BOBBY DARIN

(1936-1973)

Bobby Darin was one of pop music's great chameleons; a crooner, pop singer, jazz singer and protest singer, at home in cabaret and on the concert stage; a film actor, lover and political commentator; and a business man who understood how, why and where money flows in the music industry. What is all the more remarkable is that he packed all this into a short life, dying at the age of only 37 from heart problems that had dogged him all his days. Told by a doctor that he was unlikely to live beyond the age of 18, it seems he adopted a reckless spirit and determined to live his life to the full before the maker called.

Born Walden Robert Cassotto on 14 May, 1936, in New York, and raised in East Harlem, he attended Hunter College but quit after one semester to become an entertainer. Befriending songwriter and future publishing magnate Don Kirshner, he signed with Decca Records and, after a struggle, made the US charts in 1958 with the novelty hit 'Splash Splash'. In the UK the song was covered by comedian Charlie Drake whose high profile ensured it reached number seven - as opposed to Darin's number 18 - but anyone with ears could tell which was the superior recording.

This little early set back didn't matter. 'Queen Of The Hop', a major US hit, was followed by two number ones, both of which have become standards. Darin's distinctive vocal delivery on 'Dream Lover' was sexually enticing, perfect to attract a legion of girl fans, while his snappy version of the much-covered 'Mack The Knife' remains the most admired rendition of the popular Brecht & Weill song from The Threepenny Opera.

The worldwide success of 'Mack The Knife' shifted the balance of Darin's career. The slightly quirky pop singer now became a besuited, finger-popping supper-club entertainer and, somewhat engagingly, he compared himself favourably to the less likeable Frank Sinatra. Other hits followed: his hip take on 'Lazy River', the Hoagy Carmichael standard; the slightly risqué 'Multiplication', about mating; and the catchy 'Things' which was covered by such disparate talents as Marilyn Monroe and Val Doonican. Never one to stay in one place, he recorded pop alongside show tunes and standards, always adding his own touches of cool panache, casual poise and disarming professionalism.

In 1960 he moved into films, starring in Come September whose glamorous co-star Sandra Dee he married the same year. He appeared in 13 films in all, and was nominated for an Oscar his role in Captain Newman MD. Combining film work and recording, he stepped up a gear to record an album of Ray Charles covers, then turned abruptly left into a sort of quasi-folk protest style, recording Tim Hardin's lovely 'If I Were A Carpenter' (a number 9 UK hit) and John Sebastian's warmly romantic 'Darling Be Home Soon'. Evidently inspired by the earnestness which engulfed pop music in the mid-Sixties, he reverted to his own name with an album titled simply Born Warden Robert Cassotto. His next was titled, simply, Commitment, which seemed to sum up Darin's entire attitude. A circle had been turned.

Although the hits had dried up by the late Sixties, for the rest of his life Darin continued to be attract big crowds to his shows and command respect from younger artists. Following the assassination of his friend Senator Robert Kennedy in 1968, he considered a career in politics which never materialised. Nevertheless, he took charge of his business affairs with remarkable acuity and might have carved out a career as a successful impresario had fate not intervened.

Bobby Darin married for a second time in 1973, but his happiness was short lived. He died on December 20 the same year following a second bout of open heart surgery, this to replace a valve. In 1990, he was inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, which his son Dodd, by Sandra Dee, accepted on his behalf, and in 1999 he was inducted into the Songwriters Hall of Fame.

Recently the subject of the film Beyond The Sea, directed, written by and starring Kevin Spacey, Bobby Darin lives on as a figure of unbalanced energy who bestrode the lines between crooners and pop stars and the integrity-driven songwriters who followed. The songs in this folio are the touchstones in one of the most idiosyncratic careers in music.

Chris Charlesworth (April 2005)
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BOBBY DARIN

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AS LONG AS I'M SINGING

WORDS & MUSIC BY BOBBY DARIN

1. As long as I'm singin', there's a bell up in my brain.

2° Instrumental

that's ring-in', making a crazy ding dong.

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And if this band don’t des-ert me, then there’s no-thing in the
world can hurt me long as I’m sing-in’ my
song. Give me trum-pets le-ga-to,
put some sax-es with ’em; strings piz-zicato.
add some rhythm. As long as I'm sing-in', then the
world's al-right and ev-'ry-thing's swing-in', long as I'm
sing-in' my song.

D.S. al Coda

Mm.
mak - ing mu - sic is more to me than a plea - sure, 'cos me and mu - sic, we go to - geth - er like notes in a mea - sure.

