love.
Bay, do it, Let's do it, Let's fall in love.

In Spain, the best upper sets do it,
Cold Cape Cod clams, 'gainst their wish, do it,
Lithuanians and Let's do it,
Even lazy Jellyfish do it,
Let's do it,

Let's fall in love.
The Dutch in old Amsterdam,
Let's fall in love.
Electric eels, I might

dam, do it, Not to mention the Finns
add, do it, Though it shocks 'em I know.
Folks in Sicily
Why ask if
-am do it, Think of Si-am-esc twins. Some Ar-gen-tines, with-out-
shad-do it, Wait-er, bring me shad-roe. In shal-low shoals, En-glish-
means, do it, People say, in Bos-ton, ev-en beans do it,
soles do it, Gold-fish, in the pri-vae-ty of bowls, do it,
Let's do it, let's fall in love.
Let's do it, let's fall in love.
2. Ro-man-tic
Lover, Come Back To Me!
"Cuando Vuelvas A Mi"

Words by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Spanish text by
JOHNNIE CAMACHO

Music by
SIGMUND ROMBERG

You went a-way, I
Me jahan di-cho que tus

let you, We broke the ties that bind;
o-jos, llo-ra-ron por mia-mor;

get you And leave the past be-hind.
ser-me que llo-ras hoy, por mi.

Still, the mag-ic of the night I
Pe-ro, si es ver-dad que su-fres

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met you, Seems to stay for-ev-er in my mind.
tan-to, cuan-do quie-ras, vuelve jun-to a mi.

REFRAIN

The sky was blue, And high a-bove The moon was new
El rui-se-nor no can-la ya; El cie-lo azul

And so was love. This eag-er heart of mine was sing-ing:
se ha pues-to gris, y so-lo, se a-bri-rán las flo-res,

“Lov-er, where can you be?”
Cuan-do vuel-vas a mi...

You came at last,
Mi co-ra-zón
Love had its day, That day is past, You've gone away.
te con ta ra, lo que llo re, lo que su fri;

This aching heart of mine is singing: "Lover, come back to
y llo ra ras ar re pen ti da, Cuan do vuel vas a

me!" When I remember ev'ry little thing you used to do,
mi. Se, que el mo men to que te vuel va a ver, yo te da re

I'm so lonely, Ev'ry road I walk a long I've
to da mi al ma; y po dre mos re vi vir a -
walked a-long with you,

No won-der I am lone-ly.

The sky is blue,
The night is cold,
The moon is new,

Tu-en-con-tra-rás
un cie-lo a-zul
y un co-ra-zón

But love is old,
And, while I'm wait-ing here,
This heart of mine is sing-ing:

ya muy fe-liz;
y den-tro de mi ser,
ten-drás mi bien, re-fu-gio,

"Lov-er come back to me!"
Cuan-do vuel-vas a mi.
NAGASAKI

Moderato

PIANO

Moderato

VOICE

Cm E♭+ E♭ F9 A♭7

Fel-lows if you're on
When the day is warm

Cm E♭+ E♭ F9 A♭7

I will spin a yarn That was told to me by a-ble sea-man Jones

You can keep in form With a bowl of rice be-neath a par-a-sol

Cm E♭+ E♭ F9 A♭7

Once he had the blues So he took a cruise Far a-way from night clubs

Ev-ry gen-tle-man has to use a fan And they on-ly wear sus-

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and from sax-o-phones
pen-ders in the fall
He said “Yo-ho I made a cer-tain
That’s where the gals don’t think of rings and

port
furs
And when you talk a-bout real man sport"
Gee! it’s the grand-est place that ev-er was

CHORUS
Hot gin-ger and dy-na-mite
They give you a car-riage free
There’s noth-ing but that at night
The horse is a Jap-an-ee

Back in Nag-a-sak-i where the fel-lers chew to-bac-ky
And the wo-men wick-y wack-y

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The way they can entertain
Would hurry a hurricane
They sit you upon the floor
No wonder your pants get sore

Back in Nagasaki where the fellers chew toby And the women wicky wacky

In Fujiama You get a mother And then your troubles increase
Oh sweet kimona I pulled a boner I kept it up at high speed

In some pagoda She orders soda The earth shakes milk-shakes ten cents a piece
I got rheumatism And then sci-atics of halitosis that's guar-an-teed
They kiss-ee and hug-ee nice
You must have to act your age
By Jin-gol it's worth the price
Or wind up inside a cage

Back in Nag-a-sak-i where the fellers chew to-bac-ky
And the wo-men wick-y wack-y woo

PATTER

With an ice cream cone and a bottle of tea
You can rest all day by the hick-o-ry tree
But when night comes 'round Oh Gosh! Oh Gee!
Mother, mother, mother pin a rose on me.
Two Little Babes In The Wood

Words and Music by
COLE PORTER

Valse moderato

PIANO

There's a tale of two little orphans who were

left in their uncle's care, To be

* Symbols for Ukulele, Guitar and Banjo

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reared and ruled, and properly schooled Till they grew to be ladies fair.

But, oh, the luckless pair!

For the uncle, he was a cruel trustee; And he
they longed to possess their gold; So he

led them thence to a forest dense, Where he

left them to die of cold. That, at

least, is what we're told.
They were two little babes in the wood, Two little
babes, oh, so good! Two little hearts,
two little heads, Longed to be home in their two little beds. So two little birds built a nest Where the
two little babes went to rest, While the
breeze, hov'ring nigh, sang a last lullaby To the
two little babes in the wood. They were
wood.
You Took Advantage Of Me

Words by
LORENZ HART

Music by
RICHARD RODGERS

Allegretto moderato

Douglas: In the spring when the feeling was chronic And my
Edna: When a girl has the heart of a mother It

cauti on was leaving you flat I should have made use of the
must go to someone, of course It can't be a sister or

ton ic Before you gave me "that!" A
brother And so I loved my horse But
I've given you plenty of data.
You came, you saw, and you slayed me,
And that's is that all.
And left me alone for a while,
So I picked you.

REFRAIN
Lilttingly

I'm a sentimental sap, that's all.
What's the use of trying

not to fall?
I have no will.
You've made your kill.
'Cause you
took advant-age of me! I'm just like an apple on a bough—

And you're gon-na shake me down some-how. So what's the use, you've

cooked my goose. 'Cause you took advant-age of me!

I'm so hot and both-ered that I don't know. My el-bow from—my
ear; I suffer something awful each time you go. And
much worse when you're near. Here am I with all my bridges burned.
just a babe in arms where you're concerned. So lock the doors and

call me yours. Cause you took advantage of me!
Am I Blue?

Lyric by GRANT CLARKE

Music by HARRY AKST

Moderato

I'm just a woman, a- lone - ly wom - an Wait-in' on the weary shore.
It's ag - gra- va- tin' to stand here wait - in' Wait-in' for a trif - lin' man.

I'm just a woman, that's on - ly hu - man, One you should be sor - ry for.
It set me hat - in' to stand here wait - in' Su - i - cide's my on - ly plan.

*Diagrams for Guitar, Symbols for Ukulele and Banjo

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Got up this morn-in' a-long a-bout dawn,
I think it's aw-ful, his treat-ment of me,
With-out a warn-in' I found he was gone,
It's most un-law-ful how mean he can be.

Why should he do it?  How could he do it?  He nev-er done it be-fore.
I can't for-get him,  I'm bound to get him,  I'll run him down if I can.

REFRAIN

Am I blue?  Am I blue?  Ain't these tears

in these eyes   tel-lin' you?
You'd be too
If each plan—
with your man—
done fell through—

Was a time
I was his only one.

But now I'm
the sad and lonely one,
"Lawdy, Was I gay?"

'til today,
Now he's gone—and we're through.

Am I blue?
Am I blue?—blue?
Can't We Be Friends?

Words by
PAUL JAMES

Music by
KAY SWIFT

Andantino

Piano

Slowly

\[ \text{Fm} \quad G7 \quad Bb7 \quad G7 \quad C7 \]

I took each word he said as gospel truth.

The way a silly little

\[ \text{C} \quad \text{Fm} \quad G7 \quad Bb7 \quad G7 \]

child would.

I can't excuse it on the grounds of youth,

\[ \text{C7} \quad \text{Fm} \quad Bb \quad Fm \quad Bb7 \quad Fm \]

I was no babe in the wild wood.

