PIANO • VOCAL • GUITAR

BROADWAY TORCH SONGS

31 Great Songs, including: Come Rain or Come Shine • Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye • I Dreamed a Dream • I Had Myself a True Love • Losing My Mind • Stormy Weather • Supper Time • What Did I Have That I Don't Have?
PIANO • VOCAL • GUITAR

BROADWAY TORCH SONGS


Hal Leonard Publishing Corporation
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BILL
from SHOW BOAT

Lyrics by P.G. WODEHOUSE and OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by JEROME KERN

Andante moderato

I used to dream that I would discover
The perfect lover some
He can't play golf, or tennis, or polo,
Or sing a solo, or

I knew I'd recognize him
If ever he row.
He isn't half as handsome
As dozens of
 came 'round my way. I always used to fancy then, He'd be men that I know. He isn't tall and straight and slim, And he

one of the God-like kind of men; With a giant brain and a dresses far worse than Ted or Jim; And I can't explain why he

no - ble head, Like the heroes bold in the books I read, should be just The one, one man in the world for me.

But a long came Bill, Who's not the type at all, You'd meet him on the street and nev - er He's just my Bill, An or-di-nar - y boy, He has - n't got a thing that I can
not-ice him; His form and face, His man-ly grace Are not the kind that you Would brag a-bout; And yet to be Up-on his knee So com-fy and room-y Feels

find in a sta-tue, And I can't ex-plan, It's sure-ly not his brain That nat-ur-al to me, And I can't ex-plan, It's sure-ly not his brain That

makes me thrill. I love him Be-cause he's

won-der-ful, Be-cause he's just old Bill. He's I don't know, Be-cause he's just my Bill.
CAN'T HELP LOVIN' DAT MAN
from SHOW BOAT

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by JEROME KERN

Tempo di Blues (slowly)

Orchestrator: WALTER BENDIX
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De an-gels done
plan.

De chim-b-ley's smok-in',
De roof is leak-in' in,
But he don't-

-seem to care,
He can be hap-py
Wid jus' a sip of

I ev-en loves him when
his kisses got gin.

Refrain (slowly)

Fish got to swim and birds got to fly, I got to love one

man till I die, Can't help lovin' dat man of

Tell me he's la-z-y,
tell me he's slow,  Tell me I'm crazy, maybe, I know.

Can't help lovin' dat man of mine.

When he goes away

cresc. e piu appass.

Dat's a rainy day,

And when he comes
COME RAIN OR COME SHINE
back dat day is fine, De sun will shine.
He can come home as late as can be, Home wid-out him ain't no home to me, Can't help lov-in' dat man of mine.

1. Eb Bb7(b5) Bb7 Bb9+ Eb F9 E+9 Eb7 Eb mine.

2. Eb Bb7(b5) Bb7 Bb9+ Eb F9 E+9 Eb7 Eb mine.
COME RAIN OR COME SHINE
from ST. LOUIS WOMAN

Words by JOHNNY MERCER
Music by HAROLD ARLEN

Freely

Piano

Slowly and very tenderly

I'm gonna love you Like nobody's loved you, Come

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deep as a river, Come rain or come shine.

I guess when you met me It was just one of those things,

But don't ever bet me, 'Cause I'm gonna be true if you let me.
F
a tempo

You're gonna love me Like nobody's loved me, Come

Dm
Happilytogether, Un

B9
B7
A7

happilytogether And won't it be fine

D7

Days may be cloudy Or
sunny, We're in or we're out of the money, But

I'm with you always, (Augie,) (Delila,) I'm with you rain or

shine!

shine!

PP dim e rall

E7(5) A
EV'RY TIME WE SAY GOODBYE
from SEVEN LIVELY ARTS

Words and Music by
COLE PORTER

We love each other so deeply That I ask you this, sweet-

heart,

Why should we quarrel ever,

Why can't we be enough clever, never to part.
Refrain, Very slowly and pensively (four beats)

Every time we say goodbye I die a little,

Why a little, Why the gods above me Who

must be in the know Think so little
of me They al - low you to go. 