Long as I'm sing - in' then the world's al - right and ev - ry - thing's swing - in', long as I'm sing - in' my... long as I'm
G7    G7b9    C7    Fm7b5
sing-ing my,       long as I'm sing-in'

my         song.
BABY FACE

WORDS & MUSIC BY HARRY AKST & BENNY DAVIS

Moderately

Ros-y cheeks and turn'd up nose and curl-y hair.

I'm raving 'bout my baby now.

Pretty lit-tle dim-ples here and dim-ples there:

Don't want to live with-out her, I love her good-ness
knows. I wrote a song about her And here's the way it goes:

CHORUS

Baby Face, You've got the cutest little

Baby Face, There's not another one could take your place.

Baby Face, my poor heart is jumpin'.
You sure have started something, Baby Face;
I'm up in heaven when I'm in your fond embrace.
I didn't need a shave. 'Cause I just fell in love with your pretty
Baby Face.
BEYOND THE SEA

ORIGINAL WORDS & MUSIC BY CHARLES TRENET
ENGLISH WORDS BY JACK LAWRENCE

1. Somewhere beyond the sea,
   somewhere waiting for me,

2. Somewhere beyond the sea,
   somewhere watching for me,

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my lover stands on golden sands
if I could fly like birds on high

and watches the ships that go sailing
then straight to her arms I'll go sailing

2, 3. Some sailing. It's

far beyond the stars, it's
kiss just like before.
Happy we'll
be beyond the sea and never again.

To Coda

I'll go sailing.

Coda
sailing.
No more
sailing.
So long, sailing, sailing...

Gm7
C7
Fmaj9
D7

play 11 times ad lib.

No more sailing.

Gm7
Cm7
F6

Gm7
C7
G/F

--
BILL BAILEY WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME

WORDS & MUSIC BY HUGHIE CANNON

1. On one summer's day the sun was shining fine. The lady love of
   the bed a B'n O brake-man that went and threw her down. Hol-lin-g
   3. Bill drove by that door in an au-to mo-bile. A great big diam-
   4. holl - cred through that door "Bill Ball - ey are you sure? Stop a min - ute,

old Bill Bailey was hang - ing clothes on the line in her back - yard
prune - fed calf with a big gang hang - ing 'round and to that
couch and foot man hear that big girl squeal, "He's all a
won't you listen, won't I see you no more?" Bill winked his eye.
Won't you come home Bill Bailey, won't you come home? She moans the whole day long.

Baby I'll do the cooking darling,

I'll pay the rent, I know I've
C\augg  F  Dm7  Gm7  C7  F

done you wrong. Come on honey 'member that rainy evening

C7  F  Bm  Bb7

I drove you out with nothing but a fine tooth comb? (A fine tooth

F  F/Fb

comb.) I know I’m to blame, well ain’t it a

D7  Gm7  C

shame? Bill Bailey won’t you please come home.

\(\text{Coda} + F\)

D.S. al Coda

\(\text{Coda}\)
CLEMENTINE
WORDS & MUSIC BY WOODY HARRIS & PERCY MONTROSE

1. In a cavern,
   down by a canyon,
   excavating for a mine,
   there lived a

2. morning,
   just about dawning,
   began to shine,
   you know she would

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min - er
rouse up,
from North_Ca_ro_li_na
wake all_of them
cows up,
and his daugh - ter,
and walk 'em down
chub - by Cle - men_tine.
to her dad - dy's
mine.
1.
2. Now_ev - ry
A - took the foot -
bridge
way 'cross the wa_ter,
though she weighed.
two ninety nine

The old bridge
trembled
and disassembled,
dumped her
into the foamy brine.

Hey! Crack like

thunder: ho, ho! You know she went under, ho, ho!

A-blowing bub-
Hey, I'm no swimmer, but weren't she slimmer
I might have saved that Clementine.
Broke the record way underwater;
I thought that she...
was doing fine...

I wasn't nervous, until the service that they

held for Clementine.

Hey you

sailor, ho, ho! Way out on your whaler, with your har-
G\(^6\)
- poon, and your trust-y line, if she shew.

C  Cm\(^6\)  G\(^6\)  Fm\(^7\)
now, yeah, well, there she blows now! It just may

Am\(^7/D\)  D\(^7\)  G\(^6\)  Eb\(^7\)
be chun-ky Cle-men-tine (One more time!)

A\(^b6\)  Fm\(^7\)
Dar-ling, oh my dar-ling, oh my dar-ling, oh my dar-ling, oh my
Darling, sweet Clementine, you may be gone.

But you're not forgotten, Fare thee well.

So long, Clementine.

Bye!
DREAM LOVER
WORDS & MUSIC BY BOBBY DARIN

Valse moderato
N.C.