He didn't mean it,

\[ \text{C} \quad \text{Fm} \quad Bb \quad Fm \quad Bb7 \quad Fm \]

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I should have seen it, Now it's too late!

Refrain (Slowly and with much expression)

I thought I'd found the man of my dreams. Now it seems
I thought I knew the wheat from the chaff, What a laugh!

This is how the story ends: He's goin' to turn me down and say,
This is how the story ends: I let him turn me down and say,

"Can't we be friends?" I thought for once it
"Can't we be friends?" I acted like a
I can see the way this kid out of school,
Not for long! What a fool!

He's goin' to turn me down and say, "Can't we be friends?"

I let him turn me down and say, "Can't we be friends?"

Through with love, Through with men! They play their game—without shame,
gave me the air? Why should I cry, have a sigh,

couldn't go wrong—

Never again! Through with care,

Though he
and who's to blame?
and wonder why?

I thought I'd found a man I could trust,
What a bust!
I should have seen the signal to stop,
What a flop!

This is how the story ends:
He's goin' to turn me down and say,
This is how the story ends:
I let him turn me down and say,

"Can't we be friends?"
"Can't we be friends?"
Happy Days Are Here Again

Words by
JACK YELLEN
Music by
MILTON AGER

Allegro moderato

So long, sad times! Go long, bad times! We are rid of

you at last. Howdy, gay times! Cloudy

gray times, You are now a thing of the past. Cause

* Diagrams for Guitar. Letter above Diagrams for Ukulele and Banjo.

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CHORUS

happy days are here again

The skies above are clear again

Let us

sing a song of cheer again

Happy days are

here again

Altogether
Shout it now! There's no one who can doubt it now.

So let's tell the world about it now. Happy days are here again. Your cares and troubles are gone. There'll be no more from now
Happy days are here again,
The skies above are clear again,
Let us sing a song of cheer again,
Happy days are here again.
I May Be Wrong

But, I Think You're Wonderful!

Words by
HARRY RUSKIN

Music by
HENRY SULLIVAN

Moderato

(He) When I play rou-lette, When I place a bet, I have been a
(She) Though your lot is sad, I am just as bad, Mine is real-ly

los-er all my life. Like a two year old I
quite a hope-less case. Oc-u-lists ad-vise

pick 'em bad I'm told Still, I think I'd find in you a per-fect wife.
Glas-ses for my eyes, With-out them I can't ev-en see your face.
I may be wrong; but, I think you're wonderful.
I may be wrong; but, I think you're wonderful.

I may be wrong; but, I think you're swell! I like your style;
say, I think it's marvelous. I'm always wrong so how can I tell?

I may be wrong; but, I think you're swell! I like your style;
say, I think it's marvelous. But I can't see so All of my shirts are unsightly Deuces to me are all ac-

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All of my ties are a crime.
Life is to me just a bore.
Faces are all open right-
ly
It's the very first time.
You came a-
spaces
You might be John Barrymore.
You came a-

-long, say,
I think you're won-
derful!
I think you're

-grand; but,
I may be wrong.

wrong.
Tip-Toe Thru' The Tulips With Me

Lyric by
AL DUBIN

Music by
JOE BURKE

Shades of night are creeping,
Come on out and pet me,
Willow trees are weeping,
Come and "Ju-li-et" me,

Old folks and babies are sleeping;
Tease me and slyly "coquette" me;
Silver stars are gleaming;
Let me Ro-me-o you,

All alone I'm scheming,
Scheming to get you out here, my dear,
I just want to show you,
How much I'm willing to do for you,

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Tip-toe to the window, by the window, That is where I'll be, Come
tip-toe thru the tulips with me;

Tip-toe from your pillow, to the shadow of a willow tree, And
tip-toe thru the tulips with me; Knee
deep in flowers we'll stray. We'll
keep the showers away; And if I
kiss you in the garden, in the moon-light, Will you pardon me, Come tip-toe through the
tulips with me.
WITH A SONG IN MY HEART

Words by LORENZ HART

Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Allegro moderato

VOICE

Though I know that we meet ev'ry night, And we could-n't have changed since the moon's not a moon for a night; And these stars will not twinkle and last time, To my joy and de-light it's a new kind of love at first fade out! And the words in my ears will re-sound for the rest of my sight. Though it's you and it's I all the years. In the morn-ing I'll find with de-

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time
light
ning's a marvelous pastime You're in-
light Not a note of our music is played out, It will
creasingly sweet, So whenever we happen to meet
be just as sweet, And an air that I'll love to repeat: I greet you

REFRAIN Rather slow, but with rhythm

With a song in my heart I behold your a-
dorable face, Just a song at the start,
But it soon is a hymn to your grace. When the music swells

I'm touching your hand; it tells that you're standing near, and at the sound of your voice, Heaven opens its portals to me.
Can I help but rejoice
That a song such as ours came to be?
But I always knew I would live life
through With a song in my heart for you.

But I always knew I would live life
through With a song in my heart for you.
You Do Something To Me

Words and Music by COLE PORTER

Moderato

VERSE

I was mighty blue,

Thought my life was through,
Till the heav'ns opened,
And I gazed at you.

Won't you tell me, dear,
Why, when you appear,
Some-thing hap-pens to me
And the strang-est feel-ing goes through me?

REFRAIN—Slowly, with expression

You do some-thing to me.

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Something that simply mystifies me. Tell me, why should it be. You have the pow'r to hypnotize me? Let me live 'neath your spell, do that voodoo that you do so well, for you do something to me. That nobody else could do.
THE
THIRTIES
BODY AND SOUL

Words by
EDWARD HEYMAN
ROBERT SOUR and
FRANK EYTON

Music by
JOHNNY GREEN

Molto moderato (slowly)

VOICE

PIANO

mp a tempo

Life's dreary for me Days seem to be long as years

*Diagrams for Guitar, Symbols for Ukulele and Banjo

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I look for the sun, but I see none through my tears.

Your heart must be like a stone —
To leave me here all alone.

When you could make my life worth living

By simply taking what I'm set on giving.
REFRAIN

Mm (slowly, with expression)

My heart is sad and lonely,
For you I sigh, for

you, dear, only.
Why haven't you seen it?

I'm all for you, Body and Soul!

I spend my days in longing
And wondering why it's
me you're wrong - ing
I tell you I mean it,

I'm all for you, Bod - y and Soul!

I can't be-lieve it, It's hard to con-ceive it That

you'd turn a - way ro-man - ce. Are you pre-tend-ing, it
looks like the end-ing Un-less I could have one more chance to prove, dear,

My life a wreck you're mak-ing, You know I'm yours for

just the tak-ing; I'd gladly sur-ren-der my-self to you, Bod-y and

Soul! Soul!
But Not For Me
(Molly)

Words by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Tune Ukulele or Banjulele Banjo
Put Capo on 1st Fret

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

*Eb  Bmaj7  Bb/C  Ab  Eb7  Gm
(pessimistically)

Old Man Sunshine listen, you! Never tell me,

A7  Fm7  Bb7  Eb  Cm7  Bb7

"Dreams come true! Just try it And I'll start a riot."

*Letters over Ukulele diagrams are names of chords adaptable to Banjo or Guitar in original key.

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Bea-trice 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 Pollyannas, Who tell you

fate, Supplies a mate; It's all bananas! They're writing (He's knocking)
REFRAIN

Rather slow (smoothly)

songs of love, But not for me. A lucky
on a door, But not for me. He'll plan a

star's above, But not for me. With love to
two by four, But not for me. I know that

lead the way I've found more clouds of gray Than any
love's a game; I'm puzzled, just the same, Was I the

Russian play Could guarantee. I was a
moth or flame? I'm all at sea. It all be-
fool to fall, And get that way; Heigh-ho! A - las! and al-
gan so well, But what an end! This is the time a fell-

- so, Lack - a - day! Al - though I can't dis-miss
- er needs a friend, When ev - 'ry hap - py plot

The mem - 'ry of his kiss, I guess he's not
Ends with the mar - riage knot, And there's no knot

for me. He's knock-ing me.
Can This Be Love?

Words by
PAUL JAMES

Music by
KAY SWIFT

Moderato

Piano

Who knows why the sea Or why the sky is blue?

Why should you love me, Or

* Symbols for Guitar

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I love you? Who knows how love starts Or where its course will run?

Who knows why two hearts Will beat as one.

Refrain mp a tempo

I'm all at sea, Can this be love?
This mystery, Can this be love?

