A Tribute to...

Ella Fitzgerald

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A-Tisket A-Tasket

Words and Music by Ella Fitzgerald and Al Feldman

Moderato (steadily)

Please listen it's awful bad. Please listen I'm awful sad.
More trouble is on the way, poor mommie What will she say,

Please help me I'm sing-in' the Blues.
When getting no letter today?

A - Tisket A - Tasket, a brown and yellow
I sent a letter to my mommie, on the way I dropped it, I dropped it, yes on the way I dropped it, a little girlie picked it up and put it in her pocket.
She was walking down the Avenue without a single thing to do; she was stepping, stepping, stepping all around. When she spied it on the ground, A-Tisket A-Tasket, she took my yellow basket and if she doesn't bring it back I think that I shall die.
I-
die (was it red?)

No, no, no,- (was it green?)
No, no, no,- (was it blue?)

No, no, no, no,- just a little yellow basket.
Once upon a time, my dear
Once upon a time, my dear

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Before I took up smiling, I hated the moonlight.

I had just an organ, my life had no mission,

Shadows of the night that poets find beguiling, seemed flat as the noonlight.

Now that I have you to be as rich as Morgan is my one ambition.

With no one to stay up for,

Once I awoke at seven,

I went to sleep at ten.

Life was a bitter hating the morning light,

now I awoke in
Blue moon,

a tempo

for the saddest of all men.

Blue heaven, and all the world's all right.

a tempo

you saw me standing alone,

without a dream in my heart,

without a love of my own.

Blue moon,
you knew just what I was there for, you heard me saying a prayer

for, someone I really could care for,

and then there suddenly appeared before me, the only

one my arms will ever hold, I heard somebody whisper, 'Please a
Now I'm no longer alone,

without a dream in my heart,
without a love of my own.
But Not For Me

Music and Lyrics by
George Gershwin and Ira Gershwin

Moderately

Old Man Sunshine listen, you! Never tell me, 'Dreams come true!' Just try it and I'll start a riot.

Beatrice Fairfax, don't you dare ever tell me he will care; I'm

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cer-tain it's the fi-nal cur-tain, I ne-ver want to

hear from a-ny cheer-ful Pol-ly-an-nas, who tell you

fate, sup-plies a mate; it's all ba-na-nas! They're writ-ing
With love to lead the way I've found more clouds of gray
I know that love's a game; I'm puzzled, just the same,
than any Russian play could guarantee.
was I the moth or flame? I'm all at sea.

I was a fool to fall... and get that way;
It all began so well... but what an end!

Heigh-ho! Alas! and all so, lack a -
This is the time a fellow needs a
-day!  Although I can't dismiss the memory when every happy plot ends with the

of his kiss, I guess he's not for marriage knot, and there's no knot for

me.  He's knocking me.
Ev’ry Time We Say Goodbye

Words and Music by Cole Porter

Moderately

Capo 1

love each other so deeply that I ask you this, sweetheart,

why should we quarrel ever, why can’t we be enough clever, never to
I die a little, every time we say goodbye.
I wonder why a little, why the gods above me who
must be in the know think so little of me they al-
When you're near—there's such an air of spring—about it, I can hear a lark somewhere begin to sing—about it, there's no love-song finer, but how strange the change from major to minor every time.
How High The Moon

Words by Nancy Hamilton
Music by Morgan Lewis

Until I fell in love my life was very easy; the moon just made it moonlight, the breeze just made it breezy,

and then I fell in love, and things that once were clear...
now I scarcely see or hear. Somewhere there's

music, how faint the tune! Somewhere there's

heaven, how high the moon! There is no
moon above when love is far away, too, 'til it comes

true that you love me as I love you. Somewhere 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, you will, how still my heart, how high the
somewhere there's moon!
I look down on this time less town, whe ther

Blue or grey be her skies, whe ther

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loud be her cheers, or whether soft be her tears, more and more I realize.

slow foxtrot tempo

I love Paris in the spring-time,

I love Paris in the fall.
I love Paris in the winter, when it drizzles,

I love Paris in the summer, when it sizzles.