There's a land of charm that I
In the land of dreams never

know, end,
Land of sweet romance where I love to go;
Paradise where broken hearts quickly mend;

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bounds touch my room in the gloom, when the shadows creep.

wander enraptured and whisper sweet vows of love.

Someone I met there waits for me, someone not a cloud to darken our sky.

ten-der as a lover should be; And I whisper each night as I care we'll ever know, you and I;

All the days will be fair with the

Valse lente

close my eyes in sleep.

sun a-shine above.}

Dream
lov' er fold your arms a - round me, dream
lov' er your ro - mance has found me, I'm
held in your spell, know - ing too well,
dreams nev - er tell.

We
two can leave the world behind us, no

body discreet can find us, dream

lover of mine, secrets divine, I am

sharing with you.
EIGHTEEN YELLOW ROSES

WORDS & MUSIC BY BOBBY DARIN

1. Eighteen yellow roses came today,
   to see what it said,

(2.) opened up the card.
eighteen yellow roses in a pretty bouquet,
couldn't believe my eyes when I had read,

When the boy came to the door,
I

Though you belong to another,
I

didn't know what to say,
But eighteen yellow roses

love you anyway,
Yes, eighteen yellow roses

I.

E

- es came today.
- es came to-

2. I
2. 
E  
G  
I neve'rdoubt-
ed your love for a min-ute; 
I al-ways thought that you would be true. 
But now this box and the flow-ers
in it. I guess there's no-thing left for me to do but ask to meet the boy that's done this thing.

and find out if he's got plans to buy you a
ring; 'cos eighteen yellow

es will wilt and die one day, but a

a tempo

father's love will never fade away,

will never fade away.
HELLO, YOUNG LOVERS

WORDS BY OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
MUSIC BY RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

C

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 a

lone.

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.

1  C6  G7
2  C6
IF I WERE A CARPENTER

WORDS & MUSIC BY TIM HARDIN

\[ j = 140 \]

\[
E^b \]

\[
\text{If I were a carpenter, and you were a lady, would you marry me any way?}
\]
Would you have my baby?

If a timer

were my trade

would you still find me

carrying me

pots I made

following behind me.

Save my love through loneliness.
save my love for sorrow.
I've given you my loneliness.

come and give me your tomorrow.

If I worked my hands in wood,
would you still love me?
If I were a miller
at a mill-wheel grinding.

Answer me, dear yes I would,
I would put you soft shoes a-
above me.
shining?

If I were a

Would you marry me

anyway?

Would you have my baby?
MACK THE KNIFE

WORDS BY BERTOLT BRECHT
MUSIC BY KURT WEILL

\[ \text{tempo}=80 \]

\[ \text{C}\]

1. Oh the shark babe,
   has such teeth dear,
   and he scar-let

(2.) shark bites
   with his teeth dear,
   shows them
   pearly white.
   Just a fancy

\[ \text{C}\text{dim} \quad \text{Dm7}\]

\[ \text{G}\text{9} \quad \text{C}\text{6} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{G/F}\]
Jack-knife gloves, has old Mac-heath babe, and he so there!

G'sus\(4\)  G7  C\(6\)

Keeps it never, never a trace out of sight.

G\(7\)

On the sidewalk, oh Sunday morning, don't you know.

A\(b7\)  D\(6\)  Ddim  E\(b\)m\(7\)

Lies a body just oozing life.
There's someone sneaking around the corner,
could that be our boy, Mack the Knife?
From a tugboat down by the river, don't you know,
there's a cement bag.
just dropping on down. That cement's there.

it's there for the weight dear.

Five will get you ten, old Mackie's back in town.

D'ya hear 'bout Louis Miller? He disap...
Yeah, yeah, yeah, Jenny
Driver, old Susky

Tawdry; look out, Miss Lot-tie Len-ya

and old Lucy Brown; yeah the line forms

_on_ the right babe. now that Mack-ie's
B\(^7\)sus\(^4\)    F\(^6\)

back in town, 

I said Jenny

F\(^6\)    F\(^\#5\)dim    Gm\(^7\)

Diver, old Susky Tawdry,

C\(^7\)    C\(^\#11\)    F\(^6\)

Spoken: Look out, Miss Lotte Lenya

and old Lucy Brown,

C C/B\(^b\) F/A A\(^b\)dim Gm\(^7\)

yeah the line forms on the right babe,
now that Mackie's
back in town.