When you're near there's such an air of

Spring a-bout it, I can hear a lark some-

where begin to sing a-bout it, There's no love song
fin-er, But how strange the change from ma-jor to mi-nor

Every time we say good-bye.

we say good-bye. Ev'ry sin-gle time we

say good-bye.
GET OUT OF TOWN
from LEAVE IT TO ME

Words and Music by
COLE PORTER

The farce was ended,
The curtains drawn,

And I at least pretended
That love was dead and gone.

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But now from nowhere you come to me as before
To take my heart and break my heart once more.

REFRAIN

Get out of town, Be-fore it's too late, my love;

Get out of town, Be good to me, please.
Why wish me harm? Why not retire to a farm.

And be contented to charm. The birds off the trees?

Just disappear. I care for you much too much.

And when you are near.
Close to me, dear, we touch too much.

The thrill when we meet is so bitter sweet
That, darling, it's getting me down.

So on your mark, get set,
Get out of town.
GOODBYE, LITTLE DREAM, GOODBYE
from RED, HOT AND BLUE!

Words and Music by
COLE PORTER

I first knew love's delight,
When presto out of the blue-

A dream appeared one night-
And

whispered "How do you do?"

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took it straight to my heart; My fears were right.

And now we must part.

Refrain   slowly with tender expression
Goodbye, little dream, goodbye, You

made my romance sublime, now it's time to fly. For the
F mp piu espr. e crescendo A7 Dm

stars have fled from the Heavens, The moon's deserted the

F mp piu espr. e crescendo

Am Eb7 Bbm7 A A7 D7 G

hill And the sultry breeze that sang in the trees, is

Eb7 A A A7 Dm

suddenly strangely still. It's done,

F Dm7 Bbm7(5) C#dim A7 D7 crescendo

little dream, it's done, So bid me a fond farewell.
We both had our fun, Was it

Romeo or Juliet, Who said when about to

die, "Love is not all peach-es and cream, Lit-tle dream, good-bye?"

1. F Gm A7
2. F Fmaj. 7

Good-
GLAD TO BE UNHAPPY
from ON YOUR TOES

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

FRANKIE:

Look at your-self: If you had a sense of humor you would laugh to beat the band.

Look at your-self: Do you still believe the rumor that romance is simply grand?

Since you took it right
on the chin, You have lost that bright tooth-paste grin.

Freely

My men-tal state is all a - jum - ble. I sit a - round and sad - ly

Tempo

mum - ble: Fools rush in, so here I am,

Ver - y glad to be un - hap - py. I can't win, but
here I am, More than glad to be un-happy.

Un-re-quited love's a bore, And I've got it pretty bad.

But for some-one you adore,

It's a pleasure to be sad, Like a straying
With no mam-my and no papp-y, I'm so un-

unrequited love's a bore,

And I've got it pretty
But for some-one you a-dore, bad.

It's a pleasure to be sad. Like a straying baby lamb

With no mam-my and no pap-py, I'm so un-hap-py But oh, so glad.
I CAN'T GET STARTED
from ZIEGFELD FOLLIES, 1936

Words by IRA GERSHWIN
Music by VERNON DUKE

Moderately

I'm a glum one, it's ex-plain-a-ble: I met some-one un-at-tain-a-ble.

Life's a bore, The world is my oy-ster no more.

All the pa-pers where I led the news With my ca-pers now will spread the news.
"Superman Turns Out To Be Flash In The Pan!"

I've flown around the world in a hundred yards in a plane; I've settled revolutions in
(I do a)

I've flown around the world in a hundred yards in a plane; I've settled revolutions in

Spain; flat; The North Pole With queens I've à la carted, But can't get started with you.

A round a golf course I'm under par. And all the toothpaste ads all feature my
D13 Tacet C/G Am Am7 Dm7 Dm7-5 G7 C As7 G7

star; I've got a house, a show, place, But I get no place with you.
smiles; The Astor-bilts I visit; But say, what is it with you?

C Em7 A7 Em7 A7 Dmaj9 D6 Dmaj9 D6

You're so supreme, When first we met, You're so supreme, When first we met,
lyrics I write of you, Scheme just for a sight of you,
how you elated me! Pet, you devastated me!

Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 C F7 Am7 D7 G7 Tacet Cmaj7 Am F

Dream Yet, both day and night of you And what good does it do? In nineteen twenty-nine, I sold
now you've de-flated me Till you're good does it do? In nineteen twenty-nine, I sold
my Waterloo. I've sold my kisses at a bar,

Dm7 G7 E7 Am7-5 D13 Tacet C A7

short; In England I'm presented at a court, But you've got me down-hearted 'Cause I
zaar; And after I'm presented at a court, But you've got me down-hearted 'Cause I

Dm7 G7 1 C F G7 $ 2 C F Bdim C

Can't Get Started With You. Can't Get Started With You. I do a

You.
FANTINE:

There was a time when men were kind, When their voices were soft

And their words inviting. There was a time when love was blind And the world was a song

Music by CLAUDE-MICHEL SCHÖNBERG
Lyrics by HERBERT KRETZMER
Original Text by ALAIN BOUBLIL and JEAN-MARC NATEL
And the song was exciting. There was a time. Then it all went wrong.

Andante

FANTINE:

I dreamed a dream in time gone by
When hope was high and life worth living,
I dreamed that love would never die,
I dreamed that God would be forgiving.

Then I was young and unafraid

And dreams were made and used and wasted.

There was no ransom to be paid,

No song unsung, no wine untasted.

Poco più mosso

But the tigers come at night
With their voices soft as thunder,

As they tear your hope apart,

As they turn your dream to shame.

He slept a summer by my side,

He filled my days with endless wonder,
He took my childhood in his stride
But he was gone when autumn

Poco accel.
came.

Più mosso
And still I dreamed he’d come
to
cresc.
come.

That we would live the years together.

But there are dreams that cannot be
And there are storms we cannot
I had a dream my life would be so different from this hell I'm living, so different now from what it seemed. Now life has killed the dream I dreamed.
I HAD MYSELF A TRUE LOVE
from ST. LOUIS WOMAN

Words by JOHNNY MERCER
Music by HAROLD ARLEN

Slowly and with tenderness

I had myself a true love, a true love who was some-thin' to see—

I had myself a true love, at least that's what I kept on tel-lin' me,

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first thing in the morn-in'
I still try to think up a way to be with him. Some part of the even-in'
An' that's the way I live thru the day. She had her-self a true love. But now he's gone an' left her for good.

The
Lord knows I done heard those back yard whispers goin' round the neighborhood.

There may be a lot of things I miss, a lot of things I don't know, but I do know this:

Now I ain' got no love an' once upon a time I had a true love.
In the evening! In the doorway, while I stand there and wait for his coming. With the house swept, and the clothes hung, an' the pot on the stove there a-hummin'. Where is...
No! That ain't the way that it used to be.

An' ev'rybody keeps
tellin' me, There may be a lot o' things I miss, A
lot o' things I don't know, but I do know this: Now I ain't got no love an'

once upon a time I had a true love.
I LOVED YOU ONCE IN SILENCE
from CAMELOT

Words by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE

Moderato

Piano

F Dm F Dm6 C7 F#dim
I loved you once in silence And

Bb6 C7 F F6 F C7
mis'try was all I knew. Trying

F C7 Cm7 F7 Cm7 F7 Bb6 Gm7 Db7
so to keep my love from showing, All the while not
knowing you loved me too.

Yes,

loved me in lonely silence;

Your heart filled with dark despair.

Thinking

love would flame in you forever, And I'd never,
nev-er know the flame was there.

Then one day we cast a-way our se-cret long-ing;

The rag-ing tide we held in-side would hold no more.

The si-lence-

at last was bro-ken! We flung wide our pris-on
Ev'ry joyous word of love was spoken.

And now there's twice as much grief, Twice the strain for us; Twice the dead are, my love, Silent once again, Twice the pain for us. As we had known be -

1. F C7 2. F

1. fore. I. fore.
I WONDER WHAT BECAME OF ME
from ST. LOUIS WOMAN

Words by JOHNNY MERCER
Music by HAROLD ARLEN

Slow and steady

Piano

Lights are bright, pianos making music all the

night And they pour champagne just like

it was rain. It's a sight to see, But I
wonder what became of me. Crowds go

by, That merry making laughter in their eye And the

laughter's fine, But I wonder what became of

mine. Life's sweet as honey And yet it's funny, I get a
feeling that I can't analyze, It's like, Well, maybe, Like when a

baby Sees a bubble burst before its eyes Oh, I've

had my fling, I've been around and seen most every
had my thrills, They've lit my cigarettes with dollar

thing bills, But I can't be gay, for along the
way, something went astray And I can't explain, It's the same champagne, It's a sight to see But I wonder what became of me.