I'm in a blue haze where nothing seems quite real;

I wander through days with this crazy feeling

What can it be, Can
this be love?  
This thing that I keep

dreaming of;  
All through the night till I

wake at early dawn?  
Tell me, can this be

love?  
love?
From "SWEET AND LOW"

CHEERFUL LITTLE EARFUL

Words by IRA GERSHWIN and BILLY ROSE

Music by HARRY WARREN

Moderato

Ukulele: B♭ E♭ G C

PIANO

VOICE

I'm growing tired of lovey-dovey theme songs

That fifty million pianos pound

*Symbols for Guitar

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And in an age where these Radios scream songs

I only want one phrase around me

CHORUS

There's a cheerful little earful Gosh I miss it something

fearful And this cheerful little earful Is the well known I love
you?—Stocks can go down bus'ness slow down But the

milk and hon-ey Flow down with a cheer-ful lit-tle

ear-ful Of the well known "I love you" In ev-'ry

play it's a set phrase What the pub-lic
get phrase  But as a pet phrase
it'll do do do Poo-pa roo-it soft and
cu-it Make me happy you can do it With a cheerful lit-tle
ear-ful Of the well known "I love you" There's a you!

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Dancing On The Ceiling
(He Dances On My Ceiling)

Words by
LORENZ HART

Music by
RICHARD RODGERS

Moderato

Piano

F    Ami.  Ddim.7  Gmi.  C7

Fmi.  F    C7  C7 with F#  C7

The world is lyrical
Because a miracle
Has brought my lover to

me!
Though he's some other place,
His
face I see. At night I creep in bed

And never sleep in bed, But look above in the air

And to my greatest joy, my boy is there!

It is my prince who walks Into my dreams and talks.
REFRAIN

He danc-es o-ver-head on the ceil-ing, near my bed,

In my sight, Through the night.

I try to hide in vain Underneath my counter-pane;

There's my love up above!
I whisper, "Go away, my lover, It's not fair."

But I'm so grateful to discover He's still there.

I love my ceiling more Since it is a dancing floor Just for my love.
Dancing With Tears In My Eyes

Lyric by
AL DUBIN

Music by
JOE BURKE

Valse moderato

They seem so

Those who dance and romance while they dance,
While the throng's in the spell of a song,

E♭

My thoughts keep

I

p a tempo

happy and gay;
Tho' they sing while they swing and they

drift ing to you;
While each pair seems to share their af-

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swoy, somehow I can't feel that way.

fair, they're only making me blue.

REFRAIN (With feeling)

For I'm dancing with tears in my eyes, 'Cause the

A dim Fm

girl in my arms is - n't you, Dancing with

F dim Fm

some - bod - y new, When it's you that my heart's calling
to.

Trying to smile once in a

while, But I find it so hard to do,

For I'm

dancing with tears in my eyes, 'Cause the girl [boy] in my

arms isn't you. For I'm you.
Embraceable You

Words by Ira Gershwin
French version by Emelia Renaud
Spanish version by Johnnie Camacho

Music by George Gershwin

Whimsically

Dozens of girls would storm up;
-- I had to lock my door.

Fr. Les belles me pour swi-
vent, jamais je n'as o - se

Span. Cuan-do tu me nos pien-
ses, Es ta - re jun - to a ti.

Some-how I could n't warm up To one be - fore.

D'une d'el-les m'en ti - cher Dans le pas - si.

Para ver si tu sien - tes, a - mor, por mi.

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What was it that controlled me? What kept my love-life
Quelle est ce qui m’a contrôlé? Et gardez mon âme.
Quiero que te mezcliques, Qu'est-ce que de bohème.

My intuition told me You'd come soon?
Si ce n'est que la pensée De te
Cualdo yo quiero verte, No me

on the scene. Lady, listen to the rhythm of my
voir un jour. De mon cœur écoutons les battements
quieres ver, Cualdo no te abrazo, quieres que te

heart-beat, And you'll get just what I mean.
rythmes, Qui t'apprécies bien aimée.
brazo; ¡Qué manera de querer!
REFRAIN Rhythmically

Embrace me, My sweet embrace-able you!

Un baiser, mon ado-ra-ble pou-pée!

Tea-bras-to con to-da mi de-to-ción.

Embrace me, You ir-replace-able you!

Un baiser, Ir-ré-sis-tible beau-té,

Tea-bras-to yen-tre-go mi co-ra-zón.

Just one look at you, my heart grew tip-sy in me;

Un re-gard de toi peut faire cha-virer mon cœur;

Temo tan-to que no me co-rres pon-de-rás.

You and you a-lone bring out the gyp-sy in me!

Je sais que toi seul-le peut fai-re mon bon-heur!

Que mis an-sias nun-ca, nun-ca com-prende-rás.
I love all the many charms about you,

J'aime tout ce qui m'parle de toi,

Me abrasas sin demostrar emoción.

Above all I want my arms about you,

Don't be a

Encore plus je te veux tout près de moi,

No sé si

naughty baby, Come to papa, Come to papa, do!

Mon a-do-

de bao marle,

My sweet em-

Viens' mon chou-chou, viens mon chou-chou, viens!

Tebraza.

braceable you!

ra-

ré por los dos.
Fine And Dandy

Words by
PAUL JAMES

Music by
KAY SWIFT

Gaily

VOICE

Piano

G7

give this plat - i - tude, But I like your

G7

at - ti - tude; You are just the kind

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I've had in mind, Never could find.

Honey, I'm so keen on you, I could come to lean on you; Honor and o-

bey, Give you your way, Do what you say.
Refrain  \[p\]  

Joe: Gee, it's all fine and dandy. Sugar Cannon.

Joe: Seven o'clock! You be Andy. Nancy: I'll be Andy.


Joe: Now we're in the Stadium. You be Schmel-ing. Nancy: I'll be Schmel-ing.

D dim.  

G min. 7  

C7  

F  

D dim.  

G min. 7  

C7  

F7  

Bb7

-dy, when I've got you. -dy, and who are you? Then I only see the sunny side.

-sephine, and who are you? Joe: I'll be Amos, which you ought to know.

-ing, and who are you? Joe: I'm Napoleon. You call me "Nap."

Joe: I'll be Shar- key and I'll hit you foul.

Bb7  

Ab7  

C7  

F

Even trouble has its funny side. When you're gone.

Nancy: I don't listen on the radio. Joe: Just the same.

Nancy: You will make me feel an awful sap. Joe: Just the same.

Nancy: If you do there'll be an awful howl. Joe: Just the same.
Sugar Candy, I get lonesome, I
You be Andy, Nancy: Fine and dandy, What
You be Josephine, Nancy: I'll be Josephine, What
You be Schmel-ing, Nancy: I'll be Schmel-ing, What

get so blue._ When you're handy it's fine and dandy, But
do I do? _ Joe: Just be handy to Amos, Andy,
do I do? _ Joe: Share my empire and be my vampyre, Nancy: But
do I do? _ Joe: Clutch your vitals and claim six titles, And

when you're gone what can I do?
Nancy: Check and double check to you.
on-ly till your Water-loo.
take the bugle home with you.
I GOT RHYTHM

Words by
IRA GERSHWIN

Music by
GEORGE GERSHWIN

Gm

Days can be

Gm

sunny, With never a sigh,

Don't need what

Gm6

money can buy.

Birds in the

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tree sing Their day-ful of song, Why should - n't

we sing a - long? I'm chip - per

all the day, Happy with my lot. How do I

get that way? Look at what I've got:
REFRAIN (with abandon)

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?
Trouble, I don't mind him, You won't find him.

'Round my door, I got star-light, I got

sweet dreams, I got my man Who could ask for any-thing

more, Who could ask for any-thing more? more?

Bar 3rd fret with 1st finger and use 2nd and 3rd finger on remaining dots
I've Got A Crush On You
Duet
(Ann-Timothy)

Words by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Allegretto giocoso (gayly)

Timothy: How glad the many millions of Annabelles and Lillians would be
to capture me!

But you had such persistence, you

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wore down my resistance: I fell, and it was swell.