Look out, old Mackie is back! Yeah!
MULTIPLICATION

WORDS & MUSIC BY BOBBY DARIN

1. When you see a gentleman bee around a lady bee
(2.) two butterflies casting their eyes both in the same di-

buzzing,
recitation.

just count to ten then count again; there's
You'd never guess that one little "Yes" could

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sure to be an even dozen!
start a butterfly collection!

-Multiplication-

that's the name of the game;
and each generation,

they play it the same.

2. Now there was

2, 3.

Let me tell you now, I say one and one is five;
you can hear me talking to you; Mother Nature's a clever girl, she re-
call me a silly goat... But you take two minks, add
lies... on habits. You take two hares with...

__two winks:__ ah, you gotta one mink coat! When a
__no cares:__ pretty soon you got a room full of rabbits!

girl gets coy in front of a boy... after three or four dances,
Parakeets, in between tweets, sometimes get too quiet.

ah, you can just bet she'll play hard to get to
(Uh, oh!) But have no fear, 'cos soon you'll hear a
multiply you chances!
Parakeets riot, just try it!
Multipli-

That's the name of the game:

And every generation, you know they play it the same...
And each generation, they play it the same...

1. Yeah, it's multipli-

2. Yeah, it's multipli-

Coda
LAZY RIVER
WORDS & MUSIC BY HOAGY CARMICHAEL & SIDNEY ARODIN

\[ \text{I like lazy weather, I like lazy days;} \]

\[ \text{can't be blamed for having lazy ways.} \]

\[ \text{Some old lazy river} \]
Gm D7 G7 D7 G7 C7 Gm7/C C7

sleeps beside my door, whispering to the sunlit shore.

D7

Lazily

D7/A♭ C7/G F♯dim7 G7

Up a lazy river by the old mill-run, that lazy, lazy river in the

G A♭9 G9 C7

noon-day sun. Linger in the shade of a kind old tree;

C7 C6 D♭7 C7

throw away your troubles, dream a dream with me.
Up a lazy river where the robin's song wakes a bright new morn-ing, we can roll a-long.

Blue skies up a-bove,
ev-ry-one's in love;
up a lazy river, how hap-py you can be.

up a lazy river with me.
QUEEN OF THE HOP

WORDS & MUSIC BY WOODY HARRIS

Original key Gb major

\[ \text{F} \quad \text{Bb/F} \quad \text{F/A} \quad \text{Bb/F} \quad 
\text{F} \quad \text{Bb/F} \quad \text{F/A} \quad \text{Bb/F} \quad \text{C} \]

\[ \text{C/Bb} \quad \text{C/A} \quad \text{C/G} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{Bb/F} \quad \text{F/A} \quad \text{Bb/F} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{Bb/F} \quad \text{F/A} \quad \text{Bb/F} \]

1. Well, you can talk about your Julie and your Peg-gey Sue; you can
(2.) wears short shorts and rock 'n' roll shoes... You

\[ \text{F} \quad \text{Bb/F} \quad \text{F/A} \quad \text{Bb/F} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{Bb/F} \quad \text{F/A} \quad \text{Gm7} \quad \text{F/A} \]

keep your Miss Molly and your Mary Lou; for when it
ought-a see her dance to The Yellow Dog Blues... She's my

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59
comes to The Chick-en or to do-ing The Bop,
sugar-time ba- by, I'm her lol-li-pop.

I got a girl they call The Queen of the Hop. Oh well, I
Every-body knows I love my Queen of the Hop. Do you know who I mean?

love my Queen. Sweet lit-tle six-teen:

yes.
that's my Queen.

2. Well, she

Oh well, she

tunes into "Bandstand" every day, to watch the kids a-dancing 'cross the

U. S. A. She don't care about a thing excepting

To Coda ☯

rock 'n' roll. My baby drives me crazy when she
Oh well, she does The Stroll. Oh well, I love my Queen.
F  B♭/F  F/A  B♭/F  F  B♭/F  F/A  B♭/F

Do you know who I mean?

Sweet little sixteen:

F  B♭/F  F/A  Gm7  F/A  B♭

B♭6  B♭  B♭6

yes, _

F  B♭/F  F/A  B♭/F  F  B♭/F  F/A  B♭/F  F  B♭/F  F/A  B♭/F

that's my Queen.  Well, _ that's my Queen,

F  B♭/F  F/A  B♭/F  F  B♭/F  F/A  B♭/F  F  B♭/F  F/A  B♭/F

Repeat to fade

yes, that's my Queen.  Oh well a,
RAININ’
WORDS & MUSIC BY BOBBY DARIN

\( \text{C} \)

\( \text{B}^9 \)

1. It keeps on

\( \text{E} \)

\( \text{A}^9 \)

\( \text{2,4. rain-in'} \)

\( \text{3rd Instrumental} \)

\( \text{just keeps on rain-in'} \)

\( \text{will it keep rain-in'} \)

\( \text{every day;} \)

\( \text{Oh, how much more} \)

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64
won't go a way...
will it still pour?

