All Of You ✦ All The Things You Are ✦ Autumn Leaves ✦ Basin Street Blues
Bess, You Is My Woman ✦ Bewitched ✦ Birdland ✦ The Birth Of The Blues
Blues In The Night ✦ Can’t Help Lovin’ Dat Man ✦ Cherokee ✦ Darn That Dream
Days Of Wine And Roses ✦ Dearly Beloved ✦ Easy To Love
The End Of A Love Affair ✦ Falling In Love With Love ✦ A Fine Romance
Flying Home ✦ The Girl From Ipanema ✦ God Bless’ The Child ✦ Harlem Nocturne
Have You Met Miss Jones? ✦ Hello, Young Lovers ✦ Honeysuckle Rose
How High The Moon ✦ I Can’t Get Started ✦ I Could Write A Book ✦ I’ll Take Romance
I’m Beginning To See The Light ✦ I’ve Got You Under My Skin
It Might As Well Be Spring ✦ Jelly Roll Blues ✦ Just In Time ✦ La Fiesta
The Last Time I Saw Paris ✦ Long Ago (And Far Away) ✦ Love Is Here To Stay
Lullaby Of Birdland ✦ Lush Life ✦ Maiden Voyage ✦ Maple Leaf Rag ✦ Meditation
Morning Dance ✦ My Favorite Things ✦ My Funny Valentine ✦ My One And Only Love
My Romance ✦ New York State Of Mind ✦ A Night In Tunisia
A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square ✦ One Mint Julep ✦ Ornithology
People Will Say We’re In Love ✦ Quiet Nights Of Quiet Stars ✦ ‘Round Midnight
Route 66 ✦ Samba De Orfeu ✦ Satin Doll ✦ Skylark ✦ Song For My Father
The Song Is You ✦ (I Can Recall) Spain ✦ Take The “A” Train ✦ Tenderly
There Will Never Be Another You ✦ This Masquerade ✦ Twelfth Street Rag
Waltz For Debby ✦ The Way You Look Tonight ✦ What Is This Thing Called Love?
What’s New? ✦ Yesterdays ✦ You Are Too Beautiful ✦ You Don’t Know What Love Is
The Big Book Of Jazz

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ALL OF YOU

Fox trot tempo

After watching her appeal from every angle,

there's a big romantic deal I've got to

wangle.

For I've fallen for a
certain lovely lass, and it's

not a passing fancy or a fancy pass.

I love the looks of you, the

lure of you. I'd love to make a
tour of you, the eyes, the arms, the
mouth of you, the East, West, North and the
South of you. I'd love to gain com-
plete control of you, and han-
dle
even the heart and soul of you, so

love, at least, a small percent of me, do,

for I love all of

1

E♭

A7#9 B♭7

no chord

2

E♭

you.

I love the you.
ALL THE THINGS YOU ARE
(From "VERY WARM FOR MAY")
Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by JEROME KERN

Moderately Slowly

You are the promised kiss of spring-time
That makes the lonely winter seem long.

You are the breathless hush of evening
That
Abmaj9       Am7b5      D7     Gmaj7

...trembles on the brink of a lovely song...

Tacet        Am7      D9

...You are the angel glow that light a...

Gmaj7       G6

...star, The dearest things I know...

B7b9         Emaj9    C7b9     C7

...are what you are...
Some day my happy arms will hold you, And some day I'll know that moment divine, When All The Things You Are, are mine!

\[ Fm7 \quad Bb\text{m7} \quad Eb9 \quad Eb7,9 \quad Ab\text{maj7} \]

\[ Dm\text{maj7} \quad Gb\text{13} \quad A\text{b(add9)} \quad A\text{b} \quad Ab\text{dim7} \]

\[ Bb\text{m7} \quad Eb7,9 \quad Ab \quad Bb\text{m7} \quad C7,9 \]

\[ 2 \quad Ab \quad E \quad Ab\text{maj7} \]
AUTUMN LEAVES
(LES FEUILLES MORTES)

English Lyric by JOHNNY MERCER
French Lyric by JACQUES PREVERT
Music by JOSEPH KOSMA

Slowly, with much feeling

The falling leaves drift by my window, the autumn leaves of red and gold.
I see your lips, the summer kisses, the sun-burned hands I used to hold.

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went a-way the days grow long, and soon I'll hear old winter's song.
But I miss you most of all my darling, when autumn leaves start to fall. C'est une chanson, qui nous ressemble, toi tu m'aimais et je t'ai mais. Nous vivons
tous, les deux ensemble. Toi qui m'aimais moi qui t'aimais.

mais. Mais la vie sépare ceux qui s'aiment tout doucement sans faire de bruit. Et la mer efface sur le sable les pas des amants désunis.
Won't-cha come along with me,
To the Mississippi?
We'll take the boat to the
lan' of dreams,
Steam down the river down to New Orleans;
The
band's there to meet us,
Old friends to greet us,

Where all the light and the dark folks meet,
This is Basin Street;
Basin Street, is the street, Where

the elite,
Always meet, in New Orleans.
Lan' of dreams, You'll never know how nice it seems or just how much it really means,

Glad to be; Yes, sirs, where welcome's free,

dear to me, where I can lose, my Basin Street Blues.
BEWITCHED

Moderately, in 2

He's a fool and don't I know it. But a fool can have his charms.
Love's the same old sad sensation. Late ly I've not slept a wink.

I'm in love and don't I show it. Like a babe in arms.
Since this half pint imitation

Put me on the blink. I'm wild again, Beguiled again, A
Simpering, whimpering child again. Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am

Dm7
G13
C
Dm7

1. Couldn't sleep, And wouldn't sleep, When

C/E
C+
F6
Fdim
C/E
Ebdim
Dm7
G
A7-9

love came and told me I shouldn't sleep, Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am

Fmaj7
A7
Dm
Dm(7)
Dm

1. Lost my heart, but what of it?
He is cold I a-gree, He can laugh, but I love it. Although the

laugh's on me, I'll sing to him, Each spring to him, And

long for the day when I'll cling to him, Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am
BESS, YOU IS MY WOMAN
(From "PORGY AND BESS")

Words by DUBOSE HEYWARD & IRA GERSHWIN
Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

Moderately
F    C7    F    C7    F    C7
Andantino cantabile
Bb

no chord

Porgy: Bess, you

F7/C    Bb/D    Bb7/D    Eb    Ebm

is my woman now, You is, You is! An'

Gm    Gm7    Em7b5    Eb7    Bb/D    Ab7

you mus' laugh an' sing an' dance for two instead of one.
Want no wrinkle on yo' brow no-

how, because de sorrow of the past is all done,
done, Oh, Bess, my Bess! De real

happiness is jes' begun.
Bess: Porgy, P'yo' woman

now, I is, I is! An' I ain' nev-er go-in' no-where

'less you shares de fun.

Dere's no wrinkle on my brow no-how, but
I ain' go-in'!)
You hear me say-in', if you ain' go-in',

Wid you I'm stay-in'.
Por-gy, I's yo' wo-man

now!
I's yours for-ev-er,
Morn-in' time an' ev-'nin' time an'

sum-mer time an' win-ter time.
Por-gy: Morn-in' time an' ev-'nin' time an'
Bmaj7  G#m7  F#/C#

summer time an' winter time; Bess,

A6  A13
you got yo' man.