I love Paris every moment,
I love Paris, why, oh why, do I love Paris?

Because my love is near.

Because my love, because my love is near.
It's Only A Paper Moon

Words by E Y Harburg and Billy Rose
Music by Harold Arlen

Moderately poco rall.

a tempo rubato

I ne-ver feel a thing is real when I'm a-way from you, out of your em-

a tempo rubato

- brace, the world's a tem-po-ra-ry park-ing place, mm

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mm, mm, mm, a bubble for a minute, mm

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

Say, it's only a paper moon, sailing over a cardboard sea, but it wouldn't be make believe, if you...
I believed in me.
Yes, it's only a canvas sky, hanging over a muslin tree,
but it wouldn't be make believe, if you believed in me.

Without your love, it's a
honky-tonk parade, without your love, it's a

me-lo-dy played in a pen-ny ar-cade. It's a Bar-num and

Bai-ley world, just as phony as it can be, but it wouldn't be

make be-lieve, if you be-lieved in me.
Let's Do It (Let's Fall In Love)

Words and Music by Cole Porter

Moderately

When the little blue-bird, who has never said a word, starts to sing; 'Spring, spring'

a tempo

little blue-bell, in the bottom of the dell, starts to ring; 'Ding, ding'

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little blue clerk, sitting sadly in the park starts a tune to the moon up above, it is

nature, that's all, simply telling us to fall in love.

And that's why

Chinks do it, Japs do it, up in Lap-land, little Laps do it,

gales in the dark, do it, larks, k-ra-z-zy for a lark, do it,
In Spain, the Canaries,

let's do it, let's fall in love.

let's do it, let's fall in love.

The Dutch in

let's do it, let's fall in love.

let's do it, let's fall in love.
old Amsterdam do it, not to mention the Finns, folks in Si-
-date barn-yard fowls do it, when a chant-a-bleer cries; high-browed old
-

-ram do it, think of Si-a-mese twins. Some Ar-gen-tines, with-out
owls do it, they're sup-posed to be wise. Pen-guins in flocks, on the

means, do it, peo-ple say, in Bos-ton, ev-en beans do it, let's do it,
rocks do it, ev-en lit-tle cuc-koos in their clocks do it, let's do it,

slightly slower

slightly slower
Verse 1:
Mr Irving Berlin
Often emphasizes sin
In a charming way
Mr Coward we know
Wrote a song or two to show
Sex was here to stay
Richard Rodgers it's true
Takes a more romantic view
Of that sly biological urge
But it really was Cole
Who contrived to make the whole
Thing merge
He said that Belgians and Dutch do it
Even Hildegarde and Hutch do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love
Monkeys whenever you look do it
Aly Khan and King Farouk do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love
The most recherché cocottes do it
In a luxury flat
Locks, Dunns and Scotts do it
At the drop of a hat
Excited spinsters in spas do it
Duchesses when opening bazaars do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love

Refrain 1:
Our leading writers in swarms do it
Somerset and all the Maughams do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love
The Brontës felt that they must do it
Mrs Humphry Ward could just do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love
Anouilh and Sarre - God knows why - do it
As a sort of curse
Eliot and Fry do it
But they do it in verse
Some mystics, as a routine do it
Even Evelyn Waugh and Graham Greene do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love

Verse 2:
In the Spring of the year
Inhibitions disappear
And our hearts beat high
We had better face the facts
Every gland that overacts
Has an alibi
For each bird and each bee
Each slap-happy sappy tree
Each temptation that lures us along
Is just nature elle-même
Merely singing us the same
Old song
Girls from the R.A.D.A. do it
B.B.C. announcers may do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love
The Ballet Russe to a man do it
Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love
My kid and kin, more or less, do it
Every uncle and aunt
But I confess to it
I've one cousin who can't
Critics as sour as quince do it
Even Emile Littler and Prince do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love