Ann: You're my big and brave and handsome Romeo. How I won you I shall never, never know. Timothy. It's not that you're attractive, but,

oh my heart grew active, when you came into view.
REFRAIN

\begin{align*}
&\text{Bb}m7 & A9 & Eb & Cm7 & F7 \\
&\text{I've got a crush on you, sweetie pie,} \\
&\text{Bb}m7 & A7 & Eb & Cm7 & F7 \\
&\text{All the day and night-time hear me sigh.} \\
&\text{Bb} & Gm7 & C7 & B7 & Cm7 & Gm7 \\
&\text{never had the least notion that I could} \\
&\text{C9} & B7 & C7 & F7 & C+ & F7 & Cm7 & C+ & Bb}m7 & A7 \\
&\text{fall with so much emotion. Could you coo?}
\end{align*}
Could you care
for a cunning cottage
we could share?
The world will pardon my
mush, 'cause I've got a crush, my baby, on
you.
I've got a you.
LOVE FOR SALE

Words and Music by
COLE PORTER

When the only sound in the empty street Is the heavy tread of the heavy feet That belong to a lonesome cop,

I open shop. When the moon so long has been gazing down On the wayward ways of this wayward town That her smile becomes a
smirk, go to work.

**REFRAIN (with swinging rhythm and not fast)**

Love for sale, Ap-pe-tiz-ing young love for sale. Love that's fresh and still un-spoiled, Love that's on-ly slight-ly soiled,

Love for sale. Who will buy?
Who would like to sample my supply? Who's prepared to pay the price for a trip to paradise? Love for sale.

Let the poets pipe of love in their childish way,

I know every type of love better than they. If you want the thrill of love, I've been thru the mill of love; Old love, new love,
Every love but true love. Love for sale.

If you want to buy my wares, follow me and climb the stairs, love for sale.
Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone

Voice: Moderato

Years we've been together,
Just before our parting,
Seems we can't get along;
Something I want to say;

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No matter what I do,
I'm really sorry now,
It don't appeal to you.
For ev'ry broken vow.

Makes no difference whether
Sweet-heart, now you're starting
I am right or I'm wrong.
On your own little way.

If we can't be sweethearts,
One thing please remember,
This much you can do:
In your mind somehow.
Please don't talk about me when I'm gone,
Oh, honey,

though our friendship ceases, from now on;
And, listen,

if you can't say anything real nice,
It's better

not to talk at all, is my advice.
We're parting,
you go your way I'll go mine, it's best that we do;

Here's a kiss! I hope that this brings lots of luck to you.

Makes no difference how I carry on. Remember, please don't talk about me when I'm gone.
Something To Remember You By

Words by HOWARD DIETZ

Music by ARTHUR SCHWARTZ

Molto moderato

You are leaving me, and

I will try to face the world alone.

What will be will be, but time cannot erase the love we've known.

*Diagrams for Guitar, Symbols for Ukulele and Banjo

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Let me but have a token Through which your love is spoken,

You are leaving me, but it will say you're my own.

Slow and with much sentiment

Oh, give me something to remember you by,

When you are far away from
me, dear; Some little something, meaning

love cannot die, No matter where you chance to be. Though I'll pray for you, Night and day for you; It will see me through

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Like a charm,
Till you're returning.

So give me something to remember you by,

When you are far away from me.

When you are far away from me.
Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

TEN CENTS A DANCE

Not fast
I work at the Palace

Ballroom, But, gee, that palace is cheap;
When I get back to my

chilly hall room I'm much too tired to sleep,
I'm

one of those lady teachers A beautiful hostess, you know, One

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REFRAIN—Slowly, quasi rubato

Ten cents a dance; That's what they pay me. Gosh, how they weigh me down!

Tough guys who tear my gown! Seven to midnight, I hear drums,

Loudly the saxophone blows, Trumpets are tearing my ear-drums.
Customers crush my toes. Sometimes I think I've found my hero

But it's a queer romance All that you need is a ticket;
Come on, big boy, ten cents a dance! ten cents a dance!

PATTER

Fighters and sailors and bow-legged tailors Can pay for their tickets and rent me! Butchers and barbers and rats from the harbors Are
sweet-hearts my good luck has sent me. Though I've a chorus of
elderly beaux Stockings are porous with holes at the toes.

I'm here till closing time, Dance and be merry, it's only a dime.

Sometimes I think I've found my hero But it's a queer romance,

All that you need is a ticket! Come on, big boy, ten cents a dance.
Would You Like To Take A Walk
(Sump'n Good'll Come From That)

Lyric by
MORT DIXON &
BILLY ROSE

Music by
HARRY WARREN

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

I saw you strolling by your solitary
Am I nose-y very
My little heart is full of palpitation
What I need is conso-

ver-y I'd like to bet a juic-y huckle-
ber-ry What you're after is a
-la- tion I'd like to stage a little cele-
bra-tion In the moon-light right a-

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gal We're both in luck for introductions are not necessary.
- way I'll feel all pep't if you'll accept my friendly invitation.

CHORUS

Mm - Mm - Mm Would you like to take a walk? Mm - Mm - Mm Do you

think it's gonna rain? Mm - Mm - Mm How about a sas-par-il-la?

Gee the moon is yell-er Sum-p'n good -'ll come from that
Mm - Mm - Mm Have you heard the latest song? Mm - Mm - Mm It's a very pretty strain Mm - Mm - Mm Don't you feel a little thrill-y?

Gee it's getting chill-y Sum-p'n good 'll come from that When you're stroll-ing thru the where-zis You need a who - zis to lean up-

244
-on But when you have no who-zis To hug and what-zis gosh

darn Mm-Mm-Mm Would you like to take a walk Mm-Mn-Mm Do you

think it's gon-na rain? Mm - Mm - Mm Ain't you tired of the talk-ies?

I prefer the walk-ies Sum-p'n good -'ll come from that.
Bidin' My Time

Words by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Moderato

Piano

Gracefully

Some fell-ers love to "Tip-Toe Through the Tu-lips,"

Some fell-ers go on "Sing-ing In The Rain?"

Some fell-ers keep on "Paint-in' Skies With Sun-Shine!"

* Letters over UKE diagrams are names of chords adaptable to Banjo or Guitar in original key

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Some fellers must go "Swing-in' Down The Lane."

Refrain

In Bid-in' My Time; 'Cause that's the kind-a guy

Im, While other folks grow dizzy I keep busy

Im. Beginnin' on a Monday Right through Sunday,

Bid-in' My Time. Next year,- next year,-

Bid-in' My Time. Give me,— give me —
Some-thin's bound to happen,
Glass that's full of tink-le,

This year, this year,
Let me, let me.

C min.7
open add G

I'll just keep on nap-pin', And Bid-in'.
Dream like Rip Van Wink-le.

He Bid-ed His time.
'Cause that's the kind-a guy I'm,
And like that Wink-le guy I'm.

There's no regret-tin'
Chas-in' way flies,

F min.7

When I'm set-tin' Bid-in'.
How the day flies, Bid-in'.

My Time.
My Time.
I FOUND A MILLION DOLLAR BABY
(IN A FIVE AND TEN CENT STORE)

Lyric by
BILLY ROSE and
MORT DIXON

Music by
HARRY WARREN

Moderato

With simplicity

Love comes along like a popular song, Any-time or any-where at
Love used to be quite a stranger to me Did-n't know a sentimental

all, Rain or sunshine, spring or fall,

word, Thoughts of kissing seemed absurd.

*Diagrams for Guitar, Symbols for Ukulele and Banjo

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You never know when it may say hello In a very unexpected
Then came a change, and you may think it strange, But the world became a happy
place For example, take my case:
tune Since that April afternoon.

Not fast

REFRAIN F a tempo

It was a lucky April shower, It was the most convenient

door I Found A Million Dollar Baby In A
Five And Ten Cent Store;

The rain con-tin-u-ed for an

hour,

I hung a-round for three or four,

A-round a mil-lion dol-lar ba-by In a Five and Ten Cent

Store. She was sell-ing chi-na. And when she made those
eyes I kept buying china until the crowd got wise Incidentally, if you should run into a shower,

Just step inside my cottage door And meet the million dollar baby From the Five and Ten Cent Store!
I've Got Five Dollars

(DUET: Geraldine and Michael)

Words by
LORENZ HART

Music by
RICHARD RODGERS

Moderato

Piano

Tune Ukulele
or Banjulele Banjo
Put Capo on 1st Fret

He: Mis-ter Shy-lock was sting-y;
She: Peg-gy Joyce... has a busi-ness;

I was mis-er-ly,
All her hus-bands have
too.
more self-ish
And crab-by than a shell-fish,
gold.
And Lil-yan Tash-man Is not kissed by an ash-man;

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Oh dear,—
But now,—

it's queer—
some-how—

What love—
Wealth leaves—
can do!
me cold.