1. Ab Eb7 Ab Bbm7 Cm7 F7

2. Ab Eb+9 Ab9 Ab7 Db Ab
I don't care if there's powder on my nose,
I don't care if my hair-do is in place. I've lost the very meaning of repose,
I never put a mud pack on my face. Oh, who'd have thought that I'd
walk in a daze now, I never go to shows at night. But just to mat-in-ees now.

I see the show and home I go.

Refrain (slowly, with warm expression)

Once I laughed when I heard you saying That I'd be playing

sol- i- taire, Un-cas- y in my cas- y chair.
It never entered my mind.

Once you told me

I was mistaken

That I'd awakened with the sun

And order orange juice for one,

It never entered my mind.

You have what

I lack myself,
And now I even have to scratch my back myself.

Once you warned me That if you scorned me, I'd sing the maid-en's pray'r again And wish that you were there again To get into my hair again, It never entered my mind.
ILL WIND
(You're Blowin' Me No Good)
from COTTON CLUB PARADE, 1934

Words by TED KOEHLER
Music by HAROLD ARLEN

Slowly with expression
B♭  Cm  A♭

Blow ill wind, blow a

G7  E♭m  B♭  E♭m

way, Let me rest to-day, You're blow-in' me no

B♭  F+  B♭  E♭7  F7  B♭

good, no good. Go,
ill wind, go away. Skies are, oh, so gray
round my neighborhood, and that's no good.

You're only misleadin' the sunshine I'm needin'.

Ain't that a shame? It's so hard to keep up with
Troubles that creep up From out of nowhere, when love's to blame.

So, ill wind, blow away. Let me rest to-

A tempo

You're blowin' me no good, no good.
LOSING MY MIND
from FOLLIES

Words and Music by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

Sempre molto rubato

(Con Ped. al Fine)

SALLY:

The sun comes up, I think about you. The coffee cup, I think about you. I want you so, It's like I'm losing my mind.

The morning ends, I think about you. I talk to friends, I think about...
you. And do they know? It's like I'm losing my mind.

Faster

All afternoon, doing ev'ry little chore,

The thought of you stays bright.

Sometimes I stand in the middle of the floor,

Not going left, Not going right. I dim the lights And think a-bout
you, Spend sleep-less nights To think-about you. You said-you loved
me, Or were you just being kind? Or am I losing my
mind?
I want you so, It's like I'm losing my mind.
Does no one know? It's like I'm losing my mind.

All afternoon, doing ev'ry lit-tle chore.

The thought of you stays bright.

Sometimes I stand in the mid-dle of the floor.
Not going left, Not going right, I dim the lights

And think about you, Spend sleepless nights To think about you, You said you loved

me Or were you just being kind? Or am I losing my

a tempo

mind?
LOVE, LOOK AWAY
from FLOWER DRUM SONG

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Lento

HELEN:

I have wished before.
I will wish no more.

Love, look away!
Love look away from me.
Fly when you pass my door.
Fly and get lost at sea.
Call it a day.

Love, let us say we're through.
No good are you for me,
No good am I for

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Wanting you so, I try too much.

After you go I cry too much. Love, look away,

Lonely though I may be, Leave me and set me free, Look a-

way, look away, look away from me.
MOANIN' IN THE MORNIN'
from HOORAY FOR WHAT!

Lyrics by E.Y. HARBURG
Music by HAROLD ARLEN

Once there lived a girl who believed Love was something Heaven conceived. Now she's guarding her heart Saving the pieces, That simple Cinderella Sue

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Refrain (slowly, with much expression)  

P-mf

I'm through with moan-in' in the morn-in', moon-in' in the evenin';

I'm through with long, long nights of heart-break waiting for

day-break.

I'm through with love, the

thrill and the spell-of it, The lure, cure, hail and fare-well of it. It's
I now who say goodbye now. With love I'm through.