D  A7/E  D/F#  D7/F#  G  Gm6
Por - gy, I's yo' wo - man now, I is, I is! An'
Bess, you is my wo - man now an' fore - ev - er. Dis life is jes' be -

D/A  G#m7\5  G7  F#m7  C7
I ain' nev - er go - in' no - where 'less you shares de fun.

gun, Bess, we two is one
Dere's no wrinkle on my brow no-
now an' forever. Oh, Bess, don' min' dose wo-
men. You got yo' Por-
gy,

how, but I ain' go-in'! You hear me say-
in', if you loves yo' Por-
gy, T knows you means it, I

you ain' go-in', Wed you I'm stay-
in'. Por-
gy, seen it in yo' eyes, Bess. We'll go

marcato
I's yo' woman now! I's yours forever

swing-in' through de years a-sing-in',

Morn-in' time an' ev'-nin' time an' sum-mer time an' win-ter time.

Hum

Morn-in' time an' ev'-nin' time an'

Hum

Oh, my Por-gy,

sum-mer time an' win-ter time.

My Bess,
my man Porgy, From dis minute I’m tellin’ you, I keep dis vow:

my Bess, From dis minute I’m tellin’ you, I keep dis vow:

Porgy, I’s yo’ woman now.

Oh, my Bessie, we’s happy now.

We is one now!
Moderately fast
no chord

Five thousand light years from Birdland, but I'm still from the land of the Bird and I am still preach'in' the rhythm. Long gone up tight years from Birdland, but I'm still teach'in' it with 'em. Years

Words by JON HENDRICKS
Music by JOSEF ZAWINUL

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Bird named it, Bird made it.

Bird heard it then played it. Well stated!

Birdland, it happened down in Birdland.
no chord

In the middle of that hub, I remember I heard that word, that they named

-ber one jazz club where we went to pat feet
-it after Bird. Where the rhythm swooped and swirled, the jazz corner of the

down on Fifty second Street. Every body

world. And the cats they giggled in there were beyond

Bird-land, ol' swing-in' Bird-land.

Down them stairs, lose them cares. Where?

Down in Bird-land. Total swing, 'Trane.
...was king there. came, too. There, down in Bird-land. Bird...

-sie blew, Blakey, too. Where?

Down in Bird-land. Cannonball played that hall. There.

Last time to Coda ()

down in Bird-land. Yeah.
Vocal ad lib. (Repeat as needed)

There may never be nothin’ such as Birdland, that’s where it was at. I bop was ridin’ high. Hello! Goodbye!

Vocal ad lib.
G7b9 Gb7b9 F7b9 E7b9 1-6 Eb7b9 D7b9 Db7b9 C7b9 G7b9

that no mo’, no mo’. Down in know. I know. Back in them days How well those cats remember their first Birdland gig. To play in Birdland is an honor we still dig. Yeah, that club was like in another world sure enough. Yeah, baby, all o’ the cats had the cookin’ on. People just sat on they was steady lookin’ on. Then Bird,

he came ‘n spread the word. Birdland.

Yes, indeed he did, yes, indeed he did, yes, indeed he did. Parker played in Bird-


-land

yes in-deed he really did, told the truth.

way down in Bird-land. Yes, in-deed he did.

Yard-bird Park-er played in Bird-land. Yes in-deed he really did.

Char-lie Par-ker played in Bird-land.
named it, Bird made it, Bird heard it. Then

played it. Well stated! Birdland,

it happened down in Birdland. Ev'rybody

no chord

- y dug that beat ev'-rybody stomped their.
THE BIRTH OF THE BLUES

Words by B.G. DeSYLVA and LEW BROWN
Music by RAY HENDERSON

Blues tempo

C7

Oh!

They say some peo - ple long a - go
were searching for a different tune, one that they could croon as only they can.

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 be-
gan. They heard the breeze in the trees.
singing weird melodies and they made.
that the start of the blues.
And from a jail came a wail.
of a down-hearted frail, and they played.

that as part of the

blues. From a whip-poor-will out on a hill,

they took a new note, pushed it through a
horn 'til it was worn in to a blue note! And then they

nursed it, rehearsed it, and gave out the news that the south-

land gave birth to the blues!

They heard the blues!
BLUES IN THE NIGHT
(MY MAMA DONE TOL' ME)

Words by JOHNNY MERCER
Music by HAROLD ARLEN

Blues tempo

Bb7

C7b9

F7

My

ma-ma done tol' me when I was in knee-pants,

my

ma-ma done tol' me,

son!

hon!

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woman's gonna sweet talk, and give ya the big eye,

but when the sweet talkin's done

woman's a two face, a worrisome thing who'll leave ya t' sing the blues in the night. Now the rain's a-fallin',
hear the train a-call-in', whoo-ee.

ma-ma done tol' me.)

Hear dat lonesome whistle

blow in' 'cross the trestle, whoo-ee.

ma-ma done tol' me.)

A whoo-ee-duh-whoo-ee, ol'
click-ety-clack's a-echo-in' back th' blues in the night.
The evenin' breeze 'll start the trees to cry-in'and the moon 'll hide its light when you get the blues in the night.
Take my word, the mockingbird'll sing the saddest kind of song. He knows things are wrong, and he's right. (whistle)

From
Natchez to Mobile, from Memphis to St. Joe, wherever the four winds blow;

been in some big towns an' heard me some big talk,

but there is one thing I know,
woman's a two face, man is a two face, a worrisome thing who'll leave ya t' sing the blues in the night.

(My)

mama was right, there's blues in the night.
CAN'T HELP LOVIN' DAT MAN
(From "SHOWBOAT")

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by JEROME KERN

Slowly
Abmaj7  Gm7  Gbmaj7  Fm7  E7

Fish got to swim and birds got to fly,
Tell me he's lazy, tell me he's slow,

I got to love one man till I die,
Tell me I'm crazy, maybe I know.

Can't help lovin' dat man of
When he goes a way

dat's a rainy day,

back dat day is fine, de sun will shine.
He can come home as late as can be,
home without him ain't no home to me.

Can't help lovin' dat man of mine.
CHEROKEE
(INDIAN LOVE SONG)

By RAY NOBLE

Moderately bright swing
Bbmaj7 Bbdim7 G7/B Cdim7 C7

Bb7/D Ebdim7 C7/E Fdim7 F7

Sweet
Indian maid

en,
since
first I met

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you,
I can’t forget
you,
Cherokee sweet
heart. Child of the prairie,
your love keeps calling.
ing, my heart enthralled

Cm7 F7 Bb
ing, Cher o kee.

C#m7/F# F#7 Bmaj7
Dreams of summertime

B7 Bm7/E E7
of lover-time gone
one day I'll hold you,
in my arms fold you,

Cherokee.
DARN THAT DREAM

Lyric by EDDIE DeLANGE
Music by JIMMY VAN HEUSEN

Darn
Darn
your
dream
lips
I
and

dream
darn
each
eyour
night,
eyes,
you
say
they
lift
me
high
above
the

hold
me
tight,
moon-
lit
skies,
but
then

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out of sight, oh
darn that dream.
Par - a - dise, oh
darn that dream.
Darn that one track
mind of mine,
it can't un - der - stand
that
you don't care,
just to change the mood I'm in,
I'd
wel-come a nice old night-mare. Darn that dream and

bless it too, without that dream, I nev-er

would have you. But it haunts me and it

won't come true, oh darn that dream.
DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES

Words by JOHNNY MERCER
Music by HENRY MANCINI

Moderately
F

_ The days _

mf

Cm6/Es D7b9(k5) D9

_of wine and roses laugh and

Gm Bb m

run away like a child at play,
through the meadowland toward a closing door, a door marked “Nevermore,”
that wasn’t there before. The lonely night discloses just a
passing breeze filled with memories
of the golden smile that introduced me
to the days of wine and roses and

1

F Fdim Gm7 C7

you.