I'd give all—
Though you're poor, as a church mouse—

my pos-ses-sions for you:
I'm sold!

Refrain

He: I've got five dol-lars; Im in good con-
She: I've got five dol-lars; Eight-y five re-
di-tion; And I've got am-bi-tion; That be-long to la-
tions; Two lace com-bi-na-tions; They be-long to
you;       Six shirts and col-lars;   Debts be-yond en-
you!      Two coats with col-lars;    Ma and Grand-ma
dur-ance  On my life in-sur-ance,     That be-long to
wore 'em;  All the moths a-dore 'em;  They be-long to

you;       I've got a heart           That
you;       I've got two lips          That

must be  spurt-in'!  Just be cer-tain
care for  mat-ing,  There-fore wait-ing
I'll be true!
will not do!
Take my five dollars!
Take my five dollars!

Take my shirts and collars!
Take my coats and collars!
Take my heart that hol-lers,
"Ev-ry-th ing— I've got be-long s to you!"
OF THEE I SING

Words by IRA GERSHWIN

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Moderato

PIANO

VERSE, Smoothly

From the Island of Manhattan to the Coast of Gold, From North to

South, From East to West, You are the love I love the best.

You're the dream girl of the sweetest story ever told, A dream I

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sought, Both night and day For years through all the U. S. A. The star I've
hitched my wag-on to Is ver-y ob-vi-ous-ly you.

REFRAIN, Slowly and with expression

OF THEE I SING, ba-by, Summer, Au-tumn, Win-ter,

Spring, ba-by, You're my sil-ver lin-ing, You're my sky of blue,
There's a love light shining, just because of you.

SING, baby, You have got that certain thing, baby!

Shining star and inspiration Worth-y of a might-y na-tion, OF

THEE I SING.
WHEN YOUR LOVER HAS GONE

Words and Music by E. A. SWAN

VOICE

Moderato

For

What

PIANO

Recitative

a - ges and a - ges The po - ets and sa - ges Of

good is the schem - ing The plan - ning the dream - ing That

love won - drous love al - ways sing

comes with each new love af - fair

*Diagrams for Guitar, Symbols for Ukulele and Banjo

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Ask any lover And you'll soon discover The
love that you cherish So often may perish And

Heartaches that romance can bring
leave you with castles in air

Chorus

When you're alone Who cares for star-lit skies When you're a-

- lone The magic moonlight dies At break of dawn
There is no sunrise

When your lover has gone

What lonely hours
The evening shadows bring
What lonely hours

With memories lingering
Like faded flowers
Life can't mean anything

When your lover has gone
You're My Everything
Featured in the 20th Century-Fox Picture
"YOU'RE MY EVERYTHING"

Moderato

Words by
MORT DIXON
and JOE YOUNG

Music by
HARRY WARREN

Not fast

C  Am  Dm7  G7  C
Am7  B7  Gm6  Gaug5

so ashamed of my vocabulary,

Pa tempo

C  Am  Dm7  G7  C  Am6  Gaug5  B7

isn't what it really ought to be,

*Diagrams for Guitar, Symbols for Ukulele and Banjo

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263
have a task that isn't ordinary, When

I'm describing what you are to me. Can't you see,

Refrain
Slowly, with much expression

You're my every thing underneath the sun,

You're my every thing rolled up into

264
You're my only dream, my only reality.
You're my idea of a perfect person.
You're my everything.
APRIL IN PARIS

"Avril à Paris"

Words by
E.Y. HARBURG
French version by
EMELIA RENAUD

Music by
VERNON DUKE

Moderato

C G7 C F C F

A-pril's in the air, But here in Par-is A-pril wears a dif-f'rent gown.

A-vril est dans l'air I - ci à Pa-ris La na-ture a re-vé - tue

Cmi Gmi Cmi Bb6 G7 G7

You can see her waltz-ing down the street. The tang of

U - ne toi-let-te pour son dé - but. Un bou-quet

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wine is in the air, I'm drunk with all the happiness that Spring can give,
de vin est dans l'air Et tout ce bonheur du printemps nous enivre

Never dreamed it could be so exciting to live.
Nous ignorons qu'il faisait si bon de vivre.

REFRAIN amoroso

April in Paris,
Avril à Paris,

Châtaigniers fleuris

Holiday tables under the trees.
Tout est en fête sous les arbres.
April in Paris,

Avril à Paris,

This is a feeling

C’est une émotion

No one can ever

Qu’on ne peut recap-

reprise.

I never knew the

Toute cette joie

charm of Spring, Never met it face to face.

du Printemps Est un elixir troublant.
I never knew my heart could sing,
Mon cœur veut main tenant chanter,
Et les jours d'hiver ou-

brace, till April in Paris,
Whom can I run to
L'air est em-bau-mé

What have you done to my heart?
La nature est réveil

heart?
lée.

heart?
lée.
They used to tell me I was building a dream,
And so I followed the mob.

When there was earth to plough or guns to bear,
I was always there—right there on the job.

They used to tell me I was
building a dream With peace and glory ahead

I be standing in line just waiting for bread?

Once I built a railroad, made it run Made it race against time.

Once I built a railroad, Now it's done Brother can you spare a dime?
Once I built a tower, to the sun.

Brick and rivet and lime,
Once I built a tower,

Now it's done,—
Brother, can you spare a dime?

Once in khaki suits Gee, we looked swell Full of that Yankee Doodle-de-
dum. Half a million boots went slogging thru Hell,

I was the kid with the drum. Say don't you remember, they
called me Al. It was Al all the time Say, don't you're-member

Im your Pal! Buddy, can you spare a dime?
Moderato

In the heart of little old New York, You'll find a thorough-
fare; It's the part of little old New York that

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runs into Times Square. A crazy quilt that
Wall Street "Jack" built, If you've got a little
time to spare, I want to take you there.

Refrain

Come and meet those dancing feet, On the
Avenue I'm taking you to,
Forty Second Street.

Hear the beat of dancing feet,
It's the song I love the melody of,
Forty Second Street,

Little "nifties" from the Fifties, innocent and sweet;
Sexy ladies from the Eighties, who are indiscreet. They're side by side, they're glorified. Where the underworld can meet the elite, Forty Second Street.

Naughty, bawdy, gaudy, sporty, Forty Second Street.
I Guess I'll Have To Change My Plan

Words by
HOWARD DIETZ

Music by
ARTHUR SCHWARTZ

Allegretto

VOICE

Piano

Ukulele

GCEA

I be-

held her and was conquered at the start, And placed her on a pedestal apart: I planned the little hide-away that

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we would share some day. When I met her I un-
folded all my dream, And told her how she'd
fit into my scheme of what bliss is. Then the
blow came, when she gave her name as "Missus."

* Open strings
Rather slow

Refrain

I guess I'll have to change my plan
I should have

I guess I'll have to change my plan
I should have

realized there'd be another man!
realized there'd be another man!

Why did I

looked that point completely
Until the big affair be-

buy those blue pajamas
Before the big affair be-

gan;

Before I knew where I was at
I found my-

gan?

My boiling point is much too low
For me to
self upon the shelf, and that was that. I tried to try to be a fly Lo-tha-ri-o! I think I'll
reach the moon but when I got there, All that I could crawl right back and in-to my shell, Dwelling in my
get was the air, My feet are back up-on the ground I've lost the personal H-II. I'll have to change my plan a-round I've lost the
one girl I found. one girl I found.
LOUISIANA HAYRIDE

Words and Music by
HOWARD DIETZ and
ARTHUR SCHWARTZ

VOICE

Allegr
tto

PIANO

What kind o' fun do yo'

Em7 A7 D Em7

fancy mos'? Pic-nic? (No ma'am!) Oyster sup'per? (No ma'am!) Strawberry festival?

Em7 A7 D Em7 A7

(No ma'am!) What kind o' fun do yo' fancy mos'? (Yo' haven't hit it yet, but yo'

C7 F7 Em7 E7 A7 D7

might-y close!) Don't hold it back an-y lon-get. Is it hay-ride? (Yes ma'am!)

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Get go-in', Louisiana Hay-Ride! Get go-in', we all is ready!

Start sumpin', Louisiana Hay-Ride! No use fo' callin' de roll. Oh, I

like dat sport; Sit-tin' in de hay! Lovin' it away, Oh, Oh! Fo' de

time is short, crack yo' little whip! Get yo' little ship to go.
Start summ'pin', Lou-i-an-a hay-ride! No foolin', we all is happy!