I've been a 'Laugh clown, laugh' The morning after every

romance. I've been an April fool, A

fool for April's illusion. Each time
found love High on a daisy quilt, My magic carpet
turned to a crazy quilt. If this is all love can

do, Then with moan-in' in the morn-in' and moon-in' in the even-in' I'm

through. I'm through with through.
THE MUSIC THAT MAKES ME DANCE
from FUNNY GIRL

Words by BOB MERRILL
Music by JULE STYNE

Moderato

Piano

Freely

To me, to me love is no go Till fiddle and oboe start

weeping,

wailing.__

That's my__
Failing. He may be wrong for me, But

His is the only song for me.

Refrain - Expressively with a steady beat

I know he's around when the sky and the ground start in

I know that he's near by the
thunder I hear in advance. His words and

his words alone are the words that can start my heart

singing.

And his is the only

music that makes me dance.

He’ll
sleep and he'll rise in the light of two eyes that a -
dore him.

Bore him it might, but he

won't leave my sight for a glance.

In ev'ry way, ev'ry day, I need less of my self, and need
more him, more him, 'Cause his is the only

music that makes me dance.

Oh, hello, let's dance.
THE PARTY’S OVER
from BELLs ARE RINGING

Words by BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN
Music by JULE STYNE

Slow
rubato

He's in love with Mel - i - sande Scott,
A

girl who does-n't ex - ist. He's in love with some-one you're not, and

so, re-mem-ber, it was nev-er you he kissed.
The par - ty's
It's time to call it a day.

No matter how you pretend, you knew it would end this way.

It's time to wind up the masquerade.

Just make your mind up the piper must be paid. The party's over.

The candles flicker and dim.
You danced and dreamed through the night; It seemed to be right, just being with him.

Now you must wake up; All dreams must end.

Take off your make-up. The party's over; It's all over, my friend.
NOBODY'S HEART
from BY JUPITER

Leisurely

Refrain (slowly, with expression)

No-bod-y’s heart be-long{s to me, Heigh-ho! Who cares?

No-bod-y writes his songs to me, No one be-long{s to me, That’s the

least of my cares. I may be sad at times, And dis-in-

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clined to play, But it's not bad at times, To go your own sweet way.

No-bod-y's arms be-long to me, No arms feel strong to me,

I ad-mire the moon, As a moon, Just a moon, No-bod-y's heart be-

longs to me to-day.

day.
SEND IN THE CLOWNS
from A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC

Lento

Music and Lyrics by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

DÉSIRÉE:

Isn't it rich?
Are we a pair?
Me here at last on the ground,
You in mid-air.

Send in the clowns.
Isn't it bliss?

Don't you ap-

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prove?

One who keeps tearing around, One who can't move. Where are the clowns?

Send in the clowns. Just when I'd stopped opening doors, Finally knowing the one that I wanted was yours, Making my entrance again with my usual flair, Sure of my
lines, No one is there.

Don't you love

farce? My fault, I fear.

I thought that you'd want what I want—Sorry, my

dear. But where are the clowns?

Quick, send in the

clowns. Don't both-er, they're here.
Isn't it rich,  
Isn't it queer,  
Losing my

timing this late in my career?
And where are the clowns?
There ought to be

Well, maybe next year...
SPEAK LOW
from ONE TOUCH OF VENUS

Words by OGDEN NASH
Music by KURT WEILL

Moderato assai (slowly)

C9

Gm9

Refrain

C9

Gm9

Our summer

Gm9

C9

Gm9

D7

day withers away

too soon, too soon.

Speak

C9

Gm9

C7

F6

Gm9

C9

Gm9

D7

C9

Gm9

C7

F6

D7

day withers away

too soon, too soon.

Speak

C9

Gm9

C7

F6

D7

C9

Gm9

C7

F6

D7

C9

Gm9

C7

F6

D7

C9

Gm9

C7

F6

D7

C9

Gm9

C7

F6

D7

C9

Gm9

C7

F6

D7

C9

Gm9

C7

F6

D7
Bbsus9
e|?

low when you speak, love.

Our moment is

C9
C9 C7(b9) F6 D7 Gm7 C7

swift, like ships a-drift, we're swept apart too soon

Speak

Gm9
C9 Gm9 C9

low darling, speak low

love is a

Gm9 C9 Gm9 C9 F6 D7

spark lost in the dark too soon, too soon,

I
feel wherever I go that tomorrow is near, tomorrow is here and always too soon.