2

F C7 Fmaj9

The you.
DEARLY BELOVED

Freely
C
Dm7/C
G/D
Dm7
Em7
C6/E

G9sus
no chord
G7
C

pp
cresc.

Tell me that it's true,

tell me you agree,

I was meant for you,
you were meant for

Moderately

C
G
F

me.

Dearly beloved, how
clearly I see, somewhere in heaven you were fashioned for me. Angel eyes

knew you, angel voices led me to you. Nothing could save me, fate
G  F  G  F  Dm7

gave me a sign.  I know that I'll be yours come

G  G9  C

shower or shine.  So I say

D7  G  Dm7  G7

merely,  dearly beloved be

C  Bb7  2C  C

mine.  mine.
EASY TO LOVE
(From "BORN TO DANCE")

Moderately

Words and Music by
COLE PORTER

Am Dm Am D7 G A7dim G

You'd be so easy to love, So easy to

Am G Gm Am7 D7

idolize, all others above, So worth the

G Bbdim Amsus D7-9

yearning for, So swell to keep ev'ry home fire burn-
What do I get—

We'd be so grand at the
game,

So carefree together, that it does seem a shame,
That

you can't see your future with me, 'Cause you'd be oh, so
easy to love!
THE END OF A LOVE AFFAIR

Words and Music by EDWARD C. REDDING

Moderate Beguine

Gm9

C7

Gm7

C7

Gm9

C7

Gm7

C7

Fmaj7

F

So I walk a little too fast, and I

Fm7

Bb7

Emaj7

E5

Em7

Ab7

drive a little too fast, and I'm reckless, it's true, but what

Ebm7

A7

Dbmaj7

C7

F

e else can you do, at the end of a love affair? So I

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talk a little too much, and I laugh a little too much, and my voice is too loud, when I'm out in a crowd, so that people are apt to stare. Do they know, do they care, that it's only that I'm lonely and low as can be? And the
smile on my face isn't really a smile at all!

So I smoke a little too much, and I

drink a little too much, and the tunes I request are not

always the best, but the ones where the trumpets blare!

So I
go at a mad·den·ing pace, and I pret·end that it's tak·ing her

place, but what else can you do, at the end of a love af

fair? So 1 fair?
Dear Dorothy Dix:
I'm in an awful fix,
I thought she was in love with me, but found that she was only up to his old tricks!

Dear Emily Post:
No wiser, I, than most, please
exercise your nimble brain, and tell me how a girl can entertain a ghost!

So, I'm writing to you for advice, ladies, the situation isn't very nice, ladies, I find myself completely at a loss, ladies, my
Dm7   Dm7(5)   G7  C
heart, and not my mind, is boss!

Gm7   C7    Gm7  C7
D.S. al Coda
So I

a tempo

CODA  F  B♭7  F
fair?
a tempo

B♭9  F

F
FALLING IN LOVE WITH LOVE

(From "THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE")

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

Bb  Bbmaj7  Bb6

Falling in love with love is

Bb  Cm7  F7

falling for make believe.

Cm7  F7  Cm7  F7

Falling in love with
love is playing the fool.

Cm7    F7    Bbmaj7

Bb6    Bbmaj7    Bb6    Bbmaj7

caring too

Bb6    Bbmaj7    Bb6

much is such a juvenile

Am7    D7    F6/A    D7

fancy.
Learning to trust is just for children in school.

I fell in love with love one night when the moon was
F7      Cm7      F7      Cm7
full.                                            I was un-

F7      Cm7      F7
wise with eyes unable to see.

Bbmaj7   Bb6   Bbmaj7   Bb6
I fell in love with love, with love ever-
Am7 D7 Gmaj7 G7

last - ing, but

Cm/Eb Ddim7 Cm7 F7

love fell out with

1 Bb F7

me.

2 Bb Bb6

me.
A FINE ROMANCE

Words by DOROTHY FIELDS
Music by JEROME KERN

Moderately
G/F     C#dim7    Dm7    D#dim7  Dm7/G

Dm7b5/G
G7  C  G7

(She:) A fine romance! With no good
fine romance!

kisses! A fine romance, my
fellow! You take romance,

friend, take this is! We should be like a
Jello! You're calmer than the
couple of hot tomatoes,
seals in the Arctic Ocean,
but at

you're as cold as yesterday's mashed potatoes.
least they flap their fins to express emotion.

A fine romance! You won't
A fine romance! With no

nestle; a fine romance, you won't
quarrels, with no insults, and all
wrestle! I might as well play the bridge with my old maid morals! I've never mused the crease in your blue serge

aunts! pants, I haven't got a chance. I never get the chance.

This is a fine romance! This is a fine romance!

(She:) A mance!
C  Dm7/G  G7  C  B7

(He:) A fine romance! With My

G7  Dm7/G  G7  C

go no dear kisses! A fine romance, my

G7  G7#5  C

friend, need this crutches! We two should be like
clams in a dish of chowder.
But

thrills that a healthy crime has!
We

don't have half the thrills that the "March of Time" has!

we just "fizz" like the parts of a Seidlitz powder.

A fine romance, with no good

A fine romance, with no good

clinches. My strong "Aged in the wood"
pinches.
woman!
You're just as hard to land as the "Ile de France!"
I haven't got a chance,
No! You like cactus plants,
this is a fine romance!

(He:) A mance!
FLYING HOME

Lyrics by SID ROBIN
Music by BENNY GOODMAN and LIONEL HAMPTON

Moderate Bounce

Bdim7  Eb7/Bb  Adim7  Eb7/Bb

Eb  Eb/Db  Ab/C  C7  Eb7/Bb  A7b5

Ab  Ab7/Gb  Fm  E9  Eb9

Flying home

to a place that's always sunny,

Ab  Ab7/Gb  Fm  E9  Eb9

flying home

with my pockets full of money,
Flying home to my little hometown honey

Waiting for me there.

C'mon let's go, don't you mind this sudden flurry?

Don't you know that I'm in an awful hurry?
Ain't it so that my baby's gonna worry

if I don't get there?

My heart is burnin' ever since I've been learnin' how I

missed her, him, since I kissed her, him.

Now
I can't stand it, won't you please understand that I've been
lonesome, I've been living by my own some.

Flying home, from now on there's no more grievin'.

I won't roam, once I'm there I'm never leavin'.
Flying home,
to that love I'll be receivin'.

We'll be so happy; that's why I'm flying home.
HARLEM NOCTURNE

Words by DICK ROGERS
Music by EARLE HAGEN

Moderately slow

Gm(maj7)

Deep music fills the night deep in the heart of Har-

Cm6

And tho' the stars are bright

Cm(maj7)

The darkness is taunting me

no chord

Oh what a sad refrain

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A nocturne born in Harlem
that melancholy strain.

forever is haunting me.

The melody clings around my heart strings.
Indigo tune, it sings to the moon the

won't let me go when I'm lonely.

I hear it in dreams and

lonesome refrain of a lover.