Get go-in', Lou-i-an-a hay-ride! No use fo' call-in', de roll!

ROLL CALL

May-belle Em-ma-line, (I is here!) Su-san Can-dy-ball, (I is here!) Jas-mine Wash-ing-ton,
(I is here!) Li-za McKin-ley, (I is here!) Cle-men-ti-na, Car-o-line, Din-ah,

(We is here! We all here!) Miss Mer-in-da, Flora and Lind-a, (We is here!

We all here!) Chlo-e Ab-ra-ham, (I is here!) Phoe-be Eph-ra-ham, (I is here!

We all here! Yo' kin see, We all here! __ D.S. al Fine

(Back to refrain) __ D.S. al Fine
Like the beat, beat, beat, of the tom-tom;
When the jungle shadows fall,
Like the tick, tick, tock of the state-ly clock, as it stands a-gainst the wall,
Like the drip, drip, drip, of the rain-drops, When the sum-mer show'r is mur-

Com-me le rou-le-ment du tam-tam, Quand la jun-gle s'ob-scur-
Com-me le tic-tac de l'hor-lo-ge ma-jes-tu-e se près du nav,
Com-me la gout-te d'eau qui tom-be Quand un o-vage est fi-

Com-po las tam-bo-ras que se-gu-yen por la sel-va re-so-
Com-po el tic, tic, tac del re-loj que cuen-ta las ho-ras al pa-
Com-po el re-pi-car de la llu-via en un te-cho de me-

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through; So a voice within me keeps repeating, you, you, you.

mi; Une voix me répète constamment un mot: loi.
tal; Una voz, muy que do me repite; tú, tú, tú.

Refrain

Night and day you are the one, On ly you.

Nuit et jour tu es mon choix, Rien que toi.

No so-Mé, quel tu partir, No chey Di-

be-neck the- moon and un- der the sun. Whether near to me or

sous la lune d' or ou sous le ciel bleu. É loi-née ou près de

- a, su-fri ri-a tan-to por ti. Por do- que- ra que yo

far. It's no mat- ter, dar- ling, where you are. I think of you

moi Peu im- por- te 'dar- ling' ou tu es. Je sige à toi

vos, me per- si- que siem- pre tu que- rer, y pien-so en ti.
night and day. Day and night Why is it
nuit et jour. Jour et nuit. Pourquoi, dis-
sin ce-sar. Yo ju-ré, no plus cor-

That this long-ing for you fol-lows where-er I go?
moi Faut-il qu'un dé-stir bru-

In the roar-ing traf-fic's boom In the si-lence of my lone-ly room, I
Dans le bruit de la vil-

Think of you, night and day. Night and
songe à toi nuit et jour.
su que-re-v, Yo no

mf espr.
A Shine On Your Shoes

Words and Music by
HOWARD DIETZ and
ARTHUR SCHWARTZ

Moderato

Piano

Don't you be a good for noth-in', Nev-er mount to noth-in', Hang-in' round the cor-ners!

Can't you see you nev-er will be get-tin' an-y-where.

*Symbols for Guitar and Banjo

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If you want to get employment, tidy up your faces and amount to sumthin',

Those big men who got up there all declare:

Refrain

When there's a shine on your shoes, there's a melody in your heart, with a singable happy feeling, A
wonderful way to start to face the world every day, With a

dee-dle-um-dee-di-di. Little melody that is

making the worrying world go by. When you walk down the

street, With a happy-go-lucky beat,
You'll find a lot in what I'm repeating—"When there's a shine on your shoes, There's a melody in your heart;" What a wonderful way to start the day. When there's a day.
There's the shine that you get in the barber shop,
While the barber's going "zig-gy-zig-gy-zig" with his strop!
There's the shine that you get in the pull-man car,
While the train is going "chug-gy-chug-gy-chug-gy-chug-gy-chug;" going far away!

There's the shine that you get on the
ferry boat, While the water's going/ wish-y-wash-y - wish-y-wash-y-wish-y-wash-y-

But it doesn't matter where you get it, - It'll do a lot of good if you let it;

A little bit of polish will abolish what's bothering you.

D.S. al Fine

(Back to Refrain)
You're An Old Smoothie

Words by
B.G. DE SYLVA

Music by
RICHARD A. WHITING
and NACIO HERB BROWN

Moderato

Piano

You're the smooth-est so and so,
Not on-ly that, you're might-y cute;
You're slick-er, far,- than the trou-sers are,
Of my last year's blue serge suit.

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I'm the soft-est so and so that any girl-ie ev-er knew, Oh, I may be dumb as they ev-er come. But at least, I'm on to you!

Refrain

You're an old smooth-ie, I'm an old soft-ie;

I'm just like put-ty in the hands of a girl like
you. You're an old man.

I'm a big boobie,

I just go nutty, in the hands of a girl like you.

Poor me, you played me for a sap; Poor you, you thought you'd laid a trap!
Well, dear, I think it's time you knew, You've done just what I

wanted you to. Silly old smoothie,

Crafty old softie, I'll stick like

putty to the hand of a girl like you. you.
You're Getting To Be A Habit With Me

Words by
AL DUBIN

Music by
HARRY WARREN

* Symbols for Guitar and Banjo.
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play with someone. But now I realize that I could
never let you go, And I've come to tell you so.

Refrain

Every kiss, every hug seems to act just like a drug; You're
going to be a habit with me. Let me stay in your arms, I'm ad-
Dic-ted to your charms; You're get-ting to be a hab-it with me.

I used to think your love was some-thing that I could

take or leave a- lone,

But now I could - nt do with-

out my sup- ply, 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, can't break it! You're

going to be a habit with me. Every
Young And Healthy

Words by
AL DUBIN

Music by
HARRY WARREN

Allegretto

Piano

I know a bundle of humanity, She's about so

high; I'm nearly driven to insanity,

*Tymbols for Guitar and Banjo.

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When she passes by. She's a snooty little cutie, She's been so hard to kiss; I'll try to overcome her vanity, And then I'll tell her this:

Refrain

In young and healthy, And you've got charms;
arms.

In young and health-y,

And so are you;

When the moon is in the sky, tell me, what am I to do?

If I could hate "yuh,"
I'd keep away; But that ain't my nature, I'm full of vitamin "A," say! I'm young and healthy,

So let's be bold; In a year or two or three, maybe we will be too old.
I Cover The Waterfront

Assai moderato (slowly)

Away from the city that hurts and mocks, I'm standing alone by the
desolate docks, In the still and the chill of the night. I

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see the horizon, the great unknown, My heart has an ache, It's as heavy as stone. Will the dawn coming on make it light?

Refrain (not fast)

I cover the waterfront, I'm watching the sea, Will the one I love be coming back to me?
I cover the waterfront
In search of my love, And I'm covered by a star-less sky above.

Here am I patiently waiting
hop-ing and long-ing. Oh! how I yearn! Where are you?
Are you forgetting? Do you remember? Will you return?

I cover the waterfront, I'm watching the sea,
For the one I love must soon come back to me.
It's Only A Paper Moon

Words by
BILLY ROSE and
E. Y. HARBURG

Music by
HAROLD ARLEN

Moderato

I never feel, a thing is real, When I'm away from you,
Out of your embrace, The world's a temporary place.

Gmaj7 Am7 D7 G C G Am7 D9

G C G Am7 D9

Mmm, mm, mm,
mm, A bubble for a minute, Mm,

mm, You smile, the bubble has a rainbow in it.

Refrain

Say, it's only a paper moon, Sail ing o ver a cardboard sea,

But it wouldn't be make believe, If you
_believed in me._
Yes, it's only a

canvas sky,
Hanging over a muslin tree,

But it wouldn't be make believe,
If you believed in me.

Without your love, it's a honky-tonk pa-

315
rade,
With out your love,
it's a mel-o-dy played in a pen-ny ar-cade.
It's a Barn-num and Bai-ley world,— Just as pho-ny as it can be,— But it would-n't be make be-lieve. If you be-lieved in me.
SHADOW WALTZ

Words by AL. DUBIN

Music by HARRY WARREN

Valse Andante

Shadows on the wall,

I can see them fall

Here and there,

ev'rywhere.

Silhouettes in blue,

Dancing in the dew.

Tune Uke

A D F B

* Symbols for Guitar and Banjo

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Here am I, where are you?