Time is so old and love so brief,

Love is pure gold and time a thief. We're late.
Darling, we're late
The curtain descends, everythings ends too soon, too soon I wait
Darling, I wait
Will you speak low to me, speak love to me and
Speak soon.
STORMY WEATHER
(Keeps Rainin' All The Time)
from COTTON CLUB PARADE, 1933

Lyrics by TED KOEHLER
Music by HAROLD ARLEN

Slow lament

Don’t know why there’s no sun up in the sky, Storm-y Weather,

Since my gal and I ain’t to-geth-er, keeps rain-in’ all the time.

Life is bare, gloom and mis-ry ev-ry where, Storm-y Weather,

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Just can't get my poor self together,
I'm weary all the time.

So weary all the time.
When (she) went away the blues walked in and met me.
If (she) stays away old rockin' chair will get me.

All I do is pray the Lord above will let me walk in the sun once
more. Can't go on, ev ry thing I had is gone. Storm y

Weath er. Since my (man) gal I ain't to geth er,

keeps rain in' all the time, keep rain in' all the

Segue to Interlude

L.H. roll

Ped.
Interlude

I walk around, heavy-hearted and sad.

Night comes around and I'm still feeling bad.

Still feeling bad.

Rain pouring down, blinds every hope I had. This

pite-pate-beat splatter drives me mad.

Love, love, love, this misery is just too much for me.

Can't go
SUPPER TIME
from AS THOUSANDS CHEER

Words and Music by
IRVING BERLIN

Supper time,
I should set the table 'cause it's supper time.

Somehow I'm not able 'cause that man o' mine ain't comin' home no
kids will soon be yell-in' for their supper time. How'll I keep from tellin' that that man o' mine ain't comin' home no more.

How'll I keep explainin' when they ask me where he's
How'll I keep from cry-in' when gone?

I bring their supper on?

How can I re-mind them to pray at their humble board?

How can I be thank-ful when they start to thank the
I should set the table 'cause it's super time. Somehow I'm not able 'cause that man o' mine ain't com'in' home no more.

Ain't com'in' home no more.
SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES
from ROBERTA

Words by OTTO HARBACH
Music by JEROME KERN

Andante moderato

They asked me how I knew My true love was true.

I of course replied, Some-thing here in-side, Can-not be de-

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They said some day you'll find,
All who love are blind,
When your heart's on fire,
You must realize Smoke gets in your eyes.

So I chaffed them and I gayly laughed to think they could doubt my
Yet today—My love has flown away—I am without my love. Now laughing friends declare

Tears I cannot hide, So I smile and say, "When a lovely flame dies, Smoke gets in your eyes."
Tell me on a Sunday
from SONG AND DANCE
Lyrics by DON BLACK
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Slowly
C/G
G7
F Bb/F F
C/G
G7
C

Don’t write a letter when you want to leave.

Em7
Am
Am/G
Fsus2
F
Am

Don’t call me at 3 A.M. from a friend’s apartment. I’d

Dm7
Em7
Bb
Eb
Bb
C/G
G

like to choose how I hear the news. Take me to a park that’s

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Let me down easy, no big song and dance.
No long faces, no long looks,

no deep conversation. I know the way we should spend the day. Take me
to a zoo that's got chimpanzees. Tell me
on a Sunday please. Don't want to know who's to blame,

it won't help knowing. Don't want to fight day and night bad enough you're going.

Don't leave in silence with no words at all. Don't get drunk and slam the door.

that's no way to end this. I know how I want you to say good-bye. Find a
C/G    G7    F    Bb/F  F    C/G    G7

Cir - cus ring with a fly - ing trap - eze. Tell me on a Sun - day please.

C    Bb    F/A    Fm/Ab    C/G

want to fight day and night, bad e - nough you're go - ing.

G7/F    C/E    Am7    Dm7    F/G

Don't leave in si - lence with no words at all.
Don't get drunk and slam the door, that's no way to end this. I know how I want you to say good-bye. Don't run off in the pouring rain. Don't call me as they call your plane. Take the hurt out of all the pain. Take me to a park that's covered with trees. Tell me on a Sunday please.
WHAT CHANCE HAVE I WITH LOVE
from LOUISIANA PURCHASE

Words and Music by
IRVING BERLIN

Slowly, but rhythmically

Cmaj7  Dm7  Em7  Fmaj7  G#dim  Am7  Bdim  C6  Dm11

G7sus  G7  Cmaj7  Dm7  Em7  Fmaj7

Love is beau - ti - ful, love is swell.