The melody sighs it
some-how it seems - it makes me weep and I can't sleep. An

laughs and it cries - a moon in blue that

wails the long night thru. Tho' with the dawn it's gone

the melody lives ever for lonely hearts to learn

of love in a Harlem Nocturne.
THE GIRL FROM IPANEMA
(GAROTA DE IPANEMA)

Original Words by VINICIUS DE MORAES
English Words by NORMAN GIMBEL
Music by ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM

Bossa Nova

Tall and tan and young and lovely, the girl from Ipanema

Gm7

-ma goes walking, and when she passes, each one she passes goes

Fmaj7

"a-a-h!"

When she walks she's like

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a samba that swings so cool and sways so gentle, that when

she passes, each one she passes goes "a-a-h!"

Oh, but I watch her so sadly.

How
can I tell her I love him?

Yes,

I would give my heart gladly,

But each day when she walks to the sea,

looks straight ahead not at me.

Tall and tan and young...
and lovely, the girl from Ipanema goes walking, and when she passes I smile, but she doesn't see.

She just doesn't see.

No, she doesn't see.
GOD BLESS' THE CHILD

Words and Music by ARTHUR HERZOG, JR. and BILLIE HOLIDAY

Slowly with feeling

Ebmaj7 Eb7 Ab6
They that's got shall get, they that's

not shall lose, So the Bible said, and it still is news;

Abmaj7 Ab6 Abm Gm C7 C7-9
Ma-ma may have, Pa-pa may have, but God Bless' the child that's
got his own! That's got his own.

Yes, the

strong gets more, while the weak ones fade, Empty pockets don't ever

make the grade; Mama may have, Papa may have, But

God Bless' the child that's got his own! That's got his own.
Money, you got lots o' friends,
crow din' round the door,
When you're gone and spend in' ends,
they don't come no more.
Rich relateions give, Crust of bread and such, You can
Help yourself, but don't take too much!

Mama may have, Papa may have, But God bless the child that's got his own!
That's got his own. Them that's...
HAVE YOU MET MISS JONES?

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately
Ab/C
Ek7/Bb
Fm/Ab
C7sus C7
F
F#dim
Gm7 Bb/C

“Have you met Miss Jones?”
Then I said “Miss Jones,
You’re a girl who

Gm7 C7sus C7 Am7 Dm7 G7
Gm C7

we shook hands.
understands,
I’m a man who must to me.

Gm7 C7 C7#5b9 2Gm7 C7 F9
Bb

free.”
And all at once I lost my
breath, And all at once was scared to death, and all at once I owned the earth and sky! Now I've met Miss Jones,
And we'll keep on meeting till we die,

--- Miss Jones and I. ---
HELLO, YOUNG LOVERS
(From "THE KING AND I")

Very moderately

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Hello, young lovers, whoever you are,
I hope your troubles are few.

All my good wishes go
with you tonight. I've been in love like

you

Be brave, young lovers, and

follow your star; be brave and faithful and

true.

Cling very close to each
other tonight
I've been in love like

you.
I know how it feels to have

wings on your heels, and to fly down a street in a

trance.
You fly down a street on a
chance that you'll meet, and you meet not really by chance.
Don't cry, young lovers, whatever you do, don't cry because I'm alone.

All of my memories are
happy tonight,
I've had a love of my own.
I've had a love of my own like yours,
I've had a love of my own.
Heavy own.
Heavy own.
HONEYSUCKLE ROSE

Words by ANDY RAZAF
Music by THOMAS ("FATS") WALLER

Ev'ry honey bee fills with jealousy when they see you out with me,
I don't blame them, goodness knows, Honey Suckle Rose.

When you're pass-in' by
flow-ers droop and sigh, and I know the rea-son why. You’re much sweet-er,
good-ness knows, Hon-ey Suck-le Rose.
Don’t buy sug-ar, you just have to touch my cup.
You’re my sug-ar, it’s sweet when you
stir it up. When I'm takin' sips from your tasty lips,
seems the honey fairly drips. You're confection, goodness knows,

Honey Suckle Rose.

Rose.
HOW HIGH THE MOON
(From "TWO FOR THE SHOW")

Words by NANCY HAMILTON
Music by MORGAN LEWIS

Slowly

Somewhere there's music,
How faint the

Gm7

tune!

Somewhere there's heaven,

F

How high the moon!

There is no
moon above when love is far away too,
Till it comes true That you love me as I love you. Somewhere's there's music,
It's where you are, Somewhere there's heaven,
How near, how far! The darkest night would shine if you would come to me soon,

Until you will, How still my heart, How high the moon!

Somewhere there’s moon!
I COULD WRITE A BOOK
(From "PAL JOEY")

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

C/G  Dm7/G  G7b9  Am  G

F  G7sus  G7b9  C  G7

If they asked me, I could write a

book about the way you walk and

whisper and look. I could
write a preface on how we
met so the world would never for-
get.

And the simple
secret of the plot is just to
Tell them that I love you a lot.

Then the world discovers, as

my book ends, How to make two lovers of

friends. If they friends.
I CAN'T GET STARTED

Words by IRA GERSHWIN
Music by VERNON DUKE

Moderately

\[\begin{array}{cccc}
A7#5 & A7 & Dm7 & G7 & C \\
Dm7#5 & G7sus & G7 & C & Dm7 & G7
\end{array}\]

I'm a glum one, it's explainable:

\[\begin{array}{cccc}
Cmaj7 & Dm7 & G7
\end{array}\]

I met someone unattainable.

\[\begin{array}{cccc}
Em7 & Ebdim7 & Dm7 & G7
\end{array}\]

Life's a bore, the world is my oyster no

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more.

All the papers

where I led the news with my capers

now will spread the news, "Superman turns

out to be flash in the pan!"

I've flown a
round the world in a plane. I've settled
hundred yards in ten flat.

I've revolution in Spain.

Wales has copied my hat.

The North Pole
With Queens I've

I have charted, but can't get started with
à la carted, but can't get started with

you. you.

A round a
The leading
golf
tail-
course
I'm un-
der
par,
sty-
les,
and all the
and
tooth-
paste
no chord
movies want me to
stars.
I've got a
The Astor-
house,
bits
vis-
it.
But I
get no
place
it
with
no chord
you.
you?
You're so
When first we
met,
lyrics I write of you scheme
how you elated me! Pet,

just for the sight of you, dream
you devastated me! Yet,

both day and night of you. And what
now you've deflated me till you're

no chord

good does it do? In nineteen twenty-nine I sold
my Waterloo. I've sold my kisses at a ba-
short;
zaar,
In England I'm presented at
and after me they've named a ci-

court.
gar.
But you've got me down-hearted 'cause I
But lately how I've smarted, 'cause I

can't get started with you.
can't get started with you.

I do a you.
I'LL TAKE ROMANCE

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by BEN OAKLAND

Moderately slow

F

Dm

Gm7

I'll take romance,
I'll take romance,

C7

F

Ab7

while my heart is young
while my arms are strong

Dm7

Gm7sus

C7sus

eager to fly.
eager for you.
I'll give my
heart arms
a try.
I'll take romance.

So my lover when you want me,
call me
in the hush of the evening.

When you call me,

in the hush of the evening, I'll rush to my

first real romance. While my
F      Ab7     Dbmaj7     Gm7sus5
heart is young and eager and gay,

C7sus   Gbdim7   Gm7       C7
I'll give my heart away.  I'll take romance.