In the shadows, let me come and sing to you,

Let me dream a song that I can bring to you;
Take me in your arms and

let me cling to you,
Let me linger long, let me live my song.
In the winter, let me bring the spring to you,

Let me feel that I mean everything to you;

new,

In the shadows when I come and sing to you.

you, dear,

In the shadows when I come and sing to you.
THE GOLD Diggers' SONG
(WE'RE IN THE MONEY)

Words by
AL. DUBIN

Music by
HARRY WARREN

Allegro moderato

Gone are my blues, And gone are my tears;

I've got good news To shout in your ears.

The silver dollar has returned to the fold,

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silver you can turn your dreams to gold.

REFRAIN C

We're in the money, We're in the money;

We've got a lot of what it takes to get along!

We're in the money, The skies are sunny;
Old man depression, you are through, you done us wrong!

We never see a headline 'bout a breadline, today,

And when we see the landlord, we can look that guy right in the eye.

We're in the money, Come on, my honey, Let's spend it,

lend it, send it rolling along! long!
Anything Goes

Words and Music by
COLE PORTER

Times have changed
And we've often re-

wound the clock
Since the Puritans got a shock

* Symbols for Ukulele, Tenor-Guitar and Banjo

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When they landed on Plymouth Rock; if to-
day

Any shock they should try to stem,

'Stead of landing on Plymouth Rock, Plymouth Rock would land on them.
In olden days a glimpse of stocking Was looked on as something shocking, Now heaven knows,

Anything goes. Good authors too who once knew better words Now only use four-
ter words, writ-ing prose,
A-ny-thing

go-es.
The world has gone mad to-day. And good's

bad to-day. And black's white to-day. And day's

night to-day. When most guys to-day. That wo-men
prize to-day, Are just silly gigolos; So

though I'm not a great romancer I know that you're bound to an-

swer when I propose, Anything
goes. In goes.

1. C Dmi.7 C Dmi.7 C Fdim. G7
2. G Dmi.7 C Dmi.7 C
Autumn In New York

Andantino (poco rubato)

It's time to end my lonely holiday. And bid the

country a hasty farewell. So on this gray and mel-an-

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chol-y day I'll move to a Man-hat-tan ho-tel. I'll dis-

pose of my rose-colored chat-tels And pre-pare for my share of ad-

ven-tures and bat-tles. Here on the twen-ty sev-enth floor, Look-ing

down on the cit-y I hate and a-dore!
REFRAIN

Au-tumn in New York, Why does it seem so in-viting?

Au-tumn in New York, It spells the thrill of first night-ing,
Au-tumn in New York, It lifts you up when you're run-down,

Glitter- ing crowds and shim-mer- ing clouds in can-yons of steel,
Jad-ed rou-és and gay di-vorc-ees who lunch at the Ritz,

mak-ing me feel I'm home.
tell you that "it's di-vine!"

It's Au-tumn in New York,
This Au-tumn in New York --
Autumn in New York,

Is often mingled with pain.

You'll need no castles in Spain.

Dreamers with empty love

Lovers that bless the

hands may sigh for exotical lands;

It's Autumn in New York,

Dark on benches in Central Park Greet Autumn in New York;

It's good to live it again.

It's good to live it again.
I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU

Words and Music by
COLE PORTER

VOICE

Moderato

VERSE

My story is

PIANO

much too sad to be told, But practically everything 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.

REFRAIN

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 a bop type refrain

I'm sure that if I heard even one riff That would bore me terrifically

too. Yet I get a kick out of you.

I get a kick every time I see you're standing there before me.
I get a kick tho' it's clear to me You obvious-
ly don't adore me. I get no kick in a
plane,
Fly-ing too high with some guy in the
sky Is my idea of nothing to do. Yet
I get a kick out of you.

335
You May Not Be An Angel, But
I'll String Along With You

Lyrics by
AL. DUBIN

Music by
HARRY WARREN

Moderato

Piano

All my life I waited for an angel, But no angel ever came along. Then one happy afternoon I met you,

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And my heart began to sing a song, somehow, I mistook you for an angel,
But now I'm glad that I was wrong:

REFRAIN
You may not be an angel, 'Cause angels are so few,
But until the day that one comes along, I'll string along with you.

I'm looking for an angel to sing my love song to,

And until the day that one comes along,

I'll sing my song to you. For every little fault that
you have, Say! I've got three or four, The hu-man lit-tle faults you do have, Just make me love you more, You may not be an an-gel, But still I'm sure you'll do, So un-til the day that one comes a-long I'll string a-long with you.
You And The Night And The Music

"Si Tú Pudieras Quererme"

Words by
HOWARD DIETZ
Spanish version by
Johnnie Camacho

Music by
ARTHUR SCHWARTZ

Moderato con moto

VOICE

Song is in the air, Telling us romance is ours to share.
Llevo pre- so en mí, un secreto fiel que es para ti;

PIANO

Now at last we've found one another alone.
Tengo muchas cosas que quiero decir.

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340
Love like yours and mine Has the thrilling glow of sparkling wine,
Que-mo hablar, mi amor, de lo mucho que te quiero yo.

Make the most of time ere it has flown.
Sueño con tu amor, para vivir.

REFRAIN (Slowly, with much expression)
You and the night and the music fill me with flaming desire,
Si tú pudieras quererme, como te quiero yo.

sire,
Setting my being completely on ti,
Todo la vida te diere mía.
fire!
mor.
You and the night and the
Si tú pudieras que-

music thrill me but will we be one,
Por un momento feliz,

Af-ter the night and the music are done?

Tú, calma-rais mis penas de amor.

pale light of dawning and daylight Our hearts will be throb-bing gui-
dien-te que ponga en tus labios, Habrá de en-cen-der tu pa-

Morn-ing may come with-out warn-ing, And
Y en tus sus-pi-ros, a-man-te, Da-

take a-way the stars If we must live for the mo-ment,
rás tu co-ra-zón. Si es que el Des-ti-no nos de-ja,

Love till the mo-ment is through! Af-ter the night and the
Por el mo-men-to que-rer, Cuan-do el mo-men-to ter-

mu-sic die will I have you? you?
mi-ne, No te ol-vi-da-re.-ré.
You're A Builder Upper

Words by IRA GERSHWIN and E. Y. HARBURG

Music by HAROLD ARLEN

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

When you want to, you are able To make me feel that I'm Clark Gable;

Then, next minute, you make me feel I'm something from the Zoo.

* Symbols for Ukulele, Tenor-Guitar and Banjo

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First you warm up, then you're distant; Never knew a girl so inconsistent. I'm a big shot, at half past one, A so and so, by two; Heaven forgive you for your sins, Keeping me on needles and pins!
REFRAIN

You're a build-er up-per, a break-er down-er; A hold-er

out-er, and I'm a giv-er in-er. Sad, but true, I'm a

sap-a-roo, too, Tak-ing it from a tak-er o-ver like you.

Don't know where I'm at-a, I'm just a this-a, Then I'm a
that-a, a tak'er on the chin-er. My, my, my what a

weak-y am I, To love you as I do. Just when I'm

read-y to sob, You hand me a throb, and ev'-ry-thing is hun-ky do-ry;

And that's my sto-ry; O-pen your arms, and I'm a
stooge for your charms. You're a builder upper, a

breaker downer, A holder outer, and I'm a giver inner. Sad, but true, I love it, I do!

Being broken by a builder upper like you. upper like you.
YOU'RE THE TOP

Words and Music by
COLE PORTER

VOICE

Moderato

VERSE

At words po-et - ic I'm

so pa-thet - ic that I al-ways have found it best, In stead of

get-ing 'em off my chest, to let 'em rest un-ex - pressed... I

hate pa-rad - ing my ser - e - nad - ing As I'll prob-a-ly miss a bar, But

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if this dit-ty Is not so pret-ty At least it'll tell you how great you are.