Refrain 2:
The House of Commons en bloc do it
Civil servants by the clock do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love
Deacons who've done it before do it
Minor canons with a roar do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love
Some rather rotty old rips do it
When they get a bit tight
Government Whips do it
If it takes them all night
Old mountain goats in ravines do it
Probably we'll live to see machines do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love
Sentimental Journey

Words and Music by Les Brown, Bud Green and Benjamin Homer

Every rolling stone gets to feel alone when home sweet home is far away,
I'm a rolling stone who's been so alone until today.

Gonna take a sentimental journey, gonna set my
I heart at ease, gonna make a sentimental journey to renew old memories.

Got my bag, I got my reservation,

spent each dime I could afford, like a child in wild anticipation,

long to hear that 'All aboard!' Seven, that's the time we leave, at
seven, I'll be waiting up for heaven, countin' every mile of

railroad track that takes me back

Never thought my heart could be so yearny, why did I decide to roam? Gotta take this sentimental journey, sentimental journey home.
Makin' Whoopee

Words by Gus Kahn
Music by Walter Donaldson

Moderately

Every time I hear that march from

Lo-hen-grin. I am always on the outside looking in. May-be that is why I see the

fun-ny side when I see a fall-en bro-ther take a bride.

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Weddings make a lot of people sad, but if you're not the groom they're not that bad. Another bride, another June, another sunny honeymoon, another season, another reason for making whooppee! A lot of shoes, a lot of
I rice, the groom is nervous, he answers twice. It's really

I killing that he's so willing to make whoop-e!

Picture a little love-nest, down where the roses cling,

picture the same sweet love-nest, think what a year can bring. He's washing
Dish - es and ba - by clothes, he's so am - bi - tious he ev - en

But don't for - get, folks, that's what you get, folks, for mak - in'

whoo - pee! An - oth - er whoop - ee!
Manhattan

Words by Lorenz Hart
Music by Richard Rodgers

Moderato

Gm7
Dm  B6  Bm
F
G9

"I'll summer journeys to Niagara And to other places aggravate all our cares; We'll save our fares; I've a cozy little flat in
what is known as old Man-hat-tan, We'll set-tle down right here in town.

We'll have Man-hat-tan The Bronx and Stat-en Is-land too, It's love-ly
We'll go to Green-wich Where mod-ern men itch To be free, And Bow-ling
We'll go to Yon-kers Where true love con-quers In the wilds, And starve to-
We'll have Man-hat-tan The Bronx and Stat-en Is-land too, We'll try to

go-ing through the Zoo,
Green you'll see with me,
geth-er, dear, in Childs'
cross Fifth Av-enue,
It's very fancy On old Delancey Street you know, The subway
We'll bathe at Brighton, The fish you'll fright-en When you're in, Your bathing
We'll go to Coney And eat bologna On a roll, In Central
As black as onyx We'll find the Bronx Park Express, Our Flat-bush

charms us so When balm-y breezes blow, To and fro,
suit so thin Will make the shell-fish grin, Fin to fin,
Park we'll stroll Where our first kiss we stole, Soul to soul,
flat, I guess Will be a great success, More or less,

And tell me what street compares with Mott Street in July, Sweet push carts
I'd like to take a sail on Jamaica Bay with you, And fair Can-
And South Pacific is a terri-fic show they say, We both may
A short vacation on Inspiration Point we'll spend, And in the
gent-ly glid-ing by. The great big cit-y's a wondrous ar-sie's Lakes we'll view. The city's bus-tle can-not des-
see it close some day. The city's clam-our can nev-er sta-tion house we'll end. But Civ-ic Vir-tue can-not des-

froy, Just made for a girl and boy We'll turn Man-hat-tan
froy The dreams of a girl and boy We'll turn Man-hat-tan
spoil The dreams of a boy and goil We'll turn Man-hat-tan
froy The dreams of a girl and boy We'll turn Man-hat-tan

In-to an isle of joy. joy.
In-to an isle of joy. joy.
In-to an isle of joy. joy.
In-to an isle of joy. joy.
My Heart Belongs To Daddy

Slowly

Words and Music by Cole Porter

I used to fall in love with all those boys who maul the young cuties.