F   Dm7     Gm7
I'll take my own romance.
I'm beginning to see the light

Words and Music by HARRY JAMES, DUKE ELLINGTON, JOHNNY HODGES and DON GEORGE

I never cared much for moon-lit skies,

never wink back at fire flies,

But now that the stars are in your eyes, I'm beginning to see the light.
never went in for afterglow, or candlelight on the
mistletoe, but now when you turn the lamp down low I'm be-
inning to see the light. Used to ramble
thru the park Shadow boxing in the dark
Then you came and caused a spark,... That's a four-alarm fire now...

I never made love by lantern shine,... I

never saw rainbows in my wine,... But now that your lips are

burning mine,... I'm beginning to see the light....
I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN

Moderately

\[
\text{Moderately} \quad \begin{array}{cccc}
\text{Bb7} & \text{Fm7} & \text{Bb7} & \text{Eb\text{maj7}} \\
\end{array}
\]

\[
\text{I've got you under my skin,}
\]

Beauine Tempo

\[
\text{Eb\text{maj7}} \quad \text{Cm7} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{Fm7} \quad \text{Bb7} \\
\]

\[
\text{I've got you deep in the heart of me,}
\]

\[
\text{So deep in my heart.}
\]

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Chappell & Co. owner of publication and allied rights throughout the World.
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You're really a part of me.
I've got you under my skin.
I tried so not to give in,
I said to myself, 'This af-
fair never will go so well."

But why should I try to resist when, darling, I know so well

I've got you under my skin.

I'd sacrifice anything, Come what might, for the sake of having you
near, In spite of a warning voice that comes in the night And re-
peats and repeats in my ear: "Don't you know, little fool,
you never can win, Use your men-
tality, Wake up to reality."
IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING
(From "STATE FAIR")

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Gracefully

G  Bm  G

I'm as restless as a willow in a wind-storm, I'm as

mf

Dm7  G7  C  Cdim7

jump-y as a put-pet on a string, I'd say that I had spring-

G  Am7  D7  Gmaj7  G6

fe-ver, but I know it isn't spring. I am
starry eyed and vaguely discontented, like a

nightingale without a song to sing. Oh, why should I have spring-

fever when it isn't even spring?

I keep wishing I were somewhere else, walking down a strange new
street,
hearing words that I have never heard from a

man (girl) I've yet to meet. I'm as busy as a spider spinning
day dreams, I'm as giddy as a baby on a

swing.
I haven't seen a crocus or a rosebud, or a
I'm as spring!
JELLY ROLL BLUES

Moderate blues tempo

By FERD "JELLY ROLL" MORTON

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JUST IN TIME

Words by BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN
Music by JULY STYNE

Just in time, I found you just in time

Before you came, my time was running low.

I was lost.
the losing dice were tossed, my bridges
all were crossed, nowhere to go.
Now you're here and now I know just where I'm

going, no more doubt or fear, I've found my
way, for love came just in time.

You found me just in time and changed my lonely life that lovely day.
THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by JEROME KERN

Briskly

The last time I saw Paris Her heart was warm and gay, I

heard the laughter of her heart in every street café'.

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last time I saw Paris, Her trees were dressed for spring, And
lovers walked beneath those trees, and birds found songs to
sing. I dodged the same old taxi cabs that I had dodged for
years; The chorus of their squeaky horns was music to my
The last time I saw Paris Her heart was warm and gay.
No matter how they change her I'll remember her that way.

The way.
LONG AGO (AND FAR AWAY)

Words by IRA GERSHWIN
Music by JEROME KERN

Moderately slow

F D7 Gm7 C7

F Dm7 Gm7 C7 Fmaj7

Long ago and far away, I

dreamed a dream one day

and now that

dream is here beside me. Long
skies were overcast, but now the clouds have passed:

You're here at last!

Chills run up and down my spine,

laddin's lamp is mine, the dream
drew was not denied me. Just one

look and then I knew. That all I

longed for, long ago, was you.
LOVE IS HERE TO STAY

(From "GOLDFYN FOLLIES")

Words by IRA GERSHWIN
Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN

With motion

Gm7/C

C7
F6
Fdim7
F

Fdim7

D7
Ddim7

D7

Gm7
F#dim7

C7/G

F6/A

Abdim7

Gm7
C7

The more I read the papers
The less I comprehend
The world and all its
capers And how it all will end.

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Nothing seems to be lasting, But that isn’t our affair;

We’ve got something permanent, I mean in the way we care. It’s very clear

Our love is here to stay; Not for a year
But ever and a day. The radio and the telephone and the movies that we know May just be passing fancies, And in time may go. But, oh my dear,

Our love is here to stay; Together we're
going a long, long way.

In time the

Rock-ies may crum-ble, Gi-bral-tar may tum-ble, They’re on-ly made of

clay, But our love is here to

stay. It’s ver- y stay.
in a phrase, how I feel!

Have you ever heard two turtle doves, bill and coo,

when they love? That's the kind of magic

music we make with our lips when we kiss!
And there's a weepy old willow,

he really knows how to cry.

That's how I'd cry in my pillow

if you should tell me farewell and goodbye.

Lullaby of Birdland whisper low,

kiss me sweet.
and we'll go fly-in' high in Bird-land,

high in the sky up above all because

we're in love.

we're in love.
LUSH LIFE

Words and Music by BILLY STRAYHORN

I used to visit all the very gay places, those come what

may places, where one relaxes on the axis of the

wheel of life to get the feel of life from jazz and cocktails. The
girls I knew had sad and sullen gray faces, with distinctive traces, that used to be there you could see where they'd been washed away by too many through the day twelve o'clock tails. Then you came along with your siren song to tempt me to madness,
I thought for a while that your poignant smile was tinged with the sadness of a great love for me.

Ah, yes I was wrong, again I was wrong!

Life is lonely a -
gain, and only last year every-thing seemed so

sure. Now life is awful again, a trough-ful of

hearts could only be a bore. A week in Paris will

ease the bite of it. All I care is to smile in spite of it.
Db  D7  D6  C7#11  B7#9
I'll  for-get  you,  I  will,  while  yet  you  are  still  burn-ing  in-side  my

Bs7  B69  Bs7#9  Es7  Gm79  Gm6  A7  A7#9  B6  G7  Ab7  Ab9
brain.    Ro-mance  is  mush,  stif-ling  those  who  strive,  I'll

Ds7maj9  Dm9  G7b9  Cs7maj9  G6  Fm11  Bb79  Em7  Gm9  Gm6
live  a  lush  life  in  some  small  dive,  and  there  I'll  be,  while  I

A7#5  A7#9  F  Es6  Dmaj7  G7  D6  D9  D6maj7
rot  with  the  rest  of  those  whose  lives  are  lone-ly  too.
MEDITATION

English Words by NORMAN GIMBEL
Original Words by NEWTON MENDONCA
Music by ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM

Relaxed

In my loneliness
Though you're far away
I have on-

and I'm all by myself
and I need your caress.

I just think of you
I just close my eyes

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and the thought of you holding me near makes my loneliness soon is gone
and the sadness that missing you brings

lieness soon disappear
and this heart of mine sings

Yes,

I love you so and that for me is all

I need to know

will wait for you 'til the sun
falls from out of the sky for what else can I do?
I will wait for you Medita-
ting how sweet life will be when you come back to me.
Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens,
Cream colored ponies and crisp apple strudels,
Bright copper doorbells and

ekettles and warm woolen mittens,
Sleigh bells and schnitzel with noodles,
Brown paper packages

tied up with strings,
Moon on their wings,
These are a few of my favorite things.
Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes,
Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes,
Silver white winters that melt into springs,
These are a few of my favorite things.