G7  G/D  C  C/E  Ebdim

Love is as sweet as a nut.

Love is grand - er than

Dm7  G7/D  C#dim  Dm7  G9

tongue can tell.

Love is re - mark - a - ble. But

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Look at what it did to Anthony. It made a fool out of Anthony. If love could do that to

Anthony, what chance have I with love?

Look at what it did to Romeo. It dealt poor Romey an
If love could do that to Romeo,
awful blow.

what chance have I with love?
Look what it did to Sampson,
'til he lost his hair he was brave.

hair-cut could weaken Sampson, they could murder me with a shave.
Look at what it did to Bonaparte. He lost his head when he lost his heart. If he kicked over the apple cart, what chance have I an ordinary guy, what chance have I with love?
WHAT DID I HAVE THAT I DON'T HAVE?
from ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE FOREVER

Slowly in 4, Rubato

I don't see why they re-designed me... He likes the way he

used to find me. He likes the girl I left behind me.

In 3

I mean, he... I mean, me...

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What did I have that I don't have?

What did he like that I lost track of?

What did I do that?

I don't do the way I did before?

What isn't there that once was there?

What have I got a
great big lack of?

Something in me then

He could see then

Beck-ons to him no more.

I'm

Just a victim of time,

Obsolete in my

prime!

Out of date and out-classed
By my past...

What did he love
that there's none of?

What did I lose
the sweet warm knack of?

Wouldn't I be the
late, great me
If I knew how?

Oh!

What did I have
I don't have
now?
Where can I go to re-

tear;

All the wear and the

Till I'm once again

the Previous me?

What did he like that
I'm not like?

What was the charm that I've run dry of?

What would I give if my old know-how still knew how!

Oh!

What did I have I don't have now?
WHY CAN'T YOU BEHAVE?
from KISS ME, KATE

Words and Music by
COLE PORTER

Andante

Slow blues

LOIS:

Why

can't you be - have?

Oh, why

can't you be - have?

Af - ter all the things you

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told me And the promises that you gave, Oh, why

can't you behave? Why

can't you be good? And do

just as you should? Won't you turn that new leaf
So your baby can be your slave? Oh, why can't you behave? There's a farm I know near my old home town.

Where we two can go and try settlin' down.
There I'll care for you forever, 'Cause you're all in the world I

a tempo

But why can't you behave? Gee, do you

need me, kid? I always knew you did. But

why can't you behave?
WHY WAS I BORN?
from SWEET ADELINE

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by JEROME KERN

Andante con moto

Spend-ing these lone-some eve-nings With noth-ing to do but to live in dreams that I

make up, All by my-self,
Dreaming that you're beside me, I picture the prettiest stories only to wake up. All by myself.

What is the good of me, by myself? L.H.

Refrain

Why was I born? Why am I
liv-ing? What do I get? What am I.

giv-ing? Why do I want a thing I dare-n't hope for?

What can I hope for? I wish I knew.

Why do I try. To draw you
near me? Why do I cry? You never hear me. I'm a poor fool, but what can I do? Why was I born to love you? you?
Moderato

REFRAIN

What's the use of won-drin' if he's good or if he's bad, Or if you like the way he wear's his hat? Oh! what's the use of won-drin', If he's good or If he's bad? He's your fel-ler and you love him. That's all there is to that.
Common sense may tell you, that the end-in' will be sad, And now's the time to break and run a-way. But

what's the use of won'drin' if the end-in' will be sad? He's your feller and you love him_

There's noth-in' more to say. Some-thin' made him the

way that he is__ Whether he's false or true And some-thin' gave him the
things that are his... One of those things is you. So, When he wants your kisses, you will
give them to the lad, And any-where he leads you, you will walk And any time he needs you, you'll go
runnin' there like mad! You're his girl and he's your feller And all the rest is

"talk."
"talk."
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I WONDER WHAT BECAME OF ME
ILL WIND (YOU'RE BLOWIN' ME NO GOOD)
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