REFRAIN

You're the top!
You're the Col-o-se-um,
You're the top!
You're Ma-hat-ma Ghan-di,

You're the Louvr' Mu-se-um,
You're Na-po-leon bran-dy,

You're a mel-o-dy From a sym-pho-ny by
You're the pur-ple light Of a sum-mer night in

Strauss, You're a Ben-del bon-net, A Shake-speare son-net, You're Mick-y Mouse...
Spain, You're the Na-tion'l Gall'ry, You're Gar-bo's sal-ry, You're cel-o-phone...
E♭7  B♭+  E♭  B♭  E♭  E♭  B♭7
You're the Nile,
You're sublime,
You're the
You're a

B♭7  B♭6  E♭  Cm  G♭7
Tow'r of Pi-sa,
Tu-rkey dinner,
You're the smile
You're the time
on the
of the

E♭9  A♭  Fm7  B♭7  E♭  A♭maj7  A♭6  C♯5  C7
Mo-na Lis-a;
Der-by winner,
I'm a worth-less check,
a to-tal wreck,
a
I'm a toy bal-loon
that is fat-ed soon
to

(Guitar tacet) Fm  E♭  A♭  C♭7
flop,!
But if Ba-by,
I'm-
the bot-tom,
You're-
the

1. E♭  E♭  B♭7  B♭+  2. E♭  E♭  B♭9  G♭  E♭
top!
top!
JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS

Words and Music by
COLE PORTER

Allegretto

VOICE

As Dor-o-thy Par-

PIANO

ker once said to her boy-friend, "Fare thee well;"

— As Colum-bus an-nounced when he knew he was bounced, "It was swell, Is-

— a-belle, swell;" As Ab-e-lard said to El-o-ise,
"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?"

REFRAIN

It was just one of those things, just one.

—one of those crazy flings— One of those bells that now and then rings,
Just one of those things. It was just one of those nights.

Just one of those fabulous flights, A trip to the moon on gossamer wings, Just one of those things. If we'd

thought a bit of the end of it. When we started painting the town.
We'd have been aware that our love affair 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. It was
Zing! Went The Strings Of My Heart

Words and Music by
JAMES F. HANLEY

Moderato

Never could carry a tune,
Never knew where to start,
You

Never

came along when ev'rything was wrong
And put a song in my heart.

REFRAIN bright tempo

Dear, when you smiled at me
I heard a melody.

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It haunted me from the start.

Something inside of me started a symphony.

Zing! went the strings of my heart. 'Twas like a

breath of Spring, I heard a robin sing About a nest set apart,
All nature seemed to be

In perfect harmony, Zing! went the strings of my heart.

Your eyes made skies seem blue again, What else could I do again, But

keep repeating through again "I love you, love you!"
I still re-call the thrill, I guess I al-ways will, I hope'twill

ne-ver de-part, Dear, with your

lips to mine A rhapso-dy di-vine. Zing! went the

strings of my heart.
WHEN MY DREAM BOAT COMES HOME

Tune Ukulele

Words and Music by
CLIFF FRIEND and
DAVE FRANKLIN
A.S.C.A.P.

VOICE

Moderately

VERSE

Dreams call to me over a rose tinted sea, I wait

on the shore for the one I adore.

REFRAIN

WHEN MY DREAM BOAT COMES HOME, Then my dreams no more will

* Symbols for Guitar & Banjo, Frames for Ukulele

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360
roam, I will meet you and greet you, Hold you closely,

"My own," Moon-lit waters will sing of the

tender love you bring, We'll be sweethearts forever,

WHEN MY DREAM-BOAT COMES HOME. WHEN MY HOME.
BEI MIR BIST DU SCHÖN
(Means That You're Grand)

Original Lyrics by
JACOB JACOBS
Music by SHLOM SECUNDA

English Version by
SAMMY CAHN and
SAUL CHAPLIN

Moderato (with a swing)

PIANO

VOICE

Of all the girls I've known,
and I've known some,
Until I

first met you
I was lonesome,
And when you came in sight, dear, my

*Diagrams for Guitar, Symbols for Ukulele and Banjo

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362
heart grew light_ And this old world seemed new to me,
You're really swell I have to admit, you deserve expressions that really fit you,
And so I've racked my brain, hoping to explain all the things that you do to me;
"BEI MIR BIST DU SCHÖN," Please let me explain.

"BEI MIR BIST DU SCHÖN" means that you're grand.

"BEI MIR BIST DU SCHÖN," Again I'll explain.

Boy: It means you're the fairest in the land.
Girl: It means that my heart's at your command.

* Pronounced "By Meer Bist Doo Shane"
I could say "Bella, Bella," even say "Voon-der-bar," Each language

only helps me tell you how grand you are, I've tried to explain.

"BEI MIR BIST DU SCHÖN," So, kiss me and say

you understand. "BEI
Too Marvelous For Words

Lyric by
JOHNNY MERCER

Music by
RICHARD A. WHITING

Moderato

I search for phrases, To sing your praises, But there aren't any magic adjectives To tell you all you are;

REFRAIN

You're just too marvelous, Too marvelous for

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words, Like glorious, glamorous and that old standby,

amorous, It's all too wonderful, I'll

never find the words, That say enough, tell enough, I

mean, they just aren't swell enough, You're much too much, And
just too very very! To ever be in

Webster's Dictionary, And so I'm borrowing a

love song from the birds, To tell you that you're marvelous, Too

marvelous for words. You're words.
Jeepers Creepers

Lyric by
JOHNNY MERCER, A.S.C.A.P.

Music by
HARRY WARREN, A.S.C.A.P.

Moderato

I don't care what the weather man says, When the weather man says it's rain - ing,
You'll never hear me complaining, I'm certain the sun will shine,
I don't care how the

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369
weather vane points, When the weather vane points to gloomy, It's gotta be sunny to me, When your eyes look into mine;

REFRAIN (with a swing)

Jeepers Creepers! Where'd ya get those peepers?

Jeepers Creepers! Where'd ya get those eyes?
Gosh all git up!  How'd they get so lit up?

Gosh all git up!  How'd they get that size?

Golly gee!  When you turn those

heaters on, Woe is me!
Got to put my cheaters on, Jeepers!

Creepers! Where'd ya get those creepers?

Oh! Those weepers! How they hypnotize!

Where'd ya get those eyes?
You Go To My Head

Lyric by HAVEN GILLESPIE
A.S.C.A.P.

Music by J. FRED Coots
A.S.C.A.P.

Tenderly

VOICE

Gm

YOU GO TO MY HEAD

PIANO

and you linger like a haunting refrain

and I find you spinning

Gm

round in my brain

like the bubbles in a glass of champagne.

*Diagrams for Guitar, Symbols for Ukulele and Banjo

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YOU GO TO MY HEAD like a sip of sparkling
Bur-gun-dy brew and I find the ver-y men- tion of you
like the kick-er in a ju-lep or two.

thrill of the thought that you might give a thought to my
plea casts a spell over me. Still I say to my-self, "Get a
hold of your-self, can't you see that it nev-er can be." YOU

GO TO MY HEAD—— with a smile that makes my tem-p'ra-ture rise,

like a sum-mer with a thou-sand Ju-lys,— You in-tox-i-cate my
soul with your eyes. Tho' I'm certain that this heart of mine

hasn't a ghost of a chance in this crazy romance.

YOU GO TO MY HEAD. YOU GO TO MY HEAD.
You Must Have Been A Beautiful Baby

Lyric by
JOHNNY MERCER, A.S.C.A.P.

From the Warner Bros. Picture
"HARD TO GET"

Music by
HARRY WARREN, A.S.C.A.P.

Moderato

Does your mother realize, The stork delivered quite a prize, The
day he left you on the family tree, Does your dad appreciate, That
you are merely super great, The miracle of any century

* Diagrams for Guitar, Symbols for Ukulele and Banjo

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If they don't just send them both to me,

REFRAIN
(with a lilt)

You must have been a beautiful baby,
You must have been a wonderful child,

p-mf (with a lilt)

When you were only startin' to go to kindergarten, I

bet you drove the little boys wild,
And when it came to winning blue rib-

378
-bons, You must have shown the other kids how, I can
see the judges eyes as they handed you the prize, I bet you made the cutest bow,
Oh! You must have been a beautiful baby, 'Cause
baby look at you now. You
Heaven Can Wait

Lyric by
EDDIE DE LANGE
A.S.C.A.P.

Music by
JIMMY VAN HEUSEN
A.S.C.A.P.

There are a mil-lion plac-es, I know i could be. But

I'd e-ven give up heav-en just to have you here with me.

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REFRAIN

HEAVEN CAN WAIT, this is paradise, just being here with you and

breathing the air you do, HEAVEN CAN WAIT.

Darling it's true, this is paradise, gazing at all your charms; it's

heavenly in your arms, HEAVEN CAN WAIT.
You must be an angel on a visit from the skies; now I look at heaven when I look into your eyes. HEAVEN CAN WAIT.

This is paradise, loving the way we do, until I go there with you, HEAVEN CAN WAIT.
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