When the dog bites,
When the bee stings, When I'm feeling sad,

I simply remember my favorite things and

then I don't feel so bad.
My Funny Valentine
(From "BABES IN ARMS")

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Cm
Cm+7
Cm7

My funny Valentine, Sweet comic

p

Cm6
Ab
Fm7

Valentine, You make me smile with my

Fm6
G7
Fm
G7
Cm
G7

heart. Your looks are laughable,
Unphotographable, Yet, you're my

favorite work of art. Is your

figure less than Greek; Is your mouth a little

weak, when you open it to speak are you smart?
But don't change a hair for me,

Not if you care for me, Stay, little

Valentine, stay! Each day is

Valentine's day.
MY ONE AND ONLY LOVE

Words by ROBERT MELLIN
Music by GUY WOOD

Slowly

C Em Dm7 G7 Am Fmaj7 D7 G7

The very thought of you makes my heart sing like an April breeze on the

C Em7 Dm7 G9 Am Fmaj7 F6

wings of spring. And you appear in all your splendor,

Dm6 Em7 Dm7 G7 Am F Am

my one and only love. The shadows fall and spread their

Dm7 G7 Em7 Am7 Dm7 G9#5 C Em7

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mystic charms in the hush of night while you're in my arms.

I feel your lips so warm and tender, my one and only love.

The touch of your hand is like heaven, a heaven that I've never known.

The blush on your cheek whenever...
ever I speak
tells me that you are my own.

You fill my eager heart with such desire.
Ev'ry kiss you give sets my soul on fire.
I give myself in sweet surrender,

my one and only love.
MY ROMANCE  
(From "JUMBO")

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

C7b5    D7    Am7    B7    F7b5    G7

\[ \begin{align*} 
C7b5 & \quad \text{D7} & \quad C7b5 & \quad \text{D7} & \quad C7b5 & \quad \text{D7} \\
& \quad \text{D7} & \quad \text{D7} & \quad \text{D7} & \quad \text{G7} & \quad C7 & \quad F & \quad Fm \\
& \quad \text{C} & \quad \text{G7} & \quad \text{C} & \quad \text{C7b5} & \quad \text{D7} \\
& \quad \text{C} & \quad \text{G7} & \quad \text{C} & \quad \text{C7b5} & \quad \text{D7} \\
\end{align*} \]

I won't kiss your hand, madam, crazy for you

though I am. I'll never woo you on bended knee,

no madam, not me. We don't need that
flor - ry fuss, no sir, ma - dam, not for us. My ro -

man - cee doesn't have to have a moon in the

sky. My ro - mance doesn't need a blue la -

goon stand - ing by. No month of
C(add9)  C9  F  C(add9)

May,  no  twink - ling  stars,  no

Fm7  B7  Em  Am7  G/D  D7
hide  a - way,  no  soft  gui -

g7sus  G7  C  G/B  Am  C/G
tars.  My  ro - mance  does - n't  need  a  cas - tle

F  F/A  C  Am  G6
ris - ing  in  Spain  nor  a  dance  to  a
constantly surprising refrain.

wake I can make my most fantastic dreams come true.

My romance doesn't need a thing but you.

My ro-you.
NEW YORK STATE OF MIND

Words and Music by
BILLY JOEL

Slowly, with a blues feel

Am D7 Am C G G9sus

1. Some folks like to get away take a
2. I've seen all the movie stars in their
3. Comes down to reality and it's
4. Instrumental

Am7 Gm7 C7 F

holi-day from the neigh-bor-hood hop a flight to Mi-
fan-cy cars and their limousines been high in the
fine with me, 'cause I've let it slide don't care if it's

A7 Dm7 Bb9

am-i beach or to Hol-ly-wood
Rock-ies under the ever-greens.
Chi-na-town or on River-side

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But I'm takin' a Greyhound on the Hudson River line.
But I know what I'm needin' and I don't want to waste more.
I don't have any reasons I've left them all behind.

I'm in a New York state of mind.

D.S.S.X al Coda after verse 5

It was so
easy livin' day by day,
out of touch with the rhythm and blues
And now I need a little
give and take the New York Times.
A NIGHTINGALE SANG IN BERKELEY SQUARE

Lyric by ERIC MASCHWITZ
Music by MANNING SHERWIN

That certain night, the night we met, there was strange it was, how sweet and strange, there was

magica abroad in the air. There were angels dining
never a dream to compare with that hazy, crazy

at the Ritz, and a nightingale sang in Berkleyley
night we met, when a nightingale sang in Berkleyley

Pronounced (Bar-kley)
This heart of mine beats may be wrong, but I'm perfectly willing to swear
loud and fast, like a merry-go-round in a fair, that
when we turn'd and smiled at me a nightingale sang in
Ber  k'ley  Square.
The moon that lingered over London town,
poor puzzled moon, he wore a frown.
When dawn came stealing up all gold and blue
to interrupt our rendezvous,
How could he know we two were so in love?
I still remember how you smiled and said "Was the whole darn world seemed upside down."
The streets of town were paved with stars.
It was such a romantic affair just as light as the tap-dancing feet of Astaire.
And And
as we kissed and said "good night," a night-ingale sang in
like an echo far away, a night-ingale sang in

Ber-k'ley Square.
How

Square.
I know 'cause I was there,

that night in Ber-k'ley Square.
PEOPLE WILL SAY WE'RE IN LOVE
(From "OKLAHOMA!")

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

With a lit

Don't throw bouquets at me
Don't praise my charm too much

Don't please my folks too much
Don't look so vain with me

Don't laugh at my jokes too much
Don't stand in the rain with me

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People will say we're in love!
People will say we're in love!

Don't sigh
Don't take

and gaze at me
my arm too much

Your sighs
Don't keep

are so like mine
your hand in mine

Your eyes
Your hand

mustn't glow like mine
feels so grand in mine

People will say we're in
People will say we're in
love!  
love!

Don't  
Don't  

start  
dance  

collecting things  
all night with me  

Give me my rose and my glove.

Till the stars fade from above,

Sweetheart
They'll see

they're suspecting things
it's alright with me

People will
People will

say we're in love.

say we're in love.
SAMBA DE ORFEU

Words by ANTONIO MARIA
Music by LUIZ BONFA

Samba

\[ \text{D9} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Esdim7} \]

G7/D

\[ \text{no chord} \quad \text{Cmaj7} \]

Que-ro vi-ver, que-ro sam-bar

\[ \text{Cdim} \quad \text{Dm7} \]

A-té sen-tir a es-sên-cia da vi-da, Me fal-ta ar

Que-ro sam-bar, que-ro vi-ver
Depois do samba, tá bem Meu amor posso morrer.

Quero viver, mor, posso morrer.

Quem quiser gostar de mim,

se quiser vai ser assim.

Vamos viver...
Se a fantasia, vamos sambar
rasgar, Meu amor, cu compró outra. Vamos sambar
vamos viver. O samba é
livre, Eu sou livre também, Até morrer.
QUIET NIGHTS OF QUIET STARS
(CORCOVADO)

English Words by GENE LEES
Original Words and Music by ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM

Moderately slow

Am6

Abdim7

Gm7

Gm7/C

C13

Fmaj7

Fm6

Em7

Am7

D7/A

Abdim7

D9/A

Quiet nights of quiet stars,
-tains and the sea. How lovely! This is where I want to be.

Here, with you so close to me, until the final flicker of life's ember.