Same old love story
May be there's someone

you've heard before:
wait ing around

I tried, she lied, I cried
the bend: a friend who'll lend
music notation
SPLISH SPLASH

WORDS & MUSIC BY BOBBY DARIN & JEAN MURRAY

Moderately, with a beat

Bb

Eb

Splosh splash, I was
Bing bang

Bb

Bb

saw the whole gang

Dancin' on my livin' room

Yeah

night.

A rub dub, just relaxin' in the tub, All the

Flip flop, they were doin' the bop.
Thinkin' ev'rything was all right. Well, there was

stepped out of the tub put my feet on the floor. Good

wrapped the towel around me and I opened the door. And then a

Splish splash, I forgot about the bath. Well,
how was I to know there was a party going on?
I was a-splishin' and a-splashin', I was a-splishin' and a-splashin',
I was a-rollin' and a-strollin', I was a-rollin' and a-strollin',
I was a-reelin' with the feel-in' I was a-reelin' with the feel-in'
Repeat and Fade
THINGS

WORDS & MUSIC BY BOBBY DARIN

\[ \text{\( d = 88 \)} \]

\[
\text{Eb}
\]

\[
\text{\( \text{Eb} \)}
\]

\[
\text{Ev'ry night I sit here by my window, (window)}
\]

\[
\text{\( \text{Bb7} \)}
\]

\[
\text{staring at the lonely avenue, (avenue)}
\]

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70
watching lovers holding hands and laughing (ha ha ha)

thinking 'bout the things we used to do

things like a walk in the park; things like a kiss in the dark;

things like a sail-boat ride. (Yeah, yeah). What about the
night we cried?  Things like a lover's vow:

things that we don't do now; thinking 'bout the things we used to do.

Memories are all I have to cling to, (cling to)...

Now
heart-aches are the friends I'm talking to. Spoken: (But you got me now)

I'm not thinking 'bout just how much I love you. Spoken: (I love you too) I'm

thinking 'bout the things we used to do. Spoken: (We used to do) Thinking 'bout

things like a walk in the park; things like a kiss in the dark;
things like a sail-boat ride. (Yeah, yeah). What about the night we cried?

Things like a lover’s vow, things that we don’t do now:

thinking bout the things we used to do.

Still can hear the juke-box softly playing, (playing), and the
face each day I see belongs to you (belongs to you).

not a single sound and there's nobody else around,

just me thinking 'bout things we used to do. Thinking 'bout

things like a walk in the park: things like a kiss in the dark:
things like a sail-boat ride. (Whoah, woah). What about the night we cried?

Things like a lover's vow; things that we

don't do now: thinking 'bout the things we used to do.

And heartaches are the things I'm talking to...
F  
C7 
You've got me thinking 'bout things.

F  
we used to do. Spoken: (I hope so.) I'm

C7  
thinking 'bout the things we used to do.

F
YOU MUST HAVE BEEN A BEAUTIFUL BABY

WORDS & MUSIC BY HARRY WARREN & JOHNNY MERCER

\[ \text{\textit{molto rubato}} \]

\[
\text{\textit{Does your mother realize}}.
\]

\[
\text{\textit{stork delivered quite a prize, the day he left you on the family tree,}}
\]

\[
\text{\textit{does your dad appreciate, that you are merely super great, the miracle of any centu}}
\]

\[
\text{\textit{ries}}.
\]

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ry, if they don’t just send them both to me. You

must have been a beautiful baby, you must have been a wonderful child,

when you were only start-in’ to go to kinder gar-ten, I

bet you drove the little boys... wild, and when it came to win-ning blue rib-
hombas, 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, 'cos

baby look at you now.
A SUPERB SELECTION OF BOBBY DARIN’S BIGGEST HITS, ARRANGED FOR PIANO, VOICE AND GUITAR

AS LONG AS I’M SINGING
BABY FACE
BEYOND THE SEA
BILL BAILEY WON’T YOU PLEASE COME HOME
CLEMENTINE
DREAM LOVER
EIGHTEEN YELLOW ROSES
HELLO, YOUNG LOVERS
IF I WERE A CARPENTER
LAZY RIVER
MACK THE KNIFE
MULTIPLICATION
QUEEN OF THE HOP
RAININ’
SPLISH SPLASH THINGS
YOU MUST HAVE BEEN A BEAUTIFUL BABY