But now I find I'm more inclined

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For since I came to care for such a sweet millionaire.

While tearing off a game of golf, I may make a play for the caddy; but when I do, I don’t follow through ’cause my
heart belongs to Daddy. If I invite a boy some night to
dine on my fine finnan haddie, I just adore his asking for more, but my

heart belongs to Daddy. Yes, my heart belongs to

Daddy, so I simply couldn't be bad. Yes, my
I heart belongs to Daddy, dada, dada-da, dada-da-

I want to warn you, lad-die, tho' I know you're perfectly swell, that my heart belongs to Daddy 'cause my Daddy, he treats it so well. While well.

rall. 1 a tempo
Daddy 2 a tempo
Someone To Watch Over Me

Lyrics and Music by George Gershwin and Ira Gershwin

Poco rit.

Moderato

There's a saying, old, says that love is blind. Still we're often told, 'Seek and ye shall find.'

When you're all alone, life is never gay and I've got to own things are looking grey.

So I'm going to seek a certain lad I've had in mind.

But I know there's someone who will come my way some day.

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Looking everywhere, haven't found him yet; he's the big affair I can't forget.

Though I'm by myself, I should hate to be sitting on the shelf; I prefer a knee!

Only man I ever think of with regret.
And I'm sure there's somebody who's meant for me.

I'd like to add his initial to my monogram.
Somewhere I know there's a heart that isn't hard or cold;

tell me, where is the shepherd for this lost lamb?

Tell me, where is the shepherd for this lost lamb?
There's a somebody I'm longing to see, I hope that he turns out to be

I'm a little lamb who's lost in a wood; I know I could always be good
to one who'll watch over me... Although he may not be the
I man some girls think of as handsome, to my heart he carries the key.

Won't you tell him please to put on some speed,

follow my lead? Oh, how I need someone to watch over me.

1. D.C.
Summertime

Music and Lyrics by
George Gershwin, Ira Gershwin,
DuBose and Dorothy Heyward

Moderately
Adim
Am
Am/E

mf' aspr.
p

E
Eaug

Sum - mer -

E7/B
Am6
Am6
E7/B
Am6
E7/B

-an' the liv - in' is ea - sy,

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poco rit.

Fish are jumpin',

poco rit.
an' the cotton is

a tempo

high,

a tempo

oh, yo' daddy's rich,

and yo' ma is good lookin',

and so

hush little baby, don't cry.
One of these

a tempo

morn - in's

you goin' to rise up sing - in',

then you'll spread yo' wings...

but till that morn - in',

sky,
there's a nothin' can harm you, with

daddy an' mammy standin' by.
Swingin' Shepherd Blues  
Words by Rhoda Roberts and Ken Jacobson  
Music by Moe Koffman  

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Along a mountain pass, there is a patch of grass where the mountain pass, there lives a pretty lass who's waitin' for the moon to shine above,

swingin' shepherd plays his tune, his sheep never stray, dancin' she dresses with care, braiding
all day till they see the pale and yellow moon. And then he
her hair for her one and only swingin' love. And she knows he'll

leads his flock and home-ward they all rock to the tune of The Swingin'
ever roam because she waits at home for the tune of The Swingin'

Shepherd Blues.

Come home shepherd, play those haunting
trills.  Come home shep - herd, let it echo

through the hills, the Swing - in' Shep - herd

1. Bb Bb7 Eb Gb7 F7 Bb Bb7 Eb Gb7 F7 Bb

Blues. And down the Blues.
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**ELLA FITZGERALD**

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Let's Do It (Let's Fall In Love)

Makin' Whoopee
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