I, who was lost and lonely,
believing life was only a bitter, tragic joke, have found with you the meaning of existence. Oh, my love.
'ROUND MIDNIGHT

Words by BERNIE HANIGHEN

Music by COOTIE WILLIAMS and THelonious MONK

Moderately slow, in 2

Am7-5

D7+9

Gm7-5

C7+9

Fm7-5

Bb7+9

Ebmaj7+11

Bb7-5
It begins to tell 'round midnight, 'round midnight.

I do pretty well till after sundown.

Supertime, I'm feeling sad. But it

really gets bad 'round midnight.
Mem'ries always start 'round midnight, 'round midnight.

Have n't got the heart to stand those mem'ries,

when my heart is still with you, and old

mid - night knows it too.
quarrel we had needs mending, does it

mean that our love is ending?

Darling, I need you; lately I find you're

out of my arms and I'm out of my mind.
Let our love take wing some midnight, 'round midnight.

Let the angels sing for yourreturning.

Let our love be safe and sound when old

midnight comes around.
ROUTE 66

By BOBBY TROUP

Medium jazz

If you ever plan to motor west;

travel my way, take the highway that's the best.

Get your kicks on Route Sixty Six!
It winds from Chicago to L. A.,
more than two thousand miles all the way.
Get your kicks on Route Sixty Six!
Now you go thru Saint Lou-ey, Jop-lin, Mis-sour-i and
Oklahoma City is mighty pretty. You'll see

Amarillo,

Gallup, New Mexico;

Flagstaff, Arizona;

Don't forget Winona, Kingman, Barstow, San Bernardino. Won't

you get hip to this timely tip:
When you make that California trip...
Get your kicks on Route Sixty Six!
If you
Get your kicks on Route Sixty Six!
SATIN DOLL

Words by JOHNNY MERCER
Music by BILLY STRAYHORN
and DUKE ELLINGTON

Medium Swing

Use pedal sparingly

Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7

Cigarette holder which wigs me

Em7 A7 Em7 A7 Cm/Eb D7

Over her shoulder, she digs me Out cat-tin'

Abm7 Db7-9 C6 F Em7 A7-9

that sat-in doll.

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Baby shall we go out skip-pin' careful amigo,
you're flip-pin' speaks Latin that satin doll.

She's nobody's fool, so I'm playing it cool as can be,
I'll give it a whirl, but I
Ain't for no girl catching me. 

Spoken: Swich E-Roo-ney

Telephone numbers well you know, doing my rhumba

with uno, And that 'n' my satin doll.

Guitar Tab
SKYLARK

Words by JOHNNY MERCER
Music by HOAGY CARMICHAEL

Moderato

Have you anything to say to me? Wont you tell me where my love can be? Is there a meadow in the mist, Where someones waiting to be kissed? SKY - LARK,

SKY - LARK,

SKY - LARK,

Have you seen a valley
green with Spring, Where my heart can go a journeying,

Over the shadows and the rain, to a blossom covered lane? And in your

lonely flight, Have you heard the music in the night,

Wonderful music, Faint as a 'will o' the wisp,' Crazy as a loon,
Sad as a gypsy serenading the moon. (Oh,)

SKY-LARK, I don't know if you can find these things,

But my heart is riding on your wings. So, if you see them any

where, Won't you lead me there? there?
This little song for my father does things that no other can do,
rhythm and rhyme that will fasten his memory in time,
as I sing it as his beauty shines through.

It has a For through my
mind and soul

my heart will always hold

a special place for him,

it's true.

We bow our heads and we pray,

Every day's Father's Day,

Let's re-view

love is real nice, but old Dad sacrificed for us too.

all that he means

Let us give him

to you, his due.
Our Mother's
We're very proud to be
in his biography.

We sing this song for him and you.
(I CAN RECALL) SPAIN

Lyrics by ARTIE MAREN & AL JARREAU
Music by CHICK COREA
Introduction after a theme in the 2nd Movement of the Concerto D'Aranjuez by JOAQUIN RODRIGO

Freely
Bno3rd(add9)

Yesterday, just a photograph of yesterday and all its edges

Em11

folded and the corners faded sepia brown, and

Gmaj7 F#m7 F#7 F7#9 Bm9(no3rd)

yet it's all I have of our past love; a post-script to it's ending.

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Brighter days, I can see such brighter days when every
song we sang is sung again and now we know we know this time it's for
good, and we're lovers once again and you're near me.

Moderately bright Samba

I can remember the rain in December the leaves of brown

on the

on the

tumbling.
In Spain I did love and adore you. Our love was a Spanish Fiesta.

Nights filled with joy were our yesterday and tomorrow will bring you near me.

Bright lights and songs were our joy each day and the heat of yearning.

In Spain I did love and adore you.
I can recall my desire, every reverie is on fire and I get a picture of all our yesterdays, yes, today I can say

"I get a kick every time they play that 'Spain' again."

I get a kick every time I see you gaze at me."
I see moments of history.

Your eyes meet mine.

and they dance to the melody,

and we live again.
as if dreaming.

The sound of our hearts beat like castanets and forever we'll know their meaning.

I can recall my desire, every reverie is on
fire and I get a picture of all our yesterdays, yes, today I can say,

"I get a kick 'erly time. I see you gaze at me." meaning...

I get a kick and I'm here to say, "Here's 'Spain' again."
Flowingly

I hear music when I look at you, A beautiful

theme of every dream I ever knew, Down deep in my

heart, I hear it play, I feel it
Cmaj9  C G7 G9  Cmaj7 C Cdim
start, Then melt a-way.

I hear mu-sic when I touch your

Dm7 G7 G9 C C6 Gdim
hand, A beau-ti-ful mel-o-dy from some en-chant-ed

G7 C Cmaj7
land, Down deep in my heart, I hear it

Dm G9 C
say, Is this the day?
I alone have heard this lonely strain,

I alone have heard this glad refrain,

Must it be forever inside of me, Why can't I

let it go, Why can't I let you know, Why can't I
let you know the song my heart would sing,
That beautiful

mf a tempo

rhapsody of love and youth and spring,
The music is

sweet,
The words are true,
The song is

you.
TAKE THE "A" TRAIN

Words and Music by BILLY STRAYHORN and THE DELTA RHYTHM BOYS

Rhythmically

You can give up pleasure driving and ditch your A-card too,

and you need not be depriving yourself of things to do: Just

get aboard the "A" train
to take a little ride around the city.

Brooklyn or Broadway train,
you'll see that old New York is mighty pretty.

Take your baby subway
riding. That's where romance may be

hid ing. For get your car or

air-plane. You'll find that it'll pay to take the

THERE WILL NEVER BE ANOTHER YOU

Sweetly
Fm7
Bb7
Ab6
Fm7
Bb13sus
Bb9

This is our last dance together,
to-

a tempo

Eb
Bb7
Eb
Abm6

night soon will be long ago.
And in our

Eb
Bb7
Bbm6
C7
Ab6

moment of parting,
this is all I
want you to know: There will be many other nights like this, and I'll be standing here with someone new. There will be other songs to sing, another fall, another spring, but there will never
Fm7/Bb    Bb7    Eb
be an-oth-er you. There will be oth-er lips that I may

Dm7   G7    Cm7    Bb7
kiss, but they won’t thrill me like yours used to do.

Eb7   Ab   Abm6   Eb   G7   Cm   F7sus   F7   F7b9
Yes, I may dream a mil-lion dreams, but how can they come true, if

Eb   D7   Bb7   Eb7   Fm7   Bb7sus   Bb7   1 Eb  2 Eb
there will nev-er ev-er be an-oth-er you? There you?
TENDERLY

Lyrics by JACK LAWRENCE
Music by WALTER GROSS

Moderately

Gm
Gmaj7
Fm7

Bb7
Emaj7
Bb+
Em7
Ab9

The evening breeze caressed the trees tenderly; the trembling

Fm7
Abm
Eb
Gm7
Fm7
Eb

Abm7

trees embraced the breeze tenderly. Then you and

Bb7
Abm7
Bb7
Bdim
Cm7
F7

I came wandering by and lost in a sigh were
we. The shore was kissed by sea and mist tenderly.

I can’t forget how two hearts met breathlessly. Your

arms opened wide and closed me inside; you took my lips, you took my

love so tenderly.
The evening
THIS MASQUERADE

Moderately slow

Fm

Are we really hap-

Fm(+7)

Fm7

Bb9

py here with this lone-
y game we play.

Fm

Db7

Gm7

look ing for words to say?

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Searching but not finding understanding,

Anyway, we're lost in a masquerade.

Both afraid to say,

We're just too far away, from being close together.
ever from the start.

We tried to talk it over, but the words got in the way.

We're lost inside this lonely game we play.

Thoughts of leaving disappear every
time I see your eyes...

No matter how hard I try...

to understand the reasons that we carry on this way...

we're lost in this masquerade.
WALTZ FOR DEBBY

Lyric by GENE LEES
Music by BILL EVANS

Moderately (in one)

In her own world,
One day...

Gm7         Cm7  Fm7  Bb7  G7  Gm7-5  C7

F7         Bb7  Eb7  Ab  Fm7-5  Bb7

populated by dolls and clowns and a prince and a big purple bear.
She'll grow up and she'll leave her dolls and her

Gm7         Cm7  Fm7  Bb7  Gm7  Cm7  

Lives my
Fm7    Bb7    G7    Gm7-5    C7    F7    Bb7
favorite girl, unaware of the

G7+5    Cm7    A7    D7    Bm7    Am7
worried frowns that we wear - y grown-ups all wear.

Gmaj7    F#m7    Fm7    Bb7    Gm7    C7-5    C7
In the sun, she
dances to silent music, Songs that are spun of gold some-

Fm7    G7    Cm7    Bbm    Abmaj7    G7
where in her own little head,  
prince and her silly old bear.  
When she goes they will cry  
as they whisper goodbye.  
They will miss her.  
fear, but then, so will I.
THE WAY YOU LOOK TONIGHT

Words by DOROTHY FIELDS
Music by JEROME KERN

Andantino

Some love day,
when I'm awfully low,
When the world is cold,
soft,

I will feel a glow just thinking of you,

There is nothing for me but to love you,

And the way you look tonight,
Just the way you look tonight.

Oh, but you're
With each word your tenderness grows,

Tearing my fear apart,

And that laugh that wrinkles your nose

Touches my foolish heart... Love-ly,
never, never change,
Keep that breathless charm,

Won't you please arrange it, 'Cause I love you,

Just the way you look tonight, mm___ mm___ mm___

dim.          mf a tempo

Just the way you look tonight...
WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LOVE?

Words and Music by COLE PORTER

Moderately

I was a humdrum person,
You gave me days of sunshine,

Leading a life apart,
When love flew in through my

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window wide, And quickened my hum drum heart.

Love flew in through my window, love
I was so happy

then. But after love had stayed a little while, why

Love flew out again, still?
What is this thing called love?

This funny thing called love?

Just who can solve its mystery?
Why should it make a fool of me?

Saw you there one wonderful day.

You took my heart and threw it a-

\(
\begin{align*}
G7 &
\end{align*}
\)

\(
\begin{align*}
G7 &
\end{align*}
\)

\(
\begin{align*}
C &
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\begin{align*}
Ab &
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\begin{align*}
As &
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\(
\begin{align*}
Ab6 &
\end{align*}
\)
That's why I ask the Lawd,
in Heaven above,
is this thing called love?

What love?
WHAT'S NEW?

Words by
JOHNNY BURKE

Music by BOB HAGGART

Very animated
Em
Eb9
Am-5
F#6
Em7
Eb6

D9sus4
G6
Bb9

Slowly

What's new? How is the world treating

Ebmaj7
D7+9
D7-9
Gm9(maj7)

you? You haven't changed a bit;

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What's new?
How did that romance come through?

We haven't met since then; gee, but it's nice...
to see you again.

What's new?

probably I'm boring you.

but seeing you is grand,

and you were sweet to offer your hand;

I understand.}

Adieu!
Par don my asking what's new.

Of course, you couldn't know:

I haven't changed, I still love you so...

Coda

Am7-5
D7-9 Freely
No Chord a tempo

I haven't changed,
I still love you so.

F6
Eb9
D7+9 D7-9 Gmaj9

slight rit. a piecere
YESTERDAYS

Words by OTTO HARBACH
Music by JEROME KERN

Moderately

Dm7

Gm7

E♭9

A♭7♭9

Dm7

Gm7

Dm7

yes

truth

was

days,

mine,

days I knew as

joyous, free and

cresc.

D♭7

Dm7/C

Bm7♭5

B♭7

A7

E7

happy, sweet se-

quies-
tered days.

flaming life, for-

sooth,

was mine.
Old
gold

Sad
am

en
days,

glad

am

days,

of

for

to

day

mad

romance

and

I'm

dreaming

Dm7/A

A7b9

Dm7

love,
of

then

yes

gay

ter

days.

Gm7

A7b9

Dm7

rit.
YOU ARE TOO BEAUTIFUL
(From "HALLELUJAH I'M A BUM")

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

Like all fools, I believed what I wanted to believe.

My foolish heart conceived what foolish hearts conceive.

I thought I found a miracle, I
thought that you'd adore me, but it was not a miracle, it was merely a mirage before me. You are too beautiful, my dear, to be true, and I am a fool for beauty.

Fooled by a feeling that because I had found you, I could have bound you,
You are too beautiful for one man alone, for one lucky fool to be with. When there are other men with eyes of their own to see with. Love does not stand sharing, not if one cares. Have you been com-
Am  Am7  Am7/D  D9  Dm7/G  G7

paring  my ev'ry kiss with theirs?

Dm7  G7  Em7  A7#5  Dm7  G7#5

If on the other hand, I'm faithful to you, it's not through a sense of

duty

You are too beautiful and I am a fool for

D7  Dm7/G  G7#9  1 C6  Fmaj7  Cmaj7/E  A9/Eb

beauty.
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT LOVE IS

Words and Music by DON RAYE and GENE DePAUL

Moderately
Fm6

Ds9

Fm6   Ds7   C7#5   C7   Fm6

You don't know what

Ds9   C7#5   Fm6   Gs9

love is, until you've learned the meaning of the

Ds9

Bb9   Gb9

blues, until you've loved a love you've had to
Fm6  
D69

lose,
you don't know__ what

C7sus  
C7

love is.___ You don't know___ how

D69  
C7#5

lips hurt __ until you've kissed and had to___ pay the

D69

Gb9

cost; ___ until you've flipped your heart and you have
lost, you don't know what love is.

you know how a lost heart fears the thought of reminiscing?

And how lips that taste of tears lose their taste for kissing?

You don't know how
hearts burn for love that cannot live, yet never
dies, until you've faced each dawn with sleepless
eyes, you don't know what

1 love is. You love is.
2